

The task of the patriot minister did not end with the departure of the fleet of Count DeEstaing. In fact, the management of the complicated relations between the two nations required such tact and delicate skill as may well be said to have made it but begun.

It is not necessary to trace the events that follow in detail. On September 14, 1778, Franklin, who had always been the head and brains of the foreign policy of the United States, was appointed Sole Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Court. Thus was ended the possibility of harm from the rancor of jealous associates. In this position Franklin never met the situation he did not master, mistook not in dealing with bigoted and crafty Spain, successfully passed a time when even France, despairing of bringing the war to a successful conclusion, made overtures of peace to England, and finally signed the treaty of peace at Paris, January 20, 1782, which Bancroft says "was neither a compromise or a compact, but a free and perfect, a perpetual settlement."

When Benjamin Franklin, on September 14, 1786, stepped out upon the Market Street wharf, Philadelphia—conscious as he must have been of the difference between the plain Quaker City and splendid Paris—as he was welcomed home by a grateful people—whose fame did he envy? One is almost tempted to forget the patriots, whose bruised, torn and bleeding feet stained the snow over which they trod. They were worthy of him and he of them, for the student of history knows that that blood-stained snow could not have accomplished American freedom unaided by the labors of old Benjamin Franklin.

G. R. W., '93.

Dancing is a part of the regular gymnasium exercises at Wellesley.

A TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

1. No people yet hath been so far debased
As not to have some hero's name deep traced
Upon their hearts. Perhaps for good deed done,
Or else for some great victory he has won,
Be his influence for good, or, but of might,
His name will still survive oblivion's night.
'Tis inborn in the human heart to seek
The strong, the good, the great out from the weak
And place them at imagination's shrine—
Invest them with a nature near divine.
Mayhaps his deeds were great—yet means were low—
Wrong's darkness hidden by success' glow.
Yet while such memories live, the blush of shame
Will often rise and mar the hero's name.
Not so with him who in our hearts hath won
The place as hath our honored *Washington*.
2. Charmed by the tales of astrologic lore,
We gaze on history's firmament once more.
There seek we orbs—fixed as eternal laws.
We've seen effect—we now would know the CAUSE.
We see a star which once in Roman times
Shone bright, as doth the sun in Southern climes,
A star whose brightness, for a world once shed,
Its armies drove, or else its Senates led.
But now; we ask where hath this brightness gone,
Where all the light, that once so gaily shone?
We seek the record—soon we trace the cause—
"Ambition once perverted knows no laws."
3. Again we turn the galaxy to scan,
Again to read the life of some great man.
For, as 'twas written by an ancient race,
Each life its history in a star can trace,
And now we see a star—distinct: not bright,
Shine coldly out as doth the orb of night.
A star whose brightness made all others dim—
Cast all the others into darkness grim—
A star whose very brightness seemed to awe
And from the mightiest nations homage draw.
Alas! it was but seeming brightness lent—
But for the time, and then it soon was spent,
For eyes no longer dazzled by false light,
Views Cause—views motives of a misused Might.
4. Ambition in its worst unbridled form
Risked Egypt's heat—braved Russia's blasting storm—
Remorseless power, the nation's plunder sought—
For one man's greed, all laws were held as naught.
Slave to a passion—false Ambition's dupe,
An end attained—no means too low to stoop—
Through every land the mark of death and woe,
'Till last the star was dimmed at Waterloo.