

Oh! turn you again, John Billington; be true while
yet there is time.
For this is the cry of a thousand souls that down to
the Pit have trod—
Who keeps the Truth from the people stands in the
way of God!"

But Billington slowly shook his head, with a look
disconsolate,
For his was a mighty goose-quill, a pillar strong in
the State,
And his was a fame that had borne his name to the
country's furthest ends.
A powerful man was Billington—with powerful men
for friends.

BOOKS

EMERSON'S JOURNALS

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With annotations edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 1820-1872. Vol. I, 1820-1824; Vol. II, 1824-1832. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 1909. Price per volume, \$1.75 net.

Emerson kept journals faithfully, from the age of seventeen; and, in the belief that "those who care about him, his thought and ideals, may wish to look beyond the matured and sifted work that he left in his books," the editors of these volumes have here preserved large extracts even from his earliest expressions of himself. They begin with the seventeenth in Emerson's notation, but the oldest in their collection, written when he was a junior at Harvard.

At 19 Emerson appears to have become the dupe, in spite of his college education—or, maybe in consequence of it—of that curious interpretation of the equality clauses of the Declaration of Independence which makes them imply that the equality alluded to is equality of personal condition, instead of legal rights. For he states his belief "that nobody now regards the maxim 'that all men are born equal' as anything more than a convenient hypothesis or an extravagant declaration," the reverse being true because "all men are born unequal in personal powers, and in those essential circumstances of time, parentage, country, fortune." And as "nature has plainly assigned different degrees of intellect" to different races—"European, Moor, Tartar, African"—he infers that "this inequality is an indication of the designs of Providence that some [races] should lead and some should serve." Dashing sons of slave-owners were socially regnant at Harvard in those days, in virtue of the sweat of the African faces their families owned, and one of them, "the showy, fascinating John Gourdin," was Emerson's room mate. It is to Emerson's glory that if they influenced him then, he outgrew the intellectual and moral deformity in later life.

That even in his youth his mind worked straight and true when unperverted by the dogmatism of other minds, is evident from this extract, written by him in 1823, when he was but 20:

Trade was always in the world, and indeed, to judge hastily, we might well deem trade to have been the purpose for which the world was created. It is the cause, the support and the object of all government. Without it, men would roam the wilderness alone, and never meet in the kind conventions of social life. . . All else is subordinate. Tear down, if you will, the temples of religion, the museums of art, the laboratories of science, the libraries of learning—and the regret excited among mankind would be cold, alas! and faint;—a few would be found, a few enthusiasts in secret places to mourn over their ruins;—but destroy the temples of Trade, your stores, your wharves and your floating castles on the deep; restore to the earth the silver and the gold which was dug out thence to serve his [Trade's] purposes;—and you shall hear an outcry from the ends of the earth. Society would stand still, and men return howling to forests and caves, which would now be the grave, as (they were) once the cradle, of the human race.

In that paragraph this youthful philosopher grasped a central truth. Man is the only civilized animal, because he is the only trading animal; and his civilization is in proportion, wherever and whenever you find him, to the intensity and extent, and therefore to the freedom, of his trading pursuits.

These two volumes, all that are yet published, are illustrated with sketches by Emerson and several portraits, including an early one of Emerson himself and one of his mother. That great philosophers can be on occasion mere men like the rest of us (thanks be) is nowhere better revealed regarding Emerson than in this expression of his bitter partisanship: "Yet seemeth it to me that we shall all feel dirty if Jackson is re-elected." But Emerson was still a young man then, and it is a long time ago.

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JUDGE LINDSEY'S BOOK.

The Beast. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, and Harvey J. O'Higgins. Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

In this volume are gathered the papers that have recently passed through *Everybody's Magazine*. With courageous candor and in captivating literary style they set out Judge Lindsey's experience with the Beast of privilege in the affairs of Denver.

When the publication of these papers was announced, threats were made; when they began, Judge Lindsey's veracity was attacked. But the publication went on. And now, not only does no one really doubt that they are true, but the people of Denver have vouched for them.

What they disclose regarding Denver, is in great-