

nizing many a noted speech and recalling with all their accessories the tornadoes of applause, the frenzy of enthusiasm at some public meeting or inauguration, some review or regimental parade; for it is doubtful whether any public man in Pennsylvania ever carried with him more of personal loyalty than did Andrew G. Curtin during the closing years of the war. The profusion of apt anecdote noticeable in almost every article may strike the reader as somewhat overdrawn, and as one of those amiable flatteries into which biographers are so prone to fall; but no one who has ever heard Governor Curtin "on the stump," or even in chance conversation when he was at his best, will be surprised at it for a moment. Indeed it is scarcely possible to adequately represent the play of humor, the quickness and aptness of repartee, the cutting sarcasm or the torrent of eloquence with which he fascinated and held the attention of all who came within the range of his voice.

Some of our readers will recall his last appearance on our College platform in 1889, when, speaking of the appalling calamity at Johnstown, but a month before, the distress and suffering occasioned by it, and the world-wide source of the relief that was proffered, he burst out with "the Sultan of Turkey gave a thousand dollars, and Queen Victoria sent her . . . sympathy." Filling as he did so large a place in the public eye, it was doubtless fitting that his official life should be so fully portrayed; but not the least interesting articles are those which speak of his home life and the kindly nature which he so often displayed, particularly in his later years. What, for instance, can be more refreshing than the following, narrated by General Hastings, in his "Personal Attributes:" . . . The people rushed to the court house, filling it to overflowing, to take action with reference to helping the sufferers. Someone moved that the meeting should organize by the election of a president, vice-president and secretaries, whereupon Governor Curtin quickly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "My God, neighbors, it is not president, vice-president and secretaries of this meeting the people of Osceola need. They want bread and meat and clothing and shelter. Go to your homes and bring these things to the railroad station as quickly as you can, and I will furnish the cars to send them forward at once." It is impossible to describe the effect of these words. The court house was emptied in a minute. People rushed to their homes for their contributions, and soon the carloads of