

visitors, though I suppose they have a collection at the medical college, which I have not yet visited. I have not yet visited the Boston society of natural history museum. The Peabody museum is also opposite Divinity Hall. It contains a magnificent collection, but it has seemed to me that it is very poorly arranged for study. The Semitic museum is in the same building. There are lots of students doing special work in natural science. Geology seems to be a favorite line of work. Professor Shaler is one of the most popular men in the faculty. Whether this is owing to his general hayseed appearance, to the old slouch hat he wears, or to the corn-plow walk that enables one to recognize him at a distance of half a mile, I know not. It is a singular fact that here at Harvard where, it is supposed, there congregate the wealthiest and most dudish students in the country, the more a professor looks and moves like a railroad paddy, or a backwoods farmer, the more popular he seems to be. I like my work in the divinity school very much. We are quite a representative body of students. Among my class are graduates of Harvard, Bowdoin, University of Michigan, University of Indiana, University of Wisconsin, College of the city of New York, etc. * * The people in the east seem to be more conservative in regard to education as well as to everything else.

The following is an extract from a letter received from P. L. Hibbard, '91, by T. F. A. W., '92:

BELAIR, LA., November 19, 1891.

Well, I am working hard here, "way down south, 'mong de cotton and de niggahs and de cane," though there is no cotton here. The cotton is further north: here it is all cane and rice. Belair sugar house will make upwards of 3,000,000 pounds of sugar this season, if nothing happens to prevent. Sugar making is increasing in popularity so that there will be more cane planted and a still larger crop next year. They have already planted an unusually large amount this fall. I have the chemical work to do, so you see I have plenty to do. I am in the sugar house from 5:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. about every day and hard at work all the time. I have been working about eighteen hours a day, but when everything is running regularly I expect to have more time. There is nobody to look after me, but I have to look after nearly everybody else to see that things go right. That is what takes a great deal of my time, going about looking after everything. Then I have a great amount of book keeping and figuring to do. You see, I am here to see that all the sugar in the cane is saved that it is possible to get. So I have to keep a debit and credit account of the amount of sugar at each of the principal stages of manufacture. This is called chemical control work. I have not been able to establish a very good control yet, for want of facilities, but hope to have soon a thorough control established.

My laboratory is in a pleasant corner of the sugar-house, distant from most of the noise and heavy machinery. From the window I look out over the Father of Waters and see the water craft of all kinds, from a skiff to the largest ocean steamer, sailing by only a few hundred feet away. Often the largest steamers pass at a distance of little more than their own length from my window. There is an apology for a railroad here but nearly all the traffic is by water. Belair plantation is thirty miles below New Orleans on the east side of the river. There is no town here but what serves the purpose of the villages of the north. We have post-office, store, and shops with some of the more important accessories such as doctor and baker. But there is neither lawyer nor preacher here, yet there is no trouble whatever. There are some 600 persons on the place, most of them negroes, with a

good many Italians and a sprinkling of French and Spanish.

The only crop raised is cane, though rice was once important. The cane fields much resemble a field of corn at a distance, but on a closer view the similarity disappears. Good sugar cane is about as high as corn, but much thicker and there are great many short joints which are red or purple instead of green. The leaves are much like corn leaves but very long and tough. There is no tassel or any other fruit bearing part; it is like a young corn stalk. The juice is sweet and not unpleasant to the taste. The darkies chew the cane a great deal. When a steam boat lands here some of them always go and get some cane stalks to chew. Oranges are the principal fruit but bananas, figs, persimmon, and some other fruits grow here. Almost none of the northern fruits are found here. From here to the mouth of the river oranges are the principal crop, with some rice. About a month ago I went on an excursion down the river. The train ran many miles through solid orange orchards. The fruit is just about ripe now. A month ago it was very green, now the golden fruit hanging among the dark green leaves makes a pretty show.

Of course a letter is incomplete without a weather report, so here goes: Until three days ago the weather was warm and dry, much like a dry September in Nebraska. Then it rained and cooled off so that there was frost. This cold here is much more felt than in the North. Everything is built for summer, so that the least cold is uncomfortable. There are scarcely any stoves for heating, only open fire places, and those are scarce, too.

Almost everything is different here from what it is in the North, the country, the climate, the people, and all. The people are more or less lazy and improvident. There is a great deal of social caste. A clerk working for \$20 per month is admitted to society where a carpenter making \$50 would not be tolerated. They seem to think manual labor disgraceful.

The negroes are apparently little better off than when they were slaves, except that they are not so absolutely under control of their masters. They still live in the old "quarters," houses built by the proprietor. Most of them own nothing but their few household effects. They are ignorant and degraded, and what is worse don't try much to do better. They are much more numerous than the whites, yet they have little to say about the government. There was a primary election here to-day to elect delegate to the parish convention to elect state delegate. It was merely a party election and for whites only, yet they stood around as though expecting an attack by some lurking enemy. This is said to be an unusually quiet parish and there is little trouble here; but they say there is nearly always somebody killed at the polls in most of the parishes in the state.

They have some absurd notions here. A man that is not ready to pull a pistol on any one that insults him in any way is very likely to be looked down upon. There are very few churches, and the people are immoral. A man that does not drink, smoke, and swear half the time, is not much. They don't know that water is good to drink, but use instead, beer, ale, wine, and whisky.

Well, I am too busy to think much about these things, but I have no idea that I should like to live long on a plantation. I have no society here, and my only amusement is listening to the quarrels of my two assistants. One is a little white boy, who washes dishes, runs errands, etc., the other is a big black boy who does all the hard and dirty work, with as much other as I can teach him.

Randolf Mc. Nitt '93, is seeing life in Denver.