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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1891, TO SEPTEMBER 1891

Volume XIII.—New Series, Volume IV.

Dr. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THUS by the end of the fourteenth century English had again become the common speech of all men in England. By the end of the fifteenth all traces, save the merest survivals, of the use of French even as an official language had passed away. But the English tongue which in the end won the day had in many things changed from the English tongue which had been spoken when the tongues were first spoken side by side in England. It was still the same tongue; we had not changed it for any other; but great changes had happened in the tongue itself. In so long a time as three hundred years great changes always do happen in any language, even if it is not brought into any special connexion with any other. Grammatical forms wear out; old words fall out of use, new words come into use, even when the language, so to speak, lives by itself. But all this happens yet more largely when a language lives in what we may call daily intercourse with another language. Each borrows something from the other; but that which is looked on as the less polite and literary of the two will borrow more largely from the other than the more polite and literary tongue will borrow from it. Thus, while English and French were spoken side by side in England, there is no doubt that French borrowed something from English; but English borrowed very much more from French. At first, as we have seen, it borrowed very little. Gradually French words dropped in faster and faster; and they dropped in faster than ever about the time when English won the victory forever. More French words (as distinguished from Latin) came into English in the fourteenth century than at any time before or since. And for most of them there was no need; they supplanted English words that did just as well. It seems to have been largely a matter of chance which English words lived on and which were supplanted by French. We see this even in the names of the highest offices. We still say that the *King* holds a *Parliament*. Here *King* is English and *Parliament* French. It might have happened the other way; we might have said that the *Roy* holds a *Great Moot*. And in the English of Scotland *Roy* sometimes is used for *King*.

The borrowing of foreign words by the English tongue came directly of its living side by side with another tongue. The same cause helped on another change which would no doubt have taken place to some extent in any case. This is the loss of the old grammatical forms, the *inflexions*, of the language. This happens in every language as it goes on; men seem to get tired of speaking their words accurately. Modern High-German, which has been less influenced by other languages than English, though it keeps many more inflexions than English, has lost a great many. Danish, which has had less to do with other languages than either, has lost its inflexions quite as

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thoroughly as English has. When English ceased for a while to be a polite and literary language, men no longer took care to speak and write it accurately. We see this in the last pages of the English Chronicles, where the grammar is greatly broken up. While new words were coming in, old forms were dropping off, and we can sometimes distinctly see the influence of French in grammatical forms as well as in the vocabulary. Thus in Old-English we had many plural endings, that in *s* for one of them. Now most English plurals are formed in *s;* when a plural is still formed in any other way (as *men*, *sheep*, *mice*) the grammars mark it as an exception. This means that the ending *s* has come to the front, and has well-nigh driven out all the others. And we may be pretty sure that the *s* ending was helped in so doing by the fact that much the same change was going on at about the same time in French, and that there too the *s* ending got the better of the others. Meanwhile in High-German the *s* ending, which took the first place both in English and French, dropped out altogether. Such are the chances of language.

Thus the English language, when it came to the front again in the fourteenth century, had changed a great deal from what it had been when it fell into the background in the twelfth. But the English tongue is still the same tongue that it has ever been. It has changed in the same way in which a man changes from his childhood to his old age. If we meet a man in his later years whom we have not seen since his childhood, we shall not know him again. Yet he is the same man. So a language changes so that those who know only the earlier stages will not understand the later, and those who know only the later stages will not understand the earlier. Yet it is the same language. We are sometimes told that in an English dictionary there are now more French, Latin, and other foreign words than those words that are really English. Perhaps this is so. But the life of our language is still English; our grammar is English; the names of things that we cannot help having about us, the little words which we cannot speak or write without, are still English. We all use many French, many Latin words in speaking and writing. But we cannot put together the shortest sentence that shall be really and fully grammatical out of French or Latin words only. We can put together sentence after sentence of purely English words without one French or Latin.

While the language, the outward badge of the nation, was in this way changing, the nation itself was also changing in many ways. We largely took in the thoughts and manners of the people who had come among us. Just as in the case of language, the Normans and other strangers who came into England gradually became part of our own people; but in so doing, they made some changes in the people of which they became part. In religion there was strictly speaking no change; all Western Christendom had one creed and one manner of worship. But the closer connexion with the Bishops of Rome which followed the Norman Conquest, as it had some direct results, had also some indirect. The Popes were constantly asking for English money and encroaching on the rights of Englishmen in various ways. Our kings had constantly to make laws to restrain these things. One immediate consequence of the Norman Conquest was the bringing in of foreign bishops, and at a time somewhat later the Popes were constantly sending other foreigners to receive the revenues, rather than to discharge the duties, of offices in the English Church. The papal power thus became deeply disliked in England; kings made laws to restrain it and popular feeling was against it. This may be safely said of any time from the Norman Conquest till the religious changes of the sixteenth century. Practical abuses too grew up in the church; the older monastic orders fell away from their old love, and men began to grudge the great amount of wealth which was in the hands of the clergy and monks. In the thirteenth century came the religious revival of the friars, the Franciscans, Dominicans, and other orders which professed poverty. There is no doubt that for a while it was a real revival in every way, religious and intellectual. Some of the friars were among the most learned men of the time; others played an useful part as the advisers of kings and great men. But their first zeal did not last; the newer orders waxed cold as well as the elder. In truth, when they did fall away, they fell lower than the older orders, as professing a higher standard which it was harder to keep up to. When in the latter part of the fifteenth century, Wickliffe and his followers began both to preach against practical abuses and presently to touch points of doctrine, very many

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were ready to go with them in their practical complaints who had no mind to change the doctrines and practices to which they were used. Any general change on that head came later.

By "learning" thus far we have meant the old Latin learning, chiefly in the hands of the clergy. Not only were the services of the Church in Latin, but books in general, not only books of theology, of history, and of such science as there was, but generally all books that were not distinctly either merely polite or merely popular writings. In such a state of things not many besides the clergy could read, and still fewer could write. At the beginning of the twelfth century it was no disgrace for a king not to be able to write or read. The learning of Henry the First, who could certainly do both and who understood at least three languages, was marked as something wonderful. But it must not be thought that, because a man could not write, it therefore followed that he could not read. Writing remained somewhat of a professional business long after reading had become common. The best witness of this is that the word *clerk*, which strictly means a man in holy orders, came to mean one whose business is writing, and it is now most commonly used in that sense.

The stir in men's minds and the zeal after learning which marked the twelfth century came out strongly in the growth of universities. The two ancient English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, were not founded by any king or any other one man; they pre-eminently came of themselves. We can see how in the first half of the twelfth century a few students of divinity came together to hear a famous lecturer, and somewhat later the same thing happened with students in law. The start once made, both masters and scholars flocked together, and the universities grew up with their *faculties*, their subjects of teaching, divinity, law, medicine, and arts. Then in the latter part of the thirteenth century men began to found *colleges;* that is, they got together a certain number of students in the university, and gave them a house to live in and land or tithe to maintain them. Such colleges are a special feature of the English universities; there is nothing exactly like them in any other land. So the universities grew and prospered, favored by bishops and kings and popes, and receiving many privileges from them, but not the creation of any of them, but something which came of itself.

By law, in the sense of the universities, was meant the civil and canon law of Rome, that is the law of the Emperors and the law of the Popes. As these were in force in a large part of Europe, they were naturally a chief subject of study everywhere, though less so in England than elsewhere. For with us there arose the profession of the *common law*, the law of England, as distinguished from either of the laws of Rome. Before the Norman Conquest and for some time after, a knowledge of the law is spoken of as the attribute of age and experience, not as the possession of a particular class of men. The English law was more strictly national, and borrowed less from Rome, imperial or papal, than the law of any other European land. A class of common lawyers therefore arose, with a learning of their own, a learning which spoke Latin, French, and English in turn. It marks a great national advance when in the fifteenth century the famous Judge Sir John Fortescue, who certainly knew Latin and French well, wrote books on the law and constitution of England in the English tongue.

Besides language and learning and other matters which had much to do with them, there were other points which were affected by the greater amount of dealing with strangers which the Norman Conquest brought with it. The Conquest and its results helped gradually to bring in a whole train of new ideas. Or rather perhaps they did not bring in altogether new ideas, but rather gave a new and enlarged strength to some ideas that were already at work. It is well, if we can, to avoid the words *feudal* and *chivalrous*, because they are so easily misunderstood; yet it is hard to do without them, and they do express a certain meaning. The word *feudal* really means nothing more than a certain tenure of land, a tenure certainly not unknown before the Norman Conquest, but which grew largely after it. It really means little more than the burthens which this tenure laid on those who held land according to it, burthens which were put into shape in the time of William Rufus, and which were not abolished till the time of Charles the Second. It was tenure by military service, due from the holder of the land to the lord. It was therefore held that, whenever there was no one to discharge the service due from the land, the lord might take the

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land into his own lands. Thus during a minority the land went back to the lord. A long minority therefore was the worst thing that could happen to an estate; now it is the best. The tenure by military service was called "tenure in *chivalry*," and the lord who held the minor's estate was called his "guardian in *chivalry*." *Chivalry*, strictly speaking, means nothing but the condition of the *chevalier*, the knight, the horseman; in English we said the *rider*, as the Germans still say *Ritter*. He is the *gentleman* who serves on horseback and holds his lands by the tenure of so serving. But a number of ideas, certainly not English, and French rather than Norman, gathered round the notion of the *chevalier* or knight. One may describe *chivalry* as the setting up of a new and fantastic law of conduct, which had nothing to do either with the law of God or the law of the land, a rule to be observed by a single class of people toward one another without regard to other classes. This never really had much strength in England; but it had some. *Chivalrous* notions largely affected thought and manners and literature for a long time; the fourteenth century was the time of its height. But in England we had a safeguard in the fact that, with us, though high birth has always been thought much of, there has never been a *nobility* in the continental sense of the word. That is, there has never been a separate class handing on privileges, greater or smaller, from generation to generation. The English *peerage*, which is often confounded with *nobility*, has nothing in common with it. The English peer has his place in Parliament and various personal privileges; but they belong to himself only; they do not pass on to all his descendants. There never has been in England the same wide distinction of classes which there has been in some other lands. Contempt for trade, for instance, which is part of the chivalrous notion, has never been a deep or a lasting feeling in England. One of the happiest accidents was that, as the constitution of the English Parliament settled itself, the knights, the *chevaliers*, who represented the counties, sat along with the citizens and burgesses of the towns. This, and the fact that the children of a peer were commoners, made all the difference between England and other lands.

The most marked difference between the social condition of England and that of most continental countries was the existence in England of a strong middle class both in the towns and in the country at large. In many continental lands, specially in Flanders, Germany, Italy, there were towns which had greater powers and greater freedom than any English town ever had, towns which were practically independent commonwealths, like the old Greek cities. But this was because the national power and national unity was weaker in those lands than it was in England. An English town had less freedom than a German town because the nation had more. And, setting aside a few special cases here and there, as in the Swiss mountains and the Frisian lowlands, there was in most countries no freedom outside the towns. The towns themselves often held subject districts in bondage. England stood alone in this, that the freedom of the towns was only a part of the general freedom of the nation. In other lands we cannot say that any were free but the nobles, the clergy, and the citizens of the chartered towns; in England there were freemen all over the country who did not belong to any of those classes. No doubt below them there were men who were not free; but they could win their freedom with no great difficulty, as is shown by the fact that all men in England gradually became free without any special law making them so. Actual slavery lived on in England long after the Norman Conquest. It was never abolished by law; it died out through all the slaves either becoming free or being merged in the intermediate class of *villains*. The *villain* was quite different from the slave; he was free, less the rights which his own lord held over him; he was free as regarded anybody else. Villainage too was never abolished by law; it died out by all the villains becoming fully free. In the fourteenth century slavery was quite forgotten, but villainage was still in full force; it went out of common use in the course of the fifteenth century, and is barely heard of in the sixteenth. But we should remember that slavery began again for a while in England on a small scale when negroes began to be brought in from the colonies in the eighteenth century. But in the eighteenth century this was declared to be against law.

These ages, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, were a great time of building, ecclesiastical, military, and domestic. Down to the eleventh century, all Western Europe

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built much in one fashion, keeping on the old Roman style as well as might be. In the eleventh century different countries struck out varieties of their own, all keeping the round arch and some general Roman traditions, and therefore, like the earlier buildings, called *Romanesque*. One of these forms of Romanesque grew up in northern Gaul, and was brought into England by the Normans, where it gradually displaced the older form of Romanesque common to all Western Europe. This is the Norman style, the style of the great buildings of the twelfth century. Toward the end of that century the style became lighter and richer; then the pointed arch came into use instead of the round; and gradually a system of moulding and ornament was devised which better suited the pointed arch. This is commonly called *Gothic* architecture, a foolish name in itself, as it had nothing whatever to do with the Goths, but which may be endured, if we use it as distinguished from Romanesque. Of this general style each land, England, France, Germany, had its own varieties; in each country the details of the style were constantly changing, the windows specially getting larger and larger. This lasted till some way in the sixteenth century, when architecture, like other things, began to change before the new influences of which we shall have presently to speak.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries nearly all the buildings of any account are either ecclesiastical or military, that is either churches and their appendages (as the buildings of a monastery or college), or else castles. But there are houses remaining, even from the twelfth century, and they get more and more common as we go on. Such houses are found both in the towns and in the open country, manor-houses, parsonages, houses of every kind, with no military character at all about them. Men could venture to live in the open country in England sooner than in France, because the law gave better protection in England, and it was not so needful to live within the walls either of a castle or of a fortified town. But for that very reason there are not such fine town-houses in England as there are in France, Germany, and above all Italy. And for nearly the same reason there are not such grand civic buildings in England as in Flanders, Germany, and Italy. An ancient English guildhall differs hardly at all from the hall of a college or a large house. As there was less fighting in the land, the building of castles as dwellings went out of use. It is curious to mark the steps by which the castle gradually changes into the great house; the arrangements for defence, which were once all-important, first become mere survivals, and then are left out altogether. By the beginning of the sixteenth century houses, great and small, were built in which men of the nineteenth century can live, which we can hardly say of houses of earlier times.

Besides these arts which grew, many particular inventions came in during these ages, and there were many men who distinguished themselves by knowledge of various kinds beyond their age. To take one instance out of many, no study seems more modern than that of the science of language; yet remarkable approaches toward were made in the twelfth and thirteenth century by Gerald Barry (commonly known as Giraldus Cambrensis), who lived from about 1146 to about 1220, and by the famous Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, who lived from about 1214 to about 1294. Roger Bacon was a man of remarkable learning and thought in many ways. And in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries England became affected by the two inventions which have changed the face of the world. It is said that Edward the Third used cannon in his wars; but gunpowder certainly played no great part in warfare or in any thing else, till it gradually came into use in the fifteenth century. And in this last century printing was invented and came into England. William Caxton, who lived from about 1422 to 1491, printed the first English book about 1474, and the first book in England in 1477. The English tongue, now thoroughly formed in its newer shape, stood ready for the new art.

Looking through the centuries of which we have been speaking, we may say that the twelfth century was a learned age, and, in its latter half at least, a polite age, but that its learning and politeness could not affect the nation at large on account of difference of language. The thirteenth century was also an intellectual age; but its political interest is so absorbing that one hardly thinks of any other side of it. In that age the abiding freedom of England grew into its full shape, which after times have been able only to improve in detail. And the struggle for free-

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dom was recorded in all the three tongues spoken in the land. The thirteenth century too was the age of the religious revival of the friars and the time when the struggle with the Popes became a national struggle. Kings, especially King Henry the Second, had begun it already; but it hardly became a popular movement till the time of Henry the Third. The fourteenth century is certainly, in matter of learning, below those that went before it, and the political advance of this time is less striking than that of the thirteenth. Still it is very great; but it was made chiefly by particular enactments and the establishment of particular precedents, not by great visible changes, like the establishment of Parliament in the thirteenth. In the thirteenth century men had largely speculated on political matters; in the fourteenth they began to speculate also on social and on religious matters. The revolt of the villains in the time of Richard the Second, which, though crushed at the moment, led to the gradual dying out of villainage, was not merely a revolt against practical grievances. Men were thinking and asking questions, why one man should not be as free as another. Such questions had been asked before, but never with the same force. And the social movement and the religious movement were largely mixed up together. That age was one of very busy thought on great practical matters. The age in which the native tongue won its great conquest was likely to be so.

The fifteenth century seems in many things to be inferior to any of the others. It certainly was in the matter of learning of the older kind. And in politics it was a sad falling-back from the thirteenth and fourteenth. By the beginning of the fifteenth century the main lines of the English constitution were fixed; in the course of the century came that great growth of the royal power which lasted for two hundred years, at the end of which, things had to be brought back to what they had been at the beginning of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, this age was as it were touched, as in a kind of twilight, by the special light which was to come in the next century. And, as immediately following the time when the English language won its great victory, it was the time that fixed the character of English prose, and gave it a new life by the invention of printing. The fifteenth century was to language what the thirteenth was to politics. Later ages have been only able to improve, if they always have improved, in detail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM MINTO, M. A.

Of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland.

PART III.

SENTENCE-STRUCTURE AND FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

IN my last paper we were considering the structure of sentences, and I submitted that the leading principles of sentence-structure apply also to paragraphs and to the whole composition. In illustration of this I proposed to examine three of the special types of sentence distinguished by rhetoricians, the Balanced Sentence, the Period, and Climax. I had dealt with what is called Balance, and tried to make clear its principle. Let us proceed next to the Period.

A Period is commonly defined as a sentence in which the meaning remains suspended till the whole is finished. A sentence is not a period, according to this definition, if you can stop anywhere before the last word and yet have a complete meaning, as in the sentence I am now writing. You cannot, of course, have the meaning intended by the writer till you reach his last word, but if the mind can rest upon a subject and predicate before the end is reached, the sentence is not technically a period. The structure is said to be "loose," as opposed to periodic, if any thing is added after the grammatical essentials of a sentence. The following from De Quincey is an example of a perfect period:

> Raised almost to divine honors, never mentioned but with affected raptures, the classics of Greece and Rome are seldom read.

To explain precisely how periods are constructed, I must assume a knowledge of the ordinary terms of grammatical analysis. Every sentence being grammatically divisi-

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ble into two parts, subject and predicate, there are obviously only two ways in which you can leave your sentence without meaning till the very last word. You must leave to the last, either the leading word in the subject or the leading word in the predicate. If either the subject noun or the predicate verb has adjuncts attached to it, these adjuncts must be given first. There is thus an inversion of the common structure of English speech, in which phrases and clauses follow the words to which they are applied.

This is really the essence of periodic structure. It consists in bringing on predicates before subjects, qualifications before the words they qualify, clauses of reason, condition, exception, before the main statement. If a writer does this habitually, he is said to write in the periodic style, although his writing may contain few technically complete periods. You may often read a page of Gibbon, De Quincey, or any other master of the periodic style without finding one perfect period as it is defined by rhetoricians.

Obviously the same method may be applied on a larger scale than the sentence. It may be, and often is, applied to paragraphs, and often in a way to articles, sermons, and addresses. A speaker often indulges in several consecutive sentences of general reflections before he discloses the precise application of them. A journalist often in like manner reserves the point of his remarks for the end of a paragraph or an article. This is in effect a periodic arrangement.

What is the advantage of this method? Has it any advantage? Impatient critics have sometimes declared that it has none, that the periodic style is radically and incurably vicious. But this is true only of the abuse of the structure, and if the beginner takes pains to understand when and why it is bad, and the risks attending it, he may be able to avail himself of its advantages. That it has advantages is apparent from the fact that majestic writing, the grand style, whether in verse or in prose, is impossible without periodic structure. The opening of Paradise Lost is periodic; so are Wordsworth's finest sonnets; so is Othello's speech before the Signors of Venice.

Looked at from the reader's point of view, the effect of periodic structure, of holding phrases or clauses or sentences in suspense, is to impose a certain strain on the attention. The reader has nothing to attach them to till the very word comes, and his attention is consequently excited to a higher pitch, if it is excited at all. This strain of attention is exhausting; some readers are incapable of it altogether, and no reader is capable of sustaining it for long. The main danger in the use of the periodic style is that you either never catch your reader's attention or lose hold of it before you reach the object of your unattached expressions.

From this principle one or two practical hints may be deduced. Within the limits of the reader's capacity and patience, the periodic arrangement is often good. If he apprehends the bare meaning of your unattached clause, or clauses, he can apply them to their subject when it comes with greater precision than if you named the subject first and gave the qualifications afterward. But you must make sure that he is able and willing to make the necessary intellectual exertions.

You must have something important to say, something that will reward the reader for the strain upon his intellect. Nothing is more tedious than to hear a speaker slowly evolving periods up to a familiar application.

Again, it has to be remembered that one effect of periodic arrangement, from the strain it puts upon the intellect, is to give a certain dignity and stateliness to the style. Hence it is adapted to a weighty, solemn strain of sentiment, such as raises men's minds above that lax, familiar tone which is their ordinary attitude toward ordinary subjects. Bearing this in mind, you will abstain from inversions and suspended statements when your topic is simple or trivial. Majesty of manner without majesty of matter is ludicrous, like all affectations.

A few words next on Climax. The word has passed out of books of rhetoric into common speech. It literally means a ladder, and was applied by the ancient rhetoricians to a sentence so constructed that its members were on a scale of ascending interest, rising step by step to a culminating point. A sentence from Cicero's impeachment of Verres was quoted by Quintilian and has remained ever since the standard example of climax:

> It is an outrage to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge him is an atrocious crime; to put him to death is almost a parricide*; but to

*Properly applied to one who murders his father; Latin *pater*, father, and *caedere*, to kill. Its use has been extended so that it also means "the murder of any person to whom reverence is due."

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crucify him—what name can I find for this?

The word "climax" is generally used in common speech for the culminating point, but strictly speaking it applies to the whole flight of ascending steps. The principle of it is simple and is obeyed by all writers with any instinct for literary effect, whether consciously or unconsciously. It depends upon the law of our nature that all strong feelings tend to decline unless they are fed by stronger and stronger additions. No feeling can be sustained long at uniform pitch. This is why climatic structure must be more or less studied in all composition. If you have an audience to interest, you must keep alive the attention to the last, and you cannot keep alive the attention if you bring out all your best things, your most interesting, impressive, moving, exciting, startling thoughts at the beginning.

Great orators frame their speeches on this principle, and it cannot be neglected with impunity* in the humblest essay. You must lay your account with it before you begin, when you think over the general plan of what you have to say. Above all, it is well to know how you are to end. There is much wisdom in the paradox enunciated by Edgar Allan Poe in his instructive essay on the "Philosophy of Composition," that the plot of a story is best constructed from the *dénouement*† backward. I do not know whether as a matter of fact any great speech was ever thought out from the peroration ‡ backward, but one can see that such a procedure would have its advantages.

Be it understood that all these hints about method bear solely on compositions with a purpose, whether that purpose be to convey certain information or to drive home a certain conviction. Balances and periods and climaxes are merely means to certain definite ends; a man may have a workman-like command of these instruments; he even may be able to use them without seeming to use them, may have the art to conceal his art, and yet have none of the charm of a writer of genius. I do not think that any writer of genius is likely to be spoilt by the study of these elementary arts; they will not, of course, teach him how to snatch the grace that is beyond the reach of art, the spontaneous felicities that are the delight of the literary epicure.* How to prepare a substantial meal for the hungry—that is as far as practical hints on writing can profess to go.

* Safety from punishment, freedom from injury or loss; *im*, not, *poena*, punishment.

† [De-noo mong.] The raveling of a plot in a novel, the explanation of a mystery, seemed to the French like the straightening out of tangled thread, and they called it the unknotting, the untying; *de* [equivalent to the Latin *dis*], apart, and *nouer*, to knot.

‡ [Per-o-rā'tion.] The concluding part of a speech, or oration Latin *per*, through, *orare*, to speak.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

You may think that in what I have said about structure or arrangement I have not been sufficiently definite and magisterial † in my precepts; that I have left too much to your own discretion. But this has been my deliberate intention; right or wrong it is my opinion that the greater part must be left to the writer's own discretion, that the best a rhetorician can do for you is not to furnish you with rules but to set you thinking on general, common-sense principles from which you can deduce working rules for your own practice.

If I have been indefinite in my remarks on structure, I shall be still more so in my remarks on what rhetoricians call Figures of Speech. In the use of figurative language, the writer must trust still more to his own resources. I shall merely endeavor to show what a figure is, why people use figurative language, and on what depends the effect of some of the leading figures that have been distinguished. When we realize what figures of speech are we can see at once why they cannot be manufactured by rule, though there may be some practical advantage in knowing their true nature and office.

A figure of speech may be broadly defined as any departure from the ordinary or commonplace in expression, whether in form of sentence, or the use of certain forms or mode of exposition or illustration or application of words. It is not easy to cover with a definition all the figures that rhetoricians have named, but this about does it.

The word "figure" is a translation of the

* [Ep'i-cure.] A follower of Epicurus, a Greek philosopher who lived in the third century B. C., and who taught that supreme mental bliss ought to be the highest object in life, and that this bliss consisted "in a perfect repose of the mind, in an equilibrium of all mental faculties and passions." As used to-day, epicure is applied to one indulging himself in great physical enjoyment, especially that arising from the gratification of his appetite for table luxuries. The word is a fine example of perverted meaning.

† Authoritative, appropriate to a master, or teacher, Latin *magister*, master, chief, head.

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Greek *schema*, our "scheme," and was applied at first to extraordinary figures or forms of sentence, such as balance, the period, climax. These are, as it were, figures by preeminence, sentences in which the figure or form is remarkable enough to stand out. Gradually the name has been extended to other departures from the ordinary in expression, for some of which the old rhetoricians had the distinctive name of *tropes* (literally, *turns*, i. e. from the ordinary); such as Interrogation and Exclamation, which are departures from the plain or ordinary use of certain forms; Personification, Hyperbole,* Irony, which are departures from the plain mode of exposition; Simile, a departure from the plain mode of illustration; Metonymy,† a departure from the ordinary direct application of words.

On each of these I shall make some comments, but mark at the outset that the essence of all figurative as distinguished from plain expression, is the departure from the common, and that the motives for this departure are partly the natural love of variety and irregularity, the instinct of rebellion against routine, and partly the natural love of impressing, startling, exciting attention. It is this last property of figurative language that commends it to the notice of the rhetorician. This makes it useful for the torpid or lethargic reader. If everybody were as much interested in every thing as everybody else, and if nobody were ever excited beyond a a certain steady pitch, there would be no occasion for figurative language. But we are variously interested in things and so all of us when excited are apt to depart from the common in our expressions in order to stir others up to our level. Hudibras is not the only man of whom it may be said that

He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Savages use more figures of speech than civilized men; children more than grown up people. The fewer words a man has, the more apt he is to make an uncommon use of them. We may say generally that a man's figurative language is proportionate to the liveliness of his ideas and the poverty of his vocabulary.

INTERROGATION, EXCLAMATION, APOSTROPHE, VISION.

These figures, like all artifices of style, were much in use among the writers of last century. Being strong and marked, they have a great attraction for beginners. The earlier letters of Shelley are full of them. The greatest modern master of the style is Carlyle, and a study of his use of abrupt figures gives the best clue to the conditions of their effect.

The plain use of the Interrogative form is to ask a question; it is a figurative use to convey a feeling or an opinion in the form of a question. "Where are the snows of last year?" "Where now is Alexander or Hercules?" "What is love or friendship? Is it something material,—a ball, an apple, a plaything—which may be taken from one and given to another? Is it capable of no extension, no communication?" No answer is expected to such questions, as in plain interrogation. Either the answer is obvious, and the question intended merely to give a turn to the reader's reflections, or the question is intended to call attention to a topic and prepare the reader's mind for an answer which the writer proceeds to give.

The form of Exclamation is seen in its plain use in interjections, which express a present excitement too sharp and sudden for the formality of a regular sentence. The form is used figuratively when a writer exclaims as if under the pressure of a sudden feeling, "What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there in the heart of the Andes under the eternal stars!" "The battering of insurrectionary axes clangs audible across the Œil-de-Bœuf. What an hour!"

Similarly, the form of Apostrophe,* the plain use of which is to address by name or epithet a person within hearing, is put to extraordinary or figurative use when applied to absent persons or inanimate things. "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour!" "Ancient of days, august Athena, where, where are thy men of might?" "O Tam! O Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!"

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*"Hy-per'bŏ-le." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, page 535. For "Simile," see the same issue, page 536; and for "Irony" the February issue, page 670.

†[Me-ton'i-my.] Greek *meta*, a preposition which in composition with another word frequently indicates a change, and *nomos*, a name. It is defined as "a trope in which one word is put for another; as when we say a man keeps a good *table* instead of good *provisions*."

*Greek *apo*, away, *strophein*, to turn. A turning away from an audience to address some absent person or thing personified.

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It is to be remarked that in all these three figures, Interrogation, Exclamation, and Apostrophe, there is assumed, as it were, an extraordinary excitement, an unusual height of sublime or humorous feeling, as if the subject were bodily before the eyes of the writer. There is thus in all three an element of what rhetoricians have termed Vision, that mode of narrative or description in which events and scenes are described as if the writer were looking on, and had all the vivid emotions of an actual spectator. Carlyle's "French Revolution" is one continued "vision" of this sort; the writer exclaims, questions, and apostrophizes as the scenes and actors pass before him.

Wo now to all bodyguards, mercy is none for them! Miomandre de Sainte-Marie pleads with soft words, on the grand staircase, descending four steps to the roaring tornado. His comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally from the jaws of destruction; and slam-to their door. This also will stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like potsherds. Barricading serves not: fly fast, ye bodyguards: rabid Insurrection, like the Hellhound Chase, uproaring at your heels!

The terror-struck bodyguards fly, bolting and barricading it follows. Whitherward? Through hall on hall: wo now! toward the Queen's suite of rooms . . . . Tremble not, women, but haste!

The exclamatory style is best used to express strong feeling. This gives the clue to the right use of it. There is no excuse for departing from the ordinary forms of expression unless there is a departure from the ordinary level of feeling.

The beginner who is tempted to experiment in these abrupt forms—and most beginners have felt the temptation—should bear this in mind. One or two other cautions may be given for his consideration.

1. If you use these abrupt forms in description, you must see that the general energy of your language is in correspondence. It is not everybody that has Carlyle's graphic vigor; and feeble, commonplace language combined with these ambitious figures is open to be laughed at.

2. Bear in mind that the effect of a figure is due to its being a departure from the common mode of expression. If it is used too often it ceases to be a figure; it becomes normal; it loses the charm of rarity.

3. You may feel strongly about the subject yourself, strongly enough to warrant your departure from ordinary expression, but your theme may not bear equal dignity in the eyes of common-sense. Your emotion may be purely personal. Still, instinct is the only safe guide here. Make sure that your emotion is genuine, and take your chance of finding it shared by others.

There are figures, for example, in every sentence of the following extract; it is all compact of figures technically; but it has none of the essence of figurative language; it is essentially commonplace. The writer is supposed to stand before the tomb of Eugenia's husband under the impression that Eugenia herself is also dead and buried there:

"And is it even so?" I half-articulated with a sudden thrill of irrepressible emotion, "poor widowed mourner! lovely Eugenia! Art thou already re-united to the object of thy faithful affection? And so lately! Not yet on that awaiting space on the cold marble have they incribed thy gentle name. And these fragile memorials! Were there none to tend them for thy sake?"

I should be sorry if these cautions prevented the beginner from attempting the high style of inversions and exclamations. He should not let caution freeze his ambition. The vulgarity of the style may always be redeemed by freshness of idea and language. He should trust his instincts. He will find out soon enough from others when he becomes ridiculous. No one who is too much afraid of being laughed at can ever become a very effective writer.

PERSONIFICATION.

The same cautions and counter-cautions to "be not too cautious neither," apply to Personification, the art of writing about inanimate things as if they had human life, feeling, and personality.

Children and savages personify naturally and literally, and for children of a larger growth there is a certain irrational charm in making-believe that things about which we feel strongly have a life and feeling of their own. An attachment to any object inclines us to attribute life to it, and feeling, and thought, perhaps as a result of our craving for reciprocity.* A sailor speaks of his watch

*[Res-i-pros'i-ty.] Mutual action and reaction, interchange. It is a modification of the Latin noun *reciprocatio*, the origin of which cannot be traced further. It has been conjectured that it might have arisen from the

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as "she," personifies his weather-glass, and half-believes the mercury within it to be a living, sentient* being.

This gives the clue to the right use of the figure. There must be some excess of feeling to justify it, if it is to be used with really telling and convincing effect. One of the counts in Wordsworth's indictment of the "poetic diction" of the eighteenth century was the use of personification as a mere grace or embellishment, a mere trick or habit, without reference to the strength of the feeling to be expressed. It was on this ground that Wordsworth objected to Cowper's lines:

> But the sound of a church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard;
> Never sighed at the sound of a knell
> Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

But it shows how relative all principles of style are, that to thousands of good evangelicals, such as Cowper himself was, this personification of the valleys and rocks would appear perfectly natural, the appropriate vehicle of a strong feeling.

The effect of personification in heightening description has always been felt, and various fashions or modes of the figure have prevailed at different periods. It would take a treatise to follow them. The general remark may be made that the literary effect decays as the fashion spreads, each fashion in its turn becoming old-fashioned and vulgar.

> And see when surly Winter passes off,
> Far to the North, and calls his ruffian blasts,
> His blasts obey and quit the howling hill,
> While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch—

When Thomson wrote his "Seasons," this kind of thing was not too easy, but after a generation or two the people tired of it.

A very similar fashion in prose was popularized by Dickens, who was a great master of it, the fashion of describing the objects of a landscape, the houses of a street, the furniture of a room, as if they were a company of human creatures, with individual caprices, longings, likings, and antipathies. Dickens generally practises this art as an artist, and uses it to harmonize the details of his pictures and expand and deepen the sentiment of his story, as, for example, in his description of the night-wind in the opening of "The Chimes," or of hunger in the Saint Antoine quarter in "The Tale of Two Cities." But even in his hands this personification became a mere trick or knack, and since his time it has been as much a commonplace element in novelists' diction as it was in the poetic diction of last century, a cheap ornament put on without much regard to its suitability.

words *re*, back, *que*, and, *pro* forth, *que*, and; the words being compounded thus, *reque*, *proque*, pronounced *rā-que prō-que*.

*[Sen'shi-ent.] Having the faculties of sensation and perception. Latin *sentire*, to perceive by the senses.

LIFE IN MODERN ENGLAND.*

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.

I.

ALTHOUGH Queen Elizabeth has been in her grave for nearly three hundred years, the effects of her policy are even yet apparent in the community which she once ruled, and it is necessary to go back to her reign to trace the origin of those different forces which constitute the social system of Modern England. In the popular mind her fame is associated chiefly with the overthrow of the Armada, a national triumph in which she had no considerable share, whereas her real title to public gratitude and admiration lies in the ability and energy which she devoted to the improvement, it would scarcely be too much to say the establishment, of civil administration.

When she ascended the throne the whole country outside the limits of the larger cities and towns was in a condition of fearful disorder. The glut which had long prevailed in the labor market had not yet been overcome by the development of new industries and the discontent among the laboring classes was increasing rapidly, owing to the constant evictions and inclosures due to change in the ownership of landed property. The great middle class, which is the most solid and powerful element in the social system of to-day, had practically no existence or was represented by a few rich traders only, society consisting in the main of the nobility and

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country gentlemen on the one side and a horde of small shopkeepers, mechanics, farmers, and peasantry on the other. Every country was overrun by bands of outlaws, the natural product of civil war and anarchy, who sustained themselves by open pillage and were the sworn foes of all constituted authority, or by sturdy beggars who did not hesitate to take by force what was denied to their importunities.

The most bloody and brutal means of repression had been employed in vain against these offenders, and were continued for some time by Elizabeth. Instances are on record where batches of fifty men were hanged together and the magistrates complained of the necessity of waiting for the assizes before hanging as many more. There seemed to be an idea that the shortest and simplest method of insuring social order was by depopulation, by making a solitude and calling it peace. The two classes of society, the prosperous and the wretched, were arraigned against each other almost in conditions of open hostility and the stability of the government itself was constantly threatened. It was in this grave emergency that Elizabeth and her council appointed a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject. The old laws against vagrants and idlers were retained or strengthened but a distinction was made for the first time between vicious and dissolute idlers and the deserving poor whom misfortune or sickness had brought to want. Each town and parish was made responsible for the relief of its own poor, and the justices of the peace were authorized to assess all persons who refused to contribute their fair share of the cost. A little later on additional laws were passed defining more clearly the distinction between the pauper and the vagabond,* and houses of correction were established in which compulsory labor was exacted from all beggars and suspicious characters while the power to levy poor rates was transferred from the justices to the church wardens. Thus was established the parish system which existed in England until a comparatively short time ago.

Notwithstanding the later abuses of administration which crept into it, this system was productive of an incalculable amount of good. It put an end to the social discontent which threatened a new revolution, it hastened the restoration of order, and it largely increased the industry and productiveness of the agricultural districts. The well-to do, upon whom the burden of taxation fell, soon perceived that it was to their interest to furnish work for the unemployed, and the vagabonds discovered that it was easier and pleasanter to work for hire than to go to jail and work upon compulsion. Many causes combined to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes. The general prosperity of the country brought about large investments in land, and stimulated* improvement in the methods of cultivation. As farms increased in size and number more hands were needed to work them, while the rapid development of old and the introduction of new manufactures absorbed the surplus agricultural population. The woolen manufacture already had assumed great proportions and the art of spinning yarn and weaving of cloth, of which Flanders had practically held a monopoly, spread from the towns to the villages and hamlets. Every homestead had its spinning-wheel and distaff, and the housewives began to pride themselves upon the excellence of their homespun. The worsted† trade, centered in Norwich, extended over all the eastern counties and the south and west were full of mining and manufacturing activity, although there were signs already of the impending trade revolution which transferred so much wealth to the north.

The growth of England's commerce, meanwhile, was phenomenal. Her ships, mere cockle-shells, compared with the leviathans of the present date, penetrated to every quarter of the globe, and London became the market of the world. On its wharves could be found the gold and sugar of the West, the cotton of India, and the silks of the East. The foundation of the Royal Exchange by Sir Thomas Gresham, a great city magnate, was one of the signs of the times. The dis-

* From the Latin *vagari*, to stroll about, to wander. It is "a word whose etymology conveys no reproach. It denoted at first only a wanderer. But as men who have no homes are apt to become loose, unsteady, and reckless in their habits, the term has degenerated to its present signification."

* The Latin word *stimulus* means a goad. Any thing which excites or rouses to action, serves in a figurative sense the same purpose as a goad, and hence is said to stimulate.

† [Wust'ed; the *u* takes the same sound it has in push.] A twisted yarn, so named from Worsted, a town in Norfolk, England, where it was made.

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covery of Archangel was the beginning of trade with Russia, while far to the south, on the coast of Guinea, John Hawkins found a yet more lucrative but abominable traffic in the transport of negroes to America. With each new year of peace the tide of wealth flowed into the cities and the body of traders increased in number and influences. The leading merchants began to affect a luxury beyond the reach of any but the richest nobility, while, in matters of state, their gold conferred upon them an authority which they had never before enjoyed. The merchant companies which were formed to guard British mercantile interests in different parts of the globe, wielded a power which was regarded with jealousy and even with alarm by the high officers of the crown, and toward the end of Elizabeth's reign many charters and monopolies were revoked by special legislation on account of their absorption of the national wealth.

All classes of the population felt the effect of this prosperity. The consumption of wine, hitherto used but rarely except in the houses of the great, was quadrupled, and the agricultural classes began to substitute meat for the salt fish upon which they had subsisted previously. The rough and wattled* farmhouses of preceding generations, which would not now be considered fit for human habitation, were replaced by solid and comfortable buildings of brick and stone, not a few of which survive to the present day. Among the yeomanry, small land holders forming a connecting link between the more prosperous farmers and the peasantry, the wooden trenchers which had served the purpose of their forefathers for centuries were discarded for the pewter platters which remained in use until displaced by the cheap crockery of modern times. It was not uncommon, indeed, about this period, to find pieces of silver plate in the homes of some of the yeomanry. Immense advances were made in the domestic comfort which was the foundation of that English home-life, concerning which so much has been said and sung, and which is generally conceded to have exerted a most potent influence in the formation of the national character. The floors of the better farmhouses were now adorned by carpets in place of the rushes which had been the only covering hitherto. Chimneys, too, which as yet had been exceedingly rare, were introduced generally, and with them the attractions of the chimney corner. Pillows, once despised by the hardy villagers as effeminate, came into general use and contemporary observers began to fear that the courage, hardihood, and endurance of the race would disappear with the rude and almost barbarous simplicity of the past.

The change in the mode of living among the wealthier classes—the nobles, the landed gentry, and the merchant princes—was even more marked. The establishment of more intimate social and business relations with foreign countries, resulted naturally in the adoption of whatever was most attractive in the foreign manner of life. This was especially noticeable in the development of domestic architecture both as regards external design and interior arrangement and decoration. The principal rooms for the reception and entertainment of guests, which formerly had shared the ground floor in common with the kitchen and other domestic affairs, were raised to the second story in imitation of the Italian fashion, and this of course led in due time to the construction of those noble staircases which are such striking features of the entrance hall of the period. The appearance of the principal English towns hitherto mean and monotonous in the extreme, underwent a gradual transformation. The houses of the merchants grew loftier and more pretentious and were made picturesque by the addition of gables and parapets*. Inside, the rooms were decorated with wainscoting† of richly carved oak, or even more costly woods, by elaborate chairs and cabinets and tapestry of the rarest handiwork. In the sleeping rooms hitherto so bare and unattractive, soft carpets and rich hangings began to appear together with those mighty beds, huge in size and elaborate in ornamentation in which

* Made of interwoven branches. It is an Anglo-Saxon word, the original sense of which is, "something twined or woven together; hence it came to mean a hurdle woven with twigs, or a bag of woven stuff; hence applied also to the baggy flesh on a bird's neck."

* [Par'a-pets.] "In archæology, a wall or barrier, either plain or ornamental, placed at the edges of platforms or balconies, roofs of houses, sides of bridges, etc., to prevent people from falling over." As a military term which was its first use, it was the name of a wall or rampart or elevation of earth rising breast high to protect the soldiers from the enemy. It is derived from the Latin *parare*, to guard, and the Italian *petto* (Latin *pectus*), breast.

† [Wain'scot-ing.] A word of Teutonic orig'n, meaning a lining of boards for the walls of apartments, fashioned in panel-work.

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the sleeper lay swallowed up in billows of down.

The change in the character of the large country houses was no less marked. With the last traces of feudalism disappeared the battlements which once converted homes into castles. In their place appeared the magnificent halls which are still among the most picturesque objects in English landscape. Knowle, Langleat, Burleigh, Hatfield, Audley End, and many others might be specified as surviving examples of these mediæval palaces wonderfully harmonious in their infinite variety of turrets and gables, their oriel windows* and decorated fronts, looking over Italian gardens, with their terraces and fountains, toward wide expanses of wood or pasture land. The castle hall in which the baron used to sit high above his retainers had now vanished forever and the head of the household retired with his family to his parlor or "with-drawing room" leaving the hall to his servants. The lord no longer rode at the head of his retainers but traveled luxuriously in a coach with outriders and footmen according to his degree, so that any one might tell by the number and style of the attendants whether the equipage was that of a nobleman, a squire, or a simple citizen. Glass esteemed in a previous generation as a costly luxury, was now used with the greatest liberality and Lord Bacon in a fit of conservatism grumbled that he could not tell where to go to be out of the sun or the cold.

The new spirit of luxury manifested itself not only in the dwellings but in the dress of both men and women. A fashionable assemblage was a blaze of gold and jewels. The enormous stomachers of the gentler sex, hideously prolonged almost to the knees, were embroidered with gold and precious stones, while diamonds and emeralds, pearls and rubies, flashed in their hair. The gentlemen were no less splendid in their array of slashed doublet and hose, the seniors in sober colors, dark velvets, perchance trimmed with gold, the juniors in silks and satins reflecting all the hues of the rainbow and decked at every point with jewels worth many a broad acre. Adventurers laden with the glittering spoils of the far East or West were constantly returning to their homes, and the spectacle of treasures thus speedily and easily won encouraged a general prodigality. For the rich there was a succession of splendid masques—which, in cost and size at least, would dwarf into insignificance the most elaborate spectacular pantomime of to-day—of feasts, of tourneys, or of hunts; while for the poor there was bear-fighting, bull-baiting, boxing and wrestling matches, and other kindred sports. It was a fighting, drinking, gambling, love-making, reckless age, but the disease of dissipation was not sufficiently prolonged or general to weaken the great heart of the nation.

It was the Italian manner that was most affected in dress, speech, and etiquette, and in each case it was exaggerated almost to the point of burlesque. The arts of dancing and fencing, both of which were carried to a high point of excellence, were, doubtless, useful accomplishments, but the formalities of address and the minute distinctions of social courtesies were more than a little absurd, while the affectations of speech introduced by John Lyly under the name of Euphuism, were absolutely ridiculous. And yet the court lady in the days of King James I. who could not carry on a conversation in this jargon was held to be little better than a savage. The Euphuists have been caricatured very effectively both by Shakspere and Sir Walter Scott.

It must not be supposed that this luxury and prodigality extended through all classes of society, although, as has been said, the effects of the general national prosperity were felt in the remotest corners of the realm. The great middle class was only just beginning to arise and there was an immense gulf, both socially and pecuniarily, between the nobles and the country squires, and a still wider between the merchants and solid tradesmen and the mechanics and peasantry. Even in that golden age of literature, the veneer of civilization was neither broad nor deep, being confined for the most part to the ranks of the aristocracy. The diffusion of even elementary knowledge was far from general. The accomplishments of Elizabeth herself, the only solace of her unhappy youth, would not have been considered remarkable in any later age than her own, but stamped

* A large window in a recess, a large bay window. "In Old French oriel and oriole are spelt alike, and hence can be traced to the same source. The Latin word for oriole is *aureolus*, golden or gilded .... This explains at once the use of the word; it meant any portico, recess, or small room which was more private and better ornamented than the rest of the building." From this it came to be specificaly used of the windows of little apartments projecting outward from buildings.

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her as a prodigy of erudition.* Nor was she backward in the display of her knowledge, and the profoundest scholars and wisest statesmen of the day were none too proud to angle for her favor by permitting her to triumph in argument or quotation, or in the solution of riddles, rebuses, and acrostics† which were among the pet follies of the day. But this affectation of universal knowledge on the part of her imperious majesty made learning fashionable and gave an impetus to scholarship and the arts which bore rare fruit a little later on.

The true standard of education for the ordinary run of students, both in the schools and universities, was attested sufficiently by the degraded intellectual condition of the clergy, and the dense ignorance prevailing among the younger sons of the gentry, the smaller squires, and farmers, and the whole world of mechanics and tradesmen. It was the custom to send the oldest son of a great or rich family to the continent to learn the social accomplishments of France or Italy or to study for a season in the more serious air of Germany. But the great mass of fairly prosperous young men and women could do little more than read and write, and thought it no shame to confess their illiteracy. The younger sons of the country squires, if they could not qualify themselves for admission into one of the so-called professions, attached themselves to the service of some great noble in modified imitation of the old feudal times, offered their swords to the highest bidder wherever fighting was going on, or joined some expedition to the Americas or the Indies where they practically led the lives of buccaneers‡. Perhaps they returned with riches which in those days seemed almost fabulous, or left their bones to whiten amid savages or at the bottom of the sea. In the days of the Stuarts there was a chance of regular military employment under the crown, but the time of standing armies had not yet arrived.

In the cities the common fate of youths was to be bound apprentices, at a very early age, to some tradesman or master mechanic who was invested by law with an almost absolute authority over them for varying terms of years. The master was bound in his part to instruct his apprentice fully in the secrets of his handicraft, to feed and clothe him in a befitting manner, and to look after his spiritual welfare. In every well-organized family the working day began with private family devotions, and in these the apprentice was compelled to take part. On Sundays, especially when Puritanism succeeded to the lax habits of the Cavaliers, he followed his master to church or chapel carrying a Bible in one hand, and if he were a stout fellow, a staff in the other wherewith to defend his employer from robbery or insult. On week days he arose with sunrise and labored until sunset. One of his chief duties was to attend to customers in his master's shop, another was to guard the goods exposed in the stalls which lined the streets, another to stimulate business by directing the attention of passers-by to the wares on exhibition. Each apprentice had a set speech artfully prepared in praise of the useful or ornamental articles at his disposal, and he was a fortunate lad who could tempt a buyer by some timely stroke of wit or flattery. They prefaced their eulogies by cries of "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" and in all leading thoroughfares there was a continuous uproar which assumed the character of a riot whenever a quarrel, an attempted robbery, or some other cause furnished an excuse for the shout of "clubs," which brought to the scene of the disturbance every apprentice within hearing.

The life of an apprentice bound to an ill-tempered or tyrannical master, who held him in practical slavery, was not a happy one, but the training and the discipline were of inestimable benefit to lads who had to make their own way in the world. By the time their indentures had run out, they were masters of their trade, with a good prospect of becoming substantial citizens in their turn. It was from the ranks of the apprentices that the great army of merchants was constantly recruited, and it was the business skill acquired in those weary months of servitude that gave England her commercial pre-eminence.

The country, in the seventeenth century, was slow to catch the fashions of the town. There were no railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, or postal service, and communication between different points was difficult and

* Learning, scholarship. As a person in possession of such attainments has been polished by the implied discipline required, and freed from rudeness, a name containing within itself this meaning was chosen; *e*, from, out, and *rudis*, rude.

† [A-cros'tic.] A short poem in which the letters beginning the lines spell a word. Greek, *akros*, outermost, first, and *stikos*, row, order, line.

‡ See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, page 394.

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often dangerous. The roads were terribly rough and infested in all secluded districts by robbers, who flourished in spite of the death penalty which was inflicted for the smallest theft. The rich never traveled for any considerable distance without a strong escort of armed servants, and the country gentry whenever they went abroad by night took care to be well mounted and armed.

It was only by chance through the agency of some peddler or traveler that the news of the city, the latest fashion, scandal, or vice, reached the villages, whose inhabitants lived on from year to year in patriarchal ignorance if not in patriarchal simplicity. Luxuries were to be found only in the mansion of the lord of the manor, or the houses of the richer squires. The farm-houses, even of the better sort, were bare and comfortless, while the homes of the laborers were squalid to a degree. With the squires life meant a succession of hard riding and hard drinking. Deer were still plentiful in the north, west, and south and every cover was full of foxes. A day after the hounds and a night over the bottle constituted in their eyes the sum of earthly felicity. Their daughters were taught to read and write, to cook and sew, and, perhaps, strum a little upon the spinet, for the occasional entertainment of their friends. Their sons got most of their education in the stables.

For the poorer classes of the rural population life had few relaxations. Among those were cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bull-baiting, and now and then a boxing or a wrestling match. Their chief dissipations occurred at the annual fair with its Jack Puddings,* jugglers, and quacks of every description, and at Christmas, which by a survival of ancient feudal custom, was still a period of general and prolonged feasting.

* "A buffoon who performs pudding tricks, such as swallowing a certain number of yards of black-pudding. S. Bishop observes that each country names its stage buffoon from its favorite viand: the Dutchman calls him *Pickel-herringè*; the Germans, *Hans Wurst* (John Sausage); the Frenchman, *Jean Potage* (John Porriage); the Italian, Mac-a-rō'ni; and the English, Jack Pudding."

BRITISH AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN, PH. D.
Of Victoria University.

A HOST of sunny islands fringing the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, a foothold in Central and South America, the lonely Falkland Islands off Cape Horn, and the cooler half of North America, make up Britain's possessions in the New World, possessions almost as large as Europe, and thirty times the size of the British Isles, but with scarcely 7,000,000 inhabitants.

That "river in the ocean," the Gulf Stream, separates Florida from the first of the British West Indies, the Bahamas, whose coral reefs and islands rising out of a shallow sea form stepping-stones from the northern republic of whites to the half barbarous republic of blacks in San Domingo. Many of these 3,000 islets and islands are waterless and uninhabited; only Andros, the largest, can boast of running streams; and the only good harbor is that of Nassau, the capital, well-known for its delightful winter climate. One of the Bahamas, probably Watling Island, was the first land to greet the anxious eyes of Columbus on that voyage which so changed the history of the world.

Farther to the southeast the Lesser Antilles, chiefly belonging to Britain, sweep a wide curve between Puerto Rico and the mouth of the Orinoco, finishing the line of stepping-stones between North and South America. These small but beautiful islands of volcanic rock edged with coral are divided into two confederacies, the Leeward Islands to the north having their seat of government in Antigua, and the Windward Isles to the south with their capital in the least known island, Barbados. Anvil-shaped Trinidad, famous for its lakes of pitch, one of the largest and most prosperous of the British West Indies, is really only a fragment of South America cut off by a few miles of shallow sea at the Serpents' and Dragons' Mouths

Last comes Jamaica just south of Cuba in the Caribbean Sea, a noble island one hundred and fifty miles long having in its center the splendidly wooded Blue Mountains which lift themselves 7,000 feet from the sea and

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give every wished-for climate, from the feverish tropical plains at their foot to the temperate mountain flanks with their cool breezes. The largest of the British Antilles is also the most populous, having 600,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are colored, even in the capital, Kingston, a city of more than 40,000 people.

Two colonies are on the mainland, Balize, a thinly peopled strip of coast-line east of Yucatan; and British Guiana wedged in between Venezuela, Brazil, and the Dutch province of Surinam in South America. It contains a hundred thousand square miles of forest and savannah,* a few degrees north of the equator, peopled by a few thousand white planters and a quarter of a million darker skinned inhabitants, who cultivate the hot but fertile coast-land. There are rumors of gold mines along the disputed Venezuelan frontier.

To people from the sober north there is a strange attraction in these gem-like islands and luxuriant coasts of the Caribbean Sea with their shores strewn with corals and exquisite shells under blue tropic skies. A strange intensity rules in their physical conditions; streaming vertical sunshine and copious tropical rains clothe the soil with rampant verdure decked with gaudy flowers and fruits; tangled thickets of ferns and shrubs and creepers fill the dells and climb over the rocks, while graceful palms and magnificent forest trees rise above, transmuting the fierce sunshine into rich gums and precious woods. But there is the violence as well as the luxuriance of the tropics, for hurricanes devastate forests and plantations, earthquakes have shattered more than one of their cities, and volcanic fires lurk in at least one of their mountains.

The early history of the West Indies is a wild romance. For the professed love of God and the real love of gold, these seeming "isles of the blest" were turned into hells by their ruthless Spanish conquerors, who slaughtered or worked to death the ill-fated Indians, replacing them by African slaves. Then came the terrible but fascinating exploits of British seamen who won many of the islands from the Spaniard; and of the relentlessly cruel buccaneers who cruised and fought and plundered, and then found safe hiding-places among the island mazes.

More settled times succeeded when planters grew rich from the toil of negro slaves or of convicts shipped from England, and sent eastward to the Old World full cargoes of sugar and rum and molasses until the seaports of Jamaica and many a smaller island grew proud and wealthy. But decline followed prosperity when fifty years ago the slaves were liberated throughout the empire and the labor needful on the great plantations was no longer assured; and the decline was hastened by the rise of the beet-sugar production of France and Germany fostered by bounties so as to offer a ruinous competition with their chief staple.

For years past the West Indies have stagnated, for the attempts made to replace the sugar-cane and tobacco-plant by coffee and other tropical products were only partially successful; however, of late there are signs of revival. In Jamaica, for instance, American enterprise is building railroads and stimulating the trade in oranges, pineapples, and bananas with the great cities of the United States. Jamaica even has the courage to invite all nations to a World's Exhibition this winter in Kingston.

An interesting but unpromising feature of the British West Indies presents itself in the strange sources of its 1,600,000 people. The original inhabitants are almost wholly lost and their places taken by the descendants of negro slaves reinforced by thousands of coolies brought from the East Indies and China under a system little better than slavery, the whole mixed in all proportions with the blood of profligate Europeans. In none of the colonies do the white planters form more than a small percentage, and it is doubtful if men of northern races can ever so acclimatize themselves as to thrive and increase in the West Indies. These black and brown and tawny races with their admixtures make poor material for the building of a nation in a land and climate which so tempt to idleness. Under the circumstances Britain wisely holds these tropical possessions under tutelage as crown colonies, with representative institutions indeed, but having their officials appointed and their finances controlled largely by governors, who, unlike their mistress, the Queen of England, rule

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*Spelled also without the *h* at the end. A plain of grass affording pasturage in a rainy season. It was so called from the Spanish word *sabana*, the name of a sheet for the bed, and also of a plain, probably from the resemblance of a plain covered with snow to a bed dressed in white.

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as well as reign, and have more real power than the elected representatives of the people.

It is an immense stride from these tropical isles whose dusky populations rest content with easy poverty in a land of perpetual summer to the extreme climate and hardy people of Canada; and in fact the two regions have nothing in common but the crown of Britain, and are separated by the greatest nation in America, perhaps in the world, the United States. England has, it is true, one link between the tropics and her northern realm, the naval station in the Bermuda Islands, which lie in the Gulf Stream, six hundred miles off Cape Hatteras, and are connected by cable with Halifax.

What is now British America bore the picturesque names of Nouvelle France and Acadie in the seventeenth century; so that but for Wolfe's famous capture of Quebec in 1759 the United States might have had a French America to the north as they have a Spanish one to the south.

A quarter of a century ago British America consisted of a few scattered provinces and the vast territory of Rupert's Land, supposed to be an Arctic waste fit only for the Indian trappers and hardy voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company. In 1867, however, Upper and Lower Canada* joined hands with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to form the Dominion of Canada. Prince Edward Island on the east and British Columbia on the west soon joined the others, and a new province was formed (Man-i-to-bä′) bringing up the number to seven. By purchase of the rights of the Hudson Bay Company all America north of the United States, with the exception of Alaska, belonged to the Dominion; and at present Newfoundland alone remains outside of the confederation.

Canada united, began to feel herself a nation, to explore her domain, to extend her enterprises, to build railroads and push settlements into the wilderness. What once seemed "a few acres of snow" to the monarch who lost it, has become an empire larger than the great republic to the south, reaching from the latitude of Rome to that of the North Cape, and covering the parallels of all the most prosperous nations of Europe. As to climate, though Labrador is frigid from the Arctic current washing its coasts, grapes and peaches thrive in Ontario, and violets bloom in January at Vancouver, for the Japan Current is to Western America what the Gulf Stream is to France and England. Canada has no more Arctic territory than Europe, and little more than the United States in Alaska.

A country that surpasses the rest of the world in its area of fertile wheat land, in its enormous pine forests, in its fisheries, inland and marine; a country with no end of well-sheltered harbors on both oceans, with thousands of miles of lake and river navigation in the interior, and a merchant marine already standing fifth, if not fourth, in the list of nations; a country with the only valuable coal deposits to be found on the eastern and western shores of America, and nearly a hundred thousand square miles of coal-field underlying its prairies; with excellent iron ores in every province, with gold and silver and copper in large amounts, and the largest known deposits of nickel ore,—such a country as this must have a future.

It is no wonder that Canada has bridged her immense distances by 13,000 miles of railway, has joined her great lakes with the ocean by ship canals and created lines of steamers in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, giving the shortest routes between her ports and the rest of the world, and providing the outlets needed by a great nation.

Wisely or unwisely a "national policy" has been inaugurated, placing heavy duties on foreign manufactures in the hope of raising up home industries, a policy largely successful, though possibly at too serious a cost; and now, with something of a young man's exuberance and haste to possess and enjoy, Canada looks into the future, eagerly, hopefully, but not quite certain of its destiny.

Physically speaking, Canada is the oldest land under the sun; for the immense curve of Laurentian rocks surrounding Hudson Bay, the great inland sea to the northeast, was dry land when Europe was only a group of islands, and supplied the frame work around which the rest of North America was molded, and the materials of which it was built. This wide band of time-worn rocky hills and lake-filled valleys, for the most part under inhospitable skies, if properly managed, will be as now a home for fur-bearing animals, a region of ever-renewed forests, and in its overlying Huronian rocks a rich mining country; but never of much value for agricul-

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*Since named Ontario and Quebec respectively.—*A. P. C.*

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ture. Paleozoic* rocks spread around its margin in the eastern provinces and stretch northwest toward the Arctic Ocean; west of them lies a broad triangle of coal-bearing Mesozoic† beds; and still farther west, a confusion of ancient and more recent strata along the mountainous Pacific coast.

A traveler coming from Europe may enter Canada at either of the rival winter ports, Halifax in Nova Scotia or St. John's in New Brunswick, and visit first the three maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, the smallest of the Dominion, but enchanting to the lover of picturesque sea-coasts, rushing salmon rivers, and forest covered hills. They are peopled by a a sturdy, handsome race of fishermen, sailors, miners, and farmers.

Thence by steamer the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence may be reached, passing by the way New Foundland, which though a self-governing colony almost as large as the state of New York, has only 200,000 people winning a scanty subsistence from the seal and cod-fisheries along their own and the Labrador shores, and especially on the famous Banks to the southeast.

Steaming up the noble river with its mountainous shores Quebec meets the view, the most foreign and striking city in North America with its quaint architecture, steep, crooked streets and towering citadel. Few of its 65,000 people speak any thing but French, and though third in size, it is the least progressive city in the Dominion. Ocean steamers pass it by to end their voyage a thousand miles from the Atlantic, at Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, a city of 230,000 people, the majority French, though the great business houses which make it one of the wealthiest and most prosperous cities of its size on the continent are English. The province of Quebec contains a million and a half souls, chiefly descended from the 60,000 French who were allowed to retain their customs, privileges, and civil law after the fall of Quebec, and now form a frugal, prolific but unenterprising race, the most devoted Roman Catholics in the world.

East of Montreal, but within the province of Ontario is Ottawa, the natural center of the northern lumber trade and the political capital of the country. Toronto, a rapidly growing place of 170,000 population on the north shore of Lake Ontario, contains important educational institutions and a powerful press, giving it the intellectual lead in the country. The province of Ontario contains 2,000,000 inhabitants and is the most favored part of the Dominion in resources and climate, the great lakes to the south softening the winters and providing highways for trade.

A voyage on those inland seas and twenty-four hours by rail bring one out of the forest region to the bustling prairie capital, Winnipeg in Manitoba, beyond which extend half a million square miles of grassy sea, rich with the silt of vanished lakes, a region of bright but cold winters and warm summers, somewhat troubled with summer frosts, but producing large crops of the best hard wheat in the world. As the Rockies are approached in Alberta the warm Chinook* winds from the Pacific temper the winter, so that cattle on the ranches† feed at large the whole year round. Northward from the prairies stretches a little known land of great lakes and rivers, one of them, the Mackenzie, longer than any river of the Old World.

It is a startling leap from the flowery prairies to British Columbia, a land of glacier-laden mountains, of swift rivers up which the salmon run, of magnificent coniferous forests, of gold mines, and of coal. From its seaports, Victoria and Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, sail ships and steamers down the coast to San Francisco and across the Pacific to far off Australia and Japan.

Canada, vast as it is, contained in 1881 but 4,324,000 people, and is now estimated to have a population of 5,000,000, among whom are representatives of almost all European nations as well as Chinese and Africans. About a quarter are French, 300,000 German, and the great majority of the remainder British in origin; while the United States has contributed less than 80,000 for the hundreds of thousands of Canadians it has received.

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*[Pā-lĕ-ō-zō'ic.] Greek *palaios*, ancient, *zōe*, life. See "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," in the course of Required Readings, page 67.

†[Mes-o zō'ic.] Greek *mesos*, middle, and *zoe*, life.

*[Chĭ-nook'.] The wind was so named because it comes from the country of the Chinooks, a tribe of American Indians now living in Washington; this is the leading one of the tribes that are known as the Flat-head Indians.

†From the Spanish *rancho*, a rude hut where herdsmen live. It is now used commonly as "the name of a large farming establishment on which are many *ranchos*; especially an establishment for rearing horses and cattle."

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There are a few thousand Esquimaux in Labrador and the far north; and 108,000 Indians, many of whom are settled as farmers and more or less civilized. Canada has had no Indian wars, though French half-breeds have twice made trouble on the prairies.

In religion, Protestants of various denominations far outnumber Catholics, except in the province of Quebec; and in regard to education free public schools are scattered everywhere, leading up to high schools and universities in the larger centers, so that illiteracy is almost unknown among native Canadians, and the average of intelligence outside of the French province is high.

The central government of the federated provinces making up the Dominion, consists of a Governor-General, a Senate, and a House of Commons; the latter, which is elected by a very wide but not universal suffrage, is the real source of authority; for the Senate, whose members are appointed for life by the ministry in power, rarely throws out a bill passed by the Commons; and the Governor, appointed by the Queen, is guided by his ministers like a constitutional monarch and has no veto. The premier,* who is the head of the party having a majority in the House, and his ministers, chosen from the same party, are the actual rulers of the country and guide the deliberations of parliament. An adverse vote dethrones them, however, and if they are defeated in a general election, the reins of power fall into the hands of the opposition leader and his friends.

The Conservative party, which under the shrewd leadership of Sir John Macdonald, has been in power almost ever since the confederation of the provinces, favors protection and centralization; while the Reformers, who are in opposition, advocate provincial rights and free trade or commercial union with the United States. The ministry, under the sanction of parliament, control the collection and disbursement of the revenues, appoint judges (who are not elective in Canada), dispose of the small military force,* and manage the affairs of the country as a whole. The provincial legislatures deal with local matters, such as education and the disposal of public lands; but their acts, if *ultra vires*,† may be vetoed by the Dominion government.

In the regulation of the tariff and all internal affairs Canada is an independent country, the suzerainty of Britain being shown however by the right of appeal from Canadian courts to the Queen's Privy Council, by the appointment of the Governor-General, and by the want of the treaty-making power; though in the latter respect England has of late done her utmost to further the wishes of Canadians, consulting the Dominion government in all matters affecting their interests.

The immense extent and scattered population of the Dominion have demanded heavy expenditures on railways and canals, resulting in a public debt of about $250,000,000; but at present the outlay is more than met by the revenues, which are derived from excise and import duties, the latter much lower than those of the United States, though intended to be protective. In 1889 the imports amounted to $115,000,000 and the exports to $89,000,000, chiefly produce of the farm, the forest, and the fisheries. Nine-tenths of this commerce was with Great Britain and the United States, the latter having the larger share.

Canadians are loyal to the generous Mother Country, but yet cannot help asking themselves what is to be their future; for they believe that a country so healthful and rich in resources, must steadily fill up with the overflow from the crowded regions of northern Europe and in time become a great nation. The only serious danger threatening them is to be found in the alien race, language, and religion of French Canada.

When Canada's numbers increase, will she still remain part of the glorious British Empire; or will she add her provinces as fresh states to the United States; or will she work out her destiny as an independent nation? What lies in the future no man can tell; but why should there not be a universal English-speaking federation, the most populous, progressive, and enlightened power in existence, whose energy and moral force should impose peace upon the world and bring war to an end forever?

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*[Pre'mi-er or prem'yer.] The French word for first, chief, principal. The title of the first minister of state, the prime minister. "This title of the British Premier, or Prime Minister, now one of the highest dignity, was at first a nickname given in pure mockery,—the statesman to whom it was applied being Sir Robert Walpole, as will be seen by the following words spoken by him in the House of Commons in 1742: 'Having invested me with a kind of mock dignity, and styled me a *Prime Minister*, they (the opposition) impute to me an unpardonable abuse of the chimerical authority which they only created and conferred.'"—*Richard Grant White.*

*The volunteers number 37,000 of which 1,000 form small permanent garrisons in a few fortresses. The only British troops are connected with the naval station at Halifax.—*A. P. C.*

† *Ultra vires.* Latin expression for beyond their power.

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AN ENGLISH SEA-ROVER.

BY J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, PH. D.
Professor of History in Brown University.

IN the earlier stages of society piracy is regarded as an entirely reputable calling. When Mentor and Telemachus, in the Odyssey, arrive at Pylus, old Nestor asks them, "Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways? On some trading enterprise, or at adventure do ye rove, even as pirates, over the brine?" With Nestor's renown for courtesy, we may be sure that the suggestion of piracy carried with it no injurious imputation upon the character of his guests. With our Saxon and Angle forefathers, piracy was a matter of course; "every one of them is an arch-pirate," says Sidonius Apollinaris. From the time when these freebooters* landed in England, that land has never been without courageous seamen, and hardly any generation has lacked distinction in the annals of naval warfare or maritime adventure. But maritime adventure was, in all those ages, marked by some traits hardly distinguishable from those of what would now be called piracy.

The piratical impulse was in the English blood, and must have a large place among the causes which led to the brilliant increase of maritime adventure under Elizabeth. Another cause was the series of wonderful geographical discoveries which had almost at one stroke doubled the extent of the known world, and had filled the European mind with ardent desire for the mental and material appropriation of the vast and marvelous regions thus thrown open to human enterprise. Much credit, too, must be given to the earnest and intelligent effort of Henry VIII. to build up a powerful navy for the protection of his island, much to the appreciative, if niggardly, patronage of the Queen herself, much to the enterprise of great merchants and the enthusiasm of learned geographical students like Richard Hakluyt [hak'loot]. Still another cause was the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence in England itself. Many younger sons, with scanty expectations in the way of inheritance, were glad to turn to the career of maritime adventure; many landless or unemployed men were glad to enlist with them and follow the sea. As Spain and the other Catholic powers grew more and more formidable to Elizabeth, the loyal devotion of her subjects joined with these various motives to incite them to attacks upon Spain and her possessions. During most of her reign there was no open war with Spain. On the contrary, there was nominal friendship. But the privateering captains were not slow to perceive that the Queen and her Council had no objection to their expeditions, provided they did not so openly violate the law of nations as to create great embarrassments for the government.

The voyages of the Elizabethan seamen extended to almost every part of the world. In the last days of Edward VI. Sir Hugh Willoughby had perished in the northern ice, and Richard Chancelor had made his way through the White Sea to the country and the court of the czar of Muscovy. Elizabethans followed in their wake. Under Frobisher and Davis they explored Meta Incognita and Greenland and Hudson's Straits. With good Sir Humphrey Gilbert they attempted the planting of Newfoundland; with Lane and White they went out to Raleigh's colony of Roanoke. They followed the Portuguese and the Dutch to the East Indies, and with James Lancaster's wonderful voyages began the English trade with Java and Sumatra and Malacca. They went with Hawkins in the *Solomon* or the *Jesus of Lubeck* to gather slaves upon the African coast, or lay off Flores and Corvo to intercept the annual silver-fleets that brought to the king of Spain the wealth of Mexico and Peru, or burned his ships in the harbor of Cadiz. But most famous of all were the adventures that marked their freebooting expeditions to the Spanish Main, and if we attempt to follow the fortunes of a typical sea-rover of that day, we will suppose that he

*Seekers after plunder; pillagers. "The word freebooter is not purely of English formation, but is rather an imitation from a Dutch word meaning pirate. The Dutch *boete* becomes boot, in English, meaning, advantage, profit, gain."

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directs his adventurous voyages to the New World, lured on by fabulous tales of El Dorado or by knowledge of the more substantial wealth which the Spaniards had derived from their abundant provinces.

Most likely our rover is a West-country man. No counties furnished so large a number of the famous Elizabethan seamen as Devon and Cornwall. Their rocky coast, indented with numerous inlets, was as sure to lead men to skill in navigation as that of Norway or Greece, or that of Brittany opposite. An imaginative temperament and an adventurous spirit were natural accompaniments of their partly Celtic blood. A numerous and public-spirited gentry furnished leaders; and the wide Atlantic lay temptingly before their doors. Rich merchants of Barnstaple or Exeter provided the rover with money to fit out his vessel; or perhaps the town-corporation itself took a share in the enterprise. There lies before me a bit from the account-books of old Plymouth:

More to hym [the Receiver] xxvj^{li}. [i. e., £26] for money disbursed by hym this yere to Sr Francis Drake knyght for the townes adventure wth hym in this viage.

When the adventurer weighed anchor, we may be sure the town fathers sped him on his way with generous feasting and encouragement; when he returned, he was hailed with salutes of artillery at the town's expense, as the same accounts show:

Item p^{d} for iiij^{li} [£4] of powder spente at the cominge in of Sr Fraunces Drake, iiij^{s} vi^{d} [i. e. 4s. 6d.].

Or perhaps the adventurer set sail from London, dropping down the Thames amid the acclamations of the crowd, loudly saluting the Queen and court as he passed Greenwich, and cheered by a message from her, thanking the adventurer and bidding the sailors be diligent and faithful servants to their masters. At Gravesend he was perhaps feasted by his friends, as Stephen Burrough was by "the good old gentleman, Master [Sebastian] Cabot, accompanied with divers gentlemen and gentlewomen," when he set out in the *Searchthrift* for Nova Zembla and the White Sea. The picture is a pleasing one:

Burrough says Master Cabot gave to the poor most liberal alms, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous success of the *Searchthrift;* and then, at the sign of the Christopher, he and his friends banqueted, and made me and them that were in the company great cheer; and, for very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance himself among the rest of the young and lusty company; which being ended, he and his friends departed, most gently commending us to the governance of Almighty God.

The ship in which our adventurer sailed, would seem to us a small one in which to face the storms of the Atlantic. Frobisher's largest vessel was of two hundred tons, and he made his first voyage to the northern straits in two little barks of twenty-five tons. The largest of the vessels in which Gilbert went to Newfoundland was one of one hundred and twenty tons; the *Squirrel*, in which he was lost on the return voyage, was of only ten. Of the ships in which Sir Richard Grenville took Raleigh's colony to Virginia, the largest were of one hundred and forty tons. The *Golden Hind*, in which Drake sailed around the world, was of only one hundred tons. As ships were then constructed, this means that that famous vessel was hardly more than fifty feet long!

The construction of ships of that time has been made familiar to Americans by many pictures of the *Mayflower*. They had lofty poops and forecastles, but were low amidships. Their two or three masts were mostly fitted with square sails. Broad and stout, they were built for strength more than for speed; yet the experience of the fight against the Armada and of many other battles showed that they were much faster than the huge, unwieldy Spanish galleons. The outfit of the vessel was almost altogether obtained at the port from which she sailed. Plain and sailor-like appointments were usually all that could be afforded. But the Elizabethan captain shared his queen's taste for luxury and magnificence, and occasionally gratified it even on shipboard, especially if he had already made some successful voyages. So, we are told, it was with Sir Francis Drake's outfit for his voyage around the world.

If the voyage were toward the West Indies or the Spanish Main, the ships frequently would put in at the Azores for water and fresh provisions, or at some other of the island groups of the eastern Atlantic. Even though their errand of depredation on Span-

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ish commerce was more than suspected, they seldom failed, by threats or persuasion, to obtain what they desired from the islanders. Perhaps they sailed thence to the west coast of Africa, and eagerly gathered up a troop of negroes, by capture or by purchase from marauding chieftains, to be sold as slaves in Cuba or Hispaniola. No cargo, Englishmen knew, would be more welcome to the Spanish colonists, in spite of King Philip's strict orders prohibiting such trade. More commonly, however, the adventurer proceeded directly westward from the Azores, hoping on the way to encounter some rich galleon from Mexico or the Isthmus and obtain at the very outset a prize which should make all the adventurers rich. It is astonishing to see the audacity with which the little English vessels attacked these

> argosies with portly sail,
> Like signiors or rich burghers on the flood,
> Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea.

In one of his earlier voyages, Sir Francis Drake and his men, in three pinnaces so small that they had been stowed away in pieces on board one of his little ships, sailed up to a great Spanish ship in the harbor of Cartagena, so large that they found difficulty in climbing up her sides, took possession of her, drove the Spaniards below, cut the cables, and in mere bravado towed her up under the guns of the fort and left her there. Cavendish, in the *Desire*, one hundred and twenty tons, and the *Content*, sixty tons, attacked and captured, off the coast of California, a great galleon, the *Santa Anna* of seven hundred tons burden, laden with spices and rich treasure from the Philippine Islands. Later, near Manilla, he captured a Spaniard, and sent him with a message to the Spanish governor, to the effect that he should come again with ample force in a few years' time, when he should expect the enemies of God and man to have ready an abundant store of wealth for him to seize!

If the adventurer lands upon one of the West Indian islands or on the Spanish Main, we see the same audacious courage and often the same marvelous success. Rich cargoes of gold and silver, pearls and emeralds, sugar, cochineal, and hides, were brought back to delight the hearts of merchant-adventurers in London or Exmouth or Devonport. The gains of Drake's expedition to the West Indies in 1585 and 1586 amounted to sixty thousand pounds sterling. From Hawkins' second West Indian voyage he and the friends who helped him to fit it out obtained a profit of sixty per cent upon their investment; and this was ostensibly simply a trading voyage. In 1572 Drake, with seventy-three men, making a bold dash at Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus, almost succeeded in capturing a treasure estimated at a million pounds sterling, contained in the treasure-house there, "wherein the golden harvest brought from Mexico and Peru to Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain." As it was, he and his men held all the region around in terror for months, and finally returned to England unmolested by the most powerful monarchy in the world.

But English pluck and audacity were not always rewarded with success. In 1567 Sir John Hawkins, with the *Jesus of Lubeck*, the *Minion*, and four smaller vessels, sailed boldly into the harbor of Vera Cruz, where were twelve ships lying in port, with cargoes amounting to £200,000 in gold and silver. Scarcely were the Englishmen established in possession of the harbor, however, when a fleet of thirteen great ships of Spain appeared in the offing, having on board the new viceroy of Mexico. The English commander haughtily refused him entrance into his own port. An amicable agreement was made, however, and the Spaniards sailed in. But scarcely two days had passed when, in the early morning, the Spaniards attacked the English from their ships and their land fortifications at once. All day long the fight raged. Finally the *Minion* and one of the smaller vessels escaped; the other four were wrecked or taken by the Spaniards. The *Minion* was badly damaged and so overcrowded that famine ensued.

Finally Hawkins felt obliged to put one hundred or half of his company ashore, that the rest might reach home. The poor men who were abandoned on the shore of the Gulf wandered for many days through pestilential morasses, attacked and stripped of clothing by Indians, torn by the brambles, and plagued almost to madness by mosquitoes. At last they came to a Spanish town, whence they were driven to Mexico in chains. There they were imprisoned, or hired out as slaves. When the Inquisition was established, a few of them were burnt, and some were sent to the galleys. Many adventurous attempts to escape were made, followed often by recap-

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ture and still more cruel sufferings. Nearly all died in Mexico. A few died or were burned in Spain. One, making an almost miraculous escape, reached England in 1582. Another, Job Hartop, managed to reach England in 1590, twenty-three years after he had been set ashore in Mexico. During this time he had suffered imprisonment in Mexico two years, in the Contractation House in Seville one year, in the Inquisition House at Triana one year. He had been in the galleys twelve years, in the Everlasting Prison four years, and had been for three years the menial servant of a Spanish gentleman. And he that will know more of what a sea-rover might have to suffer, let him read the narratives of Miles Philips and Job Hartop in the third volume of Hakluyt's Voyages.*

The story of such sufferings as these, self-provoked though they in large measure were, served only to add fuel to the English hatred of Spain. As public feeling rose, Elizabeth ventured on acts of more and more open hostility, until finally the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, coming at the end of a long series of causes of conflict, brought upon England the dreaded Armada. The repulse of that formidable armament was largely achieved by the sea-dogs who had won fame in the expeditions we have described. In respect to organization, however, it was the work of the royal navy, and not of those irregular enterprises which form our especial subject. We leave its story, therefore, to be read in the glowing pages of Froude or of Motley; but we may properly speak of Drake's famous attack upon the Armada the year before.

Already in the early part of the year 1586 it was known to Englishmen that the King of Spain was making great preparations for a naval invasion of their country. Sir Francis Drake was eager to follow up his exploits in the Spanish colonies by a direct attack upon Spain itself, or in his own picturesque phrase, "to singe King Philip's beard." With four ships and two pinnaces lent by the Queen, and about twenty more large and small crafts, Drake set out from Plymouth, with devout prayers to God, for the spoliation of the Spanish Antichrist. On a Wednesday afternoon in April his fleet came in sight of Cadiz, the greatest port of Spain. Drake in a letter to Walsingham said:

> There we found sundry great ships, some laden, some half laden, and some ready to be laden with the king's provisions for England. I assure your Honor the like preparation was never heard of, nor known, as the King of Spain hath and daily maketh to invade England. His provisions of bread and wines are so great as will suffice forty thousand men a whole year, which if they be not impeached before they join, will be very perilous. Our interest therefore is, by God's help, to intercept their meetings by all possible means we may, which I hope shall have such good success as shall tend to the advancement of God's glory, the safety of her Highness's royal person, the quiet of her country, and the annoyance of the enemy.

Here then was the prey. Its destruction would probably delay for a year the dreaded assault upon the Protestant Queen and her island kingdom. What followed must rank as one of the most marvelous achievements of this age of marvels. Drake was in the road of Cadiz on his errand some thirty-six hours at most. Within that short period, he and his twenty-five little vessels sank a Biscayan ship of one thousand two hundred tons, burnt the one thousand five hundred ton ship of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, King Philip's high admiral, destroyed thirty-one other ships of one thousand, eight hundred, six hundred, four hundred, and two hundred tons apiece, removing the most valuable portions of their cargoes, and carried away with them four ships laden with provisions. The vessels destroyed had in the aggregate a tonnage twice as great as that of Drake's whole fleet, and the loss of stores, to the King of Spain and his subjects, was estimated at half a million ducats,* or nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. The Spanish force in the harbor was twice as great as Drake's in number of vessels; in number of men and guns it was four or five times as great, for many of the great Spanish galleys were twice or thrice as large as the largest of Drake's ships; and forty galleys from neighboring ports were sent to join in the attack upon it. Throughout the whole fight Drake lost only one small vessel, which had but five English-

* Besides Hakluyt and Purchas, very useful books are Fox Bourne's English Seamen under the Tudors, Barrow's Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, and Payne's "Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen." Kingsley's novel, "Westward Ho!" gives a wonderfully interesting and vivid picture of the times.—*J. F. J.*

* These coins were so called from the Latin legend on the early Sicilian pieces which, translated, reads, "May this duchy [*ducat-us*] which you rule, be devoted to thee, O Christ."

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men on board. After this tremendous exploit, he withdrew in good order, and cruised in a leisurely way along the coast of Spain, plundering and destroying everywhere. On the way home, he fell in with and captured the *San Felipe*, "the King of Spain's own ship come from the East Indies, and the greatest ship in all Portugal, richly laden." Finally he returned to England, having in a little voyage of twelve weeks inflicted unexampled damage on the most dreaded power in Europe, and won an almost unexampled amount of booty.

Even after the destruction of the Armada, the work of the sea-rovers went on, especially in and around the Azores. It was here, in 1591, that gallant Sir Richard Grenville won imperishable glory in the famous last fight of the *Revenge*. Finding himself face to face with fifty-one Spanish vessels, nearly all of them twice or three times as large as the *Revenge*, he refused to flee, and proudly resolved to force his way through the Spanish squadron. From three o'clock in the afternoon until daybreak the next morning, Grenville and his handful of men fought with heroic courage against these overwhelming odds, and when at last all the powder was gone, and nearly all the men had been slain or wounded, Grenville, mortally wounded but still proudly refusing to surrender, was borne on board the Spanish admiral's ship. There attended with reverent admiration by the Spanish officers, he lingered two or three days and then died with these memorable words upon his lips:

> Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his Queen, for honor and religion. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, leaving behind it an everlasting fame, as a true soldier who hath done his duty as he was bound to do.

Such were the men, and such the exploits, by which the naval greatness of England was founded.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*April 5.*]

LIFE A GAIN.

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.—St. John, x. 10.

THERE is a strange question that has come under discussion of late,—a question symbolizing the audacity of the age and something of its lack of reverence,—namely, "Is life worth living?" The book that made it a title is nearly forgotten, but the question still enters into the speculations of the schools and into the common talk of men. It seems strange that any one should ask the question in soberness and sincerity, and as though it were debatable, until we recollect that a philosophy has won for itself recognition that has for its main thesis that life is *not* worth living because this is not only a bad world, but the worst possible world. It is not difficult to detect the genesis of this brave philosophy. So soon as one begins to doubt the goodness of God, or to suspect ever so vaguely that God is not infinitely good, one begins to doubt if life has much value. So soon as there is a suspicion that there is not an eternal goodness behind and under life, it changes color and grows cheap and poor.

It happens just now that in several directions the goodness of God, or, at least, the proofs of it are being questioned. The philosopher is still stumbling over the problem of the ages, the existence of evil, with partial but not entire relief in the doctrine of evolution; the *why* is simply carried further back. The scientists, many of them, are saying that for their part they see no clear evidence of a creating goodness; see much indeed that looks in an opposite direction, or simple indifference, to happiness. The reactions of an intense age, and the revelations of motives in a state of society in which there is no secrecy, an age strong in analysis but weak in synthesis, favor the same tendency. Suddenly, the world seems to have discovered that it suffers, and that man is selfish; it can dissect life with alarming accuracy, but it has not yet learned to put it together. When there is doubt as to the source, there

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will be doubt of the value of whatever flows from it. If God is not good, His greatest gift may not be good. If the infinite force does not act beneficently, no inferior force can evolve any good.

A philosophy that flies in the face of the existing and the inevitable, forfeits its name. And a philosophy which, having found out that life is undesirable, proposes to get rid of it,—the position of the pessimist-school, namely, to educate the race to the wisdom of universal and simultaneous suicide,—has, at least, a difficult matter in hand, the end of which need not awaken concern. There is some other issue before mankind than self-extinction. Life may get to appear very poor and worthless, but the greater part will prefer to live it out to the end. Great nature has us in hand, and, while allowing us a certain liberty, and even wildness of conduct, has barriers beyond which we cannot go. "You may rail at existence," she says, "but you cannot escape it." It may be impossible to escape by what is termed self-destruction. We were not consulted as to the beginning of existence; it may be that we can have no voice as to its end. We may throw ourselves over the battlements of the life that now holds us, but who can say that we may not be seized by the mysterious force that first sent us here, and be thrust back into this world, or some other no better, to complete an existence over which we have no power? If a malignant or indifferent force evolved human existence, it is probable that, by reason of these very qualities, it will continue this existence; were it to permit extinction it would violate its own nature. If existence is so wretched that extinction is desirable, it is necessary to suppose a good God in order to be certain of attaining it; no other would permit it. But will He not rather deliver from the misery and preserve the life?

That there are gains and losses, wrought even into the texture of life, there is no question, but which are in excess, is a matter of debate. That multitudes make life a waning process through evil, there is no doubt. The real question is, Is life so organized that it is a process of gain rather than loss, with the further question if the loss does not subserve the gain?

[*April 12.*]

Let us, if we can, make a comparative estimate of the loss and gain as we pass our allotted years.

1. We lose the perfection of physical life, its grace and exuberance. The divineness of childhood, the exultation in mere existence, the splendor of youth, the innocence that knows no guile, the faith that never questions, the hope that never doubts, the joy that knows no bounds because the limitations of life are not yet reached,—these all pass away. "But are not these immense losses?" we say. "What can be better or greater than these?" In a certain sense there is nothing better or higher, but these qualities are not properly our own; they are colors laid on us, divine instincts temporarily wrought into us, but not actual parts of us; they fall away from us because they are not. Yet they are not wholly and forever lost; they recede in order that we may go after and get firmer hold of them. The child is guileless by nature—the man because he has learned to hate a lie. The child is joyous, it knows not why—God made it so; it is Nature's joy rather than its own; but a man's joy is the outcome of his nature reduced to harmony,—thought, feeling, and habit working under personality to the same end. One is necessarily ephemeral, the other is lasting, because it is the product of his own nature; it may not be so complete and divine of aspect, but it has become an integral and permanent factor of the man. The loss, therefore, is not so great as it seems; it is rather a transformation.

2. We lose, in time, the forceful, executive qualities. We no longer undertake enterprises of pith and moment, or take on heavy responsibilities. Old men do not explore unknown continents, or learn new languages, or found new institutions, or head reforms, or undertake afresh the solid works of the world; the needed energy is gone, but not necessarily lost; it may have been transmuted, as motion is changed into heat and light.

3. When we come to mental qualities, there is smaller loss. It is sometimes thought that the imagination decays with years, but it rather changes its character. In youth it is more erratic, and may better be named as fancy; in age it is steadier and more subservient to the other faculties, entering into them, making the judgment broader, the sense of truth keener, and bringing the possibilities of truth within reach of

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thought. In the greater minds the imagination rather grows than lessens. Sophocles, Milton, Goethe, lead a vast host of poets and philosophers who never waned in the exercise of this grandest faculty. It is to be doubted if there is such a thing as decay of mental power. When one is tired one cannot think, words come slowly, the thread of discourse is easily lost, memory is dull, the judgment loses its breadth, the perception its acuteness; but a few hours of sleep restore the seeming loss. So what seems decay may pertain only to the age-wearied flesh; the mind is still there, as it was in weariness and sleep, with all its strength and stores. It is true that in the years of middle life, there is a certain thoroughness and intensity in all things done or thought, that comes from strength, but the judgment is not so sure, the grasp is not so comprehensive, and the taste so correct, as later on.

This, then, seems to be the sum of the losses sustained in life; a certain natural or elemental divineness of early childhood not to be kept as such, but to be lost as a divine gift, and reproduced as a human achievement; the bloom and zest of youth; the energy and force of maturity, and certain features or sides of our mental qualities. But we detect no loss of moral qualities, and but little of mental. The order is significant; the physical changes utterly, the mental partially, the moral not at all, if the life is normal.

[*April 19.*]

What now do we gain as life goes on?

1. This evident progress from the lower to the higher must be accounted a gain. It does not matter how this progress is made, whether by actual loss of inferior qualities supplanted by higher, or by a transformation of forces, though the latter is more in accord with natural science, which asserts that force is indestructible—an assertion of tremendous scope of inference; for if force is indestructible, it must have a like basis or medium through which it acts; thus it becomes a potent argument for an unending life. However this be, each phase of existence is so beautiful that we are loath to see it yield to the next; still it is a richer stage that comes on. A mother, enraptured with the perfect beauty of her babe, wishes, with foolish fondness, that she might keep it a babe forever, yet is content to see it unfold its larger life, and "round to a separate mind." None of us would choose, if we might, to go back to any previous phase, and stay there. We may long for the innocence of youth, but who would take it with its ignorance—for the zest of youth, but not at the expense of immaturity; for the energy of mid-life, but not at the cost of the respose and wide wisdom of age.

2. Though we lose energy and courage and present hope, we gain in patience, and, upon the whole, suffer less. It is glorious to defy fortune with strength, but it is better to be able to bear fortune with patience. We are under illusion while we are pitting our energy against the forces of the world, but when at last we can say, "I cannot conquer but I can endure," we are no longer acting under illusion but in true accord with the might and majesty of our nature. Ulysses could not contend against the tempest, but he was superior to it when

> He beat his breast, and thus reproached his heart:
> Endure, my heart; far worse hast thou endured.

"Man is but a reed," says Pascal, "but he is a thinking reed; were the universe to crush him he would still be more noble than that which kills him, for he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him." This elaborated patience and knowledge of one's relations to life, is an immeasurable gain over the untested strength and false measurements of our earlier years.

3. We make another gain as thought grows calm, and the judgment is rounded to its full strength. Knowledge becomes wisdom. Passion and prejudice pass away from our estimates. And especially we gain in comprehensiveness and so lose the spirit of partisanship. This not only renders age valuable to the world, but it is a comfortable possession; it is a deliverance from the small tempests that fret the surface of life. Then only, truth feeds the mind with its unalloyed sweetness.

4. There is a great gain in the later years of life, in certain forms of love and sympathy. The passion of early love, its semi-selfishness, and the restriction and prejudice of early sympathy, pass away, but love itself remains in all its strength, purer, calmer, more universal. It takes on a yearning quality, it pities, it forgives and overlooks,

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it bears and hopes and forgets, and so is like God's own love. Early love is intense but it is without knowledge, but that of age is calm and broad because it is wise. Especially does the grace of charity belong to full years. The old are more merciful than the young; they judge more kindly and forgive more readily. Hence they are poor disciplinarians, but their fault is rather their virtue; they are not called to that duty. This changing and expanding form of the supreme principle of our nature has great significance in the question before us. At no time are we let from under its power; at first an instinct, then a conscious passion for one, but blind; then a down-reaching tenderness for children, wiser and more patient; then an out-reaching to humanity, moved by conscience and guided by knowledge; and at last a pitiful, universal sympathy that allies itself to the Eternal Love. Here is a gain that is simply immeasurable, spanning the breadth between the unconscious instinct of the child and the method of God's own heart.

There is also in advanced years a mingling and merging of the faculties, one in another. Thought has more faith in it and faith more thought; reason more feeling and feeling more reason; logic and sentiment melt into each other; courage is tempered with prudence, and prudence gets strength and courage from wisdom; joys have in them more sorrow and sorrows more joy; if it has less zest it touches the mind at more points, while sorrows lose their keenness by falling under the whole range of faculties. An old man does not feel the same rapture before a landscape as one younger, but he sees it with more eyes, so to speak; his whole nature sees it, while the youth regards it with only the one eye of beauty. This united action of the mind, this co-operation of all the faculties, is something far higher than the disjointed experiences of early life. It is like the action of the Divine Mind in which every faculty interpenetrates every other, making God one and perfect. And in man, it is an intimation that he is approaching the Divine Mind, and getting ready, as it were, for the company of God.

[*April 26.*]

Life is a fire, yet not to blast and reduce to ashes, but to fuse. It takes a vast assemblage of qualities and faculties most unlike and often discordant, and reduces them first to harmony and then to oneness. Consider how man is made up; under a simple bond of self-consciousness a set of qualities not otherwise related, warring against each other; good and evil passions, selfishness and love, pride and humility, prudence and folly, mental faculties so unlike at first as to antagonize each other; the logical faculty opposed to imagination, reason to sentiment, the senses demanding one verdict and the conscience another,—such a world is man at the outset. Life is the reconciliation of these diversities and antagonisms; the process may be attended by apparent loss, but only apparent. The law of the conservation of forces holds here as in the physical world. In the fire of life, the form is melted away from each quality, but only that their forces may flow together and be fused into one general force that shall set toward the Eternal Righteousness. Thus there comes on that process and condition of life which is called a *mellowing*. When the growth is normal and is unhindered by gross or deep-seated sin, a change or development takes place in nearly all that is well described by this word. The man ripens, his heart grows soft, he speaks more kindly. A rich autumnal tint overspreads his thoughts and acts. He looks into the faces of little children with a brooding tenderness. He finds it hard to distinguish between the faults and the vices of the young. He hates no longer any thing except a lie, and that because it contradicts the order into which he has come. He draws no sharp, condemnatory lines about conduct, but says to all offenders, "Go and sin no more." His pride dies away; he no longer cherishes distinctions, but talks freely with the humble and has no awe before the great; he forgets his old notions of dignity, and is a companion with his gardener or with the president. This state is sometimes regarded as weakness, and as though it sprang from dulled faculties, but it is simply the moral qualities come into preponderance, or rather the equilibrium of all the forces. Life has ripened its fruits, and the man begins to feel and act like God. Something of the divine patience and charity and wisdom begin to show in him, and we now see why God made him in His own image, and gave him his life to live. If life can start at the point of mere existence, and thence grow up into likeness to God, it is worth living. And if life

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reaches so far, we may be sure it will go on. If it gets to the point of laying hold of God, and begins to feel and act like God, it will never relax its hold, it will never cease from action so essentially and eternally valuable. There is the same reason for the continued existence of such a being as of God Himself; that which is like the Best must, for that very reason, live on with the Best. We can no more conceive of God suffering such an one to go out of existence than that a good father would put to death his child most like himself because of the likeness.

This line of thought has force only in the degree in which life is normal, but the fact that it is not wholly such does not break up or foil the divine intention wrought into it. For there is a provision in humanity against its own failures. Life of itself may not reach its proper fullness, but One is in humanity who is redeeming it from its failures and filling its cup even to overflow. Nor is the sadness of age an indication of real loss; it may have another meaning:

> The clouds that gather round the setting sun,
> Do take a sober coloring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

It may be a wise provision for attenuating the thread that holds us to this world. The main feature of life is not its sorrow or its joy, nor even its right or wrong doing. Its main feature is that, starting at the bare point of existence, it grows with such stride and rapidity that it yields first a person, and then reaches up to God, into whose affinities and likeness it enters as a partaker. The space between the infant and a mind walking in conscious oneness with God marks a gain so immense, so rich and wonderful, that we cannot measure it. It is from such a stand-point that the value of life is to be estimated, and not from the amount of sorrow and happiness, nor from any failure through evil. What is evil when there is a soul of goodness in all things? What is sin when it is redeemable? What is a little more or a little less of suffering when such gain is possible? What are toils and what are storms, when such a port is to be reached? The plan seems almost indifferent to happiness and to evil, utilizing one and contending against the other, while it presses steadily toward this gigantic gain, the growth of a soul from simple consciousness into God-likeness.

It is somewhat the fashion now to derogate from the dignity and glory of life. There is doubt that it leads to any thing besides its own end; a weakened sense of God suggests a poor and low estimate of it. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is a sentiment that hovers in the air. There is no way to prevent it from becoming the watchword of society, but by a fresh incoming of faith in God as the Father of men and the Ordainer of life with its laws and ends,—facts not left to the waywardness of our human reason, but revealed in a true Son of God who incarnated the full glory and perfection of life, and makes it abundant for every other child of God.—*Abridged from "The Freedom of Faith," by Theodore T. Munger.*

THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND.

BY J. W. SULLIVAN.

THERE is a difference between a democratic government and a representative government. In a democracy,* the people themselves make the laws and direct the administration of the law. But when, under a representative government, the people empower legislators to make laws and select executives to carry out such laws, they temporarily surrender the sovereignty and are ruled by their representatives. A democracy is government by the majority. A representative government is rule by a succession of oligarchies.*

In the United States, the people are hardly aware of this distinction; hence most of their political confusion. In Switzerland, the distinction is clear to the citizens, and acting

*"Democracy means a popular government, from the Greek *demos*, the people, and the verb *kratein*, to be strong, to command. *Demos* properly meant a 'country-district,' from the root *da*, to divide; *demos* was the allotment of public land given to a part of the people, and *demos* also was called the people who enjoyed the property of that allotment. This is a significant word, as it helps us to see into the condition of the property of land in very remote times, where all history is silent." —*F. Garlanda.*

*See foot note on page 581 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

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on it, the Swiss are rapidly cutting off, as excrescences, all the powers of the office-holders save that of stewardship. And what the Swiss are doing, we can do. For Switzerland contains large cities and a considerable population. In 1887, Zurich, with suburbs, had 92,685 inhabitants; Basel, 73,963; Geneva, with suburbs, 73,504; Berne, 50,220; Lausanne, 32,954; and five others from 17,000 to 25,000. The total population is a few thousands less than three millions.

The political divisions are numerous. There are twenty-two cantons (states). There are 2,706 communes (townships). Moreover, the people are cut off from each other by differences of language. About 2,000,000 speak German, 600,000 French, 162,000 Italian, and 38,000 Romansch.* Our vast area and enormous population offer perhaps no greater diversities and complications than those the Swiss have encountered in adopting the Referendum.

Briefly, the Referendum is the reference of proposed laws to the people for their veto or approval.

The Referendum as now practiced in Switzerland had its origin in two sources:

(1) In a few of the communes the system has prevailed in one form or other from time immemorial. In the German forest cantons—Glarus, Uri, Schwyz, Appenzell, and Unterwald—the adult male inhabitants of nearly every commune yet meet on stated occasions in the town market-place, or in the open air on a mountain plain, and carry out their functions as citizens. As did their ancestors, they there debate proposed laws, name officers, and discuss affairs of a general nature. Every citizen is a legislator, his voice and vote influencing every question discussed. The right of initiative belongs to each, he who conceives a measure having the opportunity of presenting it and explaining it. Decision is made by show of hands. A purely democratic assemblage of this kind is called a *Landsgemeinde*.†

(2) The ancient Swiss cantons conferred by sending delegates to a Diet. But the deputies could undertake no affair except on condition of referring it—ad referendum—to the cantonal councils. To this liberal tradition Switzerland is still true. So late as 1834, when St. Gall proposed a revision of the Federal pact, Geneva demanded a conference in which each canton should have the same number of delegates, not tied down by instructions, but voting with the reserve of cantonal ratification.* Likewise, to-day, restriction is exercised by the people upon the Cantonal Councils and the Federal Assembly (congress).

*[Ro-mansçh'.) The language spoken by the inhabitants of Grisons, the most eastern and largest of the Swiss cantons; it is a corruption of the Latin.

†[Länds'ghe-mine'de].

The fundamental principles of the Referendum are personal freedom and home rule. That a Swiss should be a free man is proverbial. That his neighborhood should be independent seems to him natural. The ancient Swiss commune was quite autonomous†; as nearly as consists with cantonal and federal rights, so also is the modern. Its citizens regard it as their smaller state. It is jealous of interference by the greater state. It has its own property to look after. Until the interests of the canton or the federation manifestly replace those of the immediate locality, it declines to part with the administration of its lands, forests, police, roads, schools, churches, or asylums.

From these circumstances spring the separate applications of the Referendum—to communal, cantonal, and national affairs.

The communal Referendum is chiefly practiced in those communes in which land—forest land or farming land—is held in common, and where periodical re-apportionment of holdings is necessary. In the other communes, the few local officials are responsible to public opinion. A Referendum in ceaseless play is the comment of the little neighborhood. On the average, the Swiss commune contains, as the Swiss put it, about "two hundred hearths."

The Cantonal Referendum is in constant practice in all the cantons except Freiburg. Its forms, however, are diverse. In some cantons it is applicable only to financial measures; in others it is optional with the people, who sometimes demand it, but oftener do not; in still others it is obligatory in connection with the passage of every law. In the canton of Vaud, a mere pseudo-referendary right exists, under which the

* A compound originating in the Latin word *ratus*, fixed, and *facere*, to make. From these two separate words come the English rate and fact, which statement will throw light on the meaning of ratification, the act of sanctioning or giving validity to something done by another: confirmation.

†[Au-ton'o-mous.] Greek *autos*, self, and *nemein*, to rule—*nomos*, law. Having the power of self-government.

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Grand Council (the legislature) may, if it so decides, propose a reference to the citizens. Valais takes a popular vote only on such propositions as involve a one and a half per cent increase in taxation or a total expenditure of 60,000 francs. With increasing confidence in the people, Lucerne, Zug, Basel City, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Ticino, and Geneva refer a proposed law to the voters when a certain proportion, usually one-sixth to one-fourth, demand it by formal petition. This form is called the optional Referendum. Employed to its utmost in Zurich, Schwyz, Berne, Soleure, Neuchâtel, Basel Land, Aargau, Thurgau, and the Grisons, the Referendum permits no law to be passed or expenditure beyond a stipulated sum to be made in these cantons without a vote by the people. This is known as the obligatory form. Glarus, Uri, the half cantons of Niwald and Obwald (Unterwald), and those of Rhodes Exterior and Rhodes Interior (Appenzell), as cantons, still practice the pure democracy—the *Landsgemeinde*.

The Federal Referendum is optional. The demand for it must be made by 30,000 citizens or by eight cantons. The petition for a vote under it must be made within ninety days after the publication of the proposed law. It is operative with respect either to a statute or a decree of the executive power.

As corollaries* of the Referendum there have arisen the right of the initiative, of the peremptory† recall of representatives, and of the revision of the constitutions. The popular initiative—the proposal of a law by some of the citizens to all of the citizens—exists in fourteen of the twenty-two cantons. In Zug, for example, 1,000 voters may introduce a cantonal measure; in Zurich, 5,000. As yet, the retirement of representatives is a right practiced in only a few of the more radical cantons; but the revision of a constitution through the Referendum is common. Since 1814, there have been sixty revisions by the people of cantonal constitutions alone. By law, Geneva asks its people every fifteen years if they wish to revise their organic law, thus practically twice in a generation determining whether or not they are in this respect content. The Federal constitution may be revised at any time. Fifty thousand voters petitioning for it, or the Federal Assembly (congress) demanding it, the question is submitted to the country. If the vote is in the affirmative, the Council of States (the senate) and the National Council (the house) are both dissolved. A new election of these bodies takes place at once, revision is made by the Congress fresh from the people, and the revised constitution is then submitted to the country. To stand, it must be supported by a majority of the people and a majority of the cantons.

As to results: With such opportunities for creating change, are the Swiss continually demanding something new? Do they write laws one day and wipe them out the next? Are they ever in a ferment over absurd or radical propositions? Is there consequently a reactionary party in Switzerland? In other words, can the people, or, rather, the Swiss people, be trusted—entirely?

The reply can be framed in a sentence: The records show, first, the frequency with which, whenever they have had the opportunity, the people have had recourse to the Referendum, and, second, the tenacity with which they have clung to the conservative customs of the republic.

Regular and constant, in ancient and modern times, has been the resort to the Referendum wherever it has been practiced. In the fifty-five years from 1469 to 1524, the citizens of Berne took sixty referendary votes. Of 113 Federal laws and decrees subject to the Referendum passed up to the close of 1886 under the constitution of 1874, nineteen were challenged by the necessary 30,000 petitioners, thirteen being rejected and six accepted.

As to the conservativeness of the Swiss voter, the evidence is emphatic. In 1862 and again in 1878, the canton of Geneva rejected proposed changes in its constitution, on the latter occasion by a majority of 6,000 in a vote of 11,000. Twice since 1847 the same canton has voted against an increase of official salaries, and lately it has declined to reduce the number of its Executive Councilors from seven to five. The experience of the Federation has been similar. Between 1874

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*[Cor'ol-la-ries.] Latin *corolla*, a garland, a coronet, whence Latin *corollarium*, a present of a garland, a gratuity, an additional gift; then an additional inference. The last has come to be the especial meaning of the English word; something which follows over and above the demonstration of a proposition; a deduction.

†[Per'emp-to ry.] *Per*, through (thoroughly), and *emere*, Old Latin for to take; the compound *peremere* meaning to take entirely away, to destroy. Hence the fitness of making the English word a synonym for dogmatic, authoritative.

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and 1880 five measures recommended by the Federal Executive and passed by the Federal Assembly were vetoed by a national vote. In 1880 a proposed change in the issue of bank notes was rejected by a majority of 134,000. The two French cantons of Geneva and Neuchâtel, entering the Federation in the present century, have adopted the Referendum on the avowed ground of its efficiency as a check to hasty and inconsiderate legislation.

The nation, however, shows no stupid aversion to change. In 1872 a constitutional revision was rejected by a majority of 6,000. But the present constitution was adopted two years later by a majority of 142,000. Nor does the popular vote point to local selfishness. Especially was this shown in 1878 in the vote taken on the St. Gothard subsidy. The appropriation, besides putting a heavy strain on national resources, threatened the interests of several of the mountain cantons. But on a stormy day in midwinter half a million voters went to the polls, and two-thirds of them wanted the tunnel, the affirmative vote in the imperiled cantons being quite up to the average.

Of late years the movement has been steady toward the general adoption of the Referendum. In 1860 but 34 per cent of the Swiss possessed it in cantonal affairs, 66 per cent delegating their sovereign rights to representatives. In 1870 the referendariship had risen to 71 per cent, but 29 submitting to law-making officials. The proportions are now about 90 per cent to 10.

The movement is not only toward the Referendum, but to its obligatory form. The practice of the optional form has revealed defects in it which are inherent.

Geneva's management of the optional Cantonal Referendum is typical. The constitution provides that, with certain exceptions, the people, after petition, may sanction or reject not only the laws passed by the Grand Council, but the decrees issued by the legislative and executive powers. The exceptions are "measures of urgence" and the items of the annual budget excepting such as establish a new tax, increase one in force, or necessitate an issue of bonds. The Referendum cannot be exercised against the budget as a whole, the Grand Council indicating the sections which are to go to the public vote. In case of opposition to any measure, a petition for the Referendum is put in circulation. It must receive the signatures of at least 3,500 citizens—about one in six of the cantonal vote—within thirty days after the publication of the proposed measure. After this period—known as "the first delay"—the vote, if the petition has been successful, must take place within forty days—"the second delay."

The power of declaring measures to be "of urgence" lies with the Grand Council, the body passing the measures. Small wonder, then, that many bills are, in its eyes, of too much and too immediate importance to go to the people. "The habit," protested Grand Councilor M. Putet, on one occasion, "tends more and more to introduce itself here of decreeing urgence unnecessarily, thus taking away from the Referendum expenses which have nothing of urgence. This is contrary to the spirit of the constitutional law. Public necessity alone can authorize the Grand Council to take away any of its acts from the public control."

Another defect in the optional Referendum is that it can be transformed into a partisan weapon—in Switzerland, as elsewhere, there being politicians ready to take advantage of the law for party purposes. For instance, a minority party in the Geneva Grand Council seeking some concession from a majority which have just passed a bill, will threaten, if the concession demanded is not granted, to agitate for the Referendum on the bill; this although perhaps the minority favor the measure, some of them, indeed, perhaps, having voted for it. As the majority may not be certain of the outcome of a struggle at the polls, they will be inclined to deliver what the minority demand.

But the most serious objections to the optional form arise in connection with the petitioning. Easy enough for a rich and strong party to bear the expense of printing, mailing, and circulating the blank lists; in case of opposition coming from the poorer classes the cost may prove an insurmountable obstacle. Especially is it difficult to get up a petition after several successive appeals coming close together, the constant agitation growing tiresome as well as financially burdensome. Hence, measures sometimes have become law simply because the people have not had time to recover from the prolonged agitation in connection with preceding propositions. And each measure submitted to the optional Referendum brings with it two

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separate waves of popular discussion. On this point, ex-President Numa Droz [drō] has said: "The agitation which takes place while collecting the necessary signatures, nearly always attended with strong feeling, diverts the mind from the object of the law, perverts in advance public opinion, and, not permitting later the calm discussion of the measure proposed, establishes an almost irresistible current toward rejection." Finally, a fact as notorious in Switzerland as vote-buying in America, a large number of citizens who are hostile to a proposed law may fear to record their opinion by signing a Referendum list. Their signatures may be seen, and the unveiling of their sentiments bring jeopardy to their means of making a living.

Zurich furnishes the example of the cantons having the obligatory Referendum. There the law provides: 1. That all laws, decrees, and changes in the constitution must be submitted to the people. 2. That all decisions of the Grand Council on existing law must be voted on. 3. That the Grand Council may submit decisions which it itself proposes to make. Besides the voting on a whole law, the Council may ask a vote on a special point. The Grand Council cannot put in force provisionally any law or decree. The propositions must be sent to the voters at least thirty days before the voting. The regular referendary ballotings take place twice a year, spring and autumn. In urgent cases, the Grand Council may call for a special election.

In effect, the obligatory Referendum makes of the entire citizenship a deliberative body in perpetual session. Formerly, its adversaries made much of the argument that it was ever calling the voters to the urns.* This is now avoided by the semi-annual elections. It was once feared that the voters would vote party tickets without regard to the merits of the various measures. But it has been proved beyond doubt that the fate of one proposition has no effect on that of another decided at the same time. Zurich has pronounced on ninety-one laws in twenty-eight elections, the votes indicating surprising independence of judgment. When the obligatory form was proposed for Zurich, its friends were able to point with certainty to the fact that it would be a sure instrument, but the argument that it might prove a costly one they could not refute without experiment. Now they have the data to show that taxes are lower than ever, those for police, for example, being only about half those of optional Geneva, a less populous canton. To the prophets who foresaw endless partisan strife in case the Referendum was to be called in force on every measure, Zurich has replied by reducing partisanship to the lowest point, its people indifferent to parties since an honest vote of the whole body of citizens is to be the unquestionable issue of every question.

The sentiment is strong in Switzerland that there is but one way to reform the government and keep it reformed. It is for the people themselves to take the direction of their public affairs at every step. The exercise of popular rights extended and simplified—this the remedy. With the government mechanism void unless approved by the citizenship, rogues might get into office, but in vain; at their direction nothing would be done. Deprived of the law-making power, representatives are no longer rulers, and it is then they may be expected to seek the common benefit.

Advanced Swiss opinion declares, "Let us trust—ourselves." To be explicit, the friends of the perfected Referendum—the obligatory form—embracing a large body of the Swiss people, are demanding that its sphere shall be enlarged. They hope to see the referendary right exercised completely in all public matters—in commune, city, canton, and nation. There is an element with even greater hopes. It sees in the pathway of the Referendum the road leading to the regeneration of society. It believes the unobstructed will of the people will push on to the settlement of every radical question. Already this will is engaging itself with the problem of monopoly—in banking, in trade, in the land. These issues settled and the law of justice becoming the law of custom, the time will come, these reformers hold, when repressive statutes shall no longer be necessary. The concepts of a perfect and symmetrical justice imbibed by the young, as our own rising generation is now imbibing the sentiment that our chattel slavery was horrible, government by force will no longer be known and men will dwell in concord. This the dream of dreamers who believe the universal reign of peace is the destiny of man, to be achieved by man. Theirs is the faith that clings to a millennium.

Are they idle dreamers? Observe what

* Places for depositing their votes, so named from the ancient receptacles into which votes were thrown.

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already the Referendum, imperfect as it is, has done in Switzerland. In all parts it has scotched* the politician; in some, it has buried him. It has without fail reduced taxation wherever applied, in some places by a half. It has made the poor man's vote a practical right, elections being held on Sunday. It has caused the laws to be expressed in plain language, to the impoverishment of legal word-splitters. It has brought about a remarkable purification of the press, slander campaigns being unknown, since principles are every thing to the voters, office-holders comparatively nothing. It holds its army democratic, there being no aristocracy of commissioned officers and the military academies open to all. It has made the public services—the post-office, the railroads—the equal of private enterprises in efficiency. It is death to the one-man power, there being in Switzerland no mayor to a city, no governor to a canton, and no president—no king president, such as ours—to the federation. Above all, it has rendered vicious or reactionary legislation impossible, nearly every law being the direct expression of an honest people.

From the loftiest height the broadest horizon. The Alpine climber, panting on the supreme peak of the Matterhorn, is enchanted with a panorama of surpassing scope and impressive magnificence—one unknown to all save the few who have scaled that almost inaccessible height. So, too, accustomed to the unrestricted interplay of political liberty, the citizen cowherd of Uri and the plain factory hand of Zurich entertain bold and fascinating conceptions of the economic outcome possible to a true democracy. Their visions of universal peace, plenty, and happiness could seem to our average legislator in America, his own mind dwelling on politician tricks and party catchwords, no more than mere phantasms—fleeting, whimsical, ridiculous. But, if not confronted with convincing facts to the contrary, this, too, might be his opinion of the practicability of the Referendum.

* From a Gaelic word *sgoch*, meaning to chop off a bit of bark, then to wound.

Pronunciation of the geographical names in the article:

Aargau [är'gow].
Appenzell [ä-pent-sell'].
Basel [bä'zel or bäl].
Berne [bāirn].
Glarus [glä'roos].
Grisons [grē'zōng].
Lausanne [lō-zänn'].
Lucerne [loo-sairn'].
Neuchâtel [nū-shä-tel'].
Niwald [nē'vald].
Obwald [ob'vald].
Schaffhausen [shäf-how-zen].
Schwyz [schwits].
Soleure [sō-lūr'].
St. Gothard [saint got'hard or sang-gō-tär'].
Thurgau [toor-gow'].
Ticino [te-chē'no].
Uri [oo're].
Unterwald [oon'ter-vald].
Valais [vä-lā'].
Vaud [vō].
Zug [zoog].
Zurich [zoo'rik].

STUDIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

V. MERCURY AND VENUS.

An inspection of the diagram of the planets' orbits given in the first part of this series of articles will show that there are two planets which are nearer to the sun than the earth is. These are Mercury and Venus. They are called Inferior planets because of their situation within the orbit of the earth. The planets which revolve around the sun beyond, or outside of the earth's orbit, are called Superior planets.

Mercury is the nearest of all the planets to the sun and as, owing to the situation of its orbit, it can only be seen from the earth alternately in the morning sky west of the sun, and in the evening sky east of the sun, (disappearing when it passes either between the sun and the earth or around the farther side of the sun) it was supposed in ancient times to be two planets. The Greeks called it Mercury only when it appeared as an evening star; as a morning star they named it Apollo.

Mercury's mean distance from the sun is 36,000,000 miles, but its orbit is so eccentric that the planet's distance from the sun varies from 43,500,000 miles to only 28,500,000 miles. Since the intensity of the radiation received from the sun varies inversely as the square of its distance, it follows that Mercury gets two and a quarter times as much solar light and heat when it is at perihelion as it does when it is at aphelion. On the average, Mercury receives about 6⅔ times as much light and heat as the earth gets. Mercury's diameter is about 3,000 miles (3,030 according to some authorities). Its density is surprisingly great, exceeding that of any of the

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other planets and according to some recent determinations, almost equaling that of the metal mercury. It results from this that while Mercury is only $\frac{1}{18}$ as large as the earth, it is $\frac{1}{8}$ as heavy. It follows also that the force of gravity at the surface of Mercury is about $\frac{5}{6}$ as great as at the earth's surface.

Owing to the great eccentricity of its orbit, which causes its distance from the sun to vary to the extent of 15,000,000 miles, the speed with which Mercury flies through space in its journey around the solar center is very variable, being over 3,000,000 miles in a day at perihelion and less than 2,000,000 miles in a day at aphelion. The length of Mercury's year, or the time that it takes to revolve once around the sun, is in round numbers, 88 of our days.

Being so close to the sun, Mercury is not easily discerned from the earth. It is only to be seen a short time after sunset or before sunrise, according as it happens to be on the east or west of the sun, for a week or two at a time. It appears, however, as a very brilliant star. With the telescope it presents phases like those of the moon, the phase varying with its position in its orbit. Venus presents similar phases and it was the discovery of this fact by Galileo [gal-i-lee′o] that furnished one of the earliest and most convincing proofs of the truth of Copernicus' [kō-per′ni-kus] assertion that the planets all revolve around the sun, instead of around the earth as Ptolemy [tol′e-my] and the other ancient astronomers had taught. Fig. 1 illustrates the cause of the phases presented by Mercury and Venus as seen from the earth. The planet shown in the figure at six points in its course around the sun may be taken for either Mercury or Venus. When it is at the point A it is between the earth and the sun, and clearly its illuminated half is then turned away from the earth, and consequently the planet is invisible, unless, as sometimes occurs, it comes so precisely between the sun and our eyes that we see it as a round black spot against the sun. When it has arrived at B a small part of the illuminated hemisphere is visible from the earth in the form of a bright crescent like that of the moon. At C we can perceive half of the illuminated hemisphere, and the planet resembles the moon at one of its quarters. At D more than half of the enlightened hemisphere is visible to us, and finally at E, when the planet is on the opposite side of the sun from the earth, the whole of its illuminated half is turned toward us and we see it resembling in form a full moon, or should so see it but for the presence of the sun in the line of sight. Through F, G, and H the reverse phenomena occur.

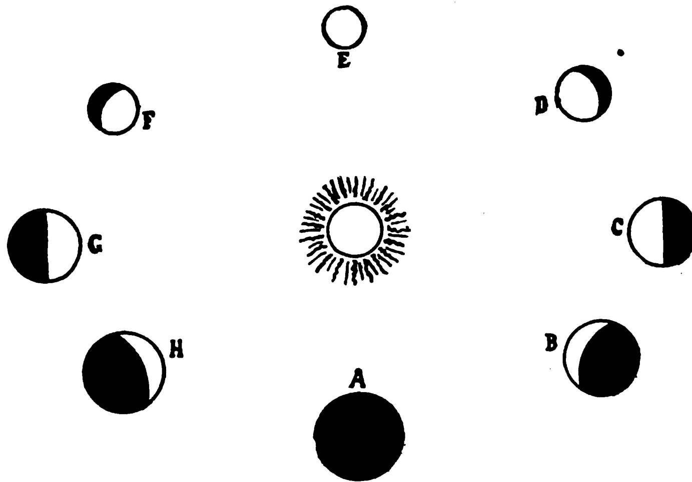

FIG. 1.

The reader will observe that the disk of the planet is represented much larger when it is between the earth and the sun than when it is on the farther side of the sun. This corresponds with the actual appearance presented by either Mercury or Venus, and is simply due to the well-known fact that the apparent magnitude of an object varies with its distance from the eye. Mercury appears nearly seven times as large when it is nearest

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to the earth as it does when it is farthest from the earth, while the apparent size of Venus varies to such an extent that the planet's disk appears thirty-seven times as large when it is between the earth and the sun as it does when it is at the greatest distance beyond the sun.

Besides its phases Mercury does not present a very interesting appearance in the telescope. There are some very faint markings upon its disk which can only be perceived by a practised eye under the most favorable circumstances. From observations of these markings astronomers formerly concluded that Mercury rotated on its axis once in about twenty-four hours, the same period in which the earth rotates. This conclusion, however, of late had been regarded as open to much doubt, and finally in 1890 Schiaparelli [ske-ä-pä-rel′lee] a famous Italian astronomer, made the interesting announcement that his observations showed that Mercury always keeps the same face toward the sun, that is to say rotates only once on its axis in going once around the sun. Schiaparelli in making his observations of the spots on Mercury, took advantage of the fact that with a telescope, stars and planets can be seen in the day time. He was thus enabled to study Mercury when it was high in the sky, and free from the obscuring mists and vapors of the horizon.

Some most interesting results follow from this discovery of Schiaparelli's. Since Mercury keeps one side always directed toward the sun, it is clear it must have perpetual day on one of its hemispheres and perpetual night on the other. This startling contrast between the two sides of the planet would appear to dispose of the possibility that any forms of life resembling those on the earth can exist upon Mercury. On the sunward hemisphere the inhabitants would be exposed to the blaze and glare of a never setting sun the intensity of whose light and heat would vary from four times to ten times that felt by the the earth, and the period from one extreme to the other would be only about six weeks. On the side turned away from the sun, the inhabitants wrapped in unending night, would suffer from the pitiless cold of space unrelieved by a single gleam of sunshine. The sun would not, however, stand perfectly still in the sky as seen from the illuminated half of the planet. A person standing in the center of the sun-smitten hemisphere would behold the great orb of day slowly swinging to and fro overhead, first toward the east and then toward the west, moving alternately 23° 41′ on each side of the zenith, the whole period of its oscillation being equal to the time of the planet's rotation, or 88 days.

Owing to this oscillation, which is called in astronomy libration (from the Latin *libra*, a balance) there must be a region on the east side of the planet 23° 41′ in width at the equator and narrowing toward the poles, and another similar region on the west side, where it is neither perpetual day nor perpetual night, but where the sun rises and sets once in the course of each revolution of the planet. This condition of things is explained by Fig. 2, where Mercury is shown at four successive points in its elliptical path around the sun. Where it is at A or in perihelion, its velocity, as we have heretofore explained, is greatest and it will travel from A to B, one quarter of the whole distance around its orbit, in less than one quarter of 88 days. But in going from B to C (the latter being the aphelion, or point of greatest distance from the sun), its velocity in its orbit will continually diminish so that by the time it has reached C, or gone one-half way round, just one-half of the whole time of revolution has elapsed.

But the motion of rotation of the planet on its axis is independent of the variation of the rate of its revolution in its orbit. It makes one complete turn in going once around the sun, and *it makes this turn at a perfectly regular rate.* Consequently when the planet, having moved with accelerated velocity in its orbit, has arrived at B one quarter of the whole distance around in less than one quarter of the whole time of a revolution, it will have made less than one quarter of a rotation on its axis. If then we take the extremity of that radius of the planet which is marked with a cross as our point of observation, and suppose an astronomer to stand there upon the surface of Mercury, he would see the sun directly over his head when he was at A, but when he had arrived at B, since the planet would then have gone one quarter of the way around its orbit, but would not have turned one quarter of the way around its axis the sun would appear to be to one side of the zenith, he would no longer be in the center of the illuminated hemisphere, and a part of the planet which at A had been in darkness would now be illuminated, while a part of it on the opposite side

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which at A had been illuminated would now be plunged in night. The angle between the dotted line drawn from the sun to the center of the planet and the crossed radius measures the extent to which the sun has apparently moved to one side of the zenith of the observer.

In going from B to C the planet is retarded in its orbit, but its motion of rotation on its axis never varies, so that when it has arrived at C, the observer will again have the sun exactly overhead. In the other half of the orbit the same phenomena occur in the reverse order, and a part of the opposite side of the planet gets a glimpse of the sun.

If we chose to speculate on the possibilities of the case we might suppose that, while it would be impossible for living beings to exist on those regions of the planet where either endless day or endless night reigns, yet they might manage to exist where the sun is visible part of the time, and where the great length of the days and nights would bear some resemblance to the condition of things in the Arctic and Antartic regions of the earth. It should be added that the poles of Mercury must be alternately illuminated by the sun, because the planet's axis is inclined to the plane of its orbit very much as the axis of the earth is. This causes a smaller libration of the sun toward the north and south, the effect of which is to make its apparent path as it swings to and fro in the sky of Mercury, not a straight line, but a long narrow ellipse.

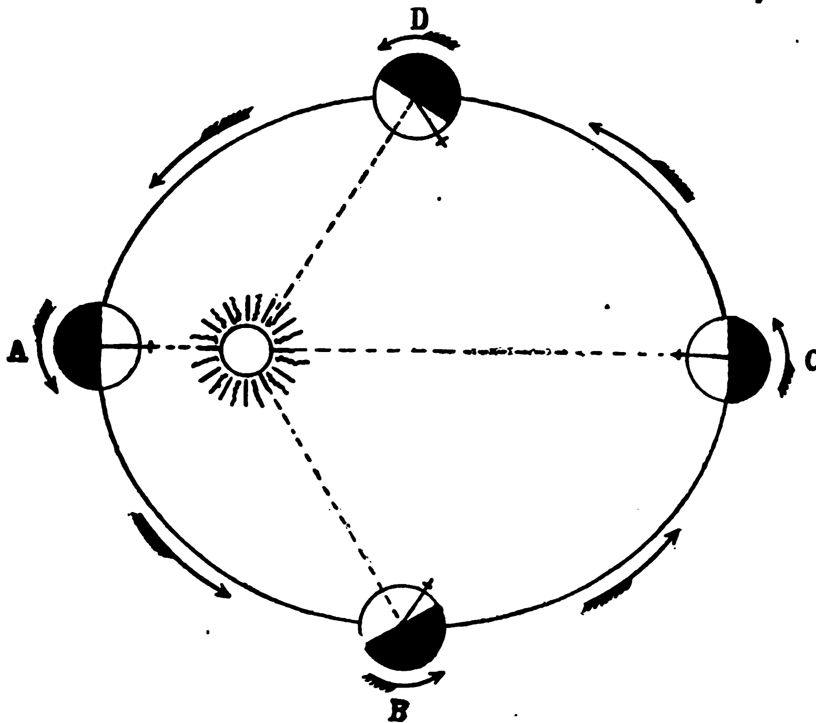

FIG. 2.

Venus, like Mercury, is seen only in the morning or evening, but being farther from the sun it remains longer above the horizon and is a far more brilliant object. In fact Venus when at its brightest appears as the most splendid and lustrous star in the sky. The Greeks seem, at one time, to have regarded Venus also as two separate planets. As a morning star they called it Phosphorus and as an evening star, Hesperus. Its mean distance from the sun is 67,200,000 miles. Its orbit approaches more nearly to a circle than that of any other planet, its eccentricity being so small that Venus' distance from the sun varies to the extent of less than 1,000,000 miles. The diameter of Venus is 7,700 miles (7,730 according to some authorities). Its density is somewhat less than the earth's, and its weight compared with that of our globe is about $\frac{78}{100}$. The force of gravity at its surface is a little more than $\frac{4}{5}$ as great as on the earth. Venus gets nearly twice as much light and heat from the sun as the earth does.

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When Venus is at inferior conjunction, that is between the earth and the sun, she approaches nearer to us than any other planet ever comes, the distance being about 26,000,000 miles. This distance, however, is nearly 109 times the mean distance of the moon. As a telescopic object the most conspicuous phenomenon of Venus, after its phases, is the dazzling brightness of its disk. It reflects the sunshine so brilliantly that the chromatic imperfections of the telescope are rendered painfully apparent and the difficulty of seeing the faint, shadowy markings on the surface of the planet is greatly increased. This excessive brilliancy of Venus has been ascribed to the existence of great sheets of cloud filling its atmosphere. It is well-known that the upper surfaces of clouds reflect the sunlight like new-fallen snow. If this explanation is correct, comparatively little of the real surface of the planet is visible to us, and that only at intervals. Apparently permanent markings have, nevertheless, been long known to exist on Venus, and, as in the case of Mercury, it was formerly supposed that Venus rotated on its axis once in every twenty-three hours. This conclusion, however, never had a very solid basis and Schiaparelli has recently shown that it is exceedingly probable, if not certain, that Venus, like Mercury, rotates only once on its axis in going once around the sun, that is to say once in about 225 days.

The announcement last year of Schiaparelli's discovery of this remarkable peculiarity in the rate of Venus' rotation caused far more surprise than his previous announcement of a similar behavior on the part of Mercury. The latter planet is so near the sun that it did not seem improbable that the friction of the enormous tides which the sun must have raised both in the molten globe of the planet when it was in its earlier stages of development, and subsequently in its oceans, might long ago have brought the period of its rotation into coincidence with that of its revolution, as has occurred with our moon from a similar cause. But with Venus the case is different. The latter planet more nearly resembles the earth not only in size and density, and in the possession of a cloudy atmosphere, but in its distance from the sun. The solar tides upon Venus would be considerably greater than the lunar tides upon the earth but not, it would seem, great enough to have destroyed the planet's rotation.

However, Schiaparelli's observations have been to a great extent corroborated by other observers, so that it is probable that Venus, like Mercury, actually does have perpetual day on one side and perpetual night on the other. Possibly, as some of the observations seem to indicate, the planet's rotation period may not yet have come into complete coincidence with its time of revolution, and it may have two, or four, long days and nights succeeding one another in the course of its year of seven and a half months.

Assuming, however, the correctness of Schiaparelli's conclusions, and remembering at the same time the many points of resemblance between the earth and Venus, it becomes an interesting question whether the latter planet can be an inhabited globe. In the case of Mercury, as we have just seen, the effect of libration is to produce an alternation of day and night within a region of variable width (but nowhere exceeding 23° 41′) extending all around the planet between the dark and light hemispheres. It is to be remarked, in addition, that although there would be but one day and one night in the course of Mercury's year within this fringe, they would not be of equal length. Near the center of the fringe there would be a long day and a long night, but near its junction with the region of perpetual darkness the sun would only just peep above the hilltops once in every 88 days, and quickly disappear again, while along the border of perpetual day the sun would in like manner simply dip below the horizon for a short time at similar intervals.

In the case of Venus the effect of libration is comparatively very slight. A person standing in the middle of the sunward hemisphere of that planet would have the sun nearly immovable overhead. The eccentricity of the orbit is only sufficient to cause the sun to swing alternately about a degree and a half on each side of the zenith. The fringes along the east and west sides of the planet where the sun would be seen part of the time would be only about one hundred miles wide at the equator and would diminish in breadth toward the poles. According to Schiaparelli the axis of Venus stands almost, or quite, upright to the plane of its orbit, so that there is little or no libration experienced at the poles. It follows that a very insignificant fraction of the surface of Venus escapes the reign of either perpetual day or

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perpetual night. But even this does not suffice to remove all possibility of the planet's being habitable, since some peculiar property, or condition, of its atmosphere, such as is perhaps suggested by the strange reflective power of the planet, might protect its surface from the blaze of a too ardent sun, or the rigor of an endless night.

It is exceedingly interesting that unmistakable evidence exists, thanks to the spectroscope, of the presence of watery vapor in the atmosphere of Venus. That this atmosphere is also of considerable extent is shown by the phenomena observed during a transit of Venus. At the beginning of the transit of 1882, when Venus had partly entered upon the sun's disk that part of the planet which had not yet appeared in silhouette upon the sun, was suddenly seen rimmed with a brilliant curve of light. This was the atmosphere of the planet illuminated from behind by the sun, and by its refraction bending the light around the planet so that it became visible to the observers on the earth. It was a most impressive as well as a most beautiful spectacle which no one who had the good fortune to witness it, as the present writer did, will ever forget.

End of Required Reading for April.

DREAMING.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

I SAW in the twilight gray
 The anchored fishing sloop,
Like some mighty bird of prey
 Whose weary pinions droop.
While now and again she stirred
 As the night wind passed by,
Like a timid water-bird
 Frightened—about to fly.

Storm-beaten and rough was she,
 Resting on even keel,
While over the sunset sea
 I watched the ripples steal
Behind her as in a wake,
 Till stretched a foaming trail,
Whenever the wind would take
 And fill the drooping sail.

I turned to the golden west—
 Casting the world aside—
While awoke within my breast
 A sense of wondrous pride.
The dreams that came and went
 Will never come again—
Weary days have since been spent
 Watching for them in vain.

For sudden the day was done,
 Night followed in its track,
Dreams passed with the dying sun.
 The sea about was black,
Save where in a faint outline
 The fishing vessel shone—
Would that the dream had been mine—
 My dreams, alas, were done.

A spectral and stately thing
 I saw the vessel lie—
In the gentle currents swing
 With masts stretched to the sky.
I had thrown the True away
 In search of the Ideal—
My dreams had passed with the day,
 While the dream-like ship was real.

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ROCHESTER: "THE CITY OF HOMES."

BY JOHN DENNIS, JR.

ON the face of its corporate seal, Rochester is officially denominated "The Flour City." The founders of the young and ambitious town, as they contemplated the flouring mills which occupied the river bank, above and below the Upper Falls of the Genesee, were warranted in the assumption that much of the town's future prosperity would accrue from that branch of industry. Later, Rochester became famed for its nurseries, and the world-wide renown of its floral gardens caused it to be known as "The Flower City." Still later, and within the last decade, the village of 1835 has grown into a city of over 135,000 inhabitants. With this phenomenal increase, an increase of 51.4 per cent in ten years, a condition has arisen which has given Rochester still another appellation: "The City of Homes."

Within the last ten or fifteen years a radical change has taken place in Rochester and it may now be said that the instances where houses are rented by their occupants are the exception, rather than the rule. Strangers, visiting the city for the first time, are puzzled when they learn that mechanics, and other working people, earning from $1.75 per day upward, are living in their own houses, in desirable localities, and that the more recent of the houses are fitted with all the modern improvements. When the strangers from without the gates are informed that these houses, costing from $1,400 to $5,000 each, without including the cost of the land, are without encumbrance, or in the process of safely becoming so, the owners having no other source of income than their weekly wages, the statement is sometimes received with not unnatural incredulity. That the statement is, however, literally true, can be certified by thousands of families, to which the visits of the landlord have become a reminiscence; their homes having been built and paid for, with very little more expenditure than would have been necessary to meet the weekly demands for rent. If these homes were of inferior construction, or in undesirable localities, or were of less intrinsic value than other houses of similar cost, this appellation, "The City of Homes," would be misleading; but such is far from being the fact.

The explanation of the existing state of affairs in Rochester is found in co-operative saving and investment, as exemplified in the homestead, loan, and savings associations. It is through these co-operative associations that persons of limited income are enabled to secure homes of their own.

The method, under this system, can best be shown by illustrating its workings in a typical case. Details differ, but the general features of all associations are alike. A condition precedent is the possession of a building site, free of encumbrance. This is obtained, usually, by one of two methods. A person either joins a homestead association and obtains a building site by weekly payments, or purchases outright a lot of a holder who is willing to part with title, for the sake of enhancing the value of other lots, and is satisfied with a nominal cash payment, and a second mortgage as security. In either case the applicant for a building loan presents himself at a loan association, with a building site upon which he can execute a first mortgage.

Let it be supposed that the applicant owns a building site, of the fair selling value of $600, and wishes to erect upon it a house at a cost of $1,600. A committee of the association will visit the property and appraise its value. If the security is considered satisfactory the committee will recommend a loan of $1,600. To obtain the loan, the applicant must buy, at auction, at a premium of $10 or upward, on a share of $100, shares sufficient to net the amount of the desired loan. In the case under consideration he would probably buy eighteen shares. The association then advances two-thirds of the value of the building site, as appraised by the committee. The new member selects his plan, and makes a contract with his builder, and proceeds, in all respects as if he had the amount deposited in a bank, subject to his check. When the new building has reached a certain stage, the association will advance a proportionate amount, to be paid to the contractor. Other advances will be made, from time to time,

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until the completion of the building, when the balance of the loan will be paid. The title to the property will then be in the borrower's name, or more frequently in his wife's, and the loan association secured by a first mortgage (with insurance clause) for $1,600, the property being presumably worth $2,200. The new householder is then at liberty to occupy the premises. Henceforth he assumes the privileges of ownership, and the liability for the payment of taxes and insurance. Up to this point he is in exactly the position occupied by the borrower at a savings bank. Here, however, the similarity ceases.

As soon as the shares in the loan association are purchased, the borrower begins to reduce the amount of the encumbrance. Under his agreement with the loan association he immediately begins to make a weekly payment as dues, $1.80, and a weekly payment interest, $1.80; or a total weekly payment of $3.60. Failure to make these payments at the stated time, involves the payment of a fine of three cents per share. At the close of the second quarter of a year of his membership, the borrower is credited with his proportion of the quarterly earnings of the association, in the form of dividends, and his quarterly dividends are thenceforth passed to his credit, at the close of each quarter. These dividends are based upon the amount paid weekly as dues. In the fiscal year ended November 30, 1889, the dividends, in all the associations, averaged about three per cent quarterly. These dividends are not paid to the shareholder, neither do they directly draw interest, but are passed to the general fund of the association and credited to the account of the shareholder. When the amount of these accumulated dividends, added to the gross amount of weekly payments as dues, equals the face of the shares, then the shares are said to have "matured." The mortgage is discharged of record, and the borrower, having discharged his obligation, ceases to be a member of the association, and the books of the transaction are closed.

It is difficult, on a superficial examination, to divest one's self of the idea that the borrower, in paying a premium of from ten to twelve per cent on his shares, has paid usurious interest. It is claimed, however, that the dividends on the weekly dues offset the premiums and reduce the actual interest paid by the borrower to four and one-half or five per cent. The dividends result from the small membership fees, fines, reinvestment of dividends credited but not paid over, interest on funds paid in as weekly payments by lenders and withdrawn before dividends are credited and from the reinvestment of premiums. The borrower, being a member of the co-operative association, is a partaker in all profits, in proportion to the number of his shares. By the payment of ten cents per share weekly as dues, the shares mature in from ten to thirteen years, according to the success of the association as a dividend payer. Should the borrower wish to reduce his loan more rapidly, by paying more than the stipulated ten cents per share, he may pay any amount in advance, not to exceed the dues for one quarter. This is the technical rule, but in most associations it is relaxed and a borrower is allowed to pay in any amount he chooses. These additional payments become at once subject to dividends, the same as the regular weekly dues.

A modified plan has been somewhat in vogue during the last few years, and many houses have been built and are building under its operation. The extension of the street railway system, in connection with the new electric railways, has brought much property desirable for residences, within easy access to the business portions of the city. In many localities owners of parcels of land have laid out streets and partially improved the property. Knowing that every house built on the property will enhance the value of the remaining vacant lots, the owner offers to sell the lots, with only a nominal cash payment. He will then build a house for the purchaser, on plans selected by the latter, and of such cost as he desires. A deed of the property is given and a second mortgage taken. This leaves the purchaser at liberty to borrow of a loan association, on a first mortgage, and make his weekly payments to the association. He will thus secure possession of the house and lot, with no cash payment for either, and can avail himself of the advantages of buying a sufficient number of shares in the association to liquidate the entire indebtedness. Or the original lot holder will hold the first mortgage, and accept weekly payments, slightly in excess of the amount for which the house would rent. Obviously, his profit is in the sale of the land at building lot prices, and in the opportunity of compounding the interest on the weekly or other stated payments, by investing them as a

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lender simply, in a loan association, from week to week as received. It is just as obvious that it would be to the advantage of the new householder to make his payments on shares in the loan association.

Some idea of the magnitude of the transactions, of which the illustration given is a type, may be obtained from statistics, compiled by Mr. George W. Elliott for the *Union and Advertiser Year Book*, for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1889. At that date there were eighty-five co-operative building and loan associations proper, in the city of Rochester. Reports from fifty-seven showed a membership of 19,932 shareholders; an average, for the fifty-nine associations, of 350 members each. An estimate of 100 members each for the remaining twenty-seven associations would make the total membership, at the date mentioned, 22,732. The total amount invested in bonds and mortgages, by forty-five associations from which reports were received, was $4,356,861, or an average of $96,819. Allowing the remaining forty associations loans averaging $25,000 each, the total reaches $5,356,861. This amount is loaned almost entirely upon residences, built on the co-operative plan, at a cost of from $1,400 to $5,000 each. The average weekly receipts from fifty-six associations, from which reports were received, was $55,908, or $1,176.90 for each. Adding $8,700 weekly, or $300 each for the remaining twenty-nine associations, would give $64,608 as the average weekly receipts of the eighty-five associations. The average quarterly dividends of the associations reported were a trifle less than three per cent and the average interest paid by borrowers is placed at between four and five per cent, per annum. During the year 1889 the savings banks of the city made 635 loans, aggregating $1,569,133, and the loan associations 1,504 loans, aggregating $2,007,327.

There are many interesting economic questions which crowd upon the consideration of this subject, and there is much to be said concerning the effects of the system of saving incidental to procuring homes by the method which has been illustrated. Some of these questions must not pass entirely unnoticed. The claim has been made, by dealers in intoxicants, that the establishing of a loan and savings institution in a locality militates directly, and in some instances, disastrously, against that particular business. They say frankly, that the money which formerly came to their cash registers now finds its way into the loan associations, and ultimately into homes. That this is not the petulant and unwarranted complaint of some dealer who has made an unfortunate selection of locality for his business, has been fairly demonstrated. The writer had occasion, a few years ago, to make a systematic and thorough investigation of this complaint. A series of carefully conducted interviews demonstrated that the complaint had substantial foundation. The explanation was not difficult. When men become members of a co-operative home association, and enter upon the not easy task of building a comfortable and substantial dwelling without capital, they do so with the full sense of their obligation to meet the stated payments without submitting to the imposition of the fines for non-payment. They soon learn that self-denial on these lines of personal indulgence not only builds homes for themselves and their families, but accrues to the benefit of the family partnership in many ways. It is scarcely within the province of this paper to pursue the obvious suggestions arising from this peculiar state of facts, other than to call attention, in this connection, to the significant figures given in a previous paragraph, which represent the enormous sums paid in as savings, from week to week.

The complaint of small general tradesmen, that their trade has fallen off in proportion to the increase in membership of the loan associations, also has a seeming foundation. The amount paid as weekly dues and for insurance and taxes, does not largely exceed the amount which would be paid as rent for a house of the same value, and after useless luxuries have been cut off and the weekly payments made, the sum remaining for necessaries is practically the same. It has been found that the occupancy of a good home, the absolute ownership of which may be secured by setting aside a portion of the weekly earnings adds greatly to the sense of self-respect in the matter of dress and family living. That the new ideas of economy lead to the more careful expenditure of available funds is true, and the dimes formerly expended in small purchases at long profits, are, under the new order of things, expended in the form of dollars more advantageously at large centers of trade in the heart of the city. That this militates against the extortionate small tradesman is unquestionably true. It is his

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misfortune, and like the dealer before referred to he must succumb to the inevitable.

Many marked social changes have been accomplished by this almost universal ownership of homes by people of moderate income. The influence on the coming generation, by the radical change of habitat, from the not too cleanly flats and decidedly unwholesome tenements, to a home in the true sense of the term, can scarcely be overestimated. It may be said as an ascertained fact, and not in an argumentative sense, that these people are better fathers and mothers, better sons and daughters, and better members of the body municipal, by reason of this change of environment. There is a better civilization engendered by the improved conditions. The habits of economy enforced by the stern rules under which the possession and retention of a home by this method is made possible, and the desire to "live up" to the new home, to use a term for which there is no synonym, has an unmistakable tendency to advance the coming generation in the social scale. Those who are familiar with the joyless life of city tenement houses, and even detached dwellings built solely for the profit accruing from their rental, will not require argument to convince them that a new and brighter future awaits the children of these modern city homes. The sanitary conditions in themselves have an elevating tendency. Under the present municipal requirements all of these homes must be provided with approved plumbing arrangements, and economy suggests the introduction of bath-rooms. Capacious yards afford breathing places, and every thing tends to the improvement of sanitary conditions.

It must not be supposed that the path to final success in this method of procuring a home is bordered with roses. From the time the obligation to make the stated payments is assumed, it is a steady, constant struggle. Sobriety of life, habits of industry, and the peculiar quality known among newspaper men as "nerve" are necessary factors. With the possession of the new home come taxes and assessments for local improvements which, while they add to the selling value of the property, must be paid in addition to the periodical payments to the loan association. Obtaining a home by this method involves courage, self reliance, the curtailment of all unnecessary luxuries, a faith which, in the dark hours which will surely come, will be sorely tried, hearty co-operation by all the members of the family and unswerving persistence. But it also means when the last weekly payment is made and the goal reached, the possession of a title clear to a more or less pretentious mansion in the beautiful and typical "City of Homes."

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE ARTS OF PERSIA.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

ART is the material or objective expression of the subjective—of thought. Regarded in this light, what can be more interesting and instructive than the thought of bygone ages carved on the moldering marbles of temples and tombs, hidden in the forest or under the sands of the desert? What manner of people they were who reared the sculptures of Yucatan or Cambodia, or chiseled the mighty figures on the rocks of Pteria we know not, but their thoughts are there, as if recorded by a colossal audiphone, and we can thus converse with the people of the past and learn of the principles which shaped their character and of the influences which conditioned their development. Thus reading the marble roll-call of the nations, they are marshaled before us, and repeat the thoughts they borrowed from each other, recast in new molds, and bequeathed to us in these sunset days of time. The language of art repeats for us again the grand epic of mankind, and points out the mysterious ways by which intellectual development has flown from isle to isle, and from continent to continent. The nations have descended to the tomb, the dust of kings is blown over Balk and Lydia, and the uttermost parts of the earth. But their thoughts are ours. Their arts have been links in the chain of progress, and we in turn can see how inestimable is the debt we owe to them. Like St. Paul, we may in this rapid age try to "forget those things which are behind, and reach forward to those things which are before"; yet we cannot escape from the forma-

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tive influences of the past. Nay, more; it is greatly for our good to study those influences, and to trace in them the sources of the civilization which we enjoy.

I am led into this train of reflection when I think of Persia, that ancient empire of renown extending back into the mists of the morning of the world; that land whose arms reached from sea to sea, and whose people were Aryans like ourselves, for their language, the Zend, in which Zoroaster wrote, and our sturdy English in which the muse of Shakspere found such adequate expression, are both Sanscrit tongues.

To most people in our time the Zend and the Zendavesta are of little moment, and the world is fast losing count of them. But the thought of Persia, as uttered in her arts at various periods, will continue to be felt as an inspiration in the art-thought of all men in all the ages to come. We talk of what we owe to the arts of Greece and of Rome, and of what they owed to Egypt. But how often do we ask or do we realize what they and we owe to the art-thought of Persia?

Let us remember that very nearly if not quite all that we know of the history of that nation for many ages comes to us through the medium of Greek and Roman writers; and that source of information does not begin more than five or six centuries before Christ. In regard to what they relate prior to that period, those authorities depend on legends more or less nebulous and often received at second hand.

The Persians, who call their country Irvân or Erâu, from Arcia, whence our word Aryan, are first brought prominently before us in authentic history when Cyrus or Kur invaded Asia Minor and came in contact with the Greeks while attacking their colonies on the eastern shores of the Ægean. But they were already an old people. Cyrus was merely one representative of a race abounding in heroes, a race that for ages had been working westward from Central Asia, struggling for a firm foothold, and after a long period of evolution, of alternate subjugation and triumph, at last reaching a position where the forces developed demanded an outlet in foreign conquest. This traditionary period is nobly described in the magnificent epic of Firdoüsee, called the Shah Namêh or Book of Kings.

During several centuries of this prehistoric period, Persia was alternately under the dominion of Babylonia or Chaldæa, and Assyria. That interval of subjection is one of the most interesting and valuable of any known in the history of the fine arts. The Greek writers tell us little or nothing of its wonderful results. But if we turn to the remains of Persian art, we meet records which enable us to trace its development perhaps to its very beginning, and which also indicate one of the most important features of its influence to the present time.

The Akkadians and Chaldæans of Babylonia and the Assyrians, as we now know, had distinct art schools of their own. Before the time of Cyrus, the Persian esthetic genius had been awakened by contact with the arts of those peoples, and when the Persians asserted their independence, presumably under Feridoon, an art school of their own sprang into existence; suggested by the art of their former masters, it yet has the unmistakable stamp of a great intellectual race—an art perhaps the most remarkable yet seen in Asia for its power, but especially for its imperishable vitality. The Babylonian and Ninevite arts came to a definite close nearly twenty-six hundred years ago. But Persia is still practicing the arts, and in Western Asia and in Europe the types and ideas she created or formulated are still potent in directing the expression of thought in material forms of beauty.

The stately columns of Persepolis present, so far as we can now discern, a strictly original style, with their slender fluted shafts peculiar to Persian architecture up to the present time, and reproduced with the same general *motif* wherever we find Saracenic art or suggestions borrowed from it, whether at Ispahan, at Constantinople, at Cairo, at Grenada, or in the Christian styles of Portugal and Spain. The general form of the bull-headed capital, the bull-head being omitted but the spreading outline preserved, is still followed in Persia, and undoubtedly had its influence on the capital of the Greek, Byzantine, and Gothic orders.

But in the bull-headed capital we see a suggestion borrowed perhaps from the Assyrians, with whom the bull was a favorite form of decoration. I say perhaps, because it is possible that the bovine form may have been suggested instead by the legend which makes a cow play so important a part in the history of Persia. The recent explorations at Susa, the ancient Shushân, in southwest-

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ern Persia, where the remains of three different palaces are superimposed, one above the other, representing, as it were, three stratified periods, offer conclusive evidence of the influence of the Babylonian and Assyrian arts on those of Persia. But at the same time they present us with decisive evidence of the medium which has in all ages been one of the most congenial forms in which the Persian mind has preferred to express its artistic thought.

In the lowermost of the three palaces of Susa, superb examples of keramic art were found. Polychromatic designs painted on tiles and protected by rich glazes were a prominent feature of Babylonian art, as recently discovered. We can easily see how this art was suggested to a people living in a vast alluvial plain, and finding it easier to build of bricks made of clay near at hand and cemented with bitumen, than of stone brought from long distances. The germs of all original arts are suggested by the conditions of the environment. The Chaldæans had no difficulty in proceeding next to decorate their buildings with mural paintings executed on tiles.

Now what we discover at Susa is a form of keramic painting that is borrowed from that of Chaldæa, but surpasses it, an art which not only exhibits great technical skill but extraordinary ability in design. A painted lion was excavated at Susa composed with matchless beauty, spirit, and sympathetic appreciation of the king of beasts. But the procession of figures found there representing the Immortals, or royal guards, is even finer and is hardly surpassed in the entire range of decorative art. The majesty of those forms which after their long sleep of ages in the moldering earth are again brought to look on the sun which their prototypes worshiped, prepares us to accept all that we read of the grandeur of Persia under Darius the Great.

Now let us note the perpetuity of this peculiarly Persian art, made Persian by the persistency with which it has been practiced until the present day in that country. So late as the time of Shah Abbass, 1600 to 1630, pictorial plaques were made which rival the keramic designs of Susa, executed two thousand years earlier. Here we see emphatically displayed the persistence of a national instinct for a specific style of art expression.

One of the most marked points in Persian keramic art was the discovery by the Persians of the secret of irridescent glazes. This magnificent art was certainly invented in Persia before the Mohammedan conquest. It seems probable that the great city of Rheï, or Rhages, which was destroyed six hundred years ago, was one of the most important centers of the manufacture of these tiles *à reflet*. Many fragments have been found in its ruins, and it was a large city long before Christ. It is mentioned in the Book of Tobit and by Herodotus. After the conquest by the Arabs the making of irridescent ware still further developed until it became one of the most widely practiced arts of Persia. Not only were vases made of it, but mural tiles for the decoration of mosques and shrines. Tiles of this description have been made fully eight feet long. I know of at least one such still in existence there that is six feet in length.

A curious circumstance connected with this art was the variety of glazes, each irridescent like the elusive, mystic spark of the opal, or the shifting splendor of the dying dolphin, and yet each having a chromatic tone entirely its own. The master workmen of Natanz, Kashân, Rheï, Naïn, or other places had each their own secrets for preparing their lusters. According to tradition a certain quantum of gold seems to have entered into the compounding of them all. The secret of making this irridescent ware was lost in Persia about two centuries ago. It is said, however, that near Guadalajara in Mexico, there is a community of potters who retain some knowledge of the secret, which their ancestors learned in Spain from Persian artisans employed by the Moors. It is an interesting and important fact that in the United States at this very time a manufacturer of keramic ware, stimulated by the successes of Persian artists, has given much study to the Persian *reflets*, and is making experiments that already promise to prove very satisfactory in reviving this exquisite art.

And this leads us to consider how wide the influence of Persian art continues to be. The keramics of that country have not only proved an invaluable link to connect the world with the extinct arts of Babylonia, but they are at this very day still influencing the practice of keramic art in the foremost countries of the age.

The fact that Persia borrowed the idea of decorating tiles from Chaldæa and then as-

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similated the art is another example of one of the most remarkable traits in art development, which Persia shares with every really great creative art people. I mean the power of her artists to borrow art methods, and to re-stamp them with the coinage of their own genius. To borrow is not to plagiarize unless we slavishly imitate. In the great intellectual exchange of the world of mind we all borrow and lend. Chaucer, Shakspere, Marlow, Goethe, Milton, all borrowed from the Italian, the classical, and the Oriental writers. But with what vast accumulation of interest did they repay their borrowed capital! In like manner the Persians borrowed from Assyria and Chaldæa, from India and China. Such is the record of their art at different periods; but it is nevertheless theirs and theirs alone. Twice, at least, within historic times, they borrowed methods and suggestions from China, but borrowed like men who had no hesitation as to their power of assimilating or of the opulent resources of their own genius.

Once they did this in the time of the great Shah Abbass already alluded to, who imported Chinese artists for the royal art schools. At another time, in the third century of our era, the Persians borrowed from that country in a most curious and apparently accidental way. Theologians are familiar with the name of Manee, the founder of a system of eclectic theology called Manichæism, in which he sought to combine the distinctive features of Buddhism, Magianism, and Christianity. But Manee was also a man of decided artistic temperament. Being forced by his persecutors to fly, he fled to China. During his exile he became greatly interested in the arts of that already ancient country, and on his return to Persia brought back with him a collection of notes, sketches, and paintings which produced a very strong impression on the arts of Persia during the Sassanian dynasty. It is true that he paid the forfeit of his life for returing home, and the sect he founded no longer exists in name although some may now be attempting to revive his theory of eclectic religion; but his art influence is yet felt in Persia and through Persia over Europe.

The art of Persia during the Sassanian period, between the third and the seventh centuries A. D., is sometimes slightingly spoken of. But no greater mistake can be made. It was during that period that the style called by us Saracenic assumed a definite character, and finally crystallized into one of the five or six great and permanent architectural and decorative types. Such types or orders are very slow in developing into the form in which they can be called types that shall serve as the distinctive guiding principle of other schools based upon them.

The Saracenic, the Greek, the Gothic, may not be always followed with absolute fidelity in detail, but so long as one of them constitutes the dominating principle of a system or a building, then such system, or building, is properly designated as belonging to the type, which is then like the *motif* dominating the thought of a musical composition, constantly reappearing amid the variations in which the composer allows his imagination to wander.

The peculiar pendent decoration of vaults and niches, which has been carried to such an exquisite degree of elaboration and beauty in the Alhambra, is certainly as old as the Sassanian period. Examples of it are yet found in the ruins of Rheï. The pendentives of the Tudor Gothic, so magnificently displayed in St. George's chapel, Windsor, appear to have been suggested by the Maresco-Saracenic architecture. The lofty arcade and arched entrance reaching up to the roof, and balanced by tiers of windows and niches on either side, another prominent feature of Saracenic art, is seen finely represented in the still remaining façade of the great palace Khosru at Ctesiphon, built long before the Mohammedan conquest.

The Arabs, who were not an especially artistic people, when they overthrew the Sassanian dynasty, took Persian artisans with them in their western conquests, to whom are really due the magnificence of Cairo and the fairy-like splendors of the Moorish monuments of Spain. The city of Xerez, from which is derived the name of sherry wine, was settled by a colony of artists from Shiraz in Persia, whence the name Xerez. Before that period the architects of Constantinople had already borrowed hints from the so-called Saracenic architecture of Persia, from which they evolved the Byzantine school that in turn influenced the Lombard, Gothic, and Romanesque schools of architecture. After such facts as these shall we not award all honor to the art of Persia during the Sassanian period?

But there was still another art which

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reached extraordinary excellence under the Sassanides; this was the making of textile fabrics and embroideries of needle-work, one of the earliest of the arts. Thirteen hundred years before Christ, Deborah, in her song of triumph, makes the mother of Sisera say, "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey? to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-work on both sides?"

Now in such kindred arts Persia has excelled from time immemorial. Printed calicoes have been manufactured there for ages. Block printing by hand was an art original to that country. The designs are not small and constantly repeated as in our prints, but each piece is stamped with one design, as in the case of rugs. They are used for portières, table cloths, or bed quilts, and also as winding sheets for the dead, the latter stamped with arabesque designs interspersed with pious aphorisms. The Persians borrowed some of their styles of embroidery from Cashmere, but they were adepts in their own right, as one might say, in the fabric of magnificent brocades at least five centuries before Christ, as we know from the designs of embroidery painted on the tiles discovered at Susa.

As to the rugs which form such a prominent feature of Persian decorative art and the use of silk for carpets and textile fabrics, we know that the Persians were already masters in the art of carpet-making before the time of Alexander. To-day we, in the United States, can attempt nothing finer in our vast system of steam looms than to imitate in a certain far off way the designs of Persian rugs, of which the smaller and not always the best qualities come here. Do we realize what a Persian rug of the finest quality can be? The floor of one of the largest audience halls of the Chehêl Sitoon, or Grand Palace, of Ispahan is still covered by an admirable carpet in one piece that was made three centuries ago. It must be understood that these Persian rugs are made by hand, the artisan sitting on the wrong side, and carrying the design in his head. But three hundred years are nothing in Persian art. Rugs were wrought there before Xerxes invaded Greece. At the sack of the capital fourteen hundred years ago, rugs were found one hundred and eighty feet long in one piece, cunningly woven by the needle out of woolen and silk. The design of one of them represented a park with a hunting scene, the colors being in many parts reproduced with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Such rugs, although of less size, may still be seen in the palaces of the Shah.

The music of ancient Greece was borrowed from Persia, which at a very early period had a distinct system and principles regulating musical composition. The traveler in Ionia, or in the mountain valleys of Thessaly and Arcadia may still hear the instruments which animated the bridal festivities or inspired the conquering armies of Persia before the days of Cyrus.

Many other features of the arts of Persia suggest themselves to our studious attention; but enough has been said to indicate their character and the laws of their development. The most important point to consider in this connection, which has already been indicated, is the vast extent of the influence that has radiated from art centers like Susa and Persepolis, Ctesiphon and Rheï, Veramîn and Ispahan, the various capitals of that old yet ever young people of Persia, perhaps the most remarkable next to the Greeks of any of the Indo-European races.

The Moguls took Persian art eastward to India; Greek traders carried suggestions of its architecture to Asia Minor and Greece; Armenians taught its characteristics to the men who founded the Byzantine school whose culminating points are St. Mark's at Venice, Moureale at Palermo, and St. Sophia at Constantinople; crusaders carried it to the south of Europe; the Saracens took it to Egypt and Spain; the breezes of the Atlantic wafted it with the ships of Columbus to the New World; and we are sharers of the great and lasting benefits diffused by the art genius of Persia; we also reap the results of the thought which her artists inscribed on her marbles, her metal work, her embroideries, and her keramics.

While Persian art can be traced in so many different directions, we also find it naturally modified by varying conditions; its influence, however, is never lost.

The spirit, the genius of Persian art yet pervades the intellectual atmosphere of the world. That art has served to keep us in active communication with the dead arts of earlier ages, of other lands, and it has been a germinating force to the art of other races besides those of Persia. So long as her art influence is felt she speaks to us a living language, and continues a civilizing power.

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THE FRENCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY P. F. DE GOURNAY.

THROUGHOUT the great West we find the landmarks of the hardy French pioneers who explored, in the interest of religion or of trade, the vast territories which until then had been trodden only by the red man's foot. Names of rivers and localities preserve the memory of those devoted men, who were but the vanguard of the small bodies of French colonists who first attempted to plant the civilization of the Old World in these wilds, for it should not be forgotten that, next to the English, the first progenitors of the American people, the French, more than any other nation, contributed to the original development of what is now the United States. They settled Wisconsin in 1668; Michigan in 1670; Illinois in 1672; Minnesota in 1680; Indiana in 1730; Iowa in 1747; and Missouri in 1763. These settlements were more or less successful. The French stronghold was in Louisiana, settled in 1699. Their settlement next in importance, in the South, was that of Mississippi, in 1716. They also gained a foothold in Alabama and Florida. Arkansas was first settled by emigrants from Louisiana, while Kansas owes its earliest settlers to the emigration of French Canadians.

The subsequent trend of French immigration has not converged toward those states. It has been somewhat erratic. While some of the Western States still count their French residents by thousands, in others the number has dwindled down to a few hundreds. A comparison of the census returns of 1870 and 1880 for the states having the largest number of French, will show how marked this fluctuation and what new directions French immigration has taken:

Number of native French, in	*1880*	*1870*
California	9,550	8,068
Illinois, ...	8,524	10,911
Indiana, ...	4,473	6,363
Louisiana, . . .	9,992	12,341
Michigan, ...	5,200	3,121
Missouri, ...	4,642	6,293
New York, ...	20,321	22,302
Ohio, ...	10,136	12.988
Pennsylvania, . . .	7,949	8,695

Of these nine states, only two—California and Michigan—show any increase, and this increase is small when compared with the decrease, in some cases very large, in the seven other states. This falling off was not confined to the states just mentioned. It was so large in the general returns as to present a puzzle to the thinker. In 1870 there were 116,402 French-born citizens in the United States; in 1880 there were only 105,225. Here is a loss of 11,177, or a little over 10.4 per cent in a decade during which the aggregate population of the United States continued to increase with giant strides. An unusually large number of Frenchmen must have died or left the country, if the census figures are to be relied on. One fact, however, is obvious, the Empire must have caused more French subjects to leave their native land than did the Franco-Prussian war and its dire consequences, or the establishment of the Republic.

We have some misgivings as to the correctness of so considerable a falling-off in the French population of Louisiana. In *ante-bellum* times, the French in the city of New Orleans alone were estimated at a round ten thousand. The census of 1870 makes the number 8,845 while New York City is credited with only 8,265. Be this as it may, while, of all the states, New York has the largest number of native Frenchmen, Louisiana has, and has always had, the largest French-speaking population, and nowhere have the characteristic traits of the Gaul been so well-preserved as in the Pelican State. A question is suggested here which may not be deemed out of place: How is it, one will ask, that the French, who do not possess the genius of colonization, have left their national characteristics so deeply impressed in their former colonies?

Yankee-like, we must answer the question by asking another: What is meant by "genius of colonization"?

If a nation must lose all claim to colonizing ability because, through the fortunes of war, it has lost colonies, still in their infancy and the resources of which have since been de-

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veloped under the rule of the conqueror, then France is *not* a colonizing nation.

But, if to found prosperous settlements amid strange and often savage populations, to teach those people the advantages of civilization and the blessings of Christianity, to win their love and respect by kindness and justice allied to firmness, is to fulfill some of the requirements of colonization; and, if a colony founded upon these principles happens to pass under the rule of a foreign conqueror, and the colonists, be they few or many, exiles banished from the mother-country or voluntary emigrants,—if these colonists and their descendants persist despite harsh measures and persecution, despite coaxing, bribery, and even increased prosperity, in clinging to the language, the customs, and the religion of the mother-country, so that their nationality is changed only in name, then France is a colonizing power of the first order.

Undisturbed possession reveals strength; material prosperity indicates intelligence in developing resources; it is in the hearts and minds of men that we should seek the unfading record of national genius. A century and a half of British rule has not eradicated French characteristics from Canada or any other of the colonies which France lost through the imbecility of a corrupt king. In Louisiana, which became American by peaceful transfer, these characteristics still strike the stranger as an anomaly. They will be found wherever the French have colonized in by-gone days.

It must be admitted, however, that the French do not possess the migratory instinct so developed as we find it in other European nations. No more daring explorers, no bolder adventurers (in the better sense of the word) can be found in history, and men like De Brazza, Trivier, Crampel—worthy rivals of Stanley, though they make less noise in the world—prove that the race has not degenerated. But the same incentive that moves the few to court hardships and danger in distant lands, keeps the many at home. Love of country induces the former to risk their lives in enterprises which will redound to the glory of France; love for the native land deters thousands from seeking mere personal advantages in emigration.

It is not to be wondered, therefore, why immigration from France has done so little, comparatively, toward swelling the population of the United States. It is estimated that there are now 125,000 French in the states. While this increase would be far from proportionate to that of the whole population during the last decade, we are of the opinion that it is greatly exaggerated. The ruinous consequences of the Franco-Prussian war, the exodus from Alsace-Lorraine, the succession of bad harvests which marked the years that followed, and the terrible ravages of that scourge, the phylloxera, had no perceptible effect on French emigration between the years 1870 and 1880. In 1872, the total number of French emigrants, to all countries, was 9,581, the highest number attained. The next highest were 7,109 in 1871; 7,161 in 1873; 7,080 in 1874. From 1870 to 1883, inclusive, the total emigration was 70,423; if we subtract the four years previously mentioned, the annual average for the remaining ten will be about 3,950, which is, at most, the normal annual emigration. Nothing has occurred since 1880 that could have materially changed this average.

The majority of these emigrants do not come to the United States; they go to South-American countries. Among the reasons for this preference is the very important one of language. The English language presents difficulties that are almost unconquerable by a Frenchman's tongue, while he will promptly master any of the languages which, like his own, have a Latin origin. He feels, besides, more at home among people of the Latin race, their habits and customs generally coming nearer to his own.

The French in the United States, it has been shown, are in comparatively small numbers. They do not represent an important factor in American politics. It takes a long time for a Frenchman to become an American citizen, unless he has come with no thoughts of return, which is rarely the case. He comes, generally, with the often delusive hope that after a few years of self-imposed exile he will return home with improved fortunes, but disappointment awaits him, his stay is indefinitely prolonged; he has contracted new ties, the old ones have been severed by death. With a sigh of regret he bids adieu to his fond dream and takes naturalization papers. Henceforth he will be faithful to his new allegiance; the pang he felt at renouncing the old is a guarantee of this.

French immigration is not wholly due to

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fortune-seeking, far from it. Political changes in France have always had a great deal to do with it. From the time of the first French revolution and the San Domingo insurrection it has been so. The old soldiers of the first Napoleon turned their backs upon the restored Bourbons and sought homes in the United States. Quite a colony of these veterans settled in Alabama. It was not a successful venture. 1830 sent us both Legitimists and Republicans. During the reign of Louis Phillippe a number of communists—the original communists, of milder stamp than those of the present day—known as *Cabetiens*, after their leader, Cabet, came over and settled in Louisiana and Texas. In 1848 they removed to Nauvoo, whence the Mormons had just been driven. Subsequently, they founded "Utopia," in Kansas, where they and their descendants, faithful to their old principles, still live in community. A few Orleanists left France in disgust on the proclamation of the Republic of 1848, and a much larger number of republicans fled or were "deported" after the *coup d'état* which, for the greater misfortune of France, turned the adventurer, Louis Bonaparte, into Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. The wretched Commune of 1871 contributed perhaps a larger share to emigration than did the Franco-Prussian war. That undesirable element ceased to be dangerous, however, after it had reached this "land of freedom." Not speaking the language of the country, these deluded wretches could not make incendiary speeches to American audiences, and to deprive your *communard* of the right to vociferate nonsense, is to rob him of the power to do evil. From their countrymen whom they found settled here, they could obtain assistance if they were suffering want, but they met no sympathy for their mad dreams. And as the old rule, *Il faut manger*, holds good even in this land of plenty, they soon settled down to work and have become harmless, industrious citizens.

All the consular reports agree in certifying that "there is no deportation of paupers, insane persons, or criminals," and no "assisted emigration. The French government does not interfere, though it would prefer that its citizens should emigrate to the French colonies." Nor is this all. The American consul at Havre tells us how far the solicitude of the French government goes: "When a steamer leaves here with emigrants, the officer supervising the emigration calls all the French emigrants, questions them whether they have sufficient means to live a reasonable time after their arrival at their destination, or whether they have any immediate prospect of finding work; if not, the officer will try by arguments to dissuade them from emigrating, but he will not prevent them."

Despite these praiseworthy precautions, some of the emigrants, arriving in a country whose language is unknown to them, are helpless and soon see the end of the scanty means with which they left home. In every American city where a hundred Frenchmen, or even less than half this number, have settled, they have founded benevolent societies which assist and advise their poor compatriots and endeavor to procure work for them. New York City possesses several of these societies, besides a French hospital and asylums for French orphans. New Orleans also has its French hospital, as have, if we are correctly informed, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and some other large cities. The French in the United States, therefore, try to take care of their poor, and the state is seldom burdened with them. The criminal records of the large cities show very few French names.

On the whole, then, French immigration to the United States is desirable rather than otherwise. Another glance at the official reports will strengthen this claim. Nothing is so convincing as figures, especially when they come from an official source. The quota of France in the "skilled labor" that came to this country during the fourteen years—1873 to 1886 inclusive—was as follows: professional, 3,262; skilled, 16,237; miscellaneous, 29,836.

Referring to the average of the normal annual immigration already given, the natural conclusion must be that the number of French "without trade or occupation" who arrived during these fourteen years must have been very small, especially if we deduct therefrom the children, and a certain proportion of the women as having no occupation.

The number of skilled workmen in the principal trades, who arrived during that period of fourteen years is apportioned as follows: jewelers, 433; glove-makers, 399; weavers, 317; book-binders, 225; watch and clock makers, 198; hatters, 181; button-makers, 147; dyers, 110; saddlers, 101; machinists, 90. Under one hundred we also find cap-makers, copper-smiths, flax-dressers,

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iron-moulders and founders, lace-manufacturers, spinners, pattern-makers, platers and polishers, in fact all the trades and industries which contribute to the wealth and industrial development of this country. Mechanics not otherwise designated are put down at 500; miners, 548; farmers, 5,354. A fact, not generally known, is that the majority of the French in the United States—principally in the South and West—are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The liberal professions are well-represented. In New York City there are sixteen French lawyers, thirty-two physicians, eight dentists, eighteen pharmacists, eight painters, seven musical composers, three sculptors. Quite as many, if not more, will be found in other large cities—San Francisco and New Orleans, for example. The bench and bar of New Orleans once enjoyed a merited reputation. The names of the Canonges, Maurians, Canons, Mazureans, are not forgotten in the Crescent City. Their successors, no doubt, strive to emulate those shining lights of bygone days. It was the time when the young Frenchman Pierre Soulé held the juries in the criminal court and the crowd at political meetings, spell-bound by his matchless oratory. He rose to represent Louisiana in the American Senate—the peer of the Calhouns, Clays, and Websters—and the United States at the court of Spain.

The medical profession has counted and still counts in its ranks not a few celebrities. It is principally in the states visited by that scourge, yellow fever, that the French physicians have done noble work. In New York, the Pasteur Institute for the cure of hydrophobia was founded and is managed by Dr. Paul Gibier, a pupil of the great French *savant.* Paintings by French artists, statues, and monuments due to the chisel of French sculptors, adorn the public places and public and private galleries of many American cities, including the national capital. French teachers are met in every town and village in the Union. This profession is somewhat over-crowded, it being the first choice of newcomers who possess no other capital than a good education; and both sexes seek an honorable livelihood in the performance of its arduous duties.

Several flourishing French educational institutions exist in different states. Some are due to individual enterprise; others have been founded by French religious orders devoted to the cause of Christian education. Among the most noted of these is the magnificent establishment of the congregation of the Holy Cross (*Ste. Croix du Mans*), at Notre Dame (Indiana), where the superior general of the order, Father Sorin, who is an officer of French Public Instruction, has his residence. Since the days of the missionaries who first explored the wilds of the Western world, the Catholic Church has sent a number of priests to this country, and several of the American bishops are of French birth or descent. Of French origin are also many of our charitable institutions; the youngest and most popular of which is, perhaps, the Little Sisters of the Poor who are respected by Protestants and Catholics alike, and are doing immense good. There are several French churches, mostly Catholic; the largest number being in New Orleans. There are also two French Protestant or evangelical churches in New York, one in Philadelphia, and two or three more, probably, in other cities.

Although Frenchmen do not generally take a very active part in American politics, a few at different times have been elected to the legislature of their adopted state or to municipal offices. Such is the case, not only in Louisiana, where it might have been expected, but in Illinois and Iowa. In the late Civil War Frenchmen fought on both sides, and rose to distinction. A rather remarkable coincidence was that while the Count de Paris, the representative of the Orleans dynasty, was serving as aid-de-camp to General McClellan, Prince de Polignac, one of the staunchest supporters of the dethroned Bourbons, was leading a Confederate brigade. We might name other distinguished soldiers, but laurels won in a fratricidal contest had better not be paraded.

We feel more at ease in speaking of another army, one whose self-imposed mission is not to kill but to sustain life. We allude to the great army of French cooks. Truly their name is legion and they are a power in the land. Their proper place should be immediately following the liberal professions. And who doubts that they are entitled to a place among them? Professional cooks—French *chefs*—are often men of finished education, of sound learning—especially in all that concerns man's digestion. It is possible that the rank and file do not all come up to the *chef's* standard; many a poor Frenchman, unable to find employment here in his par-

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ticular calling, has turned cook without going through any novitiate. What does it matter, so long as he has pleased the palate of his employers?

A lady once asked the writer of this article some information about the manner of preparing a certain French dish. As he pleaded ignorance of the culinary art (or science), she exclaimed, "What! you don't know? Why, I thought every French gentlemen understood cooking." This notion like that entertained of old by the English cockney, that every Frenchman must be either a hair-dresser or a dancing-master, is dying out. But it cannot be denied that, thanks to the French cook, the American *cuisine* has improved wonderfully since those by-gone days when it inspired Talleyrand's sarcastic wit.

The French press is honorably represented here. The New Orleans Bee (*L' Abeille*) is the oldest newspaper published in the French language in the United States, but the New York *Courrier des Etats Unis* is the acknowledged organ of the French population and the able and true exponent of French politics and ideas. The *Courrier* has reached its sixty-third year—a career of uninterrupted prosperity. A score of minor lights in French journalism shine in various localities. Many others after giving proof of undoubted talent, have flickered during some brief years and gone out of existence, as many bright young journals of all nationalities will do. Yet, not a few successful writers in the American press are of French birth. They have conquered the first obstacle to success—the language—and can now fight their way.

In trade and commerce the share of our French merchants is large. The wine trade is almost entirely controlled by them, and to some extent, the French dry goods and fancy goods trade. This is particularly applicable to the retail trade in the large seaport towns and many inland cities. French hotels and restaurants are plentiful and thriving; and it were idle to enumerate the barbers, tailors, hair-dressers, bonnet and dress makers, whose skill helps to bring out, more conspicuously, the native elegance of American beaux and belles.

The French miners attracted to this country by the prospect of making more money, come principally from the mining districts of the north of France. Many of these are employed in the coal mines of Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, and Missouri. The gold and silver mines have also had their attraction. They have drawn capital as well as labor from France. The Lexington mine, in Montana, belongs to a French company, as do some of the Colorado mines. California, as might be expected, has also its French miners and mine owners and also numerous French wine-makers and fruit-growers.

Industrial enterprises requiring a large outlay of capital are not so frequently started by our French residents. Yet some valuable and successful ones have been founded, especially in the West. The glass-works of Ottawa (Illinois) founded by Mr. de la Chapelle, have won quite a name by the excellence of their products. Several prosperous tanneries, in Chicago, are run by Frenchmen. In the latter city, Mr. Millet, a nephew of the celebrated sculptor of that name, has formed a partnership with the son of the American painter Healy, for the manufacture of painted glass and house-decorating articles of art. We might name several other enterprises of like importance, did the limits of this article permit. Quite a large number, the greater number, in fact, of the French here are engaged in agriculture, principally in the Western and Southern states. Of late years cattle-raising has attracted the attention of the French. A number of the newcomers engaged in this industry are members of the old *noblesse*, who, disgusted with the republic, impelled by a consequent feeling of misanthropy to flee from civilization, looking at the cattle-king's life through poetical eye-glasses, or, in a more matter-of-fact spirit, calculating upon the dollars it may bring, have bought ranches and gone into the business with commendable energy. Marquis de Mores, notorious for his quarrels with the cowboys and for his more recent participation in the Boulangist conspiracy, owns a vast tract at Medora, or Little Missouri, on the confines of Dakota and Montana. A little farther on, at Miles City, Mr. Vibeaux has shown himself a very successful ranchman, while on the very edge of Yellowstone Park, in Wyoming, close to the Montana line, Count de Mailly-Nesle and Marquis du Doré own important ranches. In the southern part of Dakota, before reaching Deadwood, is the Fleur de Lys ranch, where special attention is given to raising Percheron and Arabian stock. This valuable ranch belongs to Baron de Mandat-Grancey, who, in addition to being an experienced

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stock-raiser and bold ranchman, has revealed himself a writer of merit by the interesting and humorous sketches of his new surroundings and daily life, which he has written for the French press.

Enough has been said to show that the French in the United States are doing their share in the development of the resources of this great country and its extraordinary progress.

THE MINISTERIAL TONE.

BY ROBERT MCLEAN CUMNOCK.

Of Northwestern University.

THERE always has been a certain piquant pleasure in criticising the clergy. No opportunity has been allowed to pass unimproved and advice has been offered *ad nauseam*. If this advice in all cases had been discriminating and just, good results might have followed; but alas! the criticism of the elocution of the pulpit has so frequently taken the form of ridicule or indiscriminate condemnation, that nothing has come of it, save a prejudiced notion in the public mind that ministers as a class are the poorest speakers we have. However general this belief may be, it is very certain that many of our best speakers are in the ranks of the ministry, and, of necessity, must be there so long as the present order of things continues. The minister has altogether the best field for the cultivation of elegant and effective public address; the orderly audience, the church constructed with special reference to speaking, the wide range of topics to be discussed, the important interests involved in the discussion, furnish conditions that no other profession can offer. So far then from believing ministers to be the poorest speakers, we are inclined to believe that they are the best, or should be.

Whatever opinion may be entertained with reference to this matter, it is very evident that a fierce and dangerous spirit of fault-finding is prevalent and popular in our day. We live in an age of such large freedom that nobody hesitates to criticise or rather to find fault, forgetting that the rarest and highest ability is required for useful and safe criticism. The true province of the critic is to construct and build up, not to dissect and pull down. However beneficent and helpful the labors of such a class of critics might be to society, it is nevertheless true that modern criticism has become essentially destructive. It is popular in our day to use the knife, to cut deep, to parade the weakness of public men rather than to construct better men out of what we have. And although ministers are the targets at which the public especially delight to aim their shafts, it must be confessed that the clergy themselves are often as fierce and heartless in their criticism of one another as the outside iconoclasts. It is not our purpose to stand sponsor for any of the eccentricities or improprieties of pulpit address, nor do we think it wise to allow an indifferent standard of excellence to be set up and go unchallenged; we simply wish to condemn as dangerous and wicked the careless, jocose, and irresponsible style of criticism that prevails.

This habit of fault-finding has grown to such an extent that ministers expect it, and indeed frequently invite it, and oftentimes act as though they were disappointed if they do not get more than they deserve.

How often do we hear these inviting words—"now do not spare me"—"cut me to pieces"—not knowing that this is the worst kind of criticism. Is it ever helpful to beat a man to pieces, and leave him in weakness to struggle back to his former health and strength? Is it ever cheering or strengthening to tell a man that he is greatly at fault in his reading and speaking, and that he ought to desist from public work until he can acquire a better form, and then leave him in his discouragement to improve under the gracious and good advice he has received?

To all such reformers we have but one word, never criticise any man's reading or speaking unless you can suggest a better method, and outline a course of training that will lead to that end. Keeping this principle in view, we will endeavor to discuss our theme, What is the Ministerial Tone?

It is an unpleasant melody or intonation of voice used by some ministers. So very few

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speakers use a melody entirely free from unpleasant tones, that it would be just as proper to speak of the actor's tone, or the lawyer's tone, as to speak of the ministerial tone.

It must be remembered that a sentence may be written out in musical form as well as a song or any musical composition. The chief difference being this: in the melody of song every thing is arbitrary; in the melody of speech every thing is voluntary. In other words, when you sing a song you must sing the notes as they are written on the musical staff; in reading an essay the person reading makes his own music.

Now it must be very evident that those people who are unable to sing because of their lack of appreciation of musical sound, must be under great disadvantage in making good music when they speak. It is not necessary, however, that a person should be a good musician or singer in order to be a good speaker. It is only necessary that the speaker should have such an appreciation of musical sound that the variety of intonation employed may be pleasing to the ear. Let it not be imagined, however, that an agreeable melody can be secured by a few weeks' practice.

In some cases it may take months and years, and never be thoroughly mastered, but any improvement in this direction is a substantial gain. The acquisition of a pleasing variety of intonation secures two things that are essential to the successful public speaker: first, a well modulated voice, which renders all speech agreeable; second, inflection, which renders all speech effective and intelligent. A careful and continued study and practice of the following suggestions is recommended for the improvement of the melody of the voice.

FIRST. PRACTICE COLLOQUIAL READING.

A number of colloquial selections should be secured. The following are admirable specimens of colloquial style:

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,—
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me,
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soirée? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters,
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none was nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? the deuce you say! Rejected—
You rejected? So was I.

—*Anonymous.*

OLD CHUMS.

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected;—pray, how do you do?
But what, under heaven, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
And your beard's white! but that can be beautifully died;
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide.

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small,
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! let me look at you! isn't it odd
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but John,

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All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.
What is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!
O no Jack! she wasn't so much by a score.

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
That baby! good Lord! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
A sober old greybeard, just ready to die!
I don't understand how it is,—do you Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

—*Alice Cary.*

Additional selections for practice: "The One Horse Shay," Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Pyramus and Thisbe," J. G. Saxe; "Her Letter," Bret Harte.

The conversational character of these pieces will assist the reader to a natural and melodious use of the voice. They will induce him to read as he talks, and help him to acquire a variety that is free from false and affected intonations. After a fair degree of success is attained in reading these selections, a more difficult list of pieces should be tried—those involving sentimental and colloquial qualities.

SECOND. COLLOQUIAL SELECTIONS INVOLVING SENTIMENT.

IN AN ATELIER.

I pray you, do not turn your head; and let your hands lie folded—so.
It was a dress like this, blood-red, that Dante liked so, long ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind. He loved a lady wondrous fair—
His model? Something of the kind. I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek, and was not meek at all,—my dear
I want that side-light on your cheek. He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you; but rather better on the whole.
Depress your chin, yes, that will do: he was a painter of the soul!

And painted portraits, too, I think, in the Inferno—rather good!
I'd make some certain critics blink if I'd his method and his mood.
Her name was—Jennie let your glance rest there by that Majolica tray—
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—they met by chance, the usual way.

As you and I met, months ago, do you remember? How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow adown the long gas-lighted street!
An instant in the drug store's glare you stood as in a golden frame
And then I swore it—then and there—to hand your sweetness down to fame.

They met, and loved, and never wed—all this was long before our time;
And though they died, they are not dead—such endless youth gives 'mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien, great Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine goes lovely in her blood-red dress.

You do not understand at all? He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and though kingdoms fall, this lady lives from age to age:
A poet—that means painter too, for words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue, for ochers crack and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones! when we are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons almost as quickly as ourselves;

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For our poor canvass peels at length, at length is prized when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!" when neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Jennie, I am sick at heart, it is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon—live for art! I'd much prefer to live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are! you smile, and all my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star to make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes child, I know I'm out of tune; the light is bad; the sky is gray:
I'll work no more this afternoon, so lay your royal robes away.
Besides, you're dreamy—hand on chin—I know not what—not in the vein:
While I would point Anne Boleyn, you sit there looking like Elaine.

Not like the youthful, radiant Queen, unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been, preparing for the headsman's blow.
I see! I've put you in a miff—sitting bolt upright, wrist on wrist.
How should you look? Why, dear as if—somehow—as if you'd just been kissed.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

"John Burns of Gettysburg," Bret Harte; "An Order for a Picture," Alice Cary; "Hannah Jane," D. R. Locke.

In these selections an occasional passage of sentiment occurs which requires a change from a conversational or staccato to an effusive or flowing form of utterance. To preserve this smooth utterance and, at the same time, secure perfect naturalness in the intonations of the voice demands a greater degree of skill than the reading of the purely colloquial styles. The proximity of the colloquial passage to the sentimental will serve as a guide, and help to a natural melody.

THIRD. COMMON READING.

We are now prepared to enter upon the practice of narrative, descriptive, and didactic styles, or what is generally called common reading. Here the difficulties in securing pleasing variety are greatly increased. The dignified diction and elaborate structure of the sentence furnish opportunities for the display of great taste and skill in the melodious management of the voice. Nothing is more to be prized as an achievement in elocutionary work than a skillful and melodious reading of a piece of common English. Such an acquisition so thoroughly commends itself because of its usefulness, that many people wonder why we do not hear more of it. But like all good and desirable things it is not easily secured. It requires patient and laborious practice to acquire a perfect melody in the reading of an essay or newspaper article. So difficult is it that all this preliminary practice of colloquial selections is needful as a preparatory training. I cannot suggest a better text-book for common reading than the New Testament.

A few chapters are suggested for practice. The Sermon on the Mount, Mat. v., vi., vii.; The Parable of the Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii.: 9; The Parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke xv.: 11; Regeneration, John iii.; The Blind Man Restored to Sight, John ix.; Duties enjoined, Rom. xii.; Charity, 1st Cor. xiii.; The Resurrection, 1st Cor. xv.; Faith, Heb. xi.; Love, 1st John iv.

Some teachers, whose judgment I greatly respect, insist that an elaborate system of rules for inflection and emphasis is the surest way to lead to a natural and pleasing variety of intonation. I admit that success has been secured by this system of training, but I seriously question the propriety of beginning with rules before the pupil has been trained to a certain appreciation of musical variety. The teacher may find an occasional pupil that will yield to no other treatment than the application of fixed rules, but such are very rare exceptions. As a matter of fact, the current melody of a sentence should not be subjected to rules, otherwise you would absolutely fix the intonations of every person and thereby destroy all individuality.

I much prefer that the pupil at first should secure a natural use of his voice, without thought of rules. After the ear has been trained to a just appreciation of musical intonations it will then be time to assist and strengthen the reader by fixed rules for inflection, cadence, and emphasis. You will by this method avoid a peculiar mechanical stiffness, that frequently appears in those who train themselves by rules without any previously acquired power to execute what the rule requires. Bear in mind constantly this general direction—read the above chapters as though you were talking in the most direct way to your hearers, and endeavor to impress the truth in as earnest and natural

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tones as you would in uttering the same precepts to your own children.

FOURTH. ORATORICAL EXPRESSION.

Oratory is simply elevated talk, and the same intonations that are used in common reading or conversation should be carried into this style of address. The increase of force, or volume of voice, greatly adds to the difficulty of securing a pleasing variety. It is in this style of composition that speakers are chiefly found guilty of using "tones" or "false notes" or more properly, bad melody. The safest and best advice we can offer to all those who have acquired unfortunate habits of intonation in their public address is this—pursue the system of practice outlined above until an appreciation of natural melody such as you use in ordinary conversation is established in your public speaking. A study and practice of the simple and direct form of address found in the orations of Wendell Phillips is recommended; then the more ornate and elaborate form of Burke and Webster may be attempted.

FIFTH. GRAND, SUBLIME, AND REVERENTIAL READINGS.

These are probably the most difficult styles in which to secure good melody. In none of the foregoing selections have we used, to any great extent, an effusive utterance, here it is essential to the expression of the sentiment. The deep orotund voice rendered with a flowing utterance offers such opportunities for unpleasant intonations, that very few attain a perfectly musical modulation. An easy way out of the difficulty would be to drop the effusion, but if we do this we sacrifice the sentiment which is the very life of the thought. The only way is to be patient and thorough in the preliminary practice, and rely upon the cultivated sense of musical sound thus acquired. To be sure, a less varied melody is required in these styles, but the need of a suitable variety is just as imperative here as elsewhere. Because this style of reading is sometimes called monotone do not conclude that the reader should be monotonous. The reading is made melodious and pleasing by a skillful use of the vanish of the tones in the form of waves. The reading of a large portion of the Old Testament, the Revelation in the New Testament, the reading of most hymns, and the Liturgy falls under this division.

I have often thought that many of the bad tones used by ministers in the delivery of their sermons could be traced to the reading of these reverential styles. The remedy for all this is to begin with the simplest forms of reading and lead up to the most difficult, not the reverse order.

THE LIFE OF A NAVAL APPRENTICE.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

LYING at pier at the entrance of Poverty Bay on the westerly side of the city of New York is one of the last remaining of the old-time wooden war-ships, the United States frigate *Minnesota*. Her great black hull, her lofty spars, and her wide-spreading yards will not cease to attract the admiration of all who see her as long as she remains in commission. Of the hundreds of thousands of travelers and picnicers who go up and down the Hudson every year, few fail to give the great ship a second look when once attention has been drawn to her. Attractive as a picture and as a reminder of a gallant fleet of other days, she is of interest to every patriotic American for another and more practical reason—she is one of half a dozen recruiting stations through which the Naval Department at Washington is striving to secure American seamen to man the American war-ships. That an American navy worthy of the American people will be built, need no longer be questioned, for both parties of politicians are now committed to such a policy, while a beginning has already been made that must excite the hearty approval of every one who becomes familiar with the matter. To secure for these new ships a force of men who shall represent the brains, the ambition, the courage, and the patriotism of the American people as well as these ships represent the American mechanical genius, is the most important task to which the Secretary of the Navy has addressed himself, for in these days, when the steam winch has taken the

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place of the capstan, and the helix the place of spar and canvas, and the incandescent film the place of the whale oil glim, the picturesque old marline spike salt, with rings in his ears and curls on his shoulders, is not wanted. To get the sort of men that are wanted—the young fellows with a spring in their step and a snap in their eye—a system of shipping apprentices for naval service has been devised, and the object of this article is to tell the lad ambitious of living a sailor's life just what he may expect if he enters the Navy.

Any lad between the ages of fourteen and eighteen who is intelligent and of sound physique is accepted, but if the truth be told the boys from the country, awkward and lubberly though they be and wholly unacquainted with ships and seafaring matters, are the ones received with most favor. The sterling qualities which somehow seem to be developed much more readily in the country than in the city, and which enable the ambitious country bred lad easily to pass the city boy in all other desirable careers, are as serviceable in the Navy as on shore.

To enter the Navy as an apprentice, the boy must first of all obtain the written consent of his legal guardian. As a general rule this guardian must go with the boy to the recruiting station and there make a written declaration of his consent in the matter, though when a boy lives a long way from the station he can write to the captain of the receiving ship and obtain a printed blank for the guardian to fill out. With this in his pocket the boy takes the train for the port where the ship is, and eventually finds his way to the pier.

A handsome young man in the uniform of a sea soldier will be found on the pier (if the boy comes to New York) ready to direct him on board the ship. On the deck another sea soldier will be found ready to take him to the captain or whatever officer may be in charge of the ship. This officer will question him sharply but kindly, to learn whether he is a runaway or not, and also what sort of a character he may have. The boy from the backwoods, frightened half out of his wits by the strangeness of his surroundings and the feeling that he is on trial before a great man, will feel his hopes sink lower and lower with every question. He cannot realize that this same officer was, twenty or thirty years ago, just such an awkward lubber as he is now—that the officer is very likely thinking of his own feelings long ago when he was an applicant for admission to the Naval Academy, and that he is hoping that the shy youngster before him will like the service well enough to make a career there.

From the officer the boy is sent to the surgeon, who strips him and examines him carefully for physical defects. At these examinations an astonishing number of boys are found wanting in some way. Particular attention is given to the eyes, which must distinguish objects and colors at a distance readily. A boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age must be at least four feet nine inches tall, weigh seventy pounds, and measure twenty-six inches around the chest; and one between seventeen and eighteen years must be five feet two inches, weigh one hundred pounds, and measure twenty-nine inches around the chest.

From the doctor the boy goes back to the captain and there he "signs articles"—an agreement to serve faithfully Uncle Sam until twenty-one years old. Then he is sent to the barber who gives him a bath and trims his hair, and then the doctor vaccinates him, after which he is taken to the tailor and measured for his uniform. Uncle Sam presents each boy with clothing and such articles as a tooth brush, blacking brush, blacking, comb, towels, and bedding to the value of forty-five dollars when he enters the navy. The pay of the boy begins from the day he signs articles, and the amount is nine dollars a month and one ration to begin with.

The boy's training begins immediately after he leaves the tailor. He is assigned to a mess with others who have shipped before him, and a hammock which will be his bed thereafter, and a bag which serves instead of a trunk, are given to him. Then he is conducted about the ship and its various parts and their names explained to him.

When this little journey is over, the lad is in a state of mind which the word bewildered but faintly portrays. If not considerably discouraged and homesick he is fortunate. To add to his discomfort some of the more experienced boys are sure to do a little hazing on the quiet, but he will get more of that later.

The youngster is kept on the receiving ship until a squad of twenty has been enlisted. Then the squad is sent off to the training ship *New Hampshire* at Newport,

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Rhode Island, and it is here that the real life of the apprentice is begun. From four hundred to five hundred boys usually can be found here at any time. The *New Hampshire* is simply an old hull with a house built over the greater part of the upper deck. The work of training the boys is done on this ship and on the island adjoining. If the boy does not find the life there a busy one it is because he has a capacity for work that is marvelous.

The day begins with "early daylight-reveille," as the regulations say. The boys are awakened by a bugle blast and must turn out, dress, lash their hammocks, and carry them up on deck to be stowed away in twelve minutes. Then they are served with hot coffee, after which the decks must be cleared up and swept; on certain days dirty clothes must be washed—every boy being his own laundry-man; the decks must be scrubbed and sometimes holystoned, the brass work brightened, the paint work washed, and the bilge water pumped out of the hold. Meantime the cooks must get breakfast and certain of the lads must get the tables ready for breakfast; all must wash their hands and faces. The quartermaster gets the flags ready to send aloft, and by and by, at eight o'clock, there is another musical blast on the bugle, the flags are run aloft and spread to the breeze, the boatswain and his water pipe blow shrilly on their whistles and all hands go to breakfast with such appetites as two hours and a half of work done on the jump will give a healthy boy. Ample time—forty-five minutes—is allowed for the meal. Then there is more washing and cleaning, for an American man-o'-war is the cleanest structure in the world; and finally at nine-thirty all hands are required to stand in lines so the captain and some other officers can take a good look at every one, to see that all are clean and neat. The inspection is continued to the ship as well, and if there is any dirt or any misplaced article woe betide the one who is at fault, for he will have to explain all about it then and there, and most likely before the whole ship's company, and if there is any blame, prompt punishment will follow.

After inspection comes drill. The lads must learn to march, to handle muskets, revolvers, broad-swords, cannon of all sorts, and to go aloft and handle sails. They must learn to knot and splice ropes; to cut, make, and mend sails; to handle oars and boat hooks. They are kept until dinner time at this sort of thing in a way that makes the blood tingle. There is more washing, sweeping, and cleaning about the dinner-hour and then with dinner over they go at the drill again, which, with one hour at English studies for every lad lasts the afternoon out. Supper is served at five o'clock. After supper, boats that are in the water must be hoisted and every thing about the ship put in shape for the night. All hands are again mustered to see that all are there, and at dark the boys get their hammocks and swing them to the hooks. From six to seven every evening, however, a part of the boys must attend to English studies. The course includes arithmetic, geography, writing, history, reading, spelling, and grammar.

During the evening the boys can read or write to friends, or play innocent games. At eight fifty the tattoo is sounded and all hands must turn in. After nine all must keep silence.

While this is an accurate description of the day's routine of an apprentice at Newport, it does not adequately describe his life. Work there is plenty from daylight to dark, and when darkness comes he is tired. But the lad will find that work is not all he will have to think about. In spite of the efforts of the officers the older boys haze the new ones. It is not at all serious hazing but it is annoying. A boy may be required to dance a jig or whistle or sing or "beat time," or do some sort of monkeyshine to please the oldsters. It is not, I am prepared to say after having been through that sort of a thing, at the Naval Academy, half so bad as it is commonly supposed to be.

Every morning at eight forty-five there is a sick-call and those who are ill can go to see the surgeon. This will seem a curious regulation to those who suppose that the time to go to the surgeon is when one is taken ill, without regard to the hour, but the lad must be very sick before he can go to the surgeon at any other hour. Out of five hundred boys, however, there will be a host anxious to shirk drills and studies, and the little rascals will be found so skillful in simulating illness that an expert is needed to detect them. The regulation heads off this class somewhat —they cannot stop work in the middle of a drill to go to the doctor, and because of the regulation never think of such a thing. On

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the other hand the doctor will sometimes think a really sick boy is shamming. Boys with headache from catarrh probably never have a worse time anywhere than in the Navy, for somehow medical examinations seldom seem to reveal to naval doctors the existence of such a disease, so the boy without knowing what ails him suffers on.

As said, the boys have a couple of hours to themselves each evening. If ambitious they can study books on some such specialty as gunnery, torpedoes—what not—and they will find encouragement among the officers and discouragement among their mates. The boy who studies out of hours is jeered at by the others, though in their hearts they respect and admire him if he does it from a real desire to improve himself. If he is simply anxious to gain favor with the officers he will be despised on all sides very soon.

But perhaps the most important event in the life of the apprentice is his first fight. Let no boy who is afraid to use his fists ship as a naval apprentice. He enters the Navy to learn to fight as a man-o'-war's man, and he will have to show his pluck very soon after getting among the five hundred boys on the *New Hampshire*. Theoretically the boys are not allowed to fight, and when caught at it are punished ; but it need scarce be said that officers trained in a fighting service despise a cowardly boy as much as the boy's mates do, and no lad ever lost preferment because he had been punished for fighting, always provided he made a manly fight. The fact that a boy got whipped is nothing against him if he showed good pluck and did his level best. Some of the readers may suppose that a boy with good courage and the Sermon on the Mount in his heart might successfully refuse to fight. We read of such good boys in civil life, sometimes, and the stories say that the good boy who would not fight eventually finds the bad boy's house on fire with the bad boy's little sister imprisoned in the upper story from which he rescues her with much glory. But in the Navy the boy's little sister does not live near enough to the ship to be rescued. Besides in real life it is commonly the bad boys who do the brave deeds of that sort. Let the conscientious boy go into the Navy as Joshua went into Canaan. He will need to give the first heathen he meets a sound drubbing, but after that he can live in peace.

There is no real lack of amusements if there is hard work on the *New Hampshire*. They have an excellent band of musicians, and the boys not only can but must learn to dance. There is a hop once a week, and sometimes oftener. Saturday afternoon being a holiday they have baseball and other contests. They have rowing matches, boxing matches, and fencing matches. They have private theatricals, and sing as well as dance. In short, if a boy does not suffer with homesickness he is pretty certain to think he is having a lot of fun.

On Sunday they have religious services, including a Sunday-school that is pretty nearly non-sectarian.

After from six months to a year on the *New Hampshire* the boys are sent to a cruising training ship like the *Jamestown*. Here the drilling—particularly the drilling in seamanship—which they have had, on a vessel beside a pier, is continued in actual service. They stand watch and watch—that is, four hours on duty and four off. Cruises to the West Indies are made in winter and across the Atlantic in summer. They reef and furl sail through necessity as well as for practice. Targets are put out, the ship is cleared for action, and mock battles are fought. They must live on sea food—a deal more of salt beef, pork, beans, and hard tack is served than of any thing else, but of the food at sea as well as in port it may here be said that it is ample in quantity and good enough for anybody, though by no means all strawberry shortcake and cream or plum duff.

Arriving in a foreign port the lads are allowed, if they have behaved themselves, to go ashore at least once, and not infrequently several times. When the ship returns to the United States the boy can get his first leave of absence to go to his old home and see his parents. He must be back in ten days, however.

After from six months to a year on training ships the boy is likely to be drafted to a regular man o' war. It depends on the boy. The willing and capable lad may get out of the training ship in a year ; others may stay in them for their whole apprenticeship. Few, however, fail to get away in less than two years except the very youngest boys. In the regular man o' war the boy does duty as a regular sailor. Hitherto he has been an apprentice only. When taken on the cruising training ship his pay is advanced to ten dollars a month, and then to eleven dollars.

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On the regular war-ship he is rated as a seaman apprentice of the second class with nineteen dollars a month. Here if attentive to duty he is soon advanced to the first class at twenty-four dollars a month. There he is likely to remain until he is twenty-one years old, for the number of men on a ship is great and the number of petty offices to be filled is small. Nevertheless, the active, cheerful boy who has put in his leisure "bowing" over useful books, and who was always "on deck with stun's'ls set" when he was wanted for any thing, finds the way to further preferment plain and easy. There are petty offices with pay ranging from thirty to sixty dollars a month that must be filled. It is scarcely necessary to say, in spite of the grumbling which one sees in seaport papers, now and then, that the officers in the Navy invariably give the Yankee apprentice the first chance when "soft billets" are to be given out; the officers have every inducement to encourage American boys, and their prejudices are naturally in favor of the Yankee boy instead of against him.

Arriving at his majority the apprentice may go home and stay if he wishes. If he should come back in three months he will be taken and his pay made one dollar a month more than it was when he left. He may now hope for still further advancement. He may become a warrant officer such as a boatswain, a sailmaker, or a gunner at from twelve hundred dollars to eighteen hundred dollars a year, with corresponding privileges though of course only the few get these offices and, unfortunately, political influence at Washington will help rather more than native ability and training.

On the whole, then, some lad may ask, is a career as a naval seaman one to arouse the ambition of an American boy? That depends on the boy, for the life has some serious drawbacks.

The naval seaman must never think of having a wife and home. He must make the ship his home so continuously that he will be lucky if he is able to spend one full day in a month on shore when the ship is in port,—he may sail the world over but never be allowed to spend over forty-eight hours on shore in a foreign port,—and he may visit many foreign ports without getting ashore in them at all. The traveling done by a naval seaman cultivates the mind very little. He will be constantly subjected to a discipline that will bring punishment to the best of men, and he may in rare cases be under a brutal officer and suffer unjustly. But to the mind of the true American the one consideration which above all others should keep him out of the Navy is the law that provides that only graduates of the Naval Academy shall receive commissions as naval officers. The American seaman, no matter what his talent, industry, and accomplishments, must forever go about the decks acknowledging by the servile sign called the salute his inferiority to a class above him. For the midshipman to salute the admiral is not degrading to the midshipman for some day the midshipman may wear the admiral's lace, but for the American boy to admit and constantly parade his admission that he is of a class that is and must remain inferior to another class is humiliating alike to the inferior class and the people who boast of political equality.

Nevertheless there are plenty of boys who would be far better off in the Navy than they ever will be in civil life. There is a vast difference between the clean, healthy ship and the dark, ill-ventilated factory and tenement, not to mention more noisome places in which hundreds of men must labor on shore. The discipline of the ship may be strict but it is by no means as bad as the domineering of brutal foremen. Naval seamen have to salute a superior officer but they do not have to drop their tools and go home moneyless to hungry families at the dictation of a supercilious and perhaps drunken walking delegate. The sailor misses some of the comforts of the man with a good wife and children, but he never weeps over tiny graves; and shrews and deserted firesides have no terrors for him. He has food, shelter, and clothing that are ample and attractive. He is such a healthy, hearty, lusty fellow that he is a favorite with the gentler sex the world over. He grows old slowly, and when at last white hairs do come, the wrinkles in his face lie across his forehead and in crow's feet about his eyes and curve upward from the corners of his mouth.

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THE WRITTEN EXAMINATION AND GOOD LITERATURE.

BY MARY E. BURT.

FENELON relates that when the father of Plato wished to have his son educated he took him to Socrates, who, by some strange coincidence, had dreamed the night before that he bore in his bosom a young swan which as soon as the feathers came upon it displayed its wings, and singing with inexpressible sweetness raised itself into the highest regions of air, soaring with intrepid flight. Socrates never doubted that the swan typified Plato and the boundless fame he was destined to enjoy.

If Socrates had been a modern pedagogue instead of the grand old sage that he was, his dream would doubtless have taken on a different form. He would have caught the imaginary swan, pulled out all of its feathers, converted the quills into pens, and set the featherless body to work to pass a written examination on the song it had never sung. So would Socrates have lost the song and so would Plato have lost the power to sing.

In the history of education there is no phase more curious than the development of the practice of crowding from sixty to eighty little children into a close school-room and cramping their wee hands with pens and pencils in order to make them express ideas they never have had.

How such a pernicious habit could have superimposed itself upon what is supposed to be the thinking class of the community, how it could have grown out of the old way of learning in the open air in the free enjoyment of life and of wise conversation, defies all laws of psychology and of evolution. When Herod caused the slaughter of the innocents, he chose a wise and noble method. He might have shown himself less of a gentleman. He might have cooped up the babies in a school-room, pressed pens and pencils into their chubby fists and compelled them to pass an examination on the conditions around them or the mysteries back of them, the transmigration of their souls over into this world of "absolute knowledge." For how can a baby go on and learn any thing new unless it can definitely account for what went before? And when Herod found out that the infants knew nothing whatever either of this strange world or the strange world whence they came, he might have huddled them "back into the lower grade" to be crammed and crowded and oppressed with thoughts (?), the necessary conditions for producing which, had never been presented to them. After this Herod might have called a council to discuss the question, "Why have our children no reasoning ability?" Yes, Herod might have shown himself far less of a gentleman than he was. It is worth a great deal to a child to be killed at once rather than by gentle indirections.

Little Joe, seven years old, was the child of poor working people who regarded a public school as the Greeks look upon Mount Olympus. To them it was the home of the gods. Little Joe was a sturdy fellow, quiet and timid, but careful and diligent in his work. The whole year through he had studied his lessons with that patient fidelity which only a child can give. Being a foreigner, the silent letters and the capitals became sadly mixed in his mind. When examination day came the capital letters were erased from the blackboard that the children might not have them for reference to help them through. It was a part of their grade work that they should know the capital letters, and a part of the school system that each principal should be required to demand that "certain amount of absolute knowledge."

The principal came in and the examination began. Little Joe's pale face showed a world of anxiety. What if he should fail! What would father and mother say! "Mouse," pronounced the principal, and little Joe's trembling fingers wrote "mouse." He began to tremble. Might there not be a mistake about the silent letter at the end of the word? He greatly feared it. The tears came into his eyes and rolled in large drops over his earnest little face. "Peter," was the next word pronounced for the babies to write. Little Joe looked up with hopeless despair. He began to cry and raised his hand in a helpless appeal for aid. Upon being asked, "What is the matter, Joe?" he replied, "I—I forget how to make a capital

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P," sobbing as though his heart would break. The principal, with more heart for the child than respect for the demand of the school-system for "absolute knowledge," placed a capital *P* on the blackboard and "Peter" was spelled. But the child's peace of mind was gone and the curse of childhood, a dread of the written examination, was upon him. He had fairly earned a right to promotion by his diligence as well as by his intelligence through the year, struggling with the difficulties of a strange tongue, and now, at last, he received his promotion as a beggar receives alms, through the *charity* of his teachers. Little Joe left school before he was ten years of age to begin earning a living, without the ability to tell a good book from a bad one, and thoroughly affected with the examination fright which like a cancer has for years been eating the vitality out of public schools; indeed it is the thief which has stolen hours and hours from children, hours which ought to have been devoted to acquiring a taste for good reading; hours when they might have developed a power to sing songs grander than Plato's.

The tendency of the written examination is to make boys disgusted with school-work and drive them to seek relief in any thing that presents life. They will haunt saloons in preference to entering the school-room. And girls will waste their time in gossiping over their "marks" instead of discussing the subject matter of their lessons, a habit which leads on to worse subjects of gossip. And so the saloons and circles for small talk are filled and the public libraries are emptied. Not long since I passed some pupils on the street who were going to a school where written examinations were held once a month. I noticed that the children were speaking in loud and angry tones about their "marks." One girl "had the same answer" that another girl had, "but was marked lower," and a boy knew that his paper was better than that of some other pupil who received a higher mark. One pupil "never had a moment at home" for her outside duties or pleasures, "could not practice a music lesson half an hour a day for fear of failing at examination."

Two blocks from these scolding little creatures I met a large number of children going to a school where examinations were not considered right. Some little children were investigating a small patch of ground to study the habits of the earth-worm, another set watched a bird curiously, while older ones were discussing literary topics.

The barrenness of the thought of those children who went to the first school, the anger in their tones, the lassitude of their walk, were expositions of thé viciousness of the system under which they were struggling, and it was all the more marked when put in contrast with the fine quality of feeling, the vigor and fertility of thought, and the abundance of "absolute knowledge" of the children who were not under the curse.

The presumption of the written examination is not unlike that of the vulture which ate out the vitals of Prometheus as fast as they could grow in; it is the quality of presumption which would destroy all the heavenly fire which the god would gladly bring down to men. No sooner does a child get an idea started than the examination swoops down to drag forth its roots to daylight that they may be fumbled over and killed with criticism. Does the child get a thought sprouted on Monday, does it grow a little on Tuesday and a little more on Wednesday, it must surely be pulled up on Thursday and subjected to a written examination, that the teacher may have proof that it is really there, and that she may know exactly what condition it is in. And this poor little green apple is called a *result*. As long as law sanctions and encourages green fruit being brought to market we need never hope for the Golden Apples of Hesperides, the well-rounded thought which comes from seeing widely enough to take in things in their relations. That this can be done "once a month" or "once a year" is the height of absurdity.

The various theories concerning the utility of the written examination are equally pitiful and false. That it "prepares the children to express their thoughts more clearly" on paper; that it "accustoms them to written examinations so that they will, in after life, have no fear of it if called upon to meet the teachers' examination or the civil service examination." So far from enabling a child to express his thoughts more clearly, it deprives him of the power to express his thought in any manner; it deprives him of any thought to express; and it no more prepares him to bear an examination in later life than an attack of malarial fever fits him to meet an attack of the small-pox.

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Two hundred and thirty high school graduates were examined at one time for teachers and only one "passed." That one was a girl who had never had a written lesson in her life until nearly thirteen years of age. She had spent her early years in reading and had been kept out of the public schools. It is not the business of schools to overstock the market with civil service clerks and teachers or other professional people; it is their office to let children develop into "all-round men and women." Written examinations destroy the nerves of children, injure their sight, and break up their sense of entirety, giving them the idea that a thing can be "finished." A child often "finishes" a subject which a philosopher can never finish though he devote his life to it. Written examinations destroy the muscles of children. I have seen the muscles in the wrist of a young girl throb violently from this cause—so that she was obliged to choose between school work and taking music lessons. Written examinations induce sleeplessness in children and destroy the best powers of teachers, taking from them the chance of that broad culture which comes through reading the great books of the world—the books which stand for power. The written examination is only a prod, to goad on children and teachers as a cowboy goads on his cattle. In the hands of a teacher it is a prod to drive children home at night to have their parents teach them so that they can recite at school instead of learning at school. In the hands of a principal it is a prod whereby to drive the teacher. Under its sting no teaching is done in the school-room. The teaching is done by the parent at home, and the school-room is merely the place where children parade night-work done by themselves or their parents. The written examination is not a factor in the development of thought, it is only a bell-punch to record results. It has nothing whatever to do with placing conditions clearly before a child's mind that he may come to independent conclusions,—which is real teaching. The written examination is one of the chief factors in driving children out of school at an early age "to go to work." In one city, in one year 16,776 children left school between January and June, in time to escape the yearly examination. And out of 63,372 primary children only 14,203 reached the grammar grades. More than fifty per cent of the children leave school before the age of twelve and they go without the judgment to choose between a great book and a poor one. The child who leaves school, even at the age of ten years, if he have the ability and the taste, to select a good book and the hunger to read it, is educated. He is educated in that he is started in the way of self-education; better educated than the man of twenty-five years, the college graduate, who has gone through the grind but has acquired no taste for reading. There will never be a close relation between public schools and good literature so long as children feel that they must smuggle books into school and read them on the sly. This has been the record of the past. And there will be little relation between the public schools and education as long as children are made to think that text-books are real books. Take as an illustration those schools where some pitiful school-reader is the "bread and butter" of the work and the classic only a rare condiment; the school-reader the *standard*, and Shakspere or Homer only a "supplementary reader." Shakspere, Homer, Dante, Hawthorne,—only supplementary to Goosey Gander and Dick Twaddler! Or as a worse illustration the schools where even the supplementary readers are another variety of text-books, the classics not having even the shadow of a chance on the supplementary list, the list whose original office it was to open a back door for the classics to come in, even though they had to sneak in like forlorn beggars and tramps in a sort of apologetic way. Less than ten years ago I used to feel guilty of misappropriating school time if I allowed a child to read a book in school unless it was a text-book. In those days I often told my pupils that while I considered it right for them to read "Tanglewood Tales" and similar books in school hours, it was not at all certain in my mind that I should not be severely criticised if they were found reading instead of studying. Even then I would not compel a child to put away his real book for his text-book, preferring the censure if it should come, to the credit of getting the pupils to be interested in text-books. It is doubtful whether any good ever comes through taking from the child the book in which he is absorbed to replace it with one which is less interesting. If any book must go, it might much better be the text-book than the standard author.

Children ought to have at least one hour a day out of the five hours of school time for

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"solid comfort" in reading some masterpiece of literature. A child of six years is much better off with "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella," and "Puss in Boots" than he is with a half dozen varieties of little readers or a pile of blocks. At seven he might much better amuse himself with Andersen's "Fairy Tales" or Scudder's "Folk Lore," than to be troubling himself about a column of words in his second reader. And as he goes on in years it is vastly more to his advantage to become familiar with Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, and stories from the old classics than to waste time in trying to evade the Least Common Multiple, or the Greatest Common Divisor, or in computing the cost of an impossible brick wall by some method which contractors in brick laugh at.

A good book carefully read and discussed, will furnish far better thought for abstracts and essays and serve higher purposes than the written examination. For the purpose of the latter is not to show whether the child is conversant with the subject or not; its office is to compare his little knowledge with the little knowledge of the examiner. This is no test of "absolute knowledge." "That your little knowledge does not happen to be the same as my little knowledge is no proof that I have none." One of the most successful of our school principals once said, "If I had a dull pupil whom I wished to brighten up I would do nothing during the first six months but entertain him with interesting reading." People who try to develop reason in a child before developing imagination, begin at the wrong end. A child must imagine a thing before he can reason about it. The child who has had his conscious activity aroused through Pilgrim's Progress or Robinson Crusoe is much better fitted to attack Longitude and Time or Relative Pronouns than the child who has been kept at work reducing common fractions to circulating decimals. The dullest pupil in mathematics I have ever seen, the boy who declared that he was "tired of life because there was so much arithmetic in it," but persistently read Shakspere and Burns, soon mastered arithmetic when it became necessary, that he might accept a position as teacher in a high school. People will always learn arithmetic as soon as they need to use it if they know how to read; but the reverse is not true. No child brought up on cube roots and square roots thereby attains the power to master the great thoughts which lie in poetry and science. The poetic, the artistic intelligence, is master of the mathematical, but the mathematical cannot in the least comprehend the poetic or the artistic. An artist can draw all the curves and straight lines used by the mechanic, with no trouble whatever, because it is a matter of rules and rulers. But when the mechanic undertakes to apply his rules and rulers to the subtle and complex imageries of the artist he shows at once his awkward limitations. The written examination creates low desires in the child. He prides himself on "standing above" his comrade who has a lower mark; whereas the masterpiece of literature creates in him a longing to share equally with his companion the great thoughts of the world. The examination furnishes him with low standards. He works for small desultory knowledge instead of the power to get large knowledge; he does not see that the thing he is trying to get is good, in and of itself, worthy of all his efforts. The mark—the symbol—is what he strives for and not the thing symbolized. And it is equally true of teachers who work to pass the teacher's examination, deserting real culture for textbook examinations, selling the soul to redeem the body. It is a pitiable condition when a teacher can offer no higher inducement to a child than that he may "fail" if he does not study. It is pitiable, too, when a Board of School Commissioners can find nothing greater in the broad culture which speaks for itself than in the small samples of "absolute knowledge" obtained in answers to examination questions. And it is pitiable also when a teacher does not know "how to grade" a child except through a written examination. Even a wild bird has judgment enough to push the strongest fledgeling out of the nest first.

That good literature in the public schools and the written examination are in antagonistic relation is proved by the fact that whereever the examination craze begins to die out a literary impulse sets in. Good books are no longer smuggled into the school-room and vicious reading is crowded out. In Chicago it is noticeably true that since the written examination has been discouraged among the children, there has been a general literary movement in primary and grammar grades. This literary movement, however, will not mean all that it should mean until a higher motive underlies it than getting ac-

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quainted with books merely. Reading too long has been nothing but word-getting, and now it threatens to become mere book-getting. Although it is a great step in advance, to read that one may know books rather than "to recognize words at sight," yet there is no reason why reading, even in the primary grades, should not serve as a foundation for a systematic knowledge of the world's literature. The thought of to-day is a development of the thought of the past and there are related parts in each epoch of the world's literature which should become foundation stones in a child's knowledge as soon or even before he b gins t read. There are other related parts which follow in natural sequence at every point of his growth. Good desultory reading is better than bad desultory reading but a syst:m which will give the child a right idea of the growth of literature is more economical and more practical than either. Such a system would do away with much of the unimportant reading which is done, the reading that tends nowhere. The development of material forces, the history of the earth and its geography would lie back of it and the development of the soul before it. Both child and teacher would eventually realize that education is a seamless robe, in which all parts are harmoniously related; and that the chief end of reading is to unite all the strength which lies back of us to our own, making us live many lives where we lived but one before, giving us new courage, greater helpfulness, finer sensibilities and surer faith. Such a system admits of no written examination any more than a healthy body admits of constant vivisection that the circulation of the blood may be investigated.

It implies the education of the hand to help the head, an education of the head to help the heart and soul, and the education of the soul to transmit more truly "the Light of the Immortal Dawn."

CRISPI'S WRITINGS AND ORATIONS.

BY SIGMUND MÜNZ.

Translated from the "Deutsche Rundschau" for "The Chautauquan."

IN the evening of his ife the Italian premier steps into public notice with a collection of his writings and orations. These bear witness - th silence as to the eloquence of the Sicilian, who for more than three years has stood at the head of the government.

If we recall that Cavour while he was in parliament, which was only about ten years, produced eleven extensive volumes, and that he was also a fruitful political and economic writer, we cannot but be astonished to find that Francesco Crispi, a politician for forty years, who has had thirty years of parliamentary activity to look back on, to-day cannot show more than seven hundred and sixty-five printed pages, both written and spoken. To be sure the speeches which the Sicilian made in the Chamber, and the articles which he has contributed to the Italian journals, in so far as they are only an echo of the events of the day, are not included in the volume which is just now brought to the light of publicity; but the impression constantly forces itself upon us that the historian and speaker in Crispi is not disproportionately less fruitful than in Cavour, nor even than in D'Azeglio and Minghetti, those masters of the pen, nor, perhaps, Depretis and Cairoli, his immediate predecessors in rule. There are not a few in Italy who think that Crispi has done more for his native land than them all. But that he has written much more for his country, nobody will assert.

In reality the great Sicilian is neither a great historian nor a great orator. He stammers and hesitates, he speaks and writes with difficulty. Unlike the great field-marshal, Von Moltke, he does not compensate us with masterly writings for his short speeches. For in them is more labor than skill. Crispi certainly is always very real, but always somewhat awkward. He makes us anticipate what he wishes to say, but he is not able to represent it in expressive words and figures, as Prince Bismarck. For several decades character-readers have seen in the historian and speaker Crispi a man of deeds; we may see to-day that he has won laurels more by deeds than by words.

The greater part of Crispi's history relates

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to his narrow native land, the island of Sicily. He was engaged for more than ten years in securing its release from the yoke of the Bourbon dynasty. It is in a variety of ways, by accounts of historical facts, by the publication of new documents, by the story of the Revolution of 1848 in Sicily, by a study of the management of the communities in Italy in general and in the kingdom of both Sicilies in particular, that the son of this volcanic island seeks to impress the fact that his native island followed a law of political necessity when it joined Piedmont in order to be free. And so when the revolutionary struggle of Sicily was first crowned with success in 1860 by the landing in Marsalia of Garibaldi with his "Thousand" followers, Crispi's attachment to his native country finds an energetic and at the same time personal expression in the journal which he conducted directly for the Garibaldian movement, and through which he played an important part with the dictator. He made no secret of the fact that so far as he had only the deposition of the Bourbons in sight, he was a Republican and an implicit disciple of Mazzini; but he desired to free Sicily in Victor Emanuel's name. That he was for "union" bristles in every line of his writings, also that from the first day he took action in politics he was for a united Italy and not a federative; he gladly sacrificed the autonomy of Sicily on the altar of united Italy.

In his writings only a few words about Cavour are found. In the beginning of his career he hated the great Piedmontese whom he suspected of wishing to conquer for Sardinia the southern states—Naples and Sicily—and of degrading them to a province instead of winning them to be with Piedmont and Liguria equal and necessary elements in the one great organism, Italy. For in the states Francesco Crispi saw the nucleus for Italy's future union. He preferred and admired Garibaldi to whom he remained true long after he had left Mazzini, the Republican. Yet he respected his opponent Mazzini and felt that he was not without purpose in the school of great Genoese revolutionists.

The revolution was Francesco Crispi's first step in political life. In his earliest writings he discusses in very bitter language the ruling dynasty in Naples, and the oppressive magistrates in Palermo, also European diplomacy and the political authority of Turin. Cavalier Fortunato, a pliant tool of the Bourbon dynasty, struck a sharp blow against the Sicilian champions of freedom, in Lord William Temple's diplomatic communication, and sought to bring them into disrepute in Europe. When Crispi, then living in exile in Turin, wrote the memoir of the revolution in Sicily, he denounced Fortunato in a vigorous attack. At thirty years of age he already counted in the scales of the revolution. He became a member of the general parliament in Palermo, with a determination to depose the ruling dynasty, and when after Messina, Catania, and Palermo had capitulated, he declared in his journal *L'Apostolato* against the reconciliation of the islanders with the Bourbons, he was banished to Piedmont, where he supported himself as an associate on a democratic journal.

In his memoir of the Sicilian revolution, Crispi's language is that of a revolutionist. He certainly does not speak from the prophetic pedestal of Mazzini, who, after he had preached enough in the terminology of his predecessors, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, when he had warned and threatened, willingly mounted the Pythian tripod, and served the people to the mythical language of the oracle; but Francesco Crispi was pathetic in every phase of his life. "Justice will come to every man!" he once exclaimed, and though usually dry and matter-of-fact sometimes he falls into the declamatory style of the *Tribune*.

He defines the Moderates as men with only half measures, and he was too young to grasp the power of the golden mean which certain celebrated patriots of Piedmont professed. In his extensive writings on Mazzini, entitled *Repubblica e Monarchia*, the statesman in Crispi first spoke. He seldom argues. He simply states his views; but in his letter to Mazzini he knows how to limit himself, for he addresses the master. Though Mazzini, the Republican, so Crispi calls him, has openly retracted all friendship to him, the Monarchist, he will not take to him this letter of renunciation from the man, whom he honors, but will take pains to write *con animo amico*. He had turned to the monarchy only because in this form he saw the promise of Italy's union. "The monarchy unites us, the republic would divide us!" This thesis he now sought to demonstrate in nineteen capitals.

He energetically attacks Mazzini's Repub-

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licanism from his past life. In principle a Republican, even as Mazzini was, so Crispi wrote, he had been induced to serve the monarchy for the fulfillment of the aim of his life,—the union of Italy. And Mazzini's alliance with the monarchy would have been by no means the first change, the change of immaturity, in the agitator's public life, but he had first turned to the Savoy dynasty, after he had hoped in vain for the fulfillment of his wish by the Pope. Already, 1831, Mazzini in vain had called to King Karl Albert: *Uniteci, Sire!* (Unite us, Sir!) Fifteen years went by, and when Pius IX. ascended the throne, the Italian gave himself up to the delusion that this count from Sinigaglia would use the great moral power in his hands for the restoration of his fallen country.

Mazzini lived in this presumption, and in a letter dated September 8, 1847, which went the rounds of Europe, he entreats the pontiff: "Unite Italy, your fatherland. There are those whom you need only bless to win them to work for you in your name." In vain, the contrary happened; then Mazzini freely announced a political porgram, which he sent to his contemporaries: That in the first place he advocated the expulsion of foreign masteries, in the second place the unity of his native land, and in the third place, a form of state which would be fitting to a new kingdom. He promised that government his support which should undertake to free Italy.

In one unusually flowery speech Crispi defines an Italian as a man whom in former days people generally designated as a "geographical conception." He says, "Centuries have dismembered our poor country; it might be compared to a polyp, which cut to pieces lives on in the individual parts of which it now consists; without recognizing that the parts belong to a whole, it lives an independent and almost natural life." Yet even in Italy enslaved by the stranger and torn into many kingdoms there is a national spirit, which at times beams out from the night of foreign rule with light and warmth. From that day when Italy stands united there will be forever no first and no last, no conquerors and no vassals. Sicily swimming in the farthest sea will be just as free as Sardinia, this old royal estate of the House of Savoy, and Palermo and Messina shall play no less a part in the new united kingdom than Turin and Genoa.

It makes Francesco Crispi burn with patriotic scorn, to think that these Piedmontians, these champions in the strife for union, may have supremacy over the southern lands. He speaks of them with contempt as the *emissari piemontesi*—and he seeks to forget that the north was intellectually divided from the south, that not only Cavour and Victor Emanuel, but also Garibaldi and Mazzini, these leaders of the whole national movement were northerners.

Rather more interesting than his historical publications are the notes on the events of the time which he took down in his note-book. His *Diario* is eighty pages in length. The first part of the note-book was made on an excursion to Sicily that he took in the summer of 1859 from London, where he lived in Mazzini's neighborhood, and where in conjunction with him he agitated for an insurrection against the Bourbons. The Lombards were already freed from the Austrian yoke, but the lion of San Marco and the Roman wolf, Naples and Sicily, yet languished in chains. In accordance with Crispi's agreement with his Sicilian countrymen, they were to free themselves, October 4, from the Bourbons. From London, where he had arrived meanwhile, Crispi betook himself in the disguise and with the pass of a certain Tobia Olivaie who was a Maltese by birth but an English subject. The revolt which was appointed for October 4, was postponed till October 12. The Sicilian embarked October 8 for Marseilles in the ship *Carmel*, on board of which he became acquainted with both the Lenormants, Charles the archæologist, and his son Francis, the Orientalist.

Arriving at Messina October 11, Crispi learned that his colleagues in Palermo had again postponed the insurrection. Cast down by this unwelcome news, he determined to set out for Greece. He returned to his native land and with resignation embarked for the Piræus. The journey unexpectedly consumed more than two weeks, and not till October 27 did he bid farewell to the coasts of Greece. Then he went to Malta, Gibraltar, and Spain, returning to Italy in December.

He improved the short time he had to spend in Athens. His intercourse with Lenormant, with the French philanthropist and historian Appert (known for his study of convict life) and with the Greek revolutionist Rigopoulo, greatly urged him on. As an Italian patriot he cherished the greatest sympathy for all

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Hellenic patriots who cherished the hope that the dreams which so many philhellenes had dreamed on the ruins of the Acropolis, would yet be fulfilled. The Greek patriots joyfully followed the events of the Lombardy battle-fields, for in Turin as in Athens they fought for national principle. At the time when Crispi was in Greece, the Bavarian prince Otto resided as monarch in Athens; but the throne stood on a weak foundation and soon collapsed under the blow of the revolution. In vain the patriots besought the protecting power who watched over Greece to grant the land its "natural boundaries." Years passed by before the adjoining islands, and decades before certain parts of Thessaly and Epirus, became Greek. Then they wished to see not only Thessaly and Epirus but also Crete united in the Hellenic nation. In this note-book he records these things. Perhaps in his later years, when on account of the revolt in Crete against the Turkish power Crispi was condemned to refuse to heed in a few words, the complaints of Greece against the Turks in the interest of the *status quo* and of European freedom, perhaps then for the first time he recognized that the statesman often must act differently than the revolutionist desires. Crispi's journals are noted neither for style nor matter, but they touch us by their simplicity and by the strong conviction of the one who wrote them in troublous days.

In Crispi's diary on Greece we see the dreams of the idealist partly freed from the views of the practical politician, who sees in the question of the Orient the source of great future complication. The statesman of the present has thrown away many of the opinions of that day, but as a deputy and a minister he must recognize even to-day that the independence of the Balkan states and their federative union is a thing which certainly yet lies far in the distance.

The revolutionist gradually developed into the deputy, fixed his eyes on practical aims, and was doomed for about a quarter of a century to speak from the benches of the opposition against the government.

After this period, when a man of almost sixty years, he lays down his political program. The Cabinet of Minghetti had fallen and Depretis at that time a sympathizer of Crispi's, took the government March 25, 1876. Then Crispi sought in his history which was entitled *I Doveri del Gabinetto del 25. Marzo*, to instruct the new premier as to his duties, and it was an acknowledgement of very radical coloring that he gave at that time, scarcely fifteen years ago.

"Italians," he says, "should become the saxons of the Latin race." He opposes "*Stato-provvidenza*" to "*Stato-authorität*," and wishes that the state were only a "precaution" and not "authority." "Often believers in authority speak of the rights of states. That is their mistake. The state has no right and can have none. It received from the people authority for the enactment of the functions allotted to it, and the people which oversteps the limits of its share of authority and surrenders its rights to the state is not worthy of freedom, but with its hands builds the foundation for despotism and slavery." Crispi desires an energetic cure for the so-called state-organism which has become weak through long ruling—he demands an *Instauratio ab imis*. He ironically calls the senate the churchyard of the Upper House, in which the *Patres conscripti* had buried all the reforms which signified advance. But to-day every thing remains as then in spite of his rule now of several years.

Crispi complained also that in united Italy justice was exercised by three distinct orders of penal justice, to-day he can show with satisfaction that early in the beginning of his rule he gave the land a uniform penal justice. In the publication of 1876 Crispi says further that Italy exists as a political unity but he still feels the want of moral unity. Italy cannot compare in military strength with France and Prussia. "This official Italy has shown masterly pages in her military records, on which she can pride herself, but there are only sublime passages in a poem, and no poem. . . . . In the three wars from 1848 to 1866 which we have fought against Austria alone, we have never conquered. Yet the annals of these eighteen years are striking: they begin with Custozza, they close with Custozza, and Novara is in the midst. Palestro and San Martino, Calata Fimi and the Volturno, Castel Fidardo and Tirol can never wipe out our defeat."

Perhaps now that he is old, Crispi does not consider ripe enough for publication most of the lectures which he gave in earlier years. The *Discorsi* in the present work include almost exclusively lectures from the

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eighth and ninth decades of our century. The first is his lecture on "The National Unity with the Monarchy," given in 1884 in the *Collegio Romana* for the benefit of the fund for poor students; the premier concluded the collection with the political program which he apparently had prepared in honor of a feast prepared for him in the *Politeama* at Florence. The statesman defended Italy's alliance with the central powers against the doubtful zealots whose struggle was for a league with France. Repeatedly the speaker alludes to the relation of nationality to religion, and here he completely departs from the ground of positive confession and takes his stand on a thoroughly rational standpoint. In so far as the pope claims temporal power he wishes to recognize no equality of state with the bearers of the tiara. Seldom in Italy has a minister been elected with such power to lay bare the fundamental idea of conflict between Quirinal and Vatican.

A sympathetic background to Francesco Crispi's political eloquence is his excursion into the region of Italian art. Under the title *Discorsi sull' arte* two lectures are united, which he gave in the presence of two Italian kings, the one in Venice the other in Bologna. In Venice, as Minister of the Interior he presented *Esposizione nazionale di belle arti e di arti industriali* in Bologna, then as premier he presented *Esposizione regionale emiliana* (Exhibition of the region surrounding the Emilia). The speaker refutes the opinion that the arts enervate a people and that it is a historical law that Sparta without her muses would conquer Athens with her muses. Art does not create, but only depicts, men's deeds and thoughts; but these already must have arrived at a height of development in order to inspire art. "Pure art is history—history in its most attractive and sublimest form." Also the speaker expects that one day Italian art will tell the world how Italy had become a modern state. Besides, even before there was a modern Italy, art is that high plateau from which in an instant, when all Europe had sworn to erase the name Italy from the world's history, Freedom fled to descend reinforced into the field of battle. "When thought was doomed by us to remain dumb then Spartacus from his marble hurled down the sword of revolution and inflamed the hearts." To him art is not only the most attractive expression of national might but also the noblest witness of it.

The artist instinct, which is prominent in Francesco Crispi, has perhaps compelled him to sometimes free himself from political chains, and to step out of the polluted party atmosphere into the pure sphere of mankind. In a memorial, which he gave January 16, 1887, on the invitation of the *Associazione della Stampa* in honor of Marco Minghetti who had died shortly before, it is a man who honors a man. For ten years he opposed Minghetti as the leader of the right, but now, since the noble Bolognese has breathed out his soul, he recognizes his great virtue and feels the obligation of making public apology, that some time in life he had done this loyal soul wrong. He said: "I must confess it was a beautiful deed to struggle against Marco Minghetti. He was the noblest knight of Italian parliament. He fought, fought many times also with passion but he honored his opponent and did not injure him." He who once had been so intolerant of adversaries in public life, learned to comprehend Minghetti's personality. In the logical sequence of political development, he sees that even the point of view which the deceased had taken was authorized. Minghetti trusted in the victory of a mighty advance, Crispi in the victory of revolution and now in the evening of his life he recognizes, while he quietly looks back on his tempestuous existence that many roads lead to Rome; that both, the moderate Minghetti, who with discretion wandered in the city of the Tiber and often made peace, and himself, who hurried about the capital passionately, but often out of breath, alike eventually would arrive at the *Porta pia*. He sees that no party can say that it alone has made the country; that all parties together have worked for the erection of this great structure.

Somewhat like D'Azeglio, Minghetti was a literary statesman of fine esthetic taste, and in portraying this artistical side of the hero, Crispi sketches also the ideal of an historian and orator as he conceives it. He demands of the national historian *misura*, *italianità*, *classicità*. He says: "The elegance of the historian and orator seems to me like that which mathematicians find in those demonstrations which lead to a conclusion by the shortest and often the most unusual way." This ideal may indeed always have hovered before the orator and his-

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torian Crispi; but his spoken or written word never reached this high artistical aim so nearly that, like Guizot or Thiers or only like D'Azeglio or Minghetti, he opposed a formal finishing. Crispi's orations and writings cannot be estimated by a criticism from an esthetic point of view. The statesman does not deceive his readers although he prefaces his work with the self-chosen motto: "Italy has found how to solve the problem of uniting the democracy with supreme power." This acknowledgement of his politics reveals itself more in every sentence he has spoken, in every line he has written.

APRIL FRIENDS.

BY EMMA P. SEABURY.

I HAVE some friends like April days,
That to and fro across the years,
Drift in the fitful sun and shade,
Now distant, fading as a star,
Now greeting me with tender phrase,
With wafted kiss and song of cheer,
With promise that love's spring has made
Of summers blossoming afar.

I watch on life's horizon edge,
Their white sails come, and fade away,
I think of them on winter nights,
With storms abroad, as with a thrill
I think of spring and blooming hedge;
I do not ask for them to stay,
I am their voyage harbor lights,
They wander at their own sweet will.

They bring the breath of fairy isles,
The fruits, from realms beyond my own,
The songs of birds of Paradise,
From regions I but know in dreams;
They freight my little craft with smiles,
That drifts on inland seas alone,
I see the breadth of wider skies,
I hear the voice of far off streams.

I miss them, long for them to come,
But as the violets hope and wait,
As folded germs, on patient trees;
I know each welcome face I'll see;
That life will sing that now is dumb;
That love will bring them, soon or late.
Oh fill their sails sweet April breeze
And waft my April friends to me.

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Woman's Council Table.

A SYMPOSIUM—WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

PRO

By Lucy Stone.

A MOVEMENT for woman suffrage is part of the world-wide movement for equal human rights. This began by asking for women better work, better wages, higher education, kinder laws, and a voice in deciding what the laws should be. During the forty years and more since these claims began to be made, almost every thing asked for has been secured, except the right to vote.

The request for each of these was reasonable and just. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom had been superseded by machinery. Only a few ill-paid occupations were open to a woman. The dress-maker could command only 33 cents a day. The tailoress, going from house to house, had fifty cents a day. The teacher in the summer school had a dollar a week, and "boarded round." The winter school was thought to be "too much for a woman." These occupations, with the housework, which had no money value for the house-mother and her daughters who did it, were all, or nearly all, the avenues open to women. Hence these were over-crowded. But the attempt to open other occupations which had not hitherto been pursued by women was met with the fiercest opposition. Printers' unions were formed, with the pledge that they would not work for any man who employed women. A dry-goods store in Maine, which employed a woman, was boycotted by the men, and good women of the neighborhood warned the merchant of his sin in taking women out of their sphere. Any woman who undertook a new occupation was sneered at by men, while other women who were better off told her that she "ought to be ashamed of herself." The dread of being in a false and unwomanly position was as great then as it is now. But the bitter need for bread forced women into new occupations. They learned, slowly and with a great deal of encouragement from the reformers, to believe that whatever was fit to be done at all might with propriety be done by anybody who could do it well. By little and by little, with opposition at every step, new occupations were entered upon, until to-day the statistics of Carroll D. Wright in the Labor Bureau show more than three hundred occupations open to women, and everybody now sees the wisdom and the justice of it.

The effort for higher education was denounced in the same way. So strong was the reverence for the sphere of woman, and the dread of flying in the face of Providence, that even coarse men, staggering and drunken, swore they would not allow women to get out of their sphere, and mobbed the women who seemed to them to be attempting it. Women were told that the opportunities for education which they already had were "enough for a woman"; that, if they would know any thing, they should ask their husbands at home. They were not instructed what to do if their husbands could not tell them. The dread of being called "strong-minded" or a "blue-stocking" stood like a dragon in women's way. But the capacity for education was guarantee for its possession sooner or later. Oberlin opened its doors to women and negroes on the same terms as to white men. To-day most of the colleges are open to women, and several of those which are not yet open have an "annex." Women stand in the front rank in scholarship in all the colleges. The facts have justified the plea for higher education. Everybody now sees the advantage of it.

The demand for kinder laws was emphasized and enforced by an exhibit of the laws themselves. The old common law was held up to the public gaze in its atrocious treatment of women together with statutes scarcely less bad. No wife had any right to herself. She had no right to her children. She could own nothing that she earned. All her personal property was given to her husband. The right to her real estate was taken from her, and given to her husband for his life, if she had a child born alive. She could not make a contract. She could not

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make a will. Her husband might give her "moderate correction," or restrain her of her liberty; and if, under the pressure of all this, she lost her temper and scolded, her husband had the legal right to take her to the "ducking stool" and have her publicly soused in the river to sweeten her temper.

Many excellent men united with women in the effort to have the laws made better. But the majority of men and women opposed all change. To the plea that the law ought not to strip a married woman of all her property, a woman said with scorn, "Do you think I would give myself where I would not give my property?" To the same plea men objected that as the husband had to support the family, he ought to have his wife's money to help him do it. The wife who washed and ironed and cooked and spun and wove, who made the clothes for the family and sat up nights to knit stockings and mend the family wardrobe the wife whose personal property had passed into the hands of her husband, was nevertheless regarded by her husband as "supported" by him; and she too considered herself supported, and urged as vehemently as he did that no decent woman would marry a man who could not support her. Now, after years of effort petitioning, pleading, lecturing, holding conventions, and writing, the laws are much modified. The husband still has the use of the whole of his wife's real estate as long as he lives, while the wife has only the use of a third of her husband's real estate after his death; and in nearly all the states, the husband is still the sole legal owner of the children, as long he lives with his wife. But in most of the states the wife now retains the personal property she had before marriage. She may own whatever she can earn outside of the family. She may make a will disposing of at least a part of her property. The gains thus far made, though vehemently resisted in the beginning, are now gladly accepted by women, and the justice of them is acknowledged by men.

The plea for the last remaining advance step in the same direction—the right to vote—rests upon the clearest grounds of equity and good sense. It is fair and right that those who obey the laws should have a voice in making them. It is fair and right that those who pay taxes should have a voice as to the amount of the tax and the way in which it shall be spent. The objections brought against it are only the same old ones which have been urged against each successive step in the woman's movement thus far—that women would be unsexed, that it would break up the family, that the majority of women do not want it, etc. Those of us who have heard these arguments brought forward in turn against the opening of more occupations to women, against the higher education, against the admission of women to the professions, and against each successive change in the property laws for the last forty years, cannot be expected to pay much respect to them now.

A quarter of a century ago, women, with trifling exceptions, could not vote anywhere. To-day they have school suffrage in twenty-two states, full suffrage in Wyoming, municipal suffrage in Kansas, and municipal suffrage, single women and widows, throughout England, Scotland, Canada, and most of the British provinces. The common-sense of the world is steadily working around to our side. All the previous changes for the better in woman's education and property rights have contributed to pave the way for this,

> And make the present with the future merge
> Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.

By Frances E. Willard.

OPINION is the outcome of opportunity. We think about a given subject, what our inherited tendencies, plus our observation, plus our experience, leads us to think. The broader the base of public opinion's pyramid the firmer is its equipoise. Lincoln said to Oglesby, "Keep near the people, Dick, they will never lead you wrong." He also said that demagogues could deceive part of our people all the time and all of them part of the time, but none could deceive all of them all the time. There is safety in averages; there is health and soundness in the consensus of opinion. "The common people heard Him gladly, who spake as never man spake." These things have been true in the ages when the men-people alone were counted; when intellectual development in women was the exception and the rule was that women were the echoes and adjuncts of men.

But we have fallen upon other times. Women are becoming individuals; the outcome of their educated thought has a new element to bring into the totality of public opinion, their angle of vision added to that

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of men's, promises a better perspective and all-aroundeaness in public affairs. The ballot is a self-registered opinion concerning public interests.

The more generally this registration goes on, the more solid and satisfactory is government. Our danger in the republic is not from a general but a class ballot. If all were obliged to vote—as they will be some day let us hope—good would overbalance evil, but when slums vote and schools do not, a danger signal is flung out which wise men can but heed. Women are a conservative force and in the nature of the case must always be. It is for their interest that General Grant's motto, "Let us have peace," be incorporated into the public policy. Arbitration instead of war between nations, and instead of strikes and lock-outs between corporations, would be the outcome of their inherited tendencies, observation, and experience. Women are for home protection every time; and the chief corner-stone of the state is the hearth-stone. They are, in the nature of the case, opposed to the saloon, the gambling den, the haunt of infamy. When women were safe only because entrenched in castles, and men rode forth to the deadly hand to hand encounters that war then involved, it is no wonder that the idea of a ballot in their small white hands occurred to nobody. But in a peaceful and industrial nation, that idea has come because woman can here help, by having a vote, as much as she is helped. Her self-registered opinion upon questions conclusive of the common good, will strengthen, ennoble, and dignify public opinion as expressed with authority at the ballot-box. It was so on the text-book question in Boston; it is so in Kansas where municipal suffrage has been the largest factor in the enforcement of prohibition law.

The farmers of the land, through their various organizations, are circulating petitions for the enfranchisement of woman in the interest of the masses as against the classes. Among the mechanics it is the same; the wage-workers aligning themselves generally in favor of the movement, and formally declaring for equal wages and an equal ballot for both sexes. Antecedently, reason is on that side. If fifty men and women of our new America, possessing an average mental equipment and amount of hard practical sense, were shipwrecked on some tropic island and forced to make their home upon its distant shores, who doubts but that they would all counsel on terms of perfect equality and equal participation, concerning their own best good in the new church and state that they would proceed to found. Train up fifty boys and girls without ever tainting their minds with ideas of dominance on the one side and subjection on the other; and set them when twenty years had passed over their heads, to construct the best and happiest commonwealth within their power, and those youths would expect "the girls" to counsel with them concerning this great interest, just as they do in their college classes and Chautauqua groups.

It is but a remnant of the old-time battle thunder; the fast-fleeing echo of those olden days of force now hasting to be gone, that, unconsciously to themselves, reappears in the voices of men good and gifted, who declaim on the negative side of this argument for the emancipation of women. As a rule, the older men who lead are our opponents—entrenched behind the barriers of precedent and custom. But this has always been a law of mind. No physician under forty years of age accepted Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; and they were by no means to blame for this; the convolutions of their brains "shrank," the brain and every other tissue contracts, from it in more senses than one. The power of brain-stuff to receive new ideas can be estimated with almost mathematical exactness, and is inversely as a man's individual chronology.

> Let us then be up and doing
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor—and to wait.

CON

By Rose Terry Cooke.

FIRST: Women are physically unfitted to vote. Their nervous organization is subject to fluctuations which as every physiologist knows affect their reason and judgment. Unless a man voluntarily deprives himself of poise by indulgence in drink, or by deliberately giving place to the devil of passion or anger, he is capable of knowing what he means to do and why he chooses to do it; but under some conditions of a woman's physical nature she is incapable of seeing correctly or judging impartially the character or conduct of others. A fit of hysterics, an access of reasonless anger, make her for the time being an

irresponsible agent; and in such crises she too often does things that when her calmness returns she bitterly repents and regrets. But neither regret nor repentance could recall a vote once cast, or the consciousness and the influence of such a mistake.

Second: Women are unfitted to vote. While I have the greatest respect for women as women, and consider them in many respects superior and in some others equal to men I cannot deny that their mental constitution is entirely different, and entirely incapable of grappling with many questions that are every-day matters to the understanding ot men. They have keener apprehension of absolute ethics than men, no doubt; but in the political issues of the day, ethics are out of place, expediency is the desirable thing. Women argue concerning things as they should be; men consider things as they are. It is no doubt more practical and far more convenient to manipulate politics from the man's standpoint, but I think no amount of training could ever remold a true womanly nature to accept evil as a necessary factor, a thing to be appeased and persuaded in managing any form of government; the indomitable and heroic intention of a woman's real nature is to do right and let the skies fall; a most uncomfortable, even impossible, nature to deal with the average politician.

It is further to be observed that in objecting to women's voting we must recollect that while there are exceptional women in whose hands the voting power would be safe, these women are few. It is the average woman whom we must consider if we expect to place suffrage in their hands.

And who are these average women? Mostly foreigners, without education, ignorant of the first principles of a republican form of government, and the majority in the hands of religious directors who would certainly order their votes with sacerdotal authority, and be implicitly obeyed. What do such women know about great measures of polity? about the management of political machinery? about the fitness of candidates for the offices of government?

The great danger that threatens every republic is the ignorance of the masses, who, in fact, conduct that form of government. It is the influx of foreign ignorance *en masse* that threatens our own country hourly. A republic is a splendid theory but it demands theoretic men to sustain; ignore it as we may, there are millions of men in the world for whom despotism is a necessity, and it is this class who immigrate to us every day, who are undermining our institutions and shaking the very pillars whereon the house standeth, like their vengeful prototype. If women suffrage is to be allowed we double not only the numerical force of this threatening majority but its moral—or immoral—influence.

It might be well enough if only exceptional women were allowed the ballot, but who can or will make that distinction? and how shall it be enforced? It is clearly impossible.

Here comes in the province of women as the champions and promoters of temperance. No man, unless he is the wretched victim of heredity, will go to a saloon if he has a cheerful home, good food, warm drinks that "cheer but not inebriate," and the immensely suasive influence of a pure moral atmosphere in his family.

Let our women, *all* our women, learn to cook even poor material into savory and nourishing food, let them make clean and cheerful homes, bring up their children to consider drunkenness a sin instead of a misfortune, and make the men about them feel that a drunkard is an object of disgust and abhorrence, and they will more surely bring about the reform they covet than by trying to make laws that in the nature of things must be useless and therefore harmful.

Again it is said that the influence of women at the ballot-box will be an influence of refinement; that their presence will control the rudeness and profanity of the stronger sex; here comes in again the refuting argument of the average woman. We see every day, in the journals of the day, that among that class of women who will form the majority of our voters if female suffrage is allowed, the profanity, the brutality even, of their own class of men is not checked or restrained. Indeed they are themselves the victims of a cruelty and evil atmosphere which they cannot escape, much less control.

Why should they be more successful in the crowd that swarms about a ballot-box?

It is also offered that women have finer and nobler instincts than men; that is true, but how will it help their voting? Those who are married will surely vote as their husbands tell them unless their orders are contrary to those of their priests. The unmarried will be equally influenced by fathers, sons, brothers, or lovers. The old French

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judge said whenever a male criminal was brought before him, "Who is the woman?" It might be asked with equal fitness of every feminine action, "Who is the man?" for as was said by another Frenchman of a certain authoress, "Every woman who writes has one eye on a man, except the Princess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye!"

In effect the voting of women would be merely to duplicate the votes of men, a result not to be desired.

And, finally, the voting of women would be a usurpation of the rights of men. The sexes are reciprocal, not identical, a truth the eager shriekers for woman's rights persistently ignore. It is not the rights of women as women they demand, but the right of women to be men, which neither nature nor education can achieve; for God in the beginning made them a separate creation: "male and female created He them," and constructed the woman to be "an *help* meet for" the man; not a duplicate of himself but a counterpart; to help, to console, to purify. If she has failed of her true work will it help her or the man to take up his share of the labor of life and leave her own to perish? Never! However sin and folly may try to elude or ignore it, God's ordinance is not destroyed by their small sneers. His word shall not return unto Him void; the foundation standeth sure, it is the Lord's.

By Josephine Henderson.

"THE king never dies!" The woman question never rests. It would seem that every argument on both sides had been torn to tatters, to very rags to split the ears of the groundlings, yet the interest flags not. It is a question to conjure with: the conjurer if a suffragist brings forth a golden age, if an anti-suffragist a brass one if woman is allowed to vote.

So much has been done for woman in the last half-century. so much has come to her through higher education and new employments, that the present is a pivotal point. Results have lifted the question far above that old and absurd one of superiority and inferiority, muscles *vs.* angelic qualities, etc.; it has resolved itself into the common-sense one of what is to be lost or gained by subverting an established order.

To be sure there are yet a few petty souls debating on each side. There are yet a few who always have been the target of the shafts of ridicule, for they objected to the present order because man controls, and somewhere they got the idea that he is their natural-born foe; and as the Frenchman can get "satisfaction" only by shooting his pistol off, whether he hits any one or not, so this class will never be content until they drop their vote into the ballot-box, whether it bring good fortune or not. They are represented in the woman who said she never should die happy until she saw on some man's tombstone: "John Smith *relict* of Mary Smith."

The conservatism of a large class of well-read and intelligent women is worthy of consideration. Enfranchisement should not precede the wish for it. This holding back is not unreasonable. The conscientious, thoughtful woman sees in franchise another responsibility. She hesitates to add one more burden when she sees how life has already filled full her hands, her head, and her heart. From her point of view it is not all of life to vote. This opinion is respected so much that it keeps many broad-minded men conservative. Professor Goldwin Smith says he changed his views and became an opposer when he discovered how many of the sex among his own acquaintance were not in favor of woman's suffrage. This apathetic attitude promises nothing of gain if the polls were open to all.

On the other hand, suppose this class and all others should ask the privilege of voting and get it—would no perplexities arise?

Until there is a reconstruction of the elements that go to make up woman, she will be a partisan—persons not principles will interest her supremely; special "causes" will appeal to her, again supreme indifference will control her; she will always be an uncertain quantity in politics.

One result of universal suffrage will be simply to increase the number of voters; the vote of the respective fathers, husbands, and brothers, will be increased by their respective households. Numbers would be materially changed, not results. In co-educational institutions are seen capital illustrations of this point. One day when a class election was pending, I overheard the young men canvassing the situation. The leaders told off the young ladies in this wise: Miss So-and-so's brother is in this fraternity; Miss So-and-so's lover, in that, and so on, and of course these ladies will vote as they do; there was no

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hesitation how each young lady would vote until they came to one poor girl who had neither kin, strong friendships, nor a lover—she *only* was the unknown quantity.

It is well-nigh impossible to conduct an election without injustice, fraud, or crime, so large are the numbers to be handled; woman's suffrage would increase enormously the difficulty; and who is bold enough to say that woman would be free from unwise not to say ignorant or unscrupulous voting? Woman was created a little lower than the angels, as well as man.

It is assumed because woman cannot vote that she is not a power in politics. It is a false assumption. Many a man can trace his rise in position to the favor of some woman. To be the power behind the throne is often as valuable as to be on the throne itself.

A lady said just the other day, "I want women to vote because their lives are so narrow, so circumscribed; small talk consumes their lives." Can you imagine that the woman who now has every intellectual field open to her, waiting for her to come in and occupy, and she will not, that such a one will be a power in the state, simply by casting a ballot?

All admit that possibly more laws affecting the moral welfare would be passed, by woman's vote; we are not suffering from a lack of laws, but because they are not better obeyed: "the world is too much governed."

There is a suspicion abroad that the decline in the numbers who marry is due to the study of philanthropy, or political economy, by young ladies; they are already so fully and well occupied that they do not care if the rhyme,

Though you're bright and though you're pretty,
They'll not love you if you're witty,

does come true. Those who believe this are naturally opposed to farther sailing on unknown seas.

The only person to be envied is he whose time is better occupied than your own. Hamerton says when he opens a noble volume, "Now the only Crœsus I envy is he who is reading a better book than this." If you fill one place you must empty another. Ask the man who has attained an office if he did not lose something to get it. The law of compensation is being overlooked as regards this subject. Woman has only so much strength, nerve, and brain; just so much of these as she gives to public affairs, just so much she takes from her own life and the lives of those dependent upon her. Why give up a positive good for an uncertain one?

WOMAN AS SCHOLAR.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

SCHOLAR! A noble term! Do we realize how noble? Not mere studentship on the one hand, nor pedantry on the other. A student may be a scholar in bud, a pedant may be a scholar gone to seed, but the full-statured and vital scholar is neither of these. Not one brilliant examination certifies the claim, nor a life-time of dull poring over "learning's crabbed text." There must be the union of knowledge with power. The scholar must needs con the letter long and well, but all his labor is of small avail unless he brings with him the spirit that illuminates the letter. A Bentley may "disport himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian library," and yet be so lacking in the finer senses, the comprehending sympathies of literature as to make Paradise Lost ludicrous by his emendations. Parr and Porson? Venerable names, but the mind turns from them wearily, as from a dry and thirsty land where no water is, to catch the gladder, fuller, more human accents that ring from the pioneer scholar of a New World and a New Age: "In order to a knowledge of the resources of the scholar, we must not rest in the use of slender accomplishments,—of faculties to do this and that other feat with words; but we must pay our vows to the highest power, and pass, if it be possible, by assiduous love and watching into the visions of absolute truth. The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals. It is the larger reception of a common soul."

The mediæval scholar was the monk, a

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man set apart from the ways of men, walled about by stone, walking amid tombs and marble images, speaking a dead tongue. The tradition of solitude as the essential environment of the scholar shows abundant traces in England's great twin universities, with their austerely beautiful, secluded colleges, whose cloistral walks and dreamy gardens are still paced by the gowned figures that look to a stranger's eye more like a picture of the past than to-day's reality. It is only within the present generation that the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge have been permitted to marry.

But there is truth as well as falsehood in the monastic conception of the scholar's isolation from the world. The falsehood is obvious. How can the man of thought verify his thinking so surely as by action? If the scholar is to strike his questions down through books into life, must he himself not live? Can a man know more than he is? Unless we conceive of wisdom as an excrescence rather than a development, we are eager to grant that the deepest experiences, the widest sympathies, the warmest relationships, but enhance the value of the thought-product. The scholarship of the future, no longer the pale growth of libraries alone, will have in itself all sweet and generous flavors of the open air and the unstinted sunshine.

Yet none the less is it true that the life of thought must be ever in large degree the life of solitude,—not solitude as the Middle Ages would create it, by massive walls and hushed retreats and stained glass windows that bewitch the light of common day to a blind ecstasy of color, but the solitude of the unshared quest, the incommunicable vision. Not in the thick of the civic throng nor by his own bright fireside may the scholar long escape his lonely destiny. And often may he be driven to flee and hide himself, for a season, from the faces and voices even of his best-beloved to gird himself in secret for his strenuous toil of thought. For, to quote from Emerson once again: "What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and on that. I seem to know what he meant, who said: No man can see God face to face and live."

It is then no light achievement to win and to wear this shining name of scholar. Woman, in becoming an aspirant for it, recognizes the height of the grace toward which she reaches, but she rejoices in the upward strain. She would not have the mission of the scholar contracted by a hairbreadth for her. She would hope, instead, to discover new heart-space in it, to humanize and spiritualize learning. Yet she would not spare her labor in the acquisition of knowledge. England's queen of poets, she whose inspiration flowed so largely from Hellenic springs, tells us how, a lonely, sequestered girl, she "read Greek as hard under the trees as some of your Oxonians in the Bodleian, gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made my head ache with it." George Eliot did not become a philosopher by accident. Diligent was the apprenticeship she served among her books, English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the mind that plunged so boldly into the troubled sea of thought, bringing forth pearls whose fiction-setting enriches and makes manifest their beauty, had been trained and equipped by the severest study.

Does the essential nature of woman in any way unfit her for the life of scholarship? Her ability as a student is now generally conceded, but when it comes to the higher, thornier, lonelier path of independent research, how then? Caroline Herschel, who discovered eight comets and wore the coveted gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, was made an astronomer by love of her brother,—a pure, self-sacrificing, glorious devotion, and, says the approving biographer, "supremely womanly." But is then the love of truth for truth's own sake unwomanly? The abstracted thinker must forfeit something in the way of practical facilities, the patient investigator must endure heart-sickening delays and disappointments, the sage must be content, amid the ridicule and pity of his own generation, to labor for a day his eyes will never see. Has woman the strength of soul for such destinies as these? Let the future reveal whether she, who in the past has ever been so swift to renounce, at the call of love or duty, her personal ease and, harder yet, the world's good name, and, hardest of all, the sympathy of the honored and beloved, is deaf only to the clarion-voice of truth.

For now, at last, is dawning her era of intellectual opportunity. Without sound learn-

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ing there can be no scholarship. Brilliant and inspiring conversation there may be, as in the French salons of the last century; there has been a certain measure of artistic attainment, literary, musical, dramatic, with brush and with chisel. Of clever statesmanship there have been examples, and of philanthropic reforms no lack. Exceptional circumstances, as at Bologna in the Middle Ages or in the proudest homes of England before the wave of the classical renaissance, have produced exceptional women. But in the main, up to the present time, a woman born with a thirst for scholarship has found the barriers in her path well nigh insurmountable. Remember Harriet Martineau, rising early and watching late to wrest from sleep the only hours she dared give to her arduous studies in the classics, philosophy, and theology. For in her youth, as she herself has told us, "It was not thought proper for young ladies to study very conspicuously, and especially with pen in hand." Ah, the thralldom of girlhood to that word *proper!*

Or set the education of Mary Somerville over against the privilege of an American girl to-day. To the joyous little gypsy, racing about the sands of a lonely seaport on the Firth of Forth, came as her first taste of culture the reading aloud a paper of the *Spectator* (hated forever after) to her father each morning after breakfast; then followed a year in stiff stays at boarding-school, whence she returned still unable to write or spell; then a new school resulting in a mastery of plain sewing; then the village dominie for evening lessons; then social life in Edinburgh and four hours a day at the piano, with dancing and deportment, with drawing and painting, with a course at the pastry-cook's in the making of creams and jellies. Through a fashion magazine comes the first hint of algebra, and this she follows up by conning a stray volume on navigation. She would read Euclid at night, after the late supper-parties, and is forbidden because of the waste of candles, but she cannot be prevented from poring over her book by earliest daylight, wrapt in a blanket against the chill of dawn. She is wedded and widowed, a woman thirty-three years of age, before she is so free of social restrictions as to be able to pursue a systematic study of mathematics and the physical sciences; so scanty was her opportunity as compared with ours. What of our achievement as compared with hers?

For the admission of women to college lecture-rooms, though the movement, ever broadening, is still incomplete, had its beginnings some twenty-five years back. For instance, it was in 1864 that the doors of Zurich University opened just wide enough to let one Russian lady through. In less than ten years an hundred and fourteen women were studying there together and taking creditable rank. The old outcry that a girl was physically and mentally incapacitated for a student's career is sinking into silence. In its stead a murmur of questions grows yearly more audible: "Is woman capable of profound and fruitful scholarship? Where are the women who should begin to be known as authorities on these subjects in which they have had at least a fair preliminary training? Where is the record of their researches? What student in any branch of learning finds indispensable a woman's book?"

Such questioners we may distinctly point to a few women; to a few discoveries; to a few books; we may with justice protest that the demand is premature,—that a quarter of a century is too brief a time for the ripening of the slow harvests of thought; we may plead still unconquered disadvantages of domestic and social environment; but in our own spirits, meanwhile, we may well strengthen the scholarly resolve and purify the scholarly ideal, lest the twentieth century have cause to echo the grumble of the eighteenth. For a certain wiseacre, ponderously commending "the prodigious learning" of Hypatia, garnishes his statement that she was made "Head of the Platonic School at Alexandria" by the gibe: "This was another guess Thing, God knows, than taking the Degree of Doctor in any of the Faculties, which one or two Women have not long since done, for which they have been loaded with fulsome Elogies, *tho' producing no Effects suitable to the Titles they have so much ambitioned.*"

LONDON, December 29, 1890.

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HOW TO MAKE A WILD GARDEN.

BY MARY TREAT.

TO be successful in making a wild garden depends greatly upon our surroundings and upon our ambition in this direction. If we have only a few feet of ground in some shady nook, on the north side of a building or beneath the shade of trees, we can have a constant succession of flowers from early spring until late autumn. And to all lovers of flowers this wild nook will be more enjoyable than a prim conventional garden of florist's flowers.

The wild garden will be vastly more satisfactory if it comes by slow growth.

It should never be made in haste, but as we have time now and then in any season of the year to wander amid nature's groves and gardens and note how the wild things which we desire grow, and also notice their surroundings and the trees which overshadow them, we shall be better prepared to know with what we can best succeed.

There is but little difficulty in growing many of our earliest spring flowers. The Hepatica, and Blood-root, and Wind-flower and Spring-beauty, and the Trilliums, and all of our lovely violets will grow almost anywhere in good garden soil. But there are others which require skill and patience to make live and thrive after being removed from their native haunts.

Perhaps if I give some account of my own failures and successes with wild plants it may help those who wish to secure some of these shy woodland gems. In my wild garden I have some shady places where I concentrated my skill on some of the most difficult of our wild flowers. One of these places is an irregular spot only about fourteen feet the longest way, and about ten feet in the widest part. It is situated between three trees which form a kind of triangle. A large oak, the body of which is covered with English Ivy mingled with variegated Euonymous, and an old Pine (*Pinus rigidus*) mingles its leaves with those of the oak, and a Trumpet-creeper has climbed up its rugged sides to its very top, showing clusters of bright scarlet flowers among the deep green pine needles. The other tree is a cedar with branches nearly to the ground. This little spot is the most attractive place in my garden, almost more to me than all the rest of the half acre devoted to wild plants. It is wonderful how many things grow in this spot. From early spring until late autumn it is never without flowers.

Among the first things to greet me in spring are the lovely blossoms of the Trailing-arbutus, or May-flower—not stingy little clusters of bloom, but large, compact bunches of flowers. I have had many failures with this charming plant, but at last have succeeded in establishing it. I found a fine patch of the plants in the woods under a pine tree, and removed quite a large section of earth with all of the other things that were growing on it and planted all beneath the old pine in my garden. It has now bloomed three seasons and is spreading and growing all the time. Other evergreen trailers are also here. The little Twin-flower (*Linnæa barcalis*) is among my treasures, and our little Partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*) grows luxuriantly. Its small shining leaves strung along in pairs are pretty the entire year, and in June it is covered with small pink and white flowers, succeeded by the double berries, which turn scarlet as they ripen, remaining on the plant until the following season, making it as attractive in winter as in summer. Another little plant is the Dalibarda, a low creeping perennial belonging in the Rose family. With us—in southern New Jersey—the leaves are nearly or quite evergreen, and its pretty white flowers last from June until August. The spicy, aromatic creeping Wintergreen flourishes among the rest, and very pretty it looks in winter with its shining leaves and bright red berries.

Scattered among these trailers are both species of Hepatica, and the Blood-root, and Spring-beauty, and Wind-flower, and the Wood-sorrel (*Oxalis violacea*), and several species of violets. And here, too, are some of our lovely orchids—the Lady's-slipper, the

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low purplish pink one (*Cypripedium acaule*) and the fragrant yellow one (*C. parviflorum*) blossom every spring.

The dwarf perennial Lark-spur (*Delphinium tricorne*) with spikes of brilliant blue flowers, and the wild Hyacinth (*Scilla Fraseri*) with a long raceme of pale blue flowers, bloom here as well as in their native home on the Western prairies.

These early flowers are succeeded by several species of our low growing ferns, which are beautiful throughout the rest of the season. On the outer edge of this spot are larger later blooming plants, and also some of our large ferns. Two species of Osmunda—the cinnamon and the royal fern, and our chain ferns, the Woodwardia—both species.

The Wild Lily (*Lilium canadense*) unfolds its nodding flowers by the side of the ferns, with Rudbeckias and low growing Sunflowers as companions. Some of these Rudbeckias and Sunflowers are annuals from Texas and grow readily from seed. When planted early they commence to bloom by the first week in July and continue until frost. In August the Asters and Eupatoriums and Golden-rods begin to mingle with the Sunflowers, making a brilliant display.

As the Golden-rod has become our national flower, it will naturally be more noticed and sought after than heretofore. And as we have some forty or more species growing in the Northern states there will be little difficulty in securing some pretty ones in every locality. One of the most desirable and earliest blooming of all is the sweet-scented Golden-rod (*Solidago odora*). It is widely distributed, from Maine to Florida, and commences to bloom here about the middle of July. The flowers are bright yellow in a one-sided spreading panicle, and it has smooth shining leaves which, when crushed, give a pleasant anise odor. This species, together with some of the later blooming ones, will give us flowers from July until October.

Those who live near the coast should not neglect the beautiful salt-marsh Golden-rod (*S. sempervirens*). It has thick, very smooth, large shining leaves and fine large heads of bright golden flowers. Although it is a salt-marsh plant, it has become established here, some forty miles inland, as one of our wayside flowers. The seed, no doubt, has been brought and disseminated with salt-marsh hay.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBBINS PENNELL.

HAVE you read Miss Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert," in her book just published, and do you remember, I wonder, the poor creature she found lying prone in the sand, helpless under the burden of subjection man had tied on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity? What a dream of the very far past that is! Certainly there is not much subjection about the women of England to-day. No matter what happens, their voice is heard and is no small factor in the force called general opinion.

For many weeks past they have most interested themselves in events not concerning them as women merely, but of vital importance to everybody over here; I believe it is Mr. Justin McCarthy who thinks it the business of women nowadays to form a Woman's party, just as the Irish have made an Irish party, and to be indifferent to every thing that does not affect this feminine faction, either for good or evil. But evidently they do not agree with him, and within the last month or two they have not bothered themselves about their own affairs half so much as about the unfortunate Irish crisis, which has almost paralyzed the political world, and "General" Booth's scheme for saving the "submerged tenth," to which the unusually severe winter has attracted the attention of every woman sensitive to the suffering of others.

Of course, you in America have heard almost as much as we have of the great Booth scheme. But even if you had not, it would not be for me to discuss it. However, as I am writing about the doings of London women, I can't help at least mentioning the position they have taken in the matter, since they have not been wholly passive. The se-

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verity of the weather has made many only too ready to sympathize with any scheme for the alleviation of the misery of the poor and unemployed. But I see that two of the leading papers for women have expressed disapproval, based on sound economic principles, of the new charitable enterprise. It is discouraging too to find that "General" Booth ignores absolutely all charities and philanthropic works save those of his own organization. The Hallelujah Lassies, though more in evidence because of their conspicuous dress, their musical methods, their presence on almost every main London thoroughfare with the *War Cry* for sale, have not labored harder in the good cause than women who are not enrolled under their banner. But the London charities directed by women is too large a subject for a short letter. Their influence is felt in the school-room and the factory, in the workhouse and the hospital; and only the other day I heard Miss Cobden, at a little gathering in the house of Mrs. Haweis, the well-known writer and wife of the still better known author, read a paper on the importance of retaining women in the County Council, if only because of their services to poor female lunatics and prisoners.

What woman is not interested, and rightly so, in the dress reform agitation? What we do in this world depends greatly upon what we wear. Tight stays and long trains are enemies to healthy exercise, mental and physical. There has been great excitement here over a new dress for the street, invented by a Mrs. Hancock, which is to insure comfort and cleanliness in the mud and slush of London. The costume suggested is a cross between the ordinary tailor-made tweed for the moors and the French woman's jaunty hunting dress. Knee-breeches, gaiters to the knees, a plain skirt falling to a little above the ankles. It sounds sensible, does it not? But, while I have looked at pictures of it in many papers, daily and weekly, I have not once seen the actual dress itself. The truth is, it is the ideal dress only for the street, and how many working women, who above all others need something of the kind, can afford a costume which must be changed as soon as they go indoors? Besides, it is becoming only to the few, and let women talk as they may, they still care more for the becoming than for comfort in dress. If not, why are all women's papers filled with advertisements of beauty doctors and court milliners?

In the literary and artistic world, women are very busy. The most interesting course of lectures that could be attended in London just now is being given by a woman, Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the historian of the English people, to whom we all owe so much. Her subject is "English Towns and How they Won their Freedom"; and that she is recognized as an authority by men whose judgment is to be respected, is shown by the fact that Mr. Leslie Stephens was in the chair on the occasion of her first lecture at University Hall, the West-End Toynbee Hall, founded by Mrs. Humphrey Ward a few months ago. Miss Schreiner's book of "Dreams," to which I referred, is counted among the most important publications of the season, as indeed it ought to be; for Miss Schreiner has not only something to say, but she cares very much about the way she says it, a rare virtue in these days, though even the prophets of old did not disdain literary form. Is it not a sign of the times, that when a dinner is given by the staff of a paper, the women journalists are included? At the birthday banquet in honor of Mr. Thomas of the *Graphic*, two women who work for that journal were also present. And I hear that that clever paper, *The National Observer*, is to have a regular monthly dinner, in which both its men and women contributors are to take part.

A very interesting exhibition of Women's Handicrafts has lately been held in the Westminster Town Hall. But let me admit at once that its interest depended rather upon its aims and objects and upon its shortcomings (paradoxical as this may sound) than upon the actual things exhibited. It was organized and managed by *Woman*, a paper very like the exhibition which it has organized: interesting because of what it wants to do rather than what it does. The exhibition, intended to encourage woman's work and to point out new forms of fairly remunerative employments and undertakings suitable to feminine capabilities, fell much beneath the level of handicrafts exhibitions to which men and women both contribute. The trail of the amateur was over it all. Work, in too many cases, was admitted, not because it was good, but because it was done by a woman. Women who really do some of these things well were unfortunately not represented at all. Some employments that ought to be practical enough, such as the making of cigarettes, seemed to be made un-practical when taken

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up by "gentlewomen" who, one learned at the exhibition, were to turn them out by a machine that could not begin to compete in rapidity with ordinary machines used in the same manufacture, and therefore the cigarettes would be nowhere when offered in the market. The very band, composed of women, who played in the exhibition rooms, never rose above mediocrity.

But this weakness in the show, to me, had its important significance. Women nowadays are rightly struggling to be independent, but too often they refuse to pay the only price at which this independence can be secured. They play with an art or profession to which men devote their lives. They dabble a little in paint, and then hope to compete with men who have studied for years. They imitate the work of others and then wonder that their second-hand productions cannot rival the originals. Or else, at a certain critical point in their working career, their energy suddenly gives out. A case in point came under my notice only the other day. A girl who had been studying in the Royal Academy schools won a prize for £400 for a decorative design; when the work winning this prize is sufficiently good, the artist receives a commission to carry it out on the walls of some public building. The student of whom I am speaking was the first woman, the third prize-holder, who received this commission. The honor was great. She was given the chance to execute her design in the dining-hall at Girton. And what did she do then? Threw it over because of the labor it would entail. The probability is that such a chance will never again come in her way.

Of course this is not true of all women. The London exhibition counted among its exhibitors several who showed that women, as well as men, can be business-like and that when they are, when they cease to be amateurish, independence is easily enough achieved. Type-writers, milliners, dressmakers (though of the two latter only a couple contributed), decorators and furnishers like Mrs. Garing Thomas, already well-known in London, sent examples of workmanship that would have found a place in any exhibition. Indeed when I saw what very creditable things are being done by Mrs. Garing Thomas, I wondered why more women at home have not gone in for household decoration and furnishing. It is pleasant work and it can be made to pay.

But I am convinced that the Women's Handicrafts exhibition will have accomplished a great good—though perhaps not exactly the end it had in view—if it convinces many women now toiling in vain, that they will never find fairly remunerative occupations until they set themselves down to work in genuine earnest and seek success as men seek it, by the excellence of what they produce without reference to their sex. We must not expect to enjoy all the advantages of our new independence and to retain all the privileges of our old subjection.

LONDON, January, 1891.

SALESWOMEN AND DOMESTIC SERVICE.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

HE unanimity with which women all over the country write to ask why saleswomen whose hours are long and pay is small do not go into domestic service implies two things. First, that they are interested in the subject, and, second, that they are confronted by the domestic problem.

It may be said at the outset that saleswomen are as essential as servants. If the regiments of women now standing in shops were to walk out in a body and individually engage in kitchens, their places would be immediately filled and the condition of affairs in the shops remain unchanged. It is this fact that causes those who believe that the law of supply and demand is something too sacred to be interfered with to cry "hands off." But nature's laws receive no such immunity; since we will even lend an umbrella to the improvident man there seems to be no reason why we should not defend ourselves against economic laws when they press too cruelly.

But admitting that domestic service would be a remedy, why will the saleswoman not ex-

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change the illy ventilated shops and scanty pay for a service in which she has shelter, food, and can lay up money? Let the working-woman answer for herself. At a large meeting once held in New York City, Miss Arria Huntington, the daughter of Bishop Huntington, once asked this question. "Because the men whom we may hope to marry will not visit us in other people's kitchens," was the prompt reply. This removes the solution a step further; that the working girl hopes to become a wife, mother, to have a home of her own, is a desire so natural and reasonable that nobody will blame her for it. It is in this hope she struggles on in factory and shop.

If the mechanic, tradesman, clerk, whom she may expect to marry, were questioned, he might say that a man who may be a possible ruler, and have his life written up as a campaign document does not want to read that he found his wife in Miss Blank's kitchen, nor to have the Blanks giving reminiscences of his courtship below stairs. This view, idle, frivolous, unworthy as it may appear, is not the exclusive property of the working-girl and mechanic, it is held by the entire body of the people. An Englishman once asked me what sort of servants the Americans made. At first I did not know what he meant. "Oh," I said without a thought of vain boasting, "our servants are English, Irish, German, French—Americans are never servants." This was merely stating a fact; our servants are foreigners. When they become denationalized and American they leave service.

But admitting that we are all sensible people with no foolish ideas about what we call menial employments there are still cogent reasons why saleswomen will not go into domestic service, and these lie not in the actual work but in the requirements of the service itself. The shop girl's hours are long, but they are to an extent defined. During those hours she daily works harder and more continuously than she would have to work in most families. But she works elbow to elbow, she is one of a community, she feels its *esprit de corps*, she shares with it good and ill fortune.

When she is through her work she is free; she rejoins her family, or she goes to her lodging, which, mean as it is, is her home. She may spend the evening washing clothes, or she may go to the theater; she may not have good food, she may have a worse bed, but they are hers.

It is useless to say that this is mere sentiment and not to be weighed against more material benefits. In any case it is a sentiment we all feel and can appreciate at its full value.

If a girl who has all these natural impulses,—this desire for friends, companionship, home, freedom, goes into service, what is her state? No matter how faithful and devoted her service, she is an alien and reduced to a state of pupilage. If she does general housework she is practically without companionship week in and week out; for she has no place in the family life. With the exception of every other Sunday, and in some families one afternoon a week, she is not allowed to go out except by special permission. Although her work is over she must spend her solitary evenings in her room; she may not care to read, and is perhaps too tired to sew.

By far the larger number of mistresses regard this restraint as necessary for the morals of their servants, whom they look upon much as children of a larger growth. But to the girl it appears needlessly exacting, and a species of tyranny that she resents.

If on the other hand domestic service assumed more of the nature of a business; if when a girl's services were no longer needed her hours were her own, and she free to go and come, it would attract that better and more capable class which now finds its way into factories and shops. She becomes a responsible being, fulfilling her duties, and otherwise living her own life, not a life prescribed for her. The objections to this business-like freedom that at once springs to the lips every one knows—the difficulty of so arranging household matters, questions of moral responsibility, and so on. But against these it may be urged that this is a partial solution of the domestic problem that some women have tried with success, and which requires only certain mutual and definite understandings between employer and employed. A case in point is a lady who employs three persons in her household, and who says, "Here is my work; it must be done." The details of the doing, and the arrangement of their own time is left to the work people themselves, and with satisfaction to both parties to the agreement.

Confidence on the one hand and fidelity on the other are apt to be reciprocal.

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A BOSTON MAGICIAN.

BY ANNA CHURCHELL CAREY.

F all the inventions and discoveries which have been made recently, none will appeal so strongly to the housekeepers or do so much to ameliorate the condition of the working classes as the Aladdin Oven, invented and patented by Edward Atkinson of Boston. This oven was put upon the market about two years ago; it is rapidly making its way among the most intelligent classes and meets a need of the rich and poor alike. Externally the oven looks like a paste-board box. It is made of sheet iron and incased in wood pulp, which is one of the best non-conductors of heat. The standard oven has an inside space eighteen inches in width, twelve inches in depth, and fourteen inches in height, containing movable perforated sheet-iron shelves so as to divide it horizontally into four compartments. It is heated by a lamp of any make having a circular wick about one and one-half inches in diameter; the Aladdin Oven is not in the least like an oil stove. This unsuspicious-looking wooden box stands on a table from twelve to eighteen inches in height, while underneath the table, sitting on the floor is the lamp, so placed that the opening in the bottom of the outer oven is directly over the lamp; gas from a Bunsen burner at the rate of from four to six feet an hour may be used in place of oil. Care must be taken in managing the lamp used with the oven; if the flame is not turned up high enough it will not yield sufficient heat; if too high it will smoke, but the amount of care required is no more than one gives to the lamp on his parlor or library table.

Mr. Atkinson has proved to himself and to those who have seen his oven in operation that the conventional iron stove is wasteful, both in quantity and quality of food prepared and the amount of fuel consumed. The odor of cooking that is so apparent in even the best regulated houses represents just so much wasted nutriment. Cooks have an erroneous idea that quick roasting, baking, and boiling are the best, but quite the contrary is true. In the first place it makes food indigestible, as for instance in bread and cake baking; while in the second place the high degree of heat applied to the boiling of soup and the roasting of meat means a loss of nutriment and of flavor, for the essential oils are evaporated and lost. To quote Mr. Atkinson, "the smell of cooking in the ordinary way gives evidence of waste of flavor as well as a waste of nutritious properties; and in most cases the unpleasant smell also gives evidence that the food is being converted into an unwholesome condition, conducive to indigestion and dyspepsia." Think of the loss of nutriment that goes on while onions are being boiled!

The accounts of the Aladdin Oven which come to us seem exaggerated, but it stands the test of actual experience: food in it is most delicious, and an inferior article cooked in this oven is more palatable and satisfying than the best article prepared by the ordinary methods; asparagus cooked in this way is of an unimaginably fine flavor, while oysters and game are beyond the praise of a connoisseur. After having once eaten food prepared in this way one can never be satisfied with the comparatively tasteless and indigestible meats and vegetables which are prepared by the best cooks on the best stoves. There are many persons who cannot eat sausage, owing to the quantity of fat which it contains; but when cooked at a low heat, as in an Aladdin Oven, and in a dish with a drainer in it which allows the oil to settle in the bottom, leaving the sausages free from it, they then make an appetizing and nutritious dish which a delicate person could digest.

Mr. Atkinson has one of these ovens in use in the building in which he has his offices, and his employees have their mid-day meal cooked on it every day. To give the reader an idea of how unsuggestive the kitchen is of what goes on there, it is only necessary to say that the tenant occupying the room next but one to this kitchen did not find out till three weeks had elapsed that there was any cooking going on in the building. Mr. Atkinson started this kitchen for the benefit of

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his employees. He found that they were paying from thirty to fifty cents each per day for food at cheap restaurants, and he proposed to them the formation of a co-operative club for the purpose of furnishing wholesome noon-day meals prepared in the building. It was agreed, and to-day his employees are furnished three-course meals consisting of soup or fish, boiled or roast meat, with vegetables, pudding or pie, and coffee, while the entire cost of fuel and food to each of the sixteen members averages from eighteen to twenty cents a day.

Different articles of food can be cooked at the same time in the oven without any mingling of the flavors, because the low temperature at which they are cooked does not allow the volatile oils to escape and mingle. It is of no common occurrence for Mr. Atkinson to serve a dinner of four or five courses—"soup made the day before, reheated; fish, meat, game, potatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, onions, tomatoes, and custard pudding—all cooked in the same oven at the same time in the dining-room, and served from the table, in the china or earthen dishes in which each had been cooked; the only difference between one dish and another being in respect to the time in which it had been subjected to the heat of the lamp, yet without the least flavor or taint being carried from one kind of food to the other."

An Aladdin Oven necessitates learning a different time table from that used for the ordinary cooking stove. As for instance it takes half an hour to broil a steak, two hours to bake large potatoes, and an hour and a quarter for beans, peas, or squash.

One of the great charms of the oven is that it requires no watching. If one wishes to bake a sponge cake, all that is to be done after the dough is mixed is to look on the schedule that comes with each cooker to see just how long it takes sponge cake to bake. The cake can then be put into the oven and the cook need give it no more thought for two or three hours, whatever the time required, confident that the steady heat to which it is subjected will turn out a perfectly baked cake. Provided the cake is properly mixed the result is certain. At the New England Kitchen in Boston where good food is furnished at a low price to working people, and where the Aladdin Oven, steam, and gas heat are used, they say that for making soups the oven far excels any thing else. To make the best pea soup that was ever tasted, they put the unsoaked peas—with a small piece of pork, a little salt, pepper, onion, and sweet marjoram with enough water to cover—into an earthen pot and set it in the oven at four in the afternoon. Three hours later the lamp is filled and relighted and allowed to burn all night. It will go out of its own accord, and if a metallic lamp is used there is absolutely no danger ot its exploding. The soup is then rubbed through a colander, and with the addition of boiling water and a little thickening, it is ready to serve.

Another advantage in the oven is that it reduces dish washing to the minimum, as the food may be, and usually is, served in the dishes in which it is cooked; there are no heavy, greasy, iron pots and pans for the cook to handle.

To people who keep but one servant or no servant at all, such a cooker is a boon. No stove will admit of the cook's preparing the noonday dinner at seven o'clock in the morning, putting it in the oven at that early hour and leaving it until it is time to serve the meal, and yet find every thing perfectly baked, as does the Aladdin Oven. Besides, this cooker may stand in the dining-room just behind the housekeeper so that the dishes can be conveniently handed from the oven to the table. As there is no odor of food and no heat sent out from it there is no objection to having it there in summer time. With such an oven no cook can complain of the unbearable temperature of her kitchen in warm weather, nor can the family suffer from the heat which always comes from the room in which cooking is done during the summer months.

With an Aladdin Oven and a Case Bread-Raiser there is no excuse for even a stupid cook to fail with her bread. No kneading is required, besides the bread does not have to raise over night. The bread is made in the morning, put in the bread-raiser for three hours, and then baked in the oven three hours and a half; no bread was ever more delicious.

This oven does only cooking. It cannot heat a large quantity of water, or warm the kitchen in winter, or heat the irons for ironing; for these a small stove which demands but a small quantity of coal, wood, or coke will take the place of the wasteful range which is seen to-day in nearly every house.

The price of the Aladdin Oven, including

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the metallic table on which it stands, is twenty-five dollars. The lamp is extra and costs about two dollars and a half. When one finds out by experience that the cost of fuel for this oven for supplying food to a family of sixteen persons for three months is seven dollars, it is seen that the Aladdin Oven will soon pay for itself in economy of fuel alone, to say nothing of the economy of food.

HOW MARRIAGE AFFECTS A WOMAN'S WAGES OR BUSINESS.

BY LELIA ROBINSON SAWTELLE, LL. B.

Of the Boston Bar.

AT common law, a married woman could receive no wages and could transact no business. Wages she might earn by her labor, it is true, but they must be paid to her husband and not to her, unless he authorized her to act as his agent to collect money due him. If without being so authorized, she collected the money for her work, her husband could compel her employer to pay it over again to him. Business she could not transact in her own name and for her own benefit, because she could not make any business contract whatever for which either she or her husband or her property could be held responsible. She could act as her husband's agent to transact his business for him, and as his agent could make all necessary contracts, thereby binding him and his property but not herself or her property. This disability was not intended to work a hardship on the wife, but rather the contrary, for it was only a part of the entire scheme which assumed that wife and minor children were maintained solely by the husband, and that, the better to enable him to perform this duty, he must receive as his own all personal property belonging to the wife and all proceeds of personal labor or business enterprise of wife and children until the latter should attain majority.

The legal incapacity of a married woman to make a contract was also intended to protect her against the undue influence which it was assumed her husband had over her. She could make no contract with him, nor he with her, and this disability of husband and wife to contract together still prevails in many states, Massachusetts among the number, where otherwise, or with all other persons than the husband, a married woman may now make binding contracts of every kind and nature. The laws on this subject of the capacity of married women to make contracts, carry on business on their separate, independent account, and to receive the wages of their personal labor, differ very greatly in the different states. There is less difference on the question of wages; but in regard to business, the danger of fraud on the public and evasion of the just claims of creditors of the husband by a business apparently though not really carried on by the wife, necessitates the exercise of care in authorizing married women to transact business on their own account. These dangers are especially apparent when, as is often the case, the wife who has embarked in a business enterprise, employs her husband to work for her.

It is easy to see how a man who wished to evade his creditors might secretly make over his business to his wife, and then continue therein as her employee and manager. His creditors might go on trusting him on the credit of the business, only to find out at last that the profits belonged to the wife and were claimed by her, by virtue of the rule of law now prevailing almost universally, which allows a wife to hold her property free from all claims of her husband or his creditors. To prove the fraud might be a very difficult and expensive proceeding. It is on this account that protections of various kinds have been thrown about such transactions. In Massachusetts the law permits any married woman to carry on any business in her own right, but if she would secure the stock and profits from liability of attachment by her husband's creditors, she must file with the town clerk a "married woman's certificate,"

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setting forth the nature of the business, names, dates, and other facts which would serve to put creditors on their guard. So if the husband wishes to secure himself against possible liability for business debts contracted by his wife he may file such a certificate. Thus if any present or possible future creditor of husband or wife is in doubt whom to trust or whether to trust at all, he may examine the town records and satisfy himself.

In such limited space as I have here at disposal, I will endeavor to give some idea of the law as at present prevailing in the various states of our country on this subject.

A wife's earnings or wages for personal labor belong exclusively to her in all states and territories excepting those in which the community system of property prevails (see my article in this magazine for March); the District of Columbia, where, as I understand, a wife's earnings still belong to her husband and his creditors unless he gives them to her or agrees that they shall be hers; in Missouri, where her earnings may be taken by her husband's creditor if the debt is one for necessaries for herself or the family; in Nebraska, where the rule is that of Missouri with the added condition that the creditor must first attempt to claim his due out of property belonging to the husband; and in Tennessee, where the husband or his creditors (but not his ante-nuptial creditors) have absolute control over the wife's earnings.

A married woman may carry on any trade or business independently in the following states: Colorado; Connecticut; the Dakotas; Illinois (but to form a business partnership, she must have her husband's consent); Indiana; Iowa; Kansas; practically so in Louisiana; Maine; Maryland; Massachusetts (but not as a partner with her husband, or as partner in any firm of which her husband is a member); Minnesota; Mississippi; probably Missouri; Nebraska; New Hampshire; New Jersey; New York; Ohio; Oregon; Pennsylvania; probably South Carolina; Utah Territory; Vermont; Virginia; Washington; West Virginia; and Wyoming. In Alabama, she must file her husband's written consent to her independent business or trade relations in the Probate Court, unless her husband is insane, non-resident, or has abandoned her. In Arizona Territory she must give a formal public notice of her business in accordance with certain statutory regulations; so in Montana. In Arkansas she probably would have to record a schedule of her stock in trade, as she must of other personal property, in order to hold it unquestionably as her own. In California, Florida, Idaho Territory, and Nevada, she must obtain leave of court according to certain requirements in each state, to carry on business alone or as a "sole trader," as it is sometimes called. In Delaware it is doubtful to what extent a married woman may assume business relations and responsibilities. I do not know exactly how the law stands on this point in the District of Columbia. In Georgia she may become a "free trader" if her husband consents thereto, by publishing such consent for one month in a newspaper. In Michigan also she must have her husband's consent. In Kentucky the court may authorize her to transact business in her own name if she and her husband join in a petition to that effect; or she may do so without such permission if her husband has abandoned her, or is in the penitentiary for an unexpired term of more than one year, or has left the state and fails to maintain her, or if she has come to the state alone without him. In North Carolina, an ante-nuptial contract, signed and recorded, or her husband's consent after marriage, also written, acknowledged, and recorded, will authorize a wife to carry on independent business. In Tennessee she cannot carry on any trade or business in her own name unless her husband is insane, so also in Rhode Island, she can only carry on a separate trade or business if her husband is insane, except that if a woman comes into the state alone and lives here without her husband for a year, she has the powers and rights of a widow, but only until such time as he may follow her into the state; and except also that if a husband unjustifiably abandons his wife or fails for six months to provide for her, being of sufficient ability so to do, she may obtain from the court the powers of a single woman. In Texas I understand that a wife cannot legally engage in separate trade or business; and that in Wisconsin she can do so, free from her husband's control and debts only if he has deserted her or failed to provide for her support.

The subject of my next paper will be "How a Married Woman May Make a Will."

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A CABINET AFTERNOON.

BY MRS. CARL BARUS.

MANY habits which have become crystallized into customs in the official etiquette of Washington life, have formed themselves without premeditation or expectation on the part of those who introduced them that they would become recognized as binding. A careful study of the growth of social life at the Capitol fails to indicate just when the practice of keeping open house on Wednesday afternoons became an accepted fact with the Cabinet members.

It has, however, the force of precedent so far as the memory of existing Washington society is concerned, and it would require considerable argument, if not endanger his position, for a Cabinet officer to disregard this unwritten law. At the opening of our national history, Washington was but a village with important clusters of official residences stationed at intervals along the route between the Executive Mansion and the Capitol. It is only since the Civil War that it has lost its provincial appearance and assumed the air of city life. Forms which had the significance at the outset of neighborly good feeling have now the weight of official position.

As in most cities, the west is the court end of Washington. On sunny Wednesday afternoons in January and February one is almost tempted to fancy that a bit of actual court life has transplanted itself on this democratic soil, the carriages with obsequious, liveried coachmen and footmen and ladies in the elegance of rich fabrics and fine feathers so crowd the streets of this neighborhood. The comparison frequently drawn between Paris and Washington never holds better than upon such afternoons when the fashionable world, abroad in its gala attire, gives an animation and sparkle to the street scene which suggest the perennial lightheartedness of the French capital.

Any one, bearing the passport of respectability and good-breeding, stirred by patriotic or inquisitive instincts, may present his card at the doors of the Cabinet households and receive a welcome from the inmates. The hours and form of reception are the same at all the houses, but one's fancy suggests that the flowers have the sweetest perfume in the parlors of the Secretary of Agriculture, that a scholarly element predominates among the guests at the home of the Secretary of the Interior, who supervises the scientific bureaus, and that familiar military and naval faces are more frequent at the houses of their respective Cabinet chiefs.

The deaths which followed so closely in the family of Secretary Blaine at the opening of the first social season of the present administration, closed from public approach what probably would have been the most popular household. The days of retirement are not yet completed, and only personal friends presume to call at the interesting old brick mansion facing Lafayette Square, which has secured for itself historical permanence as the residence of two noted statesmen, Seward and Blaine.

The brilliant entertainments, which during the Cleveland régime piqued public curiosity at the home of Secretary Whitney, caused a prestige for lavish hospitality to become associated with his house. When it was known that the in-coming Postmaster-General had secured it, general expectation took the form of a prophecy that he would sustain its past distinction. Reputed the wealthiest man in the Cabinet, and one whose business capacity and energy had made his name familiar over the country, Mr. Wanamaker was the most suitable candidate for the rôle of social leader. A square red brick house on I Street, built a couple of generations ago by a retired army officer, when the gentry of Washington built for themselves in the midst of pleasant gardens substantial houses with wide halls and broad, inviting entrances, it has by its spacious rooms and convenient location proved to be well fitted for hospitality, though the houses on either side have pushed up so closely that it has lost its air of independence and one would pass it by without suspecting it to be the focus of so much newspaper gossip.

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The society column in the daily press gives notice of the intentions of the Cabinet households for the convenience of visitors in the city. As you ascend the steps to the Postmaster-General's house on Cabinet Day between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m., "Buttons" is found waiting with his hand on the knob to swing open the door with a promptness which anticipates the bell. A dignified English man-servant receives your card on a silver tray and passes it to a still more impressive personage, who as you cross over the threshold of the receiving room calls your name aloud in such decisive tones that you are startled at your own importance, and surprised that the announcement falls unheeded on all but the listening ears of the hostess, who standing within a few feet of the doorway extends her hand and repeats your name coupled with the stereotyped greeting—"happy to meet you"—then turns and introduces you to the daughter or friend who may be assisting her to receive. Unless the rooms are fairly empty or you are a personal friend, you are not expected to engage your hostess in further conversation, as the line of visitors on pleasant afternoons is sometimes an almost unbroken one, and necessitates brief recognitions.

The rooms from which daylight has been excluded, that the glow from numerous lamps with rosy shadings may give a softened coloring to the scene, are fragrant with the odor of flowers and rich with artistic and effective decoration. A half dozen young girls who have been invited to aid in receiving are scattered through the rooms, in gowns as artistic as their surroundings, and by their merry chatter as they greet friends among the guests, help to dispel the formality of the first introduction. Beyond the double suite of parlors is the ball-room which the Whitneys added to the house, and whose light is arranged to serve the needs of a picture gallery. The walls hung with embossed leather and crimson damask are covered with fine paintings, largely representative of the modern French masters. The lover of sensuous impressions receives a feast amid the luxuriance of the tropical foliage of palms, the gorgeous dyes of Oriental rugs and hangings, the rich embroideries, and bric-à-brac which are thrown about with lavish profusion, making a suitable tableau from an Arabian Night tale. The color, warmth, and beauty tempt one to linger beyond the conventional ten-minutes, which should be the extreme limit for such a call, including a visit to the dining-room. Good sense is at present fashionable. Instead of the hot dishes and elaborate ménu spread a few years ago, the simplest entertainment is given with dainty accompaniments of china and glass. Flowers, candelabra, with blossoming candle-shades, and embroidered linen set off the table upon which are found the tea-urn, the chocolate pot, sweet biscuits, salted almonds, and bon-bons.

It is in good form if the reception is a small one, to wish your hostess "good morning" as you leave, but, as a rule, the departures are taken without that courtesy as the constant entrances and exits would create confusion.

The Cabinet ladies formerly returned within a week the calls of those who gave a known address in the city, but as Washington outgrew its provincial character, the pile of cards left at the door became each year more formidable. It was manifestly impossible to continue such a social form. The duty of acknowledging the compliment of a visit is now turned over to the private secretary or general factotum, who making out the weekly list of obligations is driven about from house to house and leaves the cards of the family—that of the master being engraved simply, The Secretary of —— (whatever department he may occupy), the ladies bearing the surname only. This relief from the burdensome task of official courtesy leaves the Cabinet ladies at liberty to assume whatever rôle they choose in the social life of the city, saving the imperative duty of personally calling first each year upon the wives of the Judges of the Supreme Court and the wives of Senators. The question of social precedence in a land where equality was the key-stone of the Constitution was a delicate one to adjust, especially as official positions clearly evoked social pride in their holders. Happily the dilemma between the contending parties resolved itself without further acrimony than a few bitter words in past administrations. The Cabinet households accepted their place as lower in the scale than senatorial honors.

Mrs. Morton receives on Cabinet days, though the wives of former Vice-Presidents have occasionally chosen to receive on Thursdays (the day selected by the Senators' households), in this way emphasizing their

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husbands connection with the legislative body.

Had the headquarters of our national government, as those of other countries, been seated in the central city of trade and commerce, the official life might not have been able to assume the dominant social tone it has secured in Washington—a city built up almost exclusively in the interests of government institutions.

EVANESCENCE.

BY NETTIE J. HUNT.

WHERE the reed-grass bends and lightly sways,
And the rushes sigh,
Thro' the tenderly-tinted and golden days
Wheels the dragon-fly.

And its bright wings shine and swing and sway
By the placid stream,
And it floats and skims and quivers away
Like a haunting dream.

And down by the reedy margin there,
As frail as can be,
Almost afraid of the summer air,
Cower birdlings three,

And wondering, gaze at the dizzy flight
And dazzling hue,
And watch it poise in the morning light
Under heaven's blue.

* * * * * * * *

But be sure when hearts are strong and gay,
That the wings will grow;
And that which lies on the earth, some day
May heavenward go!

* * * * * * * *

Down by the brook lay the glittering thing,
Lifeless lay and cold,—
With the splendor gone from dazzling wing
That had shone in gold.

* * * * * * * *

Up in the blue, with a song-burst free,
Soared away on high
The birds that had pined and longed to be
Like the dragon-fly!

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

Professor Alexander Winchell, the distinguished geologist and author of the well-known "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," which the members of the C. L. S. C. are now reading, died at his home in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on February 19. Although nearly three-score and ten—he was born in 1824—he had shown to the world, up to within a few days of his death, no signs of waning vigor, although in truth symptoms of heart failure had been menacing him for some little time. His last appearance in public was in the rôle that has made him so well-known, that of a popular expounder of the doctrine of evolution.

Few American scholars have reached with their books and their thoughts so many American households as did Dr. Winchell. It is not often that the gift of the original investigator and that of the popular expounder are so well combined in the same person. The scholar, absorbed in his specialty, and habitually writing or speaking only for the small audience of his professional peers, is often impatient of the very thought of addressing himself to a wider public. Very likely he may feel a sort of contempt for the popularizer. No such feeling found lodgement in the mind of Winchell. He took pride in the office of a teacher of the people at large. He loved to write for the general reader and to speak to popular audiences upon the vast conceptions and the far-flying speculations among which his own mind had come to be at home. He was especially in his element in combating the idea that the theory of evolution is out of harmony with the Bible. As to the permanent value of what he did in this direction it is difficult to speak fairly without going into details.

Along with his strong scientific bent Winchell was a religious man; more than this he was a churchman, a Methodist. He felt it his duty therefore to mediate in the much-talked-of "conflict" between geology and the Bible. He felt it to be little short of suicidal on the part of the church to take an attitude of hostility either to the spirit of scientific research or to the particular conclusions which scientific men might reach in the conscientious study of facts. He saw about him, however, in the churches, not a little of this—as it seemed to him—suicidal hostility. And what stirred him more deeply, he also saw about him much painful perplexity. To many good people the problem was presenting itself as a choice between a humiliating Either and a terrible Or: either the irresistible conclusions of able minds using their faculties in an honest search for truth must be totally wrong or else the authority of the Bible as a divine word must be given up. He accordingly went to work to relieve this perplexity. It seemed to him that the entire difficulty was due to an erroneous traditional interpretation of Genesis, and he accordingly set about showing how this interpretation could be modified so as to make the so-called nebular hypothesis and the whole doctrine of evolution not only not inconsistent with but confirmatory and illustrative of the Bible account. The details of his argument are set forth in numerous books, pamphlets, and addresses.

Dr. Winchell was a man of wide attainments and prodigious industry. A complete catalogue of all his contributions to science, great and small, would comprise several hundred numbers, not to speak of his various works of a popular or semi-popular character. He was long State Geologist of Michigan, and was at the time of his death the president of the American Geological Society. But his interests were not confined to his specialty. He had a working familiarity with a dozen languages; and was well-read in at least some lines of theology and philosophy. He had tried his hand with no mean success at modeling in clay. He was exceedingly fond of music and had long been the president of the flourishing University Musical Society at Ann Arbor. He was very methodical in all his habits and while always busy seemed never to be in a hurry. By those who know him from his printed works alone, he will be remembered as the champion of certain ideas. Those who have heard him speak will long retain the recollection of his imposing presence and his grandiose oratory. But those

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who knew him well, will remember him also for the gentleness, the modesty, the simplicity, that underlay his wealth of learning, his idealism of character, and his stately forms of expression.

A REVIVAL OF KINDLINESS.

There has been no little attention given in recent literature to that apostle of kindliness, Charles Lamb. Numerous unpublished letters have appeared and one charming book, Mr. Martin's "In the Footsteps of Charles Lamb." It is not possible for the public to give much thought to the life and essays of this man without being touched by his personality and stirred to efforts to bring about what is so greatly needed in society—a revival of kindliness—for kindliness was the keystone of his personality. It ordered his life. It regulated his relation to men. He wrote nothing which was not permeated by this influence. It was the fundamental, dominating force of his being.

The story of his care of his sister Mary in her frequent lapses into insanity is one of the most touching in the world. He made himself personally responsible for her behavior in order to save her from an asylum and to give her freedom and pleasure in her sane hours. He tied himself to a desk in the East India House for thirty years in order to support her, in spite of the fact that figures were an abomination to him, and that he looked with longing on the "beautiful innocency of the face of the man who never learned the multiplication table." He endured with the greatest courage the fact that he and Mary, because of her malady, were soon "marked," as he expressed it, in every neighborhood into which they went and obliged to move often, though so strong were his attachments to places, that as he said when they left Colebrook, "You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-post." This devotion was the natural expression of his heart. The only thing he could have done.

Nor was he sympathetic only to his own. He possessed that highest of heart qualities—universal human tenderness. He always saw the best in men and awakened it sometimes from a long sleep. "How *could* I hate him?" he said of some one. "Don't I know him? I never could hate any one I knew." It was this ready comprehension of every man's nature, which made him say in his whimsical way, "I love a fool as naturally as if I were kith and kin to him."

Nor was it a fondness which made him blind to his friend's foibles. Of queer Martin Burney he wrote, "Why does not his guardian angel look after him? May be he has tired him out." Of Wordsworth, who had declared he could have written Hamlet if he'd had the mind, he said, "It is clear nothing is wanting but the mind." Of his landlord he wrote, "He has £45 a year and *one* anecdote." Of everybody he made keen characterizations, but always with kindliness.

In spite of the fact that he was most frugal, living within his means, though he possessed a fine taste for books and for conviviality, nobody was more generous. His ward, Emma Isola (Mrs. Moxon), who died the other day, was but one of many of those whom he befriended with a generosity fitting a prince.

Now this kind of open-heartedness, of universal charity, of human tenderness, of self-sacrificing devotion, does more to make life worth living than any other thing which a human being can put into it. It prevents injustice, bitterness, cruelty. It gives flexibility of character. It tempers right which, through rigidity, frequently becomes wrong. It broadens the heart to the world's width. It opens the eyes to the oneness of humanity. It reveals to the mind the God in all things. Society is, no doubt, becoming kinder as a whole. The merciful organizations which we have established are evidences of it. But society, however perfectly organized to care for the destitute, the aged, the afflicted, cannot do the work of the individual. We need a revival of personal kindliness; a quality like Charles Lamb's which will set us at hand to hand and heart to heart effort in our own homes and among our own friends. Gentleness for the weak, love for the sinning, though we may be the sufferers, personal self-sacrifice for the afflicted, though there may be institutions to take care of them, kindliness as the habit of our minds and hearts, can undo most of the wrongs we or others have wrought.

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GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

General Sherman has passed away, full of years and honors, but it was his misfortune, whether he knew it or not, that his military achievements hid from the public view a great body of virtues and acquirements which would have made their possessor famous in any walk in life. In this respect he stood head and shoulders above any and all other heroes of the Civil War. No other general, living or dead, equaled him in range of thought, study, and comprehension. Comparisons, by name, would seem invidious as well as odious; many generals did nobly—did more than was expected of them, but as a rule their energies and influence were confined to the military profession. But Sherman seemed to have thought of every thing, studied every thing that interests humanity. It will astonish some of his old soldier-followers to know that "Uncle Billy" was as apt at theology as strategy; although not a member of any denomination he was at heart and in practice a sincere Christian. Up to a certain point he seemed liberal—as he was—but on the fundamental truths of Christianity he was as sound and uncompromising as John Wesley or John Knox. For family reasons he avoided taking part in any battles of the creeds, but prominent champions of different faiths have found him able both as antagonist and instructor, and learned to hold him in high respect. He often gave business "points" to business men, and they were so good that the receivers asked for more. In politics he was by nature a statesman; parties were to him means to an end, and he never could understand how any patriot in full possession of his senses could train with either party through thick and thin while for the time being the other party was making an issue of a principle which the aforesaid patriot had at heart. He was the heartiest of advocates of the best educational facilities—those which substitute the effort of the teacher with individual pupils, in distinction from the class-room routine which is the rule in most schools and colleges. Several years of his own life were devoted to teaching; he was a school-teacher in Louisiana when the Nation called him to buckle on his sword and take part in the Civil War.

More than any other of our generals, Sherman was a genius. The word "genius" is much abused; perhaps at its best it is not good enough to describe Sherman at his best, no matter what might be the subject in mind. His conclusions came so quickly as to seem intuitive, but they were correct with a frequency denied to so-called intuitions in general. He seemed literally to jump at conclusions, but those who knew him best, knew that he had thought over the matter long before—thought over it so honestly and fearlessly, without partiality or prejudice, and with so much mental effort, that the result was generally a just decision. Portraits recently published show a brow full of wrinkles, as becomes a man past seventy. But Sherman's friends saw all those wrinkles thirty years ago, before the war began; they were the results of hard and persistent concentration of mental effort, which began while he was a young man, and never ended. Odd though it may seem, the lightest-hearted period of Sherman's career was while he was handling a great army; at that time other subjects of general interest were laid aside, but his natural habit was to carry in his mind all the problems of the world's progress and need, and endeavor to solve them; as a consequence, no man was more sought after by statesmen, journalists, and others whose business it is to cope with great questions; all such men found that a half-hour chat with Sherman would "clear the air" amazingly.

Sherman was "the bright, consummate flower" of West Point; it is the purpose of that school to graduate for our little and republican army a body of officers, any of whom shall be able to fill at short notice any position,—military, diplomatic, practical, or intellectual to which by any possibility a soldier of high rank may be called. The standard is too high, perhaps, but so are the possible requirements of our army officers; failure to reach it is sometimes more honorable than success at foreign military schools. Sherman, however, was through life a brilliant example of what could be accomplished by a good mind and unflagging purpose.

It remains to be said that this great mind was never sullied by any vice peculiar to camp and field. He was honest, pure, genial, generous, affectionate, and sincere to a degree that at times seemed aggressive. His military record is closed, but his greater life remains to be written, for there were few so noble—or so little known.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE Fifty-First Congress came to an end March 4. The last session has been singularly inoperative, though in two or three cases what has not been done has been of vast benefit to the country, conspicuously the shelving of the Free Coinage bill. The much needed relief asked for the Supreme Court, after many years of waiting, has been granted. The International Copyright bill happily at last is passed; and though it may not be entirely satisfactory it nevertheless is a triumph on the side of honesty and gives an author a certain right to the products of his brain. To the indomitable perseverance of its supporters in the Senate and House is due warm praise. The inefficiency of the closing session is due in no small part to the fact that so many of the members were back for services after defeat at the polls. It is a peculiar and unwise arrangement to ask work of anybody after he has been discharged, but this is what we do of a congressman after dismissing him at the polls.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has appointed ex-Governor Charles Foster to take Mr. Windom's place as Secretary of the Treasury. The appointment has been well received. Mr. Foster is a conservative financier of experience and good sense. He will, it is supposed, follow Secretary Windom in opposition to free coinage. The President in a message to Congress, complained of the law requiring him to fill vacancies in his Cabinet within ten days after they occur. It is a needless restriction on the constitutional rights of the Executive. The law is a relic of the old controversy between Congress and the Executive when Andrew Johnson was President. It was designed to keep him from surrounding himself with Cabinet advisers who would not be confirmed by the Senate. It should long ago have been repealed. In performing so important a duty as filling a Cabinet vacancy, time is essential.

CHAUTAUQUANS will be interested in the appointment of Senator Blair as Minister to China, for he always has been a firm friend of the Chautauqua movement as he is of all efforts at progress and reform. The position entails many irritating circumstances. The etiquette of the Court is peculiar and exacting. The language is difficult. The mission is second class and does not give the representative of the United States the position he naturally expects to have assigned to one coming from this country. The salary, too, $12,500, is no more than is necessary for life there under the present conditions.

IT was in November, 1889, that Brazil was declared a republic. The vicissitudes of the last year and a quarter have been many and sometimes threatening, but the new republic has proved its worth. The constitution promulgated last June was adopted in February by the Assembly elected last September, and General da Fonseca, the first president of the Provisional Government, was elected president of the United States of Brazil. This peaceful revolution is one of the greatest triumphs of government in the history of the world. Our readers who wish to secure a clear and popular presentation of the Brazilian constitution should see Mr. Ford's article in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, 1890.

THE revolution in Chili has assumed much greater proportions than outbreaks in these explosive South American countries usually do. The contest is between the president and the army on one side and the congress and the navy on the other. President Balmaceda has acted the part of a tyrant during his five years of office-holding, dissolving cabinets at will and forcing measures, regardless of the constitution. Congress at last revolted, enlisting the navy in its favor. Public opinion seems to be with the insurgents. Chili has been recognized as the leading country of South America in many respects and it is most unfortunate that so serious a disturbance should interrupt her peace and prosperity.

THE translation which we publish this month on the "Writings and Orations of Signor Crispi," is of particular interest because of recent events in Italian politics. Signor Crispi resigned his prêmiership early in the year, forced to the action by his own

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impolitic utterances in the Chamber. His policy has been bold and successful. He has raised Italy to a first-class European power and has kept her in the Triple Alliance, but this has cost the country vast sums raised by enormous taxation. At the last election Signor Crispi promised that the burden should not be increased. At the opening of the Chamber he violated his promise, asking for more money. The remarks with which he enforced his demand incensed many members. His bill was rejected and he resigned. His successor, the Marquis di Rudini, has a serious task to do what he proposes, to enforce economy and preserve the Triple Alliance.

THE last week of February was known in Washington as Woman's Week, two great convocations of women, the Triennial Council and the National Suffrage Convention, holding sessions. It was evident that the gatherings were fashionable. Magnificent audiences greeted the speakers and every courtesy was showered upon members and visitors. Miss Frances E. Willard has been president of the Triennial Council and she arranged a brilliant program for the meeting. Upon it was represented all the leading interests which are contributing to-day to the cause of the general advancement of women; and she secured as representatives the ablest women of the country. The suffrage convention was of course devoted to a more special line of work. The convention has set for itself a number of special ends, among them are securing the appointment of women on the Sunday-school lesson committee and on the board of the National Reform Divorce League, urging equal pay for equal work for men and women in Government employ, securing an invitation from the Columbian exposition for the International Council of Women which meets in 1893, and designing a business costume for women which shall meet the demands of health, comfort, and good taste.

THE general celebration in March of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wesley ought to be a stimulus and a blessing to Methodism. His life is one of such splendid force and resolution and its consequences have been so marvelous both to the organization he founded and to society at large that a new purpose must come to his followers from considering his enthusiasm, his determination, his vigorous, untrammeled spirit. A fine statue of Wesley was unveiled in London on the centennial day, and various lesser honors have been bestowed in this country. His greatest memorial is the records of Methodism.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, the eminent Catholic, has divulged a beneficent scheme almost as extensive as General Booth's plan for lighting Darkest England. The Cardinal's plan is for rescuing the Sahara Desert and repressing the slave trade. He proposes what he calls the Sahara Brotherhood. The members are to begin operations by opening wells and planting trees in the great waste, carrying on at the same time an active warfare against the slave trade. The Pope has sanctioned the plan and some two thousand persons have already offered themselves for membership.

AT the sale of the Ives collection of books, manuscripts, and various works of art, at the beginning of last month, the rarest object offered was a copy of the Gutenberg Bible published at Mentz in 1455. It was purchased by J. W. Elsworth, of Chicago, for $14,800. It is one of the twenty-eight copies which are all that are known to be extant. In the catalogue of the collection prepared by Mr. Ives, he says regarding this book, and his coming into possession of it:

> The dispersion of several of the finest libraries in England gave unexpected and most favorable opportunities to secure books of this description. It is not in the range of probability that collectors will ever again have such facilities in this direction as were given by the sale of the Sunderland, Hamilton Palace, Beckford, Syston Park, and Wodhull Libraries. . . . I was fortunate enough to secure many of the more notable of these precious volumes; and to crown fittingly my acquisition of them by the purchase of the most remarkable of all printed books, as it is the first—the Gutenberg Bible.

THE tree-planting month of the United States is April. The advantage of the custom is not alone an increase in shade and beauty in the country, the awakening of the tree-loving spirit among the young is a greater gain. There is no taste more pure or more absorbing than that for trees. Who that has read Sydney Smith's life can forget his fruit trees, known to this day as "Sydney's Orchards." It is this taste that has made Joaquin Miller abandon his writing and go to tree-planting in a Western home. It

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is this which has filled our literature with songs of favorite trees and endowed many a fine trunk with a personality almost human. It is this that impels Dr. Fields to write of his favorite trees:

We have come into a perfect understanding and silent communion. Those trees know me; they know when I am in a silent mood, and they keep very still, hardly a leaf stirring; and when they begin to move, it is very gently, as if it were only to fan away the care that sits upon the troubled brow. Am I weary and downcast, one glance upward gives a new turn to my thoughts, as the waving tree-tops catch the burden from the spirit, and toss it into vacancy, where it is seen and felt no more.

A SERIOUS aspect of the reports of the immigration for 1890 is the fact that the number of Germans, Scandinavians, and English, our best foreign elements, is diminished and the number of Slavs and Italians, our worst elements, increased. The Italians have grown 100 % since 1889. The demand for cheap labor has brought them. The Russian persecution of the Jews accounts for the increase of Poles. But these people are many of them to be taken care of by the Baron Hirsch fund, some $2,500,000, established for the purpose of giving them homes on Western lands. The increase in Austrians and Bohemians has caused some alarm, since our anarchist population has come largely from those sources. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the present arrivals will swell that class. The total immigration last year was 491,000, sixty-four thousand more than in 1889.

THE Tory party of Canada has served its opponent, the Liberal, to a most unexpected and irritating political trick. In eighteen months the general election of Canada was to come before the people. The Liberals had announced a platform of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States and had begun a campaign of education among the people on this issue. From recent signs it looked as if the country in eighteen months could be persuaded to that policy. The head of the Tory party, Sir John Macdonald, evidently feared so, at least, and in consequence dissolved Parliament and has gone before the country for a new election in March on an issue of restricted reciprocity. This issue, however, the Tories are neglecting and are making their capital by representing the Liberal platform as treason to the mother country. Reciprocity with the United States is a sensible plan for both countries, but undoubtedly Sir John's wily trick will defer it now for a long time.

A MINISTERIAL crisis was threatened in France recently, brought on by the appearance of a new play, "Thermidor," laid in the times of the Revolution and holding up the leaders of the Reign of Terror in an unpleasant light. Friends of the Commune who saw the play, raised a commotion in the theater. The Cabinet in the interest of public order demanded that it be discontinued. Republicans in the Chamber attacked the government for this action and it looked for a time as if the ministry would be overturned. A country where a play representing scenes of one hundred years ago will raise fears of riot and governmental overthrow, certainly needs exactly such decisive action in removing irritating circumstances as that shown in interdicting "Thermidor."

THE fortieth anniversary of the First National Woman's Rights convention has been celebrated. The contrasts between the opening and closing years of the period are vivid and encouraging. From a time when a woman's convention was ridiculed by the press as a "hen convention," we have come to a time when no courtesy of the public is withheld from such a gathering. From closed colleges and narrowest opportunities we have passed to privileges for higher education and original research. From a time when for a woman to earn her living save in the kitchen, at the spinning wheel, or by the needle, was almost a crime, we have come practically to unlimited employments. From a condition of legal servitude has come legal protection. From no political recognition whatever we have passed to twenty-two states allowing school suffrage, one municipal suffrage, and one full suffrage. These solid gains meet the consent of the highest public opinion in the country and must be recognized by any fair observer of events as a promise of complete rights in the near future.

A BILL permitting all-night liquor-selling in the New York City saloons, was mentioned in the *Note-Book* for March as having passed the state senate. It has been defeated by the assembly, not because the latter is a more moral body, it is not; but because the vigorous protest of press and people raised

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such a menacing vision of the polls of the future that the legislators did not dare pass it. No voter should forget that he has this power of protest. His letter to his representative stands not for himself merely, but for a block of public opinion, and as such it will be heeded.

"OUR boys will undertake the capture of Havana even if they have to put torpedoes on the ends of logs and paddle themselves across the Florida Channel." Such was Admiral Porter's expression of confidence in the United States Navy in the excitement of 1874, following the Santiago massacre. The remark was typical of the Admiral's own indomitable character. He never hesitated for lack of implements. If a thing had to be done, the means must be made, not waited for. This character made possible the brilliant seamanship by which he rendered so great services to the country and it raised him to the rank he held. Admiral Porter came of a race of sailors and from his great grandfather's time the family has been closely connected with American shipping and naval affairs. By his death the title Admiral which was created for Farragut is removed from the Navy. It was decided some years ago that no further vacancy in the rank should be filled.

"THE master of the infinitely little" is the name by which the famous French artist, Meissonier, who recently died, was known. Perfection in execution was his ambition. His artistic conscience was so keen that he spared no work to attain this end. When he was painting "1807" he bought a cornfield and hired a troop of *cuirassiers* to gallop over it, he himself riding at their side and noting the attitudes of men and horses. Then, and not until the field was in the right condition of corn ruined by cavalry, did Meissonier sit down before it to paint. In painting "1814" he sat before his easel for hours in the chill of winter days trying to reproduce the exact look of snow-covered fields and frosty atmosphere. While his work lacked imagination, grandeur, tenderness, its fidelity to truth was so marvelous that he easily became the king of the realistic school of French art.

THERE is no new idea afloat in America which is not put to test by the progressive at home. If a plan is good for the city, it is for the village. If it can be carried out in one way it can in another. This conviction has led to some very interesting experiments on the Toynbee Hall plan. At Cambridge a university settlement has been established by Harvard students, which adapting itself to the limitations of the students is open in the evenings only. The two classes mingle freely. Lectures are given, discussions are conducted, and social intercourse is free. At Rockford, Ill., the young ladies of the seminary give two nights of each week to young girls in the factories, teaching them as they need and establishing cordial and helpful relations with them. Many educational institutions are so situated that such work could be carried on, and no instruction in philanthropy could compare with it.

THE conservatism of the college and university is, perhaps, more rigid than that of any other institution in society. Its precedents are as sacred as the Constitution, and its courses are preserved with the tenacity of religious creeds. Signs of greater flexibility have not been wanting in various colleges of the country in the last few years. Harvard has shown an especially liberal spirit. One of its last acts is to allow a Japanese student to substitute his knowledge of Chinese and Japanese classics for the Latin and Greek which the entrance examinations require. This unusual proceeding speaks well for the common-sense of the faculty. So much mental quality, not so much Latin and Greek, is what the preliminary qualifications are supposed to mean, but faculties do not always remember this.

THIS number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN contains the 3,645 names of the graduates from the C. L. S. C. Class of 1890. It brings the number of those having received diplomas from the organization to 25.571. This tremendous alumni, scattered over the whole world as it is, is in the main true to the principle on which Chautauqua is based, "Education ends only with life." Hundreds of these former C. L. S. C. readers are now engaged in the advance courses, in the College of Liberal Arts, or in independent study. They thus form a body of progressive thought and of growing culture which is of inestimable value to society at large. The best wish which THE CHAUTAUQUAN can give to the Class of '90 is that no member shall ever give up his love of knowledge and his desire for higher culture.

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C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 8).

"The Church in the United States," pp. 82–102.

"Walks and Talks," chapters X.–XIII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Intellectual Development of the English People."

"An English Sea-Rover."

Sunday Reading for April 5.

Second week (ending April 15).

"The Church in the United States," pp. 103–126.

"Walks and Talks," chapters XIV.–XVII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Life in Modern England."

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

Sunday Reading for April 12.

Third week (ending April 22).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XVIII.—XX.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters I.–III.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"British America."

"Studies in Astronomy."

Sunday Reading for April 19.

Fourth week (ending April 30).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XXI.–XXIII.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters IV.–VI.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Referendum in Switzerland."

Sunday Reading for April 26.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Incidents of English sea-life in Tudor Times.
2. Paper—English Thought in the Middle Ages.
3. Symposium on the Roman Catholic Church in the United States: its Strongholds, Wealth, Numbers, Schools, Political Influence, Morality, Ambitions.
4. Reading—"A Shaker Meeting."*
5. Debate—Resolved that Congress violates the Constitution of the United States in interfering with the Mormon People.
6. Memorial—Dr. Winchell.*

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Answered by examples of Interrogation, Apostrophe, Exclamation, Vision, Personification, etc. The circle should name figure given; follow this by reading "Use and Abuse of Words."*
2. Talk—My Idea of England in Tudor Times.
3. Essay—The "New England Primer."*
4. Round-Table—Interesting Phenomena of Volcanoes and Earthquakes.
5. Debate—Resolved that the Sunday-school should be abolished.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Map exercise on British America.
2. Paper—Mountain Structure and Formation, illustrated by blackboard diagrams.
3. Froissart and his Cotemporaries. Let a leader be chosen to review Froissart's life, introducing his most prominent cotemporaries; supplement this by five-minute papers introduced at the proper time on the characters mentioned by the leader.
4. Essay—Schiaparelli's Discoveries.
5. Discussion—The Wit of Rabelais; what was his object in writing the life of "Gargantua and Pantagruel"?

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Table-Talk—Maxims of French writers included in the lesson, followed by reading of "Two French Aphorists."*
2. Descriptive Paper—"Down in a Mine."
3. A Talk—How Salt is Made.
4. A Mosaic—A collection of critical opinions of Montaigne as a writer.
5. Debate—Resolved that the introduction of the Swiss Referendum would improve the government in the United States.

GAME—REVIEW OF THIS MONTH'S GEOLOGY.

Let the most inconvertible spinster or the most uncompanionable bachelor be chosen to lead the game. The leader seats the company by couples in a row, and instructs them that each person may confer only with his partner. He then numbers them first couple, No. 1, second couple, No. 2, etc., and distributes paper and pencils. Each couple writes one question, from the month's geology lesson, to which it must know the correct answer, and signs its

* *Editor's Outlook*, p. 117.

* *The Library Table*, p. 117.

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number. These the leader gathers up and reads one by one, each couple writing an answer to the question read and affixing the proper number. The leader then collects the answers and reads each question and all its answers. A general discussion ensues to decide upon the correct answer; and if necessary, the leader appeals to the questioners.

HUGH MILLER DAY—APRIL 14.

It was the necessity that made me a quarrier that taught me to be a geologist.—*Hugh Miller.*

The thought in forming the C. L. S. C. was to adapt it to the needs of the busy people, those who must educate themselves; this same thought makes it seem wise to suggest for the Hugh Miller Memorial Day a program that will strongly bring out the idea of self-education, the geologist standing as a representative type.

1. Hugh Miller's Teachers.

   By far the best schools I ever attended are schools open to all; the best teachers I ever had (though severe in their discipline) always easy of access; and the special *form* at which I was, if I may say so, most successful as pupil, was a form to which I was drawn by a strong inclination but at which I had less assistance from my brother-men or even from books, than at any of the others.

2. Self-culture is possible in any Employment.

   There are few of the natural sciences that do not lie quite as open to the working-men of Britain and America as geology did to me.

3. Value of Curiosity to Self-culture.

   Learn to make a right use of your eyes: the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds and the most familiar animals.

4. Contentment considered as a Vice.

   I am not quite sure whether a content so general as to be national may not, in certain circumstances, be rather a vice than a virtue. It is certainly no virtue when it has the effect of arresting either individuals or peoples in the course of development; and is perilously allied to great suffering when the men who exemplify it are so thoroughly happy amid the mediocrities of the present that they fail to make provision for the contingencies of the future.

5. "The Grand Acquirement of life."

   The art of holding converse with books.

6. The Intellectual Superiority of the Scholar over the Working-man is not so great as generally supposed.

   I did not always find that general superiority on the side of the scholar, which the scholar himself took for granted. What he had specially studied, save in rare and exceptional circumstances, he knew better than the working-man; but while the student had been mastering his Greek and Latin and expatiating in natural philosophy and mathematics, the working-man, if of an inquiring mind, had been doing something else; and it is at least a fact that all the great readers of my acquaintance, the men most extensively acquainted with English literature, were not the men who had received the classical education.

CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

SUGGESTIONS TO SOLITARY READERS.

"I KNEW a man," said the Scribe, "who for twenty years always took the same route to his office. He might have reached it as quickly and as easily by at least a half dozen other routes, and thus have given a variety to his daily walk, but habit was too much for him. He plodded away over the same path, becoming daily more insensible to its attractions and utterly unconscious of the interests within his reach which he was missing.

"Your speech reminds me of him. You have a few phrases and adjectives which you never vary. This habit gives a common-place sound to your language which mars it seriously. I think you cannot realize how regularly you say of anything beautiful which you own, that it is 'a joy forever.' You have declared to me that to you the C. L. S. C. was 'a joy forever'; you have said the same of your piano, your new etching, your remembrances of your last summer's trip, and I know not how many more things. I presume it is true of all these possessions, but it would be more impressive if you told me so in another way. An expression, be it ever so fine, loses its force by frequent repetition, just as we grow indifferent to the features of the scenes which we constantly pass and repass.

"You offend repeatedly with your adjectives. All things are 'nice' or 'funny' or 'lovely' with you. You should discard all of these words as overworked and meaningless and introduce new adjectives each day into your vocabulary, taking care that you do not use the same one twice in succession. Remember that an adjective stands for an idea and that in selecting your word with discrimination you define your idea more distinctly.

"This bondage to expression and words is common enough and you will do not a little toward curing yourself if you will watch others and particularly observe the practice of writers. An experienced editor of a woman's journal complained to me not long ago that he was being irritated no little by having a large per cent of the articles submitted to him begin with Victor Hugo's expression, 'This is woman's age.' The sentence is a good one and true, but one does not care to find it at the opening of half the manuscripts he reads. 'Things that are here and have come to stay,' and 'long felt wants,' are examples of constantly recurring expressions. Those who use them are too indolent or careless to avoid them; they do not recognize the poverty-stricken sound they give a sentence.

"In this same line is the habit of adopting

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words which for the time are in style and using them constantly whether they apply or not. You remember how I labored to eliminate 'unique' from your conversation not long ago. You remember, too, how tired you got of hearing me talk about 'environments,' and how a year ago both of us struggled not to qualify all our adjectives by 'distinctly,' and you perhaps have noticed how just at present every thing is 'altogether charming' or 'altogether disagreeable,' or 'altogether ludicrous.' The word is a good one—in its place, but its place is not everywhere.

"The vogue of certain words is as irrational as style in clothes or furniture usually is. Words are to be adopted into a vocabulary and then to be used where they apply. They are not to be employed only because they are 'the style.' Avoid common-place expressions; never use an adjective which is not the best one in your list for the particular meaning you are striving to convey, and never use any word or phrase simply because it is in vogue.

"When you exercise this fine choice you put a polish, an edge on your speech which gives it force and brilliancy and which gives even common ideas and experiences a sparkle and an attractiveness which much finer thought and more elevated feeling may lack if they are not described skillfully."

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR APRIL.

"SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

P. 84. "Parochial" [pa-rō'kĭ-al]. Of or belonging to a parish. See note on page 579 of the February number of this magazine.

"Plenary." Entire, complete. From the Latin adjective *plenus*, full, the verb being *plere*, to fill. Church councils are "provincial, national, or general, according as they are composed of the bishops of a province, a nation, or of all Christendom." National councils are also called plenary councils because in them all the bishops of the nation assemble under the archbishop.

P. 88. "Epictetus" [ep-ic-tē'tus]. A Roman Stoic philosopher who lived in the first century A. D. "His teachings are summed up in the formula 'Bear and forbear.'"

P. 89. "Worcester" [wŏŏs'ter'].

P. 90. "Watervliet" [wa-ter-vlēt'].

P. 91. "The Rappists" established themselves at Economy as a community holding goods in common.

P. 92. "The Book of Mormon." The work was so named from the last of the pretended line of Hebrew prophets who were said to have written the sixteen different books composing the Mormon bible. Mormon was the author of the last book in the collection, and the one who preserved and transmitted to his son the plates containing the writings of the whole collection.

P. 94. "The Edmunds Law." This was passed in March 1882.

P. 101. "Subsidized." See note on "subsidies" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, page 398. To subsidize is to purchase assistance (which may be rendered by simply keeping silence) by the payment of a sum of money, or by some other method to gain aid or co-operation.

P. 103. "George Peabody." (1795–1869.) An American philanthropist. Engaged in large mercantile pursuits in this country, he added to these cares in 1837 by establishing a banking house in London where he settled. Unusually successful in his business enterprises, he took delight in making princely gifts to various causes. "He was the most liberal philanthropist of modern times." The fund for the promotion of education in the South, which was only one in a long list of benefactions, reached the sum of $3,500,000.

"The Slater fund." In April 1882 John Fox Slater, an American manufacturer, placed in the hands of trustees $1,000,000, the interest of which was to go toward the education of the freedmen.

P. 106. "Secular." Worldly, opposed to ecclesiastical. It is derived from the Latin word for generation, age, the times, the spirit of the times or the world, *sæculum;* a specific meaning for which is century.

"Itinerant." See note on page 584 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

P. 109. "Polyglot." Greek *polus*, many, *glotta*, tongue, language. A polyglot population is one composed of different nationalities, one speaking many tongues.

P. 111. "Catechism." A form of instruction by questions and answers. The derivation of the word is interesting. *Kătă* in Greek means down, *achos*, a sound, a ringing in the

ears. To catechise is to sound down, to din into one's ears, to impress upon a scholar by oral instruction.

P. 114. "Archæology" [ar-kē-ol′o-jy]. The science of antiquities. Greek *archaios*, ancient, *logos*, discourse.

P. 119. "Decades" [dek′ades]. A term commonly applied to periods of ten years. Greek *dekas*, a body of ten men, *deka*, the number ten. "Decade, which began with denoting any 'aggregate of ten,' has now come to mean decennium or a space of ten years."—*F. Hall.*

"Collateral." Derived from the Latin *latus*, side, and *col* (for *con*), with. Belonging to the side, hence filling a secondary position, accompanying, aiding, confirming. Collateral reading is that not on the main subject which one is pursuing, but on some related branch or branches.

P. 122. "*Littérateur*" [le-tā-rä-tûr′]. A literary person, one versed in literature, one who adopts literature as a profession. A French word.

"Homiletical" [hom-i-let′ic al]. Pertaining to sermons, or preaching. The word is traced back through several derived forms to the Greek *homos*, same, like, and *eile*, company. The Greek compound *homilos*, means an assembly; *homilia*, means intercourse, converse, instruction. In early Christian use the word homily was restricted to familiar discourse concerning the Scriptures; later it was limited to sermons; it is also used of any expository discourse.

P. 126. "I-ren′ic-al." From the Greek word for peace, *eirene*. Promoting peace.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

P. 56. "Ultima Thule" [thū′le]. "Bochart says, It is a Syrian word, and that the Phœnician merchants who traded in the Shetland Islands called them isles of darkness; but probably it is the Gothic Tiule, meaning the most remote land, and is connected with the Greek *telos*, the end. Ultima Thule, the end of the world, the last extremity. Thule was the most northern point known to the Romans."—*Dr. Brewer.*

"The Styx." In mythology the name of the great river of the lower world, around which it flows seven times.—"Phleg′e-thon." A river of the same regions in whose channels instead of water there ran flames.

P. 57. "Dasya" [das′i-a]. "Grin-nel′li-a." "Cal-li-tham′ni-on."

"Chlorophyl" [klō′rō-fil]. The green coloring matter of leaves and other parts of plants. Greek *chlorus*, green, and *phullon*, leaf.

"Algæ." Sea-weeds.——"Diatoms." Minute plants growing in water, which have the strange power of secreting silica to such a degree that they have the appearance of being minerals. The fact that they multiply by subdivision proves that they are not minerals.——"Silicious," composed of silica, or flint; "calcareous," composed of limestone.

P. 58. "Cimmerian" [sim-mē′ri-an]. "Homer supposes the Cimmerians [a fabulous people] to dwell in a land 'beyond the ocean-stream,' where the sun never shone."

P. 59. "Globigerina" [glob-ij-e-rī′na].

"The *Challenger*." A large ship fitted out for deep sea dredging by the British government, which in 1872 started on a voyage of circumnavigation.

"Pelagic" [pe-laj′ic]. Pertaining to the sea, the Greek word for which is *pelagos*.

P. 60. "Simoon." A hot, dry wind of Arabia, Syria, and the neighboring countries. Written also simoom.

"Cosmic." Pertaining to the universe.

P. 62. "Bassalian." Pertaining to the deep sea realm, which is called Bassalia.

"Phosphorescence" [fos-fō-res′ence]. "The property which certain bodies possess of becoming luminous without undergoing combustion." The roots of the word, for it is a compound one, are to be found in the Greek *phos*, light, and *pherein*, to bring.

P. 63. "Shales." Rocks composed of clayey sediments consolidated in layers which can be split in the direction of the grain. The word comes from the German *schälen*, to peel, to split.

P. 67. The names given to the four great æons are all of Greek derivation and are compounded of the word *zoe*, life, and a qualifying word. In the name E-ō-zō′ic the descriptive word is *eos*, dawn; in Pa-læ-o zō′ic, it is *palaios*, ancient; in Mes-o-zō′ic, *mesos*, middle; and in Cæ(sē)-nō-zō′ic, *kainos*, recent.

"Fossils." Nicols says, "A fossil may be described as the trace of the existence of any once animated being, preserved in the rocks. It may be a mere fragment, or it may be perfect so far as its parts are concerned—the shell of a mollusc, the backbone of a fish, the skeleton of an animal, or the leaf or stem of a plant. . . . Impressions of the footprints of birds and animals, of raindrops, and even the ripple-marks of water, may also be classed as fossils." The word comes from the Latin, *fodere*, *fossum*, to dig; hence in a broad sense it is applied to any substance dug from the earth, as fossil coal.

P. 68. "St. Cuthbert's beads." St. Cuth′-bert was a Scotch monk who lived in the sixth century; he has been called the St. Patrick of

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Great Britain. An old tradition says that he sits at night on a rock in Holy Island, and, using an opposite rock as an anvil, forges the little shells. The encrinites were among the earliest forms of animal life, and are now a fossil genus of the order of crinoids (stone lilies). They are described as having a round, oval, or angular column composed of numerous articulating joints, which supports at its summit a cup-like body, somewhat resembling a flower. "By disintegration of the rock the little joints of the fossil stem fall out and may be gathered in some places in great numbers." They are also called wheel-stones, and were formerly used for rosaries.

P. 69. "Py-thag′o-ras." (About 580–500 B. C.) A Greek philosopher.——"Strā′bo" and "Plĭ′ny." The former was a Greek, the latter a Roman writer, and both lived near the beginning of the Christian era.

P. 71. "Dĭ-lū′-vi-al-ists." Those who explain geological phenomena as having been caused by the deluge.

P. 72. "Prō tō-zō′ans." Greek *protos*, first, and *zo-on*, a living being, an animal.

"Vertebrates." Animals having an internal jointed skeleton, the backbone of which is called the vertebral column. The Latin verb *vertere*, from which the word comes, means, to turn.——"Invertebrates" are animals which are destitute of a backbone.

"Am-phib′i-ans." Animals which can live in both the air and the water. Greek *amphi*, on both sides, around, and *bios*, life.

P. 73. Most of the names used in the Table of Geological History are derived from the places in which the particular rocks abound; as "Devonian," from Devonshire, Eng.; "Jurassic," from the Jura Mts.; "Silurian," from the ancient Silures who inhabited parts of England and Wales; "Carboniferous," coal-bearing. "Triassic" is so called because the formation is composed of three strata. "Cretaceous," from the Latin *creta*, chalk. The name Tertiary arose from a division of the fossil-bearing rocks into three systems, the Palæozoic, the Mesozoic or secondary formation, the Cænozoic, containing the third formation, the Tertiary [ter′shi-a-ry], and the fourth, the Quaternary [qua-ter′na-ry]. The Eozoic rocks were regarded as crystalline, and devoid of fossils. "E′o-cene" [sene], Greek *eos*, dawn, and *kainos*, new. "Mī′o-cene," Greek *meion*, less—hence the word means less new, as compared with the "Pli′o-cene," which means more recent, Greek *pieion*, more.

P. 77. "Anticlinal" [an-te-klī′nal]. "Synclinal" [sin-klī′nal].

P. 81. "Geyser" [ghī′ser].

P. 83. "Soda Butte" [bute].

P. 87. "Ischia" [is′ke-a]. "Procida" [prō′-chē dā]; "Solfatara" [sole-fā-tä′rä]; "Monte Nuovo" [mon′ta nu-ō′vo]; "Pompeii" [pom-pā′ye]; "Her-cu-lā′ne-um"; "Stabiæ" [stä′bē-ē]; "Torre dell' Annunciata" [tor′-rȧ del län-noon-ze-ä′tä]; "Torre del Greco" [tor′ra del grā′kō]; "Resina" [rā-sē′nä]; "Portici" [pōr′tē-chē]; "A′trī-o del Ca-val′lō"; "St. Sebastiano" [sän se-bäst′-yän-ō].

P. 89. "Mascali" [mäs-kä′le]; "Linguagrossa" [lin′gwa-gros-sä]; "Cosequina" [ko-sē-ghee′nä].

P. 90. "Mauna Loa" [mow′nä lō′ä]; "Skaptar Jokul" [skäp′tär yō-kool′]. Yokuls are mountains which are shrouded in perpetual snow.

P. 92. "Des Chutes" [dā shoot]; "Cañon" [kan′yon]. It is the Spanish word for tube or hollow.

P. 93. "Mogollon" [mō-gōl-yone′].

P. 95. "Butte" [bute].

P. 98. "Comstock Lode." See page 119 of text-book.

P. 101. "Mallet" [mäl-lā].

P. 104. "Cachar" [kä-chăr].

"Rec-ti-lin′e-ar." Right-lined, straight-lined.

P. 105. "The Great Runn." In Cutch, a native state of Hindostan, is the great salt marsh called the Runn. It is 160 miles long from east to west and varies in width from 4 to 80 miles, and covers about 7,000 square miles in area.

"Perigee" [per′i-jee]. From the Greek *peri*, about, near, and *ge*, the earth. That point in the orbit of the moon which is nearest the earth. The point which is farthest from the earth is called ap′ogee. Greek *apo*, from.

P. 108. "Pyr′ox-ēne."—"Lab′rā-dōr-ite."

P. 110. "Au Sable" [ạ sä′ble; ạ has the sound of a in fall; ä, the sound in far].

P. 112. "Or-o-graph′ic." In the Greek language mountain is called *oros*. It is then plainly seen that the word is formed exactly as is geographic. O-rog′ra-phy, "that division of physical geography which has to do with the relations and developments of the mountain chains of the regions described."

P. 115. "Leibnitz" [libe′nitz].

"Ge-og-nos′tic." The word is a synonym for geologic. The latter part of the compound is derived from the Greek verb to know, *gnonai*. It is "a geological term variously used," and but rarely used.

P. 117. "Met-a-mor′phism."

P. 119. "Plagioclase" [plā′ji-o-klaze]. Feldspar in which there are two prominent cleav-

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ages oblique to each other. Greek *plagios*, oblique, *klasis*, fracture.

P. 121. "Ep-i-derm'is." The outer layer of the skin. Greek *epi*, upon, *derma*, skin.

P. 123. "Sulphydric" [sul-phy'drik].

P. 126. "Len-tic'u-lar." Having the form of a double convex lens; curved.

P. 127. "Fer-ru'gi-nous." Partaking of iron. The Latin word for iron is *ferrum*.

P. 129. "Specific gravity." "The ratio of the weight of a body to the weight of an equal volume of some other body taken as the standard or unit. This standard is usually water for solids and liquids, and air for gases."

P. 130. "Karaboghaz" [kä-rä-bo-gäz'].

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

P. 9. "*Jeu d' esprit*" [zhû des-prē, û pronounced as in furl]. A play of wit; a play upon words.—"*Bon mot* [bong mō]. A repartee.—"*Persiflage* [pär-se-fläzh]. Frivolous or bantering talk. "*Phrăse.*" A short, pithy sentence.

P. 10. The names of all authors throughout the work will be found with the pronunciation marked, in the index of the text-book.

P. 11. "*Langue d' oc*" [longg dok. Pronounce the first part as the word *long*, and then sound g hard after it.]—"*Langue d' oïl* [longg dwē].

"*Troubadours*" [trōō-ba-dōōrs].—*Trouvères*, [trōō väre].—"*Chansons de geste*" [shänsōng de zhest].—"*Romans*" [rō-mong. It is hard to indicate the pronunciation of the French n; it has a nasal sound but not so full as the English letters ng represent. It is sometimes indicated by placing ng in smaller type at the right and a little above the word. One can, perhaps, form the best idea of it, if he is unable to hear it, by imagining himself to be interrupted in saying the English word song, for instance, just before finishing the last sound. In the index of the book it is represented by a capital, N.]

P. 12. "*Fabliaux*" [fā-blē-ō].

P. 13. "Herodotus" [hē-rod'o-tus]. (About 484–420 B. C.] A Greek historian.—"Tacitus" [tas'i-tus]. (About 55–117 A. D.) A Roman historian. His style was noted for its vigor and conciseness.

P. 14. "Ronsard." It is said that it was at the earnest recommendation of Mary Queen of Scots that Ronsard published a complete edition of his writings in 1560. The city of Toulouse so highly appreciated the collection that it presented to the author a figure of Minerva made of massy silver. Mary Stuart then, equally impressed by his merits, sent him a gift of a very rich set of table plate, among which was a vessel representing Mt. Parnassus on the top of which was a Pegasus, with this inscription, "To Ronsard the Apollo of the home of the Muses."

P. 15. "Posthumous" [pŏst'hū-mus]. "Appearing or existing after the death or cessation of that to which its origin is due; especially of books published after the death of the author."

"Hôtel de Rambouillet." The word hotel is used in France as the name of the mansion or dwelling of a person of rank or wealth.

P. 16. "*Salons* [sä-long]. In the singular form, *salon*, it is the name of an apartment in which to receive company. In the plural it is applied to fashionable parties, brilliant social circles.

P. 17. "Hierarchy" [hī'er-ark-y]. A form of government administered by the priesthood and clergy; a sacred government. Greek *hieros*, sacred, and *arche*, rule.

"Encyclopædists" [en-sī-clo-pē'dists]. See the text-book, page 235. The word encyclopædia comes from the Greek *en*, in, *kuklos*, circle, *paideia*, instruction; hence the meaning, instruction in a circle, the circle of sciences, a general survey of human knowledge; then, in a special sense, a work in which is discussed in alphabetical order all the branches of science and art.

P. 22. "Cosmopolite" [koz-mŏp'o-lite]. See *Word Studies* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, page 398.

"Valenciennes" [vä-long-sē-enn].

P. 23. "Hainault" [hā-nō'].—"Chimay" [shē-mā].

P. 24. "Poitiers" [pwä-te-ā].—"Morbeque" [mor-bake].

P. 26. "Artois" [är-twä]. "Tancarville" [tong-kar-vē-ye]. "Estampes" [ā-tongp]. "Dammartin" [däm-mär-tang].

P. 27. "Sidney Lanier." (1842–1881.) An American poet and prose writer. His early home was in Georgia; and during the Civil War he fought in the Confederate army. In 1879 he was appointed professor of English literature in Johns Hopkins University, which position he held until his death. See article on Sidney Lanier in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April 1887.

P. 28. "Languedoc." [Long-gwe-dok.]

P. 29. "Merry-andrew." A term signifying a clown or buffoon. Andrew Borde was physician to Henry VIII. "To vast learning he added great eccentricity, and in order to instruct the people used to address them at fairs and other public places in a very [attractive] way. Those who imitated his drollery, though they possessed not his genius, were called 'Merry Andrews.'"

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"Urquhart" [ur'kwurt].

P. 31. "Pyth-a-gor'i-cal symbols." The Pythagoreans—followers of the Greek philosopher Py-thag'o-ras (about 580–500 B. C.)—taught that all material objects were the symbols of numbers; thus they called justice a square number; moral good was identified with unity, evil, with multiplicity, etc.

"Il'i-ad." "Od'ys-sey." "Her-a-cli'des." "Eus-ta'thi-us." "Politian" [po-lī'shi-an].

P. 32. "Ov'id." "Met-a-mor'pho-sēs."

P. 33. "Panniers" [pan'yers or pan'nĭ-ers]. Wicker baskets.

P. 34. "Def'e-cate." Latin *de* from, and *fæx*, dregs, lees. To free from impurities.

P. 36. "Thélème" [tā-lām].

"Brook Farm." "The Brook Farm Association of Education and Agriculture was founded in West Roxbury, Mass., in 1841, by George Ripley, an American scholar and author; and he remained its president till the dissolution of the association in 1847. Hawthorne, who for a while was connected with it, used it as the occasion of his "Blithedale Romance"; but no authentic history of the experiment has ever been written.

P. 38. "Brangle." "A word which with its derivatives is now rare or obsolete. It means a wrangle, a squabble, or a kind of dance, a shake. Other similar words—that is vulgar words, or obsolete words—used in the translation, to represent the original French, are, *pockified*, p. 30, which probably means the same as *pocky*, vile, mischievous, contemptible; *gulligut*, p. 32, glutton; *jobbernol*, loggerhead, blockhead; *miniard*, p. 36, delicate.

P. 42. "Narcissuses." Narcissus [nar-sis'sus], a beautiful youth, "saw his image in a fountain and fell in love with it. He vainly attempted to kiss the shadow, but not being able to do so killed himself. His blood was changed into the narcissus flower."

"Eyquem" [ā-kong].

P. 46. "Reveille" [rā-vāl-yē. In the United States service pronounced rev'e-lē]. The beating of the drum at break of day.

P. 47. Mr. "Tulliver." A character in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss."

P. 48. "Sententiousness" [sen-ten'shusness]. The quality of abounding in short energetic sentences, maxims, axioms.

"Excerpts" [ex-serpts']. Latin, *ex*, out, and *carpere*, to pick, to gather. Extracts, passages selected from an author.

P. 50. "Day of St. Bartholomew." August 24. It was on this date in the year 1572 that the slaughter of the French Protestants in the reign of Charles IX. of France was begun.

"Phæ'don." Plato's dialogue on the death of Socrates, in which Phædon, from whom the book is named, is introduced as one of the speakers.

P. 51. "Janus." The porter of heaven. "He opens the year, the first month being named after him. He is the guardian deity of gates, on which account he is commonly represented with two heads, because every door looks two ways. His temples in Rome were numerous. In war time the gates of the principal one were always open; in peace they were closed."

P. 52. "*Que scai-je*" [kĕ sā-zhĕ. The e has the same sound as in her].

P. 53. "Sem-pi-ter'nal." Of never ending duration.

P. 54. "*Vi-at'i-cum.*" A Latin word meaning literally provisions for a journey, means, resources.

P. 58. "Prŏ-te'us." A son of the sea god Neptune. He had the peculiar power of changing his form at will.

P. 66. "*Pensée*" [pong-sā]. A French word meaning literally thought; in this case having the idea of restricting the thought to the form of a maxim or proverb.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

1. Q. What great opportunity in the New World did the Roman Catholics seize and make successful? A. The cultivation of a vast Roman Catholic immigration.

2. Q. What new modification in its educational system was the Catholic Church compelled to undergo? A. Either to accept the instruction offered by the public schools or to provide schools at its own expense.

3. Q. From a conflict in what denomination of New England did the Unitarians arise? A. The Congregational Church.

4. Q. Who are named as the great leading spirits among the Transcendentalists? A. Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

5. Q. Who was the most prominent apostle

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of Universalism in colonial America? A. The Rev. John Murray.

6. Q. What other bodies of religionists established themselves in the New World? A. The Swedenborgians, Shakers, Christians, Rappists, and a few minor sects.

7. Q. To what state belongs the responsibility of producing the two great Mormon leaders? A. Vermont.

8. Q. Who originated a bit of literary trickery which the Mormons stole and patched up so as to make it the basis of their pretended Bible? A. Solomon Spaulding.

9. Q. What was the first successful step taken in opposition to the Mormon system in Utah? A. The Edmunds Law.

10. Q. What antidote to Mormonism has been provided by various evangelical bodies? A. The establishment of missions in their midst.

11. Q. What time in the history of American slavery was marked by a general sentiment of indifference regarding it? A. The "quiescent period" extending from about 1800 to 1830.

12. Q. What now forms one of the most serious questions for the American Church to solve? A. The present condition of the liberated slaves and their children.

13. Q. That the evil of intemperance was known and recognized in colonial times is proved how? A. By a resolution regarding it passed in the first Congress.

14. Q. Who composed the members of the first temperance organization, in 1789? A. About two hundred farmers of Connecticut.

15. Q. Of all temperance associations in this country which has been the most aggressive? A. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

16. Q. What is the latest and most radical method of suppressing intemperance in the United States? A. Constitutional prohibition.

17. Q. The growth of the philanthropic spirit in the American Church was promoted by what prominent factor? A. The making the voluntary gifts of the people the basis of the financial support for the churches.

18. Q. What has formed one of the most urgent benevolent causes of the last thirty years? A. The education of the freedmen.

19. Q. In what is the only relief to the dark picture of the government's management of the Indian problem to be found? A. The humane policy of the churches.

20. Q. When did the spirit of ecclesiastical fraternity and wise co-operation rise into prominence? A. About 1860.

21. Q. When and by whom was the first Home Missionary Society established? A. In 1774, by the Congregationalists in Connecticut.

22. Q. Into what five parts is the American foreign field of missions separated? A. The Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Mohammedan, and Heathen countries.

23. Q. Name the first religious periodical published in the United States? A. *Christian History*.

24. Q. Who made the first attempt to establish the Sunday-school in America? A. The Methodists of Virginia in 1784.

25. Q. What has proved a notable advance on all previous methods of Sunday-school work? A. The International System of instruction.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

1. Q. Describe the changing nature of the surface over which one would pass from the shore to the greatest depth of the ocean bottom. A. Through the kelp borders, over a stony strip, then smooth sand, the fine sediment brought down from the land, the Globigerina ooze, to a fine rusty clay.

2. Q. Would the pathway be diversified by any hills or mountains? A. It would be a gentle, descending grade to a depth of five miles.

3. Q. Of what is the Globigerina ooze composed? A. Microscopic shells.

4. Q. Name two of the most remarkable constituents found in the clay ooze? A. The dust which caused the glory of former sunset hours, and cosmic dust.

5. Q. What is the climatic condition in these depths? A. It is icy cold, no ray of sunlight ever reaching them.

6. Q. What species of life are to be found even here? A. The quaint, embryonic forms of the archaic ages.

7. Q. How alone could the materials composing the beds of stratified rock have been formed? A. By the agency of water.

8. Q. To what startling conclusion does this knowledge lead? A. That wherever such strata exist the ocean must have stood.

9. Q. Geologists have settled on what principle regarding the history of sedimentation? A. That it has been divided into four æons, each characterized by a great system of rock formation.

10. Q. How were these different rock systems produced? A. There must have been successive uplifts from, and subsidences into, the sea.

11. Q. What is meant by a formation? A. It is a general term applied to a mass of rock resulting from some action continued uniformly to a pause.

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12. Q. When the arrangement of strata, as seen at the outcrop, is such that each formation goes down at one side and comes up at the other, as in the case of a pile of troughs in position, by what name is it distinguished? A. As synclinal; the opposite arrangement, like the troughs inverted, being anticlinal.

13. Q. What other arrangements of rock-strata are discovered? A. As many and as complicated as could result from the wildest upheaval of the rocks.

14. Q. Why does the author at this point break off from the study of rocks and turn to that of geysers and thermal springs? A. In order to derive important inferences bearing on internal heat.

15. Q. What is the first conviction produced by a sight of the geysers and springs? A. That somewhere within the earth there must be a repository of heat sufficient to boil the water.

16. Q. What other phenomena afford indications of internal fires? A. Volcanoes.

17. Q. Of what are volcanic mountains composed? A. The material thrown out by a series of eruptions.

18. Q. How may some conception of the age of Mt. Ætna be formed? A. From the fact that it has been known from the earliest times as a volcano and has averaged an eruption once in ten years, and yet within the historic period its bulk and altitude have not perceptibly increased.

19. Q. What becomes of much of the enormous mass of matter ejected by volcanoes? A. It is scattered over immense distances.

20. Q. Where is to be seen probably the most extraordinary outflow of lava upon the surface of the earth? A. That overlying great portions of California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and British Columbia.

21. Q. Give the estimated extent and thickness of this outflow? A. It covers a surface of nearly two hundred thousand square miles and reaches in places a depth of from three thousand to four thousand feet.

22. Q. What river has cut through this deposit and formed an immense cañon? A. The Columbia.

23. Q. Where were the vents through which the ponderous sheets of lava poured? A. Fissures in the Cascade Mountains.

24. Q. What ages have been signalized by lava outflow? A. The Tertiary, the Triassic, and the Cambrian.

25. Q. What is a dyke? A. A fissure filled with rock material, solidified from a state of fusion.

26. Q. When dykes of certain varieties of lava occur in a formation more friable than they themselves are, what remarkable phenomena are produced? A. Basaltic columns, such as seen in the palisades of the Hudson and Columbia rivers.

27. Q. How are the mountains called laccolites formed? A. By uprising lava which is unable to force its way to the surface, but insinuates itself between the strata.

28. Q. At what depth in the earth does the heat of the sun cease to be perceptible? A. Fifty feet.

29. Q. After passing this depth what has been assumed to be about the average rate of increase in temperature? A. One degree for every sixty feet.

30. Q. At this rate what would be the temperature at a depth of fifty miles? A. Four thousand six hundred degrees, which readily explains the origin of the molten matter thrown out by volcanoes.

31. Q. After all the facts discovered concerning intense internal heat, what must be admitted about it? A. That it is not known at what depth it exists, at what ratio it increases, or what is its cause.

32. Q. Where is to be found a remarkable evidence of the fact that lava is a poor conductor of heat? A. The city of Catania has been obtaining its supplies of ice from a bed on the slope of Mt. Ætna, buried beneath a layer of lava.

33. Q. What is the conclusion reached concerning the cause of earthquakes? A. Movements of translation, or uplift, are produced by volcanic forces; movements of vibration, by lateral pressure of the earth's crust.

34. Q. From a study of the mountain giants of the Adirondacks what inference is drawn regarding the first step in the formation of their frame-work? A. That the gneiss and schists had once lain horizontal and the granite heads had been thrust up through them.

35. Q. What force would account for this first step and for the whole succeeding plan as displayed in mountains of upheaval? A. Such a lateral pressure as would cause long folds in the earth's crust.

36. Q. By what theory is this enormous force accounted for? A. The crust of the earth having cooled and solidified could not contract, and, as a vacuum was formed beneath it by the cooling of the interior, wrinkles were made in the crust, which developed into mountain ranges.

37. Q. How is the presence of gold and silver as found in lodes and veins explained? A. By the theory that floods of heated water

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rising through the metal-bearing rocks which had been shattered by earthquake movements, dissolved out the ores and redeposited them with other melted matter in the fissures.

38. Q. Where is iron found? A. Disseminated almost universally as a constituent through rocks and minerals.

39. Q. What has been suggested as a reason for the fact that the mean specific gravity of the whole earth is twice as great as that of the heaviest rocks? A. The probability that the earth's central mass is a vast ocean of molten iron.

40. Q. What processes of the present time are fully described as illustrating the method of accumulation of the great salt formations of geologic times? A. Those taking place on the borders of the Caspian Sea.

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. Before all else what constitutes the charm of French literature? A. Its incomparable clearness and precision.

2. Q. In what important field is this literature weak? A. Poetry.

3. Q. Notwithstanding this fact what is true of French literature? A. That it took its rise in verse instead of in prose.

4. Q. Into what two forms was early French verse divided? A. Songs of exploit and fables.

5. Q. How came the two ancient languages existing in France to receive their names? A. From their distinctive manner of saying yes.

6. Q. From which of the two forms of speech was the French language developed? A. The one spoken in the northern part of the country.

7. Q. Five striking points in French literature are specified, what are they? A. Its continuity, its independence, the quickening influence upon it of foreign literature, its persistent efforts toward improvement and elevation, its power over the nation.

8. Q. How is Froissart, the first author introduced, presented to the reader? A. As a picturesque and romantic historian who chronicled the glories of the world of chivalry.

9. Q. Why did his countrymen accuse Froissart of being unpatriotic? A. Because he took as much pleasure in recounting English victories as he did those of France.

10 Q. Who are the characters that figure in the pages of this historian? A. Kings, nobles, knights, and squires.

11. Q. What great English writer drew largely from the pages of Froissart? A. Sir Walter Scott.

12. Q. On what grounds is the conclusion reached that Froissart was nearly destitute of the sentiment of humanity? A. The common people did not exist to him, and war was chiefly a game, and a spectacle.

13. Q. What was the character of the work which made Rabelais famous? A. It was a grotesque and nondescript production founded probably on some tradition of giants.

14. Q. How must Coleridge have regarded Rabelais' works if he spoke truly in his praise of them? A. As allegories hidden beneath a mass of buffoonery.

15. Q. Of what English writer did Voltaire say that he was "Rabelais in his senses"? A. Dean Swift.

16. Q. For what did the imaginative representation of the Abbey of Thélème form a sheath? A. A keen satire on monastic establishments.

17. Q. How is Montaigne signalized? A. By his essays.

18. Q. Under what character does he reveal himself in these writings? A. As a pure and perfect egotist.

19. Q. Why is Montaigne an immortal and a universal writer? A. Because in so freely revealing himself, he holds the mirror up to all mankind.

20. Q. Of what is Montaigne the consummate expression? A. The spirit and wisdom of the world.

21. Q. In what other French writer is there found an eminent example of the author of one book? A. La Rochefoucauld.

22. Q. According to this author, what forms the mainspring and motive of human thought and action? A. Self-love.

23. Q. How did Voltaire regard the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld? A. As "one of the works which has most contributed to form the national taste."

24. Q. In what did La Bruyère in his one book show himself a complete master? A. Style.

25. Q. Who forms the third member of this group of French proverb-writers? A. Vauvenargues.

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THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

WORLD OF TO-DAY.—THE SWISS GOVERNMENT.

1. When was the constitution which made the Swiss Government a federal republic adopted?

2. What had been the character of the government between the year 1815 and the adoption of this constitution?

3. When was the act introducing the Referendum as now practiced, passed?

4. What two leading principles form the ground work of the Referendum?

5. In whose hands is the power of veto placed in Switzerland?

6. In what measures is the right to exercise the Referendum denied?

7. What action must be taken upon a bill before the Referendum can be exercised?

8. What prerogatives are preserved to the Federal government under the constitution of 1874?

9. What act proposed in the year 1884 by the Federal Assembly and rejected by a Referendum, caused Col. Frey, Swiss minister to the United States, to resign his position?

10. Why are Swiss elections held on Sunday?

11. Into what two houses is the legislative department of government divided?

12. Does the president of Switzerland occupy a position similar to that of the president of the United States?

THE STARS OF APRIL.

1. What is the position of Ursa Major in regard to Polaris?

2. What remarkable fact about the naming of the Great Bear?

3. What planet joins Venus as morning star, and where to be found?

4. How does it compare with the other planets as to its distance from the sun and to its magnitude?

5. How far is it from the sun? How does it compare in brilliancy with the other planets?

6. When is Mercury to be seen with the naked eye? At such time how does it look?

7. When is Mercury brightest?

8. What interesting trio in the East about April 5?

9. With what constellation does the full moon rise?

10. What and where is "The Triangles"?

11. What is the Egyptian ✕?

12. What is called the "Diamond of Virgo"?

13. Where should we look for Coma Berenicis?

14. What legend gives it a place in mythology?

15. What forms the constellation of Cancer?

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—VII.

1. Pronounce such words as *aged* and *learned* in two syllables when used as adjectives and in one when used as verbs. The learned man aged rapidly.

2. To form the plural of the possessive of nouns that ends in *s*, *x*, or *ce*, some persons prefer to add *'s*, others add the apostrophe only; but if the plural is formed by adding *'s*, pronounce it the same as if only the apostrophe were added: Jones' hat and Jones's hat, pronounce the same.

3. Distinguish between *affect* and *effect*; *principal* and *principle*; *stationary* and *stationery*; *compliment* and *complement*; *foment* and *ferment*; *Francis* and *Frances*.

4. Can I speak to the editor? say *may* as you are asking permission.

5. You look *something* like your mother; use *somewhat*, which is an adverb expressing degree.

6. Nine times *aught* is? Observe the difference in the meanings of *aught* and *naught*.

7. It is better to say many *persons* think so than to say *many people*.

8. The constant use of such words as *nice*, *gorgeous*, *splendid*, *distingué*, shows a limited vocabulary.

9. Say bad or ungrammatical English instead of bad grammar.

10. Prof. Peabody says, "To use the objective case instead of the nominative is a *vulgar* error; to use the nominative instead of the objective is a *genteel* error. Between you and *I* is a fault as gross as that of the more ignorant person who says, Him and me are going to town."

11. I shall go and *lay* down. Lay down what? Study the use of the active transitive verb *to lay* and the neuter verb *to lie*.

12. If I am not mistaken, you gave me the wrong change; say If I mistake not.

13. I *hate* such weather. Never use such an intense word as *hate* to express *dislike*.

14. Take care not to be exclaiming oh! ah! to be sure! you know, yes, yes; this habit spoils conversation.

15. Richard Grant White says that the vulgarism *in our midst* is continually heard in

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prayer-meetings and from the lips of Doctors of Divinity. The possessive pronoun can properly be used only to indicate possession or appurtenance. "The midst" of a company or society is not a thing belonging or appurtenant to the company, or to the individuals composing it. Would any one say in our middle?

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.

1. Whom does Skelton ridicule in his satirical poem, "Speake Parot," under the names of Bo-ho and Hough-no, both characters being represented as dogs?

2. An English lord named Collingborne is said to have been put to death in 1484 for having written the following couplet:

"The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the Dog,
Rule all England under the Hog."

Who were the three persons besides Lovel represented by the animals named?

3. Formerly a yearly ceremony was observed in Berkshire known as "The Scouring of the White Horse"; what gave rise to its observance?

4. What English writer was called the "Great Unknown," and why?

5. Of whom did Robert Greene write in his "Groat's Worth of Wit" the following abusive sentence: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being the only absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a county"?

6. What English author was called the "Interrogation Point," and why?

7. What English humorist mentions the following as two irresistibly absurd images—an elephant in a coach office gravely coming to have his trunk booked; a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail?

8. Who was styled Dr. Mirabilis?

9. What literary production was known as the "Smectymnuus"?

10. To what does Sir Walter Scott refer in the following selection taken from "Fortunes of Nigel," chapter XXVII.: "Vera true. We'll have a' to pay . . . a sort of *penny-wedding* it will prove, where all men contribute to the young folks' maintenance"?

11. One explanation of the origin of the saying, "Mind your P's and Q's," connects it with the tally kept at the bar of public houses; what is it?

12. The Rev. Mr. Narcross willed, it is said, five hundred pounds to "the bravest man in England." The Duke of Wellington was asked by the executors of the estate, to whom he thought it ought to go; he named a man who fought at the battle of Waterloo; who was he?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR MARCH.

WORLD OF TO-DAY.—GERMAN SOCIALISM.

1. From the accession of Bismarck as prime minister. 2. Nihilism, Communism, Fenianism. 3. The two attempts made on the life of Emperor William I. by socialists. 4. That the societies of the socialists should be dissolved; their meetings were forbidden; their publications suppressed; and numbers were expelled from their homes. 5. October 1, 1890. 6. One known as State socialism, which sought to alleviate the condition of the working people. 7. Prince Bismarck and Emperor William I. 8. In 1883. 9. Compulsory insurance against accident was established. 10. Those whom old age or premature infirmity disables from earning their own living. 11. The employers. 12. In the sickness-insurance act one-fourth of the amount is met by the state, one-fourth by the employers, and one-half is taken from the wages of the workmen; the accident insurance is organized on a system of mutual insurance among the employers, they paying all the expenses; in the new pension system of May 1890, the burden is shared in equal parts by the workmen, the employers, and the government. 13. They are. 14. The poor rates. 15. He regards them with high favor; he himself now takes the position of leader in all these progressive movements.

THE STARS OF MARCH.

1. Leo (the Lion). 2. Just below the zenith. 3. Regulus. 4. East of Regulus, not in the figure of the sickle but in the tail of the imaginary lion. 5. Regulus is white, Denebola (Beta) is tinged with blue, and Gamma is deep yellow. 6. The "Lion of Judah." 7. "Zone of Animals," a belt 16° wide, 8° on each side of the ecliptic. The ecliptic is the apparent path of the sun in the heavens. 8. Because the moon and the principal planets always keep within these boundaries.

9. Next Twins, and Crab, and Lion, shine,
The Virgin and the Scales;
Scorpion and Archer next are due,
The Goat and Water bearer too,
And Fish with glittering tails.

10. His head and breast. 11. In Cancer, west of the Sickle, at a distance about equal to twice the length of the Sickle. 12. The Manger is a small silvery spot, composed of a crowd of little stars, between two rather faint stars, the Colts. The Manger is also called the "Bee-hive." 13. Hydra, the hundred-headed monster slain

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by Hercules. 14. Southwest of Regulus. A line from Gamma Leonis through Regulus indicates it. It is noticeable for its solitary position and rich orange tint. 15. Southeast of Leo, both standing on Hydra, Corvus the farther east.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—VI.

1. Neither. It is better to say, The building was burned. 2. There is no hard and fast rule for the use of these words. In the name of the society, *folks* probably is used because it is a shorter word, and *people* is used to avoid repetition. The word *folks* is not colloquial when used as in this sentence. 3. No rule can be given for this. The change of words was, perhaps, for the same reason as in the preceding sentence; as the word *woman* is more dignified and carries with it the idea of maturity it naturally became the name of the older class. 4. (1) You and I think the same—omit unnecessary words. (2) It doesn't make any difference to me; drop anyhow; it is one of those senseless words which illiterate people tack on the end of a sentence. (3) A person whose name I will not give was there; the use of *party* for *person* is called a vulgarism. (4) She is an invalid conveys the same idea. (5) My son's prospects are good; prospects implies future. (6) By simply saying, Mr. Jones is dead. (7) Come into the sitting-room; this use of *setting* for *sitting* is a common mistake, it comes under the head of vulgarisms. (8) John is very sick; *real* is an adjective meaning genuine, etc. (9) Are you really angry with me? or Are you very angry with me? Whether *really* or *very* should be used depends upon the meaning to be conveyed. (10) He is an alumnus of our college; the singular form of the word should be used. (11) Miss Cary called on mother and me; prepositions govern the objective case. (12) Try to correct these sentences.

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—VI.

1. He turned to a bystander and coolly inquired, "Who's your fat friend, Alvemey?" 2. "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea." 3. Sydney Smith. 4. Robert Burns. 5. Carlyle. 6. The rose was anciently an emblem of silence and secrecy and was often sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting rooms as a sign that what was said in free conversation there must not be told afterward. It came very generally to indicate an obligation of secrecy. 7. Sir Walter Scott. 8. Byron. 9. A slang language used by medical students in English hospitals. 10. That of the poet Keats. It was placed there by his own request. 11. "The men who borrow and the men who lend." 12. That of the Second William Pitt.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
HUGH MILLER DAY—April 14.
SHAKSPERE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
BLAISE PASCAL DAY—May 14.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

THE Local Circles which are to devote time to French Literature for the last three months of the year, are to be envied. The field which they enter will be to most of the members entirely new. The Scribe fancies that Rabelais has been until now merely a name to some Chautauqua readers; that Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld, while they may have been a little better known, still will be new friends. Now forming acquaintances with new authors is one of the great delights of life. "How I envy you," said an omnivorous reader to the Scribe, the other day, "you are just beginning to read Thackeray. You have one of the greatest delights of life before you." So for you it will be with these French writers. They are much less familiar than the English writers with whom so far we have been engaged. The subjects they treat, the history and influences which surround them, the spirit which animates them, is unfamiliar. It is very different, too, from the English. It is foreign and

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something of the experience which a traveler in a strange country enjoys, awaits readers in a strange literature.

Circles which would get the best from this new study must approach it with a determination to get into human relations with the authors. Strive to understand the lives, the surroundings, the ambitions of these friends. Talk them over informally. Analyze their characters and their motives. Make them honorary members, so to speak, of the circle.

Much more vivid impressions will be obtained if the French writers are placed side by side with their English contemporaries. Thus in reading Froissart, place him in juxtaposition with Chaucer and imagine the talk of the two at their meeting. Study Montaigne's contemporaries in the Elizabethan age, for Montaigne saw the first twelve years of that period. Use all the knowledge you have gained of English history and literature this year to form a frame in which to place each writer. By this method you will review your English studies, will gain a broader idea of the world's thought at each period, and fit your new French friend into his proper place in the present stores of your mind.

It will be well if any one in the circle becomes especially interested in a character to ask him to keep that author as his "special friend" throughout the study, and to allow him each evening a few moments to relate whatever of interest he may have picked up concerning his new friend. Perhaps each member will naturally select an author for his companion and will become an amateur specialist in his life and work.

At all events some fresh plans should be adopted to give to the French literature the importance which it deserves and to secure to the circle the great benefits possible from an acquaintance with a new literature.

The following Royal Rhyme dedicated to the Cicero Club of Hastings, Nebraska, by Miss Hattie Snodgrass, one of the members, is reproduced for the benefit of circles which are having difficulty in remembering the royal line.

I. Now list, my hearers one and all,
As forth some royal names I call;
And close your eyes and you will see
A stately vision dear to me.

II. First, William, "Conqueror" of all,
A stately figure, grand and tall,
Fit leader of a host so royal,
Whose every subject was made loyal.

III. Then "William Rufus," King so "Red,"
Henry the First, much better "read,"
And Stephen usher in a name,
"Plantagenet," well-known to fame.

IV. This Henry Second nobly wrought
And order from confusion brought,
Then Richard "Cœur de Lion" came
(How well the English love that name)

V. Then follows on the wretched John,
His story 'tis no joy to con,
So quick we pass him with this word,
Also the tyrant Henry Third.

VI. Then Edward First, our "Longshanks" came,
A glorious king in all but name.
Next Edward Second, gay and jolly,
Who showed in many ways his folly.

VII. Then Edward Third with famous sons,
Whose record through our history runs.
Then Richard Second, followed close
By Henry Fourth of Bolingbroke.

VIII. Fifth Henry, "Hal" the gay young prince
Whom nothing boisterous made wince,
Poor Henry Sixth, with one long sigh,
And Edward Fourth we will pass by.

IX. Vile Richard Third, whom Shakspere drew
In colors dark, but not untrue.
Then Henry Seventh of Tudors first,
A tyrant, too, but not the worst.

X. Now "Bluff King Hal," Eighth Henry came,
Whose wives alone would give him fame.
Then Edward Sixth and "Bloody Mary,"
Of praise for her we will be chary.

XI. Elizabeth, the good "Queen Bess,"
The English still her name do bless.
Then James the First, the Scottish king
And Charles whose praises some did sing.

XII. Then Cromwell's stern, grand figure well
The king's place filled, until he fell.
Charles Second, witty, gay, and vile
Then ruled the English land awhile.

XIII. James Second next comes forth in line,
"William and Mary," "Anne" so fine,
Then Georges—First, Second, and Third,
And Fourth, we'll pass with just a word.

XVI. Then William Fourth, well known to all.
Now hark! a dearer name we call
Victoria—beloved queen—
Whose many virtues we have seen.

XV. Now close your eyes, and memorize,
And as you think may you grow wise.
If you'll remember each king's reign,
This jingle was not writ in vain.

UNION WORK.

FROM Brooklyn where so much good union work is done comes a report of a novel Chautauquan entertainment recently held at the suggestion of the president of the Strong Place Circle. This circle invited the Ad Astra and Adriel Circles to join with it in giving a union meeting. The president arranged the matter with her usual thoughtfulness and system. She appointed a committee from the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian neighboring churches. This committee distributed one thousand cards of invitation to the adult classes in their respective Sunday-schools. This

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and other measures secured an audience of about five hundred in the chapel of the Strong Place Baptist Church. The pastor of the church presided at the gathering.

The secretaries of the three circles read a report of their work and the methods pursued in each circle. Their residences were given on the cards and new members were invited. Vocal and instrumental music were furnished. A graceful and eloquent address followed on "Chautauqua, An Outlook," by Miss C. E. Coffin, President of the A. E. Dunning Circle. Mrs. George H. Hale of Ad Astra Circle read an excellent paper on "Chaucer and his Pilgrims." Several of the Canterbury Tales were then told by members in costume, which closed a very enjoyable program, the tone and interest of which was well calculated to increase the popularity of the movement. A similar union meeting by four local circles in the eastern district of Brooklyn is already planned. We are glad to see the practical suggestions of the committee on organization at the recent Chautauqua convention in that city put into practice.

GRADUATE CIRCLES.

INDIANA.—The Vincent Memorial Circle, recently established at Indianapolis, is pursuing the graduate course in English History and Literature. Twelve members are reported from this circle.

IOWA.—The graduate circle of Des Moines consists of four members, who are now pursuing the eighth year of their work together. They form a "small but very happy family."

MINNESOTA.—Blue Earth City has a flourishing circle of fifteen, most of whom are graduate members.

NEW CIRCLES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The C. L. S. C. of Manchester-by-the-Sea is the poetical name of a new circle at Manchester, which numbers twenty-one members, all of whom belong to the Class of '94.——A new circle of sixteen is reported trom Plympton.

CONNECTICUT.—Thirteen "enthusiastic and studious Chautauquans" have formed a new circle at Rowayton.

NEW YORK.—The secretary of a new club at Johnsonville reports twenty members with "interest constantly increasing."——New circles have been formed at Clarence Centre and Middletown, the latter being named the Independents.——Live to Learn : Learn to Live, is the motto of a new club at South Salem.

NEW JERSEY.—Most interesting and instructive programs have been carried out during the year by the Palisade Circle of Englewood. The club is divided into four sections, each in turn supplying the program for one meeting. "Hot shot" in the form of questions, is "fired" at each other, and lively meetings are the result. Forty-two regular members comprise this circle.

PENNSYLVANIA. — Eighteen members are added to the Class of '94 by the formation of a new circle at Bethlehem.——A new club has been organized at Cross Creek Village.——The new circle at Clarion is doing enthusiastic work and its members hope to graduate with honors at the end of the course.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The Avalon, with a membership of sixteen, has been formed at Holliday's Cove.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sixteen young people of Concord have banded themselves together for the four years' course of study.

FLORIDA.—A little company of seven members at Ormond has joined the Chautauqua army.

ALABAMA.—Anniston reports a new circle of sixteen.

TEXAS.—"Labor omnia vincit,"—Labor conquers all things—is the motto of the Lone Star Circle of Columbus, recently organized at that place.——The Chaucer, a new club at Huntsville, is reported.

OHIO.—May the "Germ" in Westville flourish and bear fruit, and the "Marguerites" of Sand Hill, prove a "star of hope" to other struggling new circles.——A new circle, with eight members, is reported from Dover.——Tallmadge has a little club of six.

INDIANA.—The new C. L. S. C. at Raub reports completion of work up to date.

ILLINOIS.—The Kenwood Chautauquans, recently formed in Chicago, have made a somewhat new departure. Each of the thirty members paid five dollars toward engaging an instructor, who directs the lessons. The social element has been encouraged by means of "teas" and receptions given in honor of the circle.——A new club at Mont Clare has decided to wait until next October before beginning the regular work, on account of lateness in organizing. In the mean time they will pursue a special course of reading.——We extend best wishes to the new Clover Leaf Circle of Beardstown.

MICHIGAN.—Seven bright Chautauqua stars constitute the Pleiades of Belding.——New circles are reported from Yale, St. Ignace, and White Cloud.——The E. B. Forest is the name of a recently organized circle at Harbor Springs.

IOWA.—A new club consisting of a trio of young ladies, is reported from Hartland.——Twelve members have banded together at Williamsburg.

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NEBRASKA.—Scribner and Benkelman each have new circles.

MISSOURI.—The Bead Circle has been formed at Calumet.——A new circle at Cyrene, has adopted the same cognomen as the club at Calumet. The members hope to go through the course with the Philomathean class.

ARKANSAS.—A little club of nine members all of whom are active workers, is reported from Fordyce.

OREGON.—Great interest in the work is reported from a new club of eleven members at East Portland.

NEVADA.—The members of the Argentea, a new circle at Virginia City, have commenced work.

CALIFORNIA.—The little mountain town of Yreka has a flourishing circle of thirty-five members, and increasing interest in the work is evinced.——The Ramona is a new circle at Fullerton.——Traver has a very interesting circle of nineteen members, who are showing great interest.

WASHINGTON.—Seven members comprise the Crescents of Gig Harbor.

OLD CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The Cobourg Chautauquans expect to have lectures on Geology by Professor W. S. Ellis, Principal of the Collegiate Institute of Cobourg.——The Alphas of Galt held their annual banquet Thursday, January 15.——The members of the C. L. S. C. at Paris have adopted a novel plan. The Secretary says: "When there are more than four meetings in a month, we have a Special Evening. We had a very interesting Canadian Evening, when essays were read on Canadian History, Industries, and Literature, followed by extracts from Canadian authors. The next Special Evening will be devoted to Astronomy."——The Athenas and Y. M. C. A. Circle of St. John recently held a joint meeting, followed by a sociable.

MAINE.—The "dauntless three" forming the Margaret Fuller Circle of Auburn are doing excellent work.——The Lamalphas of Bath evince an indomitable spirit. Difficulty in finding a poem on Joan of Arc resulted in each member writing one in her praise, and reading it after the usual program, at a recent meeting. A Shakspere Club has been organized in connection with the Lamalphas. Various causes have diminished the number forming the Sunrise Circle of Eastport, but a faithful few are still continuing the work and consider themselves a part of the Class of '91.——The Andros of Topsham report renewed interest in the work.——The Bryants of Portland have carried out good programs thus far in the year. Forty-nine members belong to this club.——The Ben-Hurs of West Buxton are pursuing their third year of study.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Farmington and Candia Village both have good circles.

VERMONT.—The members of the Minerva Circle at Barre are enjoying instruction in Delsarte.——The Hartland club held a pronunciation-match recently.——The Informals of West Randolph are still faithful.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Secretary of the Rantoul Circle of Beverly writes: "Some of us are looking forward to graduating this year and hope to have some representatives at the Assembly."——The Sherwins of Dorchester send some charming souvenir programs of recent meetings. One, in honor of the English year, consists of two cards bound together by a silk cord; one card contains a fine photograph of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the other Westminster Abbey. Another program of white card board has a four-leaf clover on the cover, "for luck."——Abington and Barre have good working circles.——The Pearsons of Boston are earnest and enthusiastic Chautauquans.——Pottersville has a club of twelve members.——The Kalmias of North Middleboro are ever faithful; they have been organized since 1879.

CONNECTICUT.—The Hurlbut of Manchester, the Hall of West Hartford, and the Golden Circle of Harwinton are all in a healthy condition, with memberships ranging between nine and twenty-six.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Bythesas of Newport are a sociable and energetic crowd. They have enjoyed during the year a golden-rod party, a cob-web party on New Year's Eve, and a nut social.——From the Fort Hill Delvers of Providence come the words, "We are all busy Marthas, careful and troubled about many things, but we are trying to enter into the meaning of one of Chautauqua's grandest mottoes, 'never be discouraged.'"——The Whittier Circle of Providence has visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, attended Vesper Services conducted by Dr. Hurlbut in Trinity M. E. Church, visited Sculpture Hall of Brown University, and observed all Memorial Days during the year; also celebrated Whittier Memorial Day on December 17.——Block Island has a good club of nine members.

NEW YORK.—The De Kalbs, a flourishing club of thirty in Brooklyn, observed Cromwell Day on January 29.——The Walker Circle of Canaseraga boasts a membership of fifty-six. Among the clubs doing good work in the Empire State are the Philomath of Fillmore, the Alpha Beta of Mexico, the Renesslaer of West Sand

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Lake, and the Originals at Auburn and the Resolutes at Somers Center.—— The Bryants of New York have an increased membership over last year.——Of the six members of the Cubic, of Pulaski, two are in Vermont, one in Missouri, one in Syracuse, N. Y., and the remaining two are still at the birth-place of the club. They continue their readings, however, in spite of the distance which separates them.——Here is a good suggestion from the circle at Hannibal: by way of preparation, when the readings are gone over, each member makes notes of any particular points which he may not understand fully, or may wish to hear discussed; then when the meetings are held, the notes are compared and a great many good points are brought out.——The clubs at New Rochelle, Angelica, Morristown, Andover, and Bethlehem are all doing well.

NEW JERSEY.—The Whittiers of Camden enjoyed a great treat recently. An invitation was extended to the club by a gentleman of the city to visit his observatory. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and a very interesting and instructive evening was the result. The secretary says, "We saw some of the finest objects that can be seen in the heavens, such as the Great Nebula in Orion, the star clusters in the sword hand of Perseus, the clusters in Taurus, Hind's (smallest red star) 'Lepus the Hare,' Eridanus (double star, topaz yellow and blue), and several others. We remained fully two hours and a half with Professor Read, and were much delighted with our visit. The fine system in our circle is a great success; we have enough in our treasury to have our annual banquet sometime this month, on which occasions we have a grand good time." -The Chautauqua Class of Rahway has nearly doubled its membership of last year.——The clubs at Westfield and Williamstown are both doing good work.——This good word comes from the Centenary in Camden: "Our circle is quite an institution, not only in our own church but in the whole community. We have members from most of the surrounding congregations, and the circle has tended to produce harmony and good fellowship among the several denominations."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The circles from the Keystone State are all flourishing. The Du Bois of New London has a membership of nine.——The number of members at Canton is greater than at any time in the past three years.——The Petroleum C. L. S. C. of Bradford has forty-two regular members.——The clubs at Scranton, Octoraro, and Hazelton are hard at work.—— The Trio of Philadelphia will add its quota to the Class of '93.——The Acorn is a small club in Philadelphia.——Pleasantville and Scotland have good circles.——The members of the Lebanon Club of eight are "all for '93."——The sample programs received from the Harrisburg Circle show that the members are doing some excellent work.

DELAWARE.—The circle at Smyrna numbers seventeen and that of Bridgeville eighteen.

MARYLAND.—The Mount Vernon Circle at Hampden reports a membership of thirteen.

VIRGINIA.—The Old Dominion Circle of Norfolk sends an excellent sample program.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The White Rose of York at Yorkville is flourishing. The members recently enjoyed a banquet gallantly tendered by the gentlemen of the club to the ladies. The evening was a decided success.

ALABAMA.—Birmingham has a good circle of seventeen, the North Highland.——The club at Huntsville has the use of a Chautauqua column in the local newspaper, and items of interest are inserted every week.

TEXAS.—The Immortelles form a small circle at Bastrop.

KENTUCKY.—Covington is enjoying a lecture course this winter which is under the auspices of the Bryant Circle of that place. Robert J. Burdette and Mrs. Mary Livermore are among the speakers. On Christmas a fine program was carried out. This club numbers over fifty and is in its customary flourishing condition.—— Newport has a good circle, the Bellevue.

OHIO.—The members of the circle at Norwood celebrated Bryant and Milton Days, and those meetings proved to be the most successful of the year. All are enthusiastic over the "Chautauqua Idea."——The Newport Circle enjoyed a lecture on Pompeii, illustrated by stereopticon views, recently.——Ever since the organization of the Sharon of Shelby four years ago, the members have given a Christmas banquet. They have been termed American, Roman, Greek, and English banquets, and always prove a great success.——The Hartwell C. L. S. C. has doubled its membership since last year.—— The Collamers of East Cleveland organized in 1884 with a membership of forty and still continue work with constant interest and numbers. ——New Richmond, Atwater, Hockingport, and Mechanicsburg all have good circles.——The members of the Bacon Circle of Cleveland evince increased interest in the work.——Tippecanoe City has a club of nineteen.——The Periclean Circle of Berlin Heights send a favorable report.

INDIANA.—The members of the Bishop Bowman Circle of Greenscastle, the home of De Pauw University, have received an invitation from Professor Brown, who has charge of the McKim Observatory at the University, to visit

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the tower and take lessons in astronomy.——Indiana seems to be the banner state for large circles. The Trenton Rock Circle at Marion numbers thirty-four, the Edison of South Bend has a membership of sixty-one, and the club at Covington twenty-four.——Attica has a good circle, the Socratic.

ILLINOIS.—The Franklin Circle of Grand Crossing celebrated Longfellow Day and has in prospect a lecture on the city of Washington, illustrated by stereopticon views of the Capital City.——The Athenas of Sycamore, a body of ambitious ladies, seeing the great need of a public library in their town, have organized themselves into a Library Association and are working faithfully to see the fruition of their hopes. Under the auspices of these ladies Mrs. Mary Livermore lectured on February 5, and Mr. Frank Beard gave one of his popular "Chalk-Talks" on February 10. From the present outlook, Sycamore will soon be the possessor of a free public library.——Ten members of the Mars Circle of Woodlawn Park pursued the Garnet Seal Course during last summer's vacation.——The Nestors form a club of sixteen in Sycamore.——Joliet, Kirkland, Odin, and Carbondale all have good clubs.——The Argo is a small circle at Macomb.

MICHIGAN.—The clubs from Jackson, Montague, and Hillsdale send interesting programs of their work.——The Lee Circle of Hastings has thirty-six members.——Portland and Blissfield each have small clubs.——The Hartford C. L. S. C. numbers an even dozen.——The little town of Gladstone has a club of earnest workers.——The circles at Fennville, Rockford, and Climax are all following the path that leads to the Golden Gate and the Hall in the Grove.

WISCONSIN.—The St. Croix of Hudson is doing well this year, with an average attendance of from eighteen to twenty.——The Willard Circle of Janesville is pursuing the even tenor of its way.

MINNESOTA.—From the Dayton's Bluff Circle of St. Paul comes these tidings: "If persistent effort to carry out the Chautauqua idea in its primal simplicity is any virtue, we may perhaps claim a place in this movement."——The First Duluth Circle has on its roll forty-four regular and local members.——Miss Florence Ella Connor, of Minneapolis, a member of the C. L. S.C. of '91, was on the evening of January 6th suddenly called away from earth. Her whole life had been a preparation; her daily words and deeds fit to be her last. By constant industry and zeal she had finished all the work of the first three years of the Chautauqua course, and she expected to complete the last year and graduate next summer. Her sweet and gentle words and ways, her pure and loving spirit, we miss; we mourn with bitter grief, for our hearts are bereaved and lonely, but though we weep we know our Father called her home and for her it was joy. Looking up through our tears we can say to the dear departed in the words of Whittier:

> Thou art not here, thou art not there,
> Thy place we cannot see;
> We only know that where thou art
> The blessed angels be,
> And Heaven is glad for thee.

IOWA.—The club of Malvern appoints a leader for each book and one for THE CHAUTAUQUAN. This is a good idea.——The club at Sioux City is now a year old and is a healthy infant.——The Zeta Sigma of Burlington is composed exclusively of ladies.——The circles at Burlington, East Des Moines, and Menlo are still faithful.

MISSOURI.—The members of the club at Maryville are continuing their second year's study.

KANSAS.—Sedgewick is enjoying a lecture course this winter under the auspices of the circle at that place.——A member of the club at Burlingame writes, "The idea of having a children's course has been suggested to us by the fact that some of the little tots meet every Saturday afternoon and read from their primers, calling it their Chautauqua Circle."——The club of Seneca is increasing in numbers.

COLORADO.—Colorado Springs, situated at the foot of Pike's Peak, has a circle of twenty-five enthusiastic members.

NEBRASKA.—The Tekamoh Chautauquans watched the Old Year out and the New Year in, and a good program was carried out. Wyclif Day was also observed.——The circle at Roca has an increase of five in its last year's membership.——Schuyler and Ewing both have faithful clubs.

NORTH DAKOTA.—Three members will be added to the Class of '93 by the club at Langdon.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The circle at Yankton has been organized since 1882 and is still interested in its work. All Memorial Days have been observed.——Aberdeen reports fourteen members.

NEVADA.—Tybo has a quartet circle.

CALIFORNIA. — Twenty-four new members have been added to the circle at San José during the year, making a total membership of forty-five. Lectures on Chaucer, Geology, and English History have been enjoyed.——The Filben of San Francisco is a large and flourishing circle of fifty-three members.——Twenty-eight out of a possible four hundred is the proportion of C. L. S. C. members to the population of Sierra Madre.——St. Helena and Santa Clara both have loyal circles.

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TWO FRENCH APHORISTS.

ONE of the most commonly known of all books of maxims, after the Proverbs of Solomon, are the "Moral Reflections" of La Rochefoucauld. The author lived at court, himself practiced all the virtues which he seemed to disparage, and took so much trouble to make sure of the right expression that many of these short sentences were more than thirty times revised. They were given to the world in the last half of the seventeenth century in a little volume which Frenchmen used to know by heart, which gave a new turn to the literary taste of the nation, and which has been translated into every civilized tongue. It paints men as they would be if self-love were the one great main-spring of human action, and it makes magnanimity itself no better than self-interest in disguise.

He says:

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.

Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.

We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.

We cannot wonder that in spite of their piquancy of form such sentences as those have aroused in many minds an invincible repugnance for what would be so tremendous a calumny on human nature if the book were meant to be a picture of human nature as a whole. "I count Rochefoucauld's Maxims," says one critic, "a bad book. As I am reading it, I feel discomfort; I have a sense of suffering which I cannot define. Such thoughts tarnish the brightness of the soul; they degrade the heart." Yet as a faithful presentation of human selfishness, and of you and me in so far as we happen to be mainly selfish, the odious mirror has its uses by showing us what manner of man we are or may become. Let us not forget, either, that not quite all is selfishness in La Rochefoucauld. Everybody knows his saying that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue. There is a subtle truth in this, too,—that to be in too great a hurry to discharge an obligation is itself a kind of ingratitude. Nor is there any harm in the reflection that no fool is so troublesome as the clever fool; nor in this, that only great men have any business with great defects; nor, finally, in the consolatory saying, that we are never either so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

I will say little of La Bruyère, by far the greatest, broadest, strongest, of French character-writers, because he is not of the houses of which you can judge by a brick or two taken at random. For those in whom the excitements of modern literature have not burnt up the faculty of sober meditation on social man, La Bruyère must always be one of the foremost names. Macaulay somewhere calls him thin. But Macaulay has less ethical depth, and less perception of ethical depth, than any writer that ever lived with equally brilliant gifts in other ways; and thin is the very last word that describes this admirable master. We feel that La Bruyère, though retiring, studious, meditative, and self-contained, has complied with the essential condition of looking at life and men themselves, and with his own eyes. His aphoristic sayings are the least important part of him, but here are one or two examples:

Eminent posts make great men greater, and little men less.

There is in some men a certain mediocrity of mind that helps to make them wise.

The flatterer has not a sufficiently good opinion either of himself or of others.

People from the provinces and fools are always ready to take offence, and to suppose that you are laughing at them: we should never risk a pleasantry, except with well-bred people, and people with brains.

All confidence is dangerous, unless it is complete: there are few circumstances in which it is not best either to hide all or to tell all.

When the people is in a state of agitation, we do not see how quiet is to return; and when it is tranquil, we do not see how the quiet is to be disturbed.

Men count for almost nothing the virtues of the heart, and idolize gifts of body or intellect. The man who quite coolly, and with no idea that he is offending modesty, says that he is kind-hearted, constant, faithful, sincere, fair, grateful, would not dare to say that he is quick and clever, that he has fine teeth and a delicate skin.—*From John Morley's "Aphorisms."*

A SHAKER MEETING.

DR. BOYNTON went to the family meeting, and remained profoundly attentive to the services with which the speaking was preceded. He saw the sisters seated on one side of the large

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meeting-room, and the brothers on the other, with broad napkins half unfolded across their knees, on which they softly beat time, with rising and falling palms, as they sang. The sisters, young and old, all looked of the same age, with their throats strictly hid by the collars that came to their chins, and their close-cropped hair covered by stiff wire framed caps of white gauze; there was greater visible disparity among the brothers, but their heads were mostly gray, though a few were still dark with youth or middle life; on either side there was a bench full of sedate children.

When the singing was ended, the minister read a chapter of the Bible, and one of the elders prayed. Then a sister began a hymn in which all the sisters joined. At its close, a young girl arose and described a vision which she had seen the night before in a dream. When she sat down the elders and eldresses came out into the vacant space between the rows of men and women, and, forming themselves into an ellipse, waved their hands up and down with a slow rhythmic motion, and rocked back and forth on their feet. Then the others, who had risen with them, followed in a line round this group, with a quick, springing tread, and a like motion of the hands and the arms, while they sang together the thrilling march which the others had struck up. They halted at the end of the hymn, and let their arms sink slowly to their sides; a number of them took the places of those in the midst, and the circling dance was resumed, ceasing and then beginning again, till all had taken part in both center and periphery; the lamps quivering on the walls, and the elastic floor, laid like that of a ball-room, responding to the tread of the dancers. When they went back to their seats, one woman remained standing, and began to prophesy in tongues.—*From W. D. Howells' "An Undiscovered Country.*"

USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

WE congratulate that large, respectable, inexpressive, and unexpressed class of thinkers who are continually complaining of the barrenness of their vocabulary as compared with the affluence of their ideas, on the appearance of "Thesaurus of English Words." If it does nothing else, it will bring a popular theory of verbal expression to test; and if that theory be correct we count upon witnessing a mob of previously mute Miltons and Bacons, and speechless Chathams and Burkes, crowding and tramping into print.

Seriously, we consider this book as one of the best of a numerous class whose aim is to secure the results without imposing the tasks of labor, to arrive at ends by a dexterous dodging of means, to accelerate the tongue without accelerating the faculties. It is an outside remedy for an inward defect. In our opinion, the work mistakes the whole process by which living thought makes its way into living words, and it might be thoroughly mastered without conveying any real power or facility of expression. In saying this we do not mean that the knack of mechanical rhetoric may not be more readily caught, and that fluency in the use of words may not be increased by its study. But rhetoric is not a knack and fluency is not expression. The crop of ready writers, of correct writers, of elegant writers, of writers capable of using words in every sense but the right one, is already sufficiently large to meet the current demand for intellectual husk, chaff, and stubble. The tendency of the time to shrivel up language into a mummy of thought, would seem to need the rein rather than the whip. The most cursory glance over much of the "literature" of the day, so called, will indicate the peculiar form of marasmus under which the life of the language is in danger of being slowly consumed. The most hopeless characteristic of this literature is its complacent exhibition of its distressing excellences,—its evident incapacity to rise into promising faults. The terms are such as are employed by the best writers, the grammar is good, the morality excellent, the information accurate, the reflections sensible, yet the whole composition neither contains nor can communicate intellectual or moral life; and a critical eulogium on its merits sounds like the certificate of a schoolmaster as to the negative virtues of his pupils.

The fluent debility which never stumbles into ideas nor stutters into passion, which calls its commonplace comprehensiveness, and styles its sedate languor repose, would, if put on a short allowance of words, and compelled to purchase language at the expense of conquering obstacles, be likely to evince some spasms of genuine expression; but it is hardly reasonable to expect such verbal abstemiousness at a period when the whole wealth of the English tongue is placed at the disposal of the puniest whipsters of rhetoric,—when the art of writing is avowedly taught on the principle of imitating the "best models,"—when words are worked into the ears of the young in the hope that something will be found answering to them in their brains.

What is really wanted, therefore, "to facilitate the expression of ideas" is something

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which will facilitate the conception of ideas. What is really wanted "to assist in literary composition" is a true philosophy of expression, founded on a knowledge of the nature and operations of the mind, and of the vital processes by which thought incarnates itself in words. Expression is a purely mental act, the work of the same blended force and insight, will and intelligence that thinks. Its power and clearness adds to the power and clearness of the mind whence it proceeds. Its peculiarities correspond to the peculiarities of the individual nature it represents. Its perfection consists in identifying words with things,—in bending language to the form, and pervading it with the vitality of the thought it aims to arrest and embody. In those cases where thought transcends the sensuous capacities of language to utter its conceptions, the expression will still magically suggest the idea or mood it cannot correctly convey, just as a more than earthly beauty looks out from the beautiful faces of Raphael's Madonnas, indicating the subtile passages into form of a soul and sentiment which no mere form could express. — *Abridged from Edwin P. Whipple's "Literature and Life."*

HUGH MILLER'S FIRST DAY IN A QUARRY.

It was twenty years last February [1841] since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced in his "Twa Dogs" as one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry.

Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought, lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or firth, rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands; but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed.

Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother-workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however; and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots: the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

There was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening converted, by a rare transmutation, into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.—*Hugh Miller.*

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ALPHABET RHYMES AND PICTURES FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

A In ADAM's fall
We finned all.

B Heaven to find
The Bible Mind.

C CHRIST crucified
For finners died.

D The Deluge drown'd
The Earth around.

E ELIJAH hid
By Ravens fed.

F The judgment made
FELIX afraid.

G As runs the Glafs
Our Life doth pafs.

H My Book and Heart
Must never part.

I JOB feels the rod—
Yet bleffes GOD.

K Proud KORAH's troop
Was swallowed up.

L LOT fled to *Zoar*,
Saw fiery shower,
On *Sodom* pour.

M MOSES was he
Who *Israel's* host
Led thro' the Sea.

N NOAH did view
The old world & new.

O Young OBADIAS,
DAVID, JOSIAS,
All were pious.

P PETER denied
His Lord and cry'd.

Q Queen ESTHER fues
And saves the *Jews*.

R Young pious RUTH
Left all for Truth.

S Young SAMUEL dear
The Lord did fear.

T Young TIMOTHY
Learnt sin to fly.

U V VASHTI for pride
Was set afide.

W Whales in the Sea
GOD'S Voice obey.

X XERXES did die,
And so must I.

Y While youth do chear
Death may be near.

Z ZACCHEUS he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to fee.

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THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

THE Year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,—
All's right with the world.

—*Browning.*

INFLUENCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyze the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system might have made the struggle a deadly one; and the history of England is not the history of France, because the resolution of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown . . . The England of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and become the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture, which was to plow the ocean with its navies, and sow its colonies over the globe; and the first appearance of these enormous forces and the light of the earliest achievements of the new era shines through the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is written, will be seen to be among the most sublime phenomena which the earth as yet has witnessed.

The work was not of her creation; the heart of the whole English nation was stirred to its depths; and Elizabeth's place was to recognize, to love, to foster, and to guide. The government originated nothing; at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it should do so; but wherever expensive enterprises were on foot which promised ultimate good, and doubtful immediate profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the Queen's Majesty, Burghley, Leicester, Walsingham.

Never chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend, when ships in the river were fitting for distant voyages, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present. She honored her people, and her people loved her; and the result was that, with no cost to the government, she saw them scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for honor or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and take possession, in the name of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and, let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard—to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian "Sofee," and other unheard-of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not.

The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyze—impossible to analyze perfectly—possible to analyze only very proximately; and the force by which a man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree. The motives which we find men urging for their enterprises seem often insufficient to have prompted them to so large a daring. They did what they did from the great unrest in them which made them do it, and what it was may be best measured by the results in the present England and America.—*From Froude's "Short Studies in Great Subjects."*

MEDITATION UNDER STARS.

WHAT links are ours with orbs that are
So resolutely far:
The solitary asks, and they
Give radiance as from a shield:
Still at the death of day,
The seen, the unrevealed.
Implacable they shine
To us who would of Life obtain
An answer for the life we strain,
To nourish with one sign.

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Nor can imagination throw
The penetrative shaft: we pass
The breath of thought, who would divine
If haply they may grow
As Earth; have our desire to know;
If life comes there to grain from grass,
And flowers like ours of toil and pain;
Has passion to beat bar,
Win space from cleaving brain;
The mystic link attain,
Whereby star holds on star.

. . . .

To deeper than this ball of sight
Appeal the lustrous people of the night.
Fronting yon shoreless, sown with fiery sails,
It is our ravenous that quails,
Flesh by its craven thirsts and fears distraught.
The spirit leaps alight,
Doubts not in them is he,
The binder of his sheaves, the sane, the right:
Of magnitude to magnitude is wrought,
To feel it large of the great life they hold:
In them to come, or vaster intervolved,
The issues known in us, our unsolved solved;
That there with toil Life climbs the self-same Tree,
Whose roots enrichment have from ripeness dropped.
So may we read and little find them cold:
Let it but be the lord of Mind to guide
Our eyes; no branch of Reason's growing lopped;
Nor dreaming on a dream; but fortified
By day to penetrate black midnight; see,
Hear, feel, outside the senses; even that we,
The specks of dust upon a mound of mould,
We who reflect those rays, though low our place,
To them are lastingly allied.
So may we read, and little find them cold:
Not frosty lamps illumining dead space,
Not distant aliens, not senseless Powers.
The fire is in them whereof we are born;
The music of their motion may be ours,
Spirit shall deem them beckoning Earth and voiced
Sisterly to her, in her beams rejoiced.
Of love the grand impulsion, we behold
The love that lends her grace
Among the starry fold.
Then at new flood of customary morn,
Look at her through her showers,
Her mists, her streaming gold,
A wonder edges the familiar face:
She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter than her flowers.

—*George Meredith.*

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

History. The three volumes covering the second administration of Madison bring to a close Mr. Adam's "History of the United States."* The work is noticeable for the all-roundedness of its treatment. The critical examination into the events of the period is not made from the outlook of an American citizen only. Into the English Parliament, into the deliberations of the Russian court, into the plottings of Napoleon, the thought of the reader is led. Thus the work is not simply a history of the United States as a separate nation, but a history of it and the manifold relations between it and other lands, and of the interplay of influences, of causes and effects. The complete work, in nine volumes, treats of the two administrations each of Jefferson and Madison.—— Dr. Ridpath says his "Popular History of the United States"† is intended for the "average American." As this rather mythical personage stands as a representative of by far the larger part of readers, the success which the book is bound to win with him means practically universal success. The style is marked by the clear, concise form in which all his statements are made. The short sentences are similar in their structure to maxims, connecting words binding them together as they stand in paragraphs being few. This form of writing is carried to such an excess as to become for continuous reading, almost a fault by causing monotony; but it allows a close packing of solid thought. The volume contains an almost incredible amount of subject matter, numerous maps, and is profusely illustrated.—— In these days of historical writing no regions offer better opportunities to authors than those of early America; and numerous workers are giving as results of their labors there many valuable volumes to the public. Among these are the books forming the series, "The Makers of

*History of the United States of America. The Second Administration of Madison. Vol. VII., VIII., IX. By Henry Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price of the three vols. $6.00; of the whole set, $18.00.

†A Popular History of the United States of America. By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

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America." In the lives of George and Cecilius Calvert* so many of the old records have been searched and so many paragraphs from them have been published verbatim, as to make the work a reproduction, after the best modern methods, of those early days. The recent discovery of some old manuscripts giving records of the Calvert family, throws much new light on the history.——In the "Life of General Oglethorpe,"† in the same series, the author has found it impossible to produce distinctly the figure of this man over whom there always rested a shade of obscurity. But the very appearance of his form dimly outlined against the well defined historical events, is perhaps the very fact which makes the work so interesting. ——The fifth and sixth issues in the series "The Story of the States" are devoted respectively to Wisconsin‡ and Kentucky.‖ Mr. Thwaites in the former goes away back to the beginning of his theme by giving a geological sketch of the state which is said to have been, doubtless, the oldest land on the American continent. In a graphic manner he follows in regular order the development of this portion of America from its earliest history until the present time.——"The Story of Kentucky" makes its title literally true by setting against the background of the history of the state an interesting novel whose characters are represented as active participants in the real events. History is taught in both volumes in a manner so impressive and interesting that it will gain for itself an enduring place in the memory of its readers.——"To make clear the development of ideas and institutions from epoch to epoch," it is claimed is the aim in preparing the series of "Epochs of American History."§ Vol. I. is devoted to the colonies. A full and clear arrangement of the subject matter in topics, numerous references to other historical works, clear maps, and a complete index, adapt it both to school-room use and the requirements of general readers. Although this field is already well covered, there is a strength of individuality about this new-comer which predicts for it a good foothold in historical literature.——A short, consistent, well arranged history of New York State¶ prepared for the use of schools is one recently written by Mr. Hendrick.——A charming book for little readers is Mrs. Humphrey's "How New England Was Made."* The history of this section is so simplified as to make it as intelligible to a child as a little story would be.——The story of the second period of the Civil War, or the period extending from the removal of McClellan to the accession of Grant, is told in "Battle Fields and Camp Fires."† The author devotes his attention only to the important events of the times, presenting them in so plain and vivid a manner that the youthful readers for whom the book is especially designed, cannot fail to understand them. The great battles are fully described. The spirited style of the writing will rouse the hearts and fire the imagination of all the boys; it places the events as pictures before their eyes. The book forms a companion volume for "Battle Fields of '61."——Mr. Boyd's history of the Union Colony and the city of Greeley, Colorado,‡ is written in a complete and exhaustive manner. A true insight into the necessary processes of establishing a colony; into the difficulties and renumerations attendant upon such an undertaking; into the wild life of the far West; into the dangers and fearful cruelties arising frequently from the Indians, make the work one of significance. It enters in many particulars so closely into details—such, for instance, as giving analyses of the water and the soil, and into other similar matters which can be of interest only to a few especially concerned in the enterprise—as to forbid it being a popular work. But for those few for whom it was especially designed it will have great value.

Like all other works by the same author, "The Greek World under Roman Sway,"‖ bears on every page the stamp of that finished workmanship which can only be given by an eminent scholar. The most careful attention has been directed to the task of tracing the reflex influence which Greek learning and culture exerted upon the conquering Romans. The period covered is that beginning with the subjugation of the Greek lands and closing with the accession of the Emperor Hadrian. The records of government, of literature, of home life, of morals, and manners are laid under contribution and forced to throw all possible light

* George and Cecilius Calvert. By Wm. Hand Browne.
† Life of General Oglethorpe. By Henry Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Price for each, 75 cents.

‡ The Story of Wisconsin. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.
‖ The Story of Kentucky. By Emma M. Connelly. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price of each, $1.50.

§ The Colonies. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, $1 25.

¶ A Brief History of the Empire State. By Welldan Hendrick, A. M. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

* How New England Was Made. By Frances A. Humphrey. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, $1.25.

† Battle Fields and Camp Fires. By Willis J. Abbot New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

‡ History of Greeley and the Union Colony of Colorado. By David Boyd, A. M. Greeley, Colo.: The Greeley Tribune Press.

‖ The Greek World under Roman Sway. By J. P. Mahaffy. New York: Macmillan and Co. Price, $3.00.

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upon the character of the age.——That part of Myers' "Outlines of Ancient History"* which pertains to Rome has been revised, enlarged and arranged as a text-book for colleges and high-schools. The great merits of the well-known original volume make comment upon the matter contained in this one unnecessary. The chronological summaries, the maps, and the illustrations add greatly to its value.——About no two nations does a greater degree of romantic interest cluster than about Scotland and Switzerland. Two recent volumes in the series of "The Story of the Nations" are devoted to these lands. The nationality of the Scotch, strongly marked away back in their earliest history, and their long and heroic struggles for liberty, through all the different epochs of their existence, are themes of never tiring interest. As a dispassionate observer of all the stirring scenes included within his field of study, Dr. Mackintosh accurately draws the outline story of Scotland's career.† One misses from the style of writing the enthusiasm which would have been so in keeping with the subject, though at the same time he is conscious that he is following the lead of a conscientious and scholarly guide. More in the style of a story, lightened here and there by traditions and myths, is the treatment given to the history of Switzerland.‡ Beginning with the time of the lake dwellings, all the salient features of the period intervening between that time and the present, are drawn in bold, clear, and attractive outlines.——A chronological record of the world's progress in which the important contemporaneous events of different nations are arranged in parallel columns, is presented in "Tabular Views of Universal History."‖ In its present form—the part appearing here as the complete volume being a detached portion of a larger work—it can be of practical use only to one in search of the chief records of any specified year. The lack of an index renders it almost useless as a reference book in every other regard.

Popular Classics. A quiet evening, an easy chair, a restful, dreamy mood, tinged with a desire to be entertained without having to make any effort toward reciprocating the favor, and a copy of Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups"* in hand, form a group of those fortuitous concomitants which occasionally lend their united influence to the task of beguiling a mortal into the belief that he is already living in the land of the blest. In a dream he is floated off to Saturn where he sees in practical operation, productive of no desirable results, some of the methods of reform being agitated on his own planet. He comes back convinced that the realization of Utopian dreams would always leave a hitch somewhere. Then Fancy with her magic wand touches his eyelids and he sees the unsightly poles and wires lining the streets, transformed into the light and graceful highways of the witches, along which they ride on their brooms, and, kindly disposed to the human family, propel them and their burdens, and messages to desired destinations. And thus in the numberless transformation scenes, through the optimistic eyes of the author, the reader sees the underlying, hidden beauty and good.——The collecting, arranging, and editing of selections from the writings of Thoreau,† by Mr. Blake, has been done with sympathy and excellent taste. The thoughts chosen are suggestive and helpful, and meditation on them will lift into a purer atmosphere. The lovers of Thoreau will be glad to have this compact pocket-volume of excerpts and it will attract those who have never studied Thoreau's life and works.——The last page of Ellwanger's "Story of my House"‡ recalls George William Curtis' "My Châteaux": I looked at Titbottom's rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair, and said, "Is it possible *you* own property there too?" The same surprise and inquiry comes when on the last page the author quotes, "these are but my fantasies"—castles in Spain. The reality was not doubted; it seemed that beauty, culture, and philosophy had here found a dwelling-place. The "story" contains many delightful suggestions which are put in a pleasing style. It is a charming book for the library.

Religious Thought. Among recent books which have proved of more than transient interest to those interested in vital truths of religion is Mr. Alden's "God in His

* A History of Rome. Part II. By P. V. N. Myers. Boston: Ginn & Company.

† The Story of Scotland. By John Mackintosh, LL.D.
‡ The Story of Switzerland. By Lina Hug and Richard Stead. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price of each, $1.50.

‖ Tabular Views of Universal History. Compiled by G. P. Putnam, A M, and continued to 1890 by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Over the Teacups. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.50.

† Thoreau's Thoughts. Selections from the Writings of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.00.

‡ The Story of my House. By George H. Ellwanger. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $1 50.

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World."* The work traces the manifestation of the Divine from the beginning and analyzes the relation of the human creature to the revelations of God. While in no sense mystic, there is so much of the rhapsody in the working out of the plan that there is danger that its fine spiritual insight will be lost on readers of little imagination. It is an elevated, idealistic, passionate conception of the greatest fact of the universe—that God is in all things to heal and uplift.——The sensation which "Lux Mundi"† awakened in England on its first appearance was not without cause. It is a remarkably strong presentation of various debated elements in the Christian scheme: faith, the doctrine of God, the problem of pain, the preparation of history for Christ, the incarnation, the atonement, the Holy Spirit and inspiration, the church and its sacraments, and the relations of Christianity to modern problems. It is the work of a group of Oxford teachers associated for many years, whose thoughts and sentiments on religious matters were mainly harmonious. They have attempted to explain the religion of Christ as it looks to them in the light of all recent knowledge and thought. They have produced a volume liberal in tone and advanced in its interpretations.——A clear and candid argument for belief in God has been produced by Professor Schurman.‡ It is fresh in its matter and strictly logical and scientific in its treatment. We do not know of a more careful and satisfactory presentation of the question from the standpoint of reason than this of Professor Schurman's.——That wonderful address of Professor Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World"‖ is out in neat pamphlet form. It is an inspiring and a practical interpretation of the culminating virtue of Christianity—Love.

Mr. George W. Cable gives an excellent talk on "The Busy Man's Bible and How to Study and Teach It."§ He shows due respect to the busy man's limited time, but the few chapters are effective. They lead men to a fuller consciousness of their powers to be and to do, and those who imagine they have been thrust into their present mold and hardened to it, so that independent thought is out of the question, are taught how to make character and enjoy the process. The chapters are short and direct, but broad-minded so that without regard to any church denomination or skepticism, they point out a way to study the Bible with pleasure and profit and at small expense of time.——An attractive and appropriately illustrated volume by the Rev. Alfred J. Church will be approved especially by the advocates for non-sectarian reading in the Sabbath-schools. It is entitled "Stories from the Bible."* The stories are taken from the Old Testament. Always charming and always popular, they have been the delight of childhood and the comfort of old age for centuries. In their present convenient form, the discouraging difficulty is obviated which usually meets children in Bible stories, namely, long, confusing chapters of "the son of . . . the son of," etc. Every household and every Sunday-school library should possess this book.——With Gail Hamilton as chair-woman, the daughters and wives of Cabinet officers and Senators, and finally the entire families, with delegates from the circles of science, literature, education, and diplomacy, an interesting assemblage, met in the capacity of a Bible-Class. The leader gives a brilliant report of the talks in this "Washington Bible-Class."† She feels pride in her orthodoxy, but takes her position neither with the rigidly conservative nor with the more liberal school, being too liberal for the former and too rigid for the latter. But from whatever standpoint she approaches theology, her keen shafts of wit and wisdom are undulled to the end of the chapter; and though she does not satisfactorily solve every question, her spicy treatment has a strong power of stirring up thought.

Studies in Literature.

It is a pleasure to find such a scholarly and fine book in every particular as Professor Robert Burn's "Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art."‡ The author shows how Roman literature and Roman art have proceeded from the same origin or causes, and how closely they are

* God in His World: An Interpretation. New York: Harper and Brothers. † Lux Mundi, a Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A. From the fifth English edition. New York: United States Book Company.

‡ Belief in God, its Origin, Nature, and Basis, being the Winkley Lectures of the Andover Theological Seminary for the year 1890. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

‖ The Greatest Thing in the World. By Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E, F. G. S. New York: James Pott & Co. Price, $1.00.

§ The Busy Man's Bible and How to Study and Teach It. By George W. Cable. Meadville, Penn'a: Flood and Vincent. Price, 75 cents.

* Stories from the Bible. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. New York: Macmillan and Co.

† A Washington Bible-Class. By Gail Hamilton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $1.50.

‡ Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art. By the Rev. Robert Burn, M. A., LL. D. New York: Macmillan and Co. Price, $2.25.

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allied. His five subjects, Roman Portrait Sculpture, National and Historical Tendency, Composite and Colossal Art, Technical Finish and Luxurious Refinement, and Roman and Greek Architecture, are excellently illustrated by fifty-six photographic reproductions.——Miss Mary E. Burt has undertaken the task of furnishing as a text for colleges and high-schools, "The World's Literature"* in four parts. Volume one takes up the myth-making and Homeric ages and the years following, up to the first Olympiad. Every work designed as a text-book has certain limitations. Miss Burt recognizes this and that the success of her work depends largely upon the teacher; therefore, the suggestions are practical, the treatment is characterized by simplicity, and the theories supplemented by copious extracts from modern authors. If her plan is followed the reward of increased culture will follow.

*The World's Literature. In Four Parts. Part I. By Mary E. Burt. Chicago: Albert, Scott & Co.

Easter Novelties. The Easter booklets and cards put out by Prang and Company for the present season show great variety and beauty. The appropriate selections and delicate designs show that the best that both poets and artists can do has been combined in these dainty souvenirs.

*Prang's Easter Publications. Boston: L. Prang and Company.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—February 3. The House bill extending the time to thirty days for which the President may designate a temporary succession in the Cabinet is passed.

February 4. The Rev. C. F. Thwing is installed as president of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College in Cleveland.

February 5. The President issues proclamation declaring that a reciprocal trade arrangement has been made between the United States and Brazil.

February 9. Three miners after having been imprisoned five days in a mine, near West Nanticoke, Pa., are rescued.——Ten thousand men go on a strike in the Connellsville, Pa., coke regions on account of a reduction in wages.

February 12. Colonel Forsyth is exonerated by the President and Secretary of War from charges made in relation to the fight at Wounded Knee.

February 13. Death of Admiral David D. Porter in Washington, D. C.

February 14. Death of General W. T. Sherman, in New York City.

February 19. Death of Professor Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan.

February 21. The President nominates ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, Secretary of Treasury.

February 23. The Woman's Triennial Council opens at Washington, D. C.

February 26. The Woman's National Suffrage Association meets in Washington, D. C.

February 28. Death of Senator Hearst, of California, in Washington, D. C.

FOREIGN NEWS.—February 2. The Spanish election results in a large majority for the Conservatives.

February 3. The Canadian Government dissolves Parliament and will go to the country on the reciprocity issue—election to be held March 5.

February 6. King Humbert accepts Signor Crispi's resignation and directs Marquis di Rudini to form a Cabinet.

February 10. In a circular to Italian ministers abroad, the Marquis di Rudini says the policy of the new Cabinet is pacific and conservative.

February 13. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are taken from London to Ireland and put in Clonmel jail.

February 14. The French Government accepts the invitation of the United States to take part in the World's Fair.

February 20. The Servian Cabinet resigns.

February 21. Nearly one thousand men of Osman Digna's force killed in battle with the Egyptians at Tokar. Egyptian loss small.

February 23. A new Servian ministry formed.——The Norwegian Cabinet resigns.

February 25. General de Fonseca is elected President of the United States of Brazil.

February 28. The Roumanian ministry resigns.——Death of the French novelist, M. du Boisgobey.

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C. L. S. C. GRADUATES—CLASS OF '90.

THE Alumni of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was increased last year by 3,645 graduates, the names of whom appear below. The total number graduated from the C. L. S. C. is made by this Class 25,571. The present Class is distributed as follows: Alabama, 5; Arizona, 2; Arkansas, 7; California, 119; Colorado, 48; Connecticut, 71; Delaware, 12; Dist. Col., 13; Florida, 15; Georgia, 13; Idaho, 2; Illinois, 302; Indiana, 97; Iowa, 161; Kansas, 112; Kentucky, 47; Louisiana, 9; Maine, 123; Maryland, 14; Massachusetts, 260; Michigan, 177; Minnesota, 110; Missouri, 86; Mississippi, 16; Montana, 2; Nebraska, 56; Nevada, 9; New Hampshire, 71; New Jersey, 94; New York, 452; North Carolina, 7; North Dakota, 7; Ohio, 294; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 338; Rhode Island, 32; South Carolina, 32; South Dakota, 19; Tennessee, 9; Texas, 34; Utah, 2; Vermont, 45; Virginia, 8; Washington, 18; West Virginia, 24; Wisconsin, 134; Canada, 71; Foreign, 20.

ALABAMA

Brady, Mrs. S. C.
Garrison, Ethridge J.
Latham, Willie
Rodgers, Mrs. Mollie W.
Williams, Susan Robison

ARIZONA

Jordan, Jennie Edith
Oneal, Sarah Gertrude D.

ARKANSAS

Duncan, Annie
Harvey, Mrs. J. R.
Lancaster, Dudley D.
McDiarmid, Clara A.
Rousseau, Adah Lee
Tabor, Mamie Lou
Wells, Annie B.

CALIFORNIA

Abbott, Mrs. Martha A.
Akins, Emma L.
Alger, Effie J.
Arendt, Miss Clara Amelia
Asher, Josephine Marion
Asher, Mrs. Sarah H.
Bailey, Robert W.
Bates, Mrs. Cora Nichols
Bates, Henry L.
Bevier, Herbert N.
Bigelow, Susie Mabel
Bond, Mrs. Carrie Dalton
Brainard, Henry Allen
Brant, Josephine R.
Briggs, D. D.
Briggs, Jennie Stewart
Brigham, Alma S.
Bullard, M D., Rose Talbott
Burnett, M. Fannie
Burrows, Mrs. F. Elizabeth
Butler, Mrs. Electa L.
Button, Mrs. Eliza A.
Button, Eveline A.
Childs, Mary F.
Chiles, Mrs. Mollie
Clark, Mrs. Emily J.
Colby, Miss Phoebe S.
Conger, Carrie B.
Cox, Mrs. Joseph L.
Cubery, Phebe P.
Cunningham, J. Frank
Cunningham, Luther
Cunningham, Mollie L.
Cunningham, Sadie M.
Dale, Louise
Denton, Joey
Dixon, Anna E.
Eastman, John Calvin
Eastman, Mary P.
Edwards, Mrs. William J.
Fablinger, James
Farwell, Jennie M.
Finch, Ellen L.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. M. G.
Foster, Mary H.
Francis, Miss Louise E.
Franklin, Ella Eliza
Franklin, Jesse Christian
Fulton, Mrs. Anna M.
Gerichs, Kate Olive
Gibson, Ellanor K.
Gorham, May Emma
Hamlin, Elvira Bisbee
Harrison, Mary Ellen
Hausch, Anna
Healey, Rev. James
Hess, William L.
Hildreth, Zoe
Hirsch, Carrie B.
Hyde, Lucy J.
Jacks, Mrs. David
Jewell, Anna Dell
Jewell, Ida
Johnson, Mrs. Una Paulk
Jolly, Mrs. Eva H.
Kellogg, Emma
Kellogg, Gertrude
Kellogg, Mrs. Sada L.
King, Alice B.
Louderback, Mrs. Frances C.
Maclay, Jennie B.
Magilligan, Miss S. S.
Marston, Idela A. R.
Martin, Mrs. Lottie D.
Martin, Perry S.
Matthews, Annie Allari
McDonnell, Mrs. Mary
McPherson, Daniel
McPherson, Mrs. Daniel
McPherson, Martha
McPherson, Wilson
Nason, Frances Tilton
Nason, Mia A.
Norton, Mrs. Frances E.
Olinder, Mrs. Selma B.
O'Neal, Amy E.
O'Neal, Mrs. Mary E.
Paine, Maggie Amelia
Peterson, Mrs. Jane L.
Pierce, Mrs. Mary J.
Rawdon, Mrs. M. E.
Rawdon, William B.
Reed, Mrs. Isabel S.
Ripley, Lauren William
Robinson, Miss Emma
Robinson, Mrs. Susan A.
Scott, Mrs. Georgia C.
Scupham, Susie R.
Shorey, H. J.
Shrode, Mrs. Mary S.
Smedberg, Helen Howard
Smith, Mrs. Lizzie
Snowden, Mrs. Martha Ellen
Stevens, Eliza Alma
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Taylor, Augusta S.
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Garnett, Lyda B.
Garnett, M. Fannie
Goble, Lilian B.
Goble, Mrs. M. B.
Hampton, Mrs. M. F.
Irvine, Mrs. Mary Kensel
Jacobs, Zillah Y.
Johnson, Laura V.
Krats, Paul A. W.
McCoy, Miss Kate
Ogden, Miss Lizzie E.
Powell, Mrs. Mattie E.
Rizer, Lena Richard
Rodman, Mrs. Thomas
Rogers, Mary
Seargant, Mrs. Andrew
Smith, May
Snodgrass, Mrs. B. L.
Spencer, Mrs. Burilla B.
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Thomas, Mary Cheek
Thomson, Mrs. Lula C.
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Moody, Olive H.
Shute, Mrs. Chas. H.
Snively, Jennie P.
Sommerville, Walter B.
Wells, Minnie M.
Wood, Emma P.

MAINE

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Amback, Mrs. Abbie E.
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Batly, Kate Salisbury
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Bird, Bertha Isabel
Bourne, Josephine A.
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Wyer, Nettie E.

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Anderson, Tena J.
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Beadle, Miss Flora J.
Bennett, George P.
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Babcock, Mary A.
Bascom, Jennie S.
Bates, Leonora H.
Boyd, Martha J.
Brown, Mrs. Susie C.
Buxton, Ada Helen
Carey, Mary Frances
Carlton, Lucinda Taylor
Carr, Mrs. Luvia M.
Chesley, Mrs. Annie M.
Clark, Mary Latham
Collins, Emma L.
Cook, Lyman Demerritt
Coolidge, Mary
Crombie, Annie French
Cummings, Aldon E.
Dorr, Eunice Adelaide
Eaton, Mrs. Leroy A.
Emerson, Abraham F.
Emons, Mrs. Imogene V.
Flagg, Etta P.
Flandus, Jennie A.
French, Mary E.
Gillis, H. Georgina
Greene, Mary Jessie
Gutterson, Miss Emma
Hardy, Edna Maria
Harmon, M. Isa
Harris, William Samuel
Holt, Charles Mead
Howes, Carrie N.
Hutchin, Mrs. Mary E.
Hutchin, William H.
Lamprey, Mrs. Ellen S.
Lamprey, Henry P.
Le Gro, Harriet Bates
Locke, Susan Hamilton
Longley, Fred E.
Lowell, John Atkinson
Lowell, Julia A.
Mahar, Almena Roberta
Marden, Delia T.
Marshall, Mrs. Annis G.
Marshall, Lydia
Martin, Susie Etta
Merrill, Annie Gertrude
Messer, Mrs. Frances J.
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Osgood, Alice M.
Palmer, Miriam M.
Piper, Lelia C.
Platts, Harriet Manter
Platts, Hattie S.
Prescott, Mrs. Ella M.
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Rich, Lana Hodgkins
Runnells, Caroline S.
Runnels, Moses Thurston
Sanborn, Julia Batchelder
Sargent, Mary Frank
Seavey, Weldon W.
Slason, Mrs. Sophia U.
Smith, Mrs. Martha W. L.
Smith, Nettie G. Hobbs
Snow, Mrs. F. L.
Tenny, Franklin J.
Tenney, Letitia S.
Webster, Emma
Wells, Mrs. Daniel French
Wendell, Miss Fannie C.

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Bloomfield, Miss Lizzie
Blake, Robert W.
Booth, Addie M.
Bradway, Ellen
Briggs, Josephine S.
Briggs, Solon
Burge, Carrie M.
Burge, Kate Allen
Burroughs, Luella F.
Butler, Mary L.
Chamberlain, Katie
Chamberlin, Georgie L.
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Coit, C. Miriam
Connolly, Michael Gabriel
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Currier Nettie
Daniels, Phoebe Augusta
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Davis, Mrs. Eliza S.
Davis, Lillian L.
Dean, Elber Brinton
Dean, Miss Mary
Doggett, Virginia Adams
Doolittle, Susan Rapelji
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Faulks, Anna Lilian
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Hayes, William P.
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Lane, Mary Elizabeth
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Rothery, Mrs. Elizabeth J.
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Spies, Albert
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Thomas, George Franklin
Van Gelder, Eleanor V.
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Whitney, Auren Joseph
Whitney, Mary C.
Whittier, Elzira A.
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Winthrop, Mrs Margaret
Woodruff, Jennie
Woodruff, Mrs. Phebe D.
Wuensch, Ph.G., Charles

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Clark, Helen S.
Clark, Jennie Adams
Clark, Jennie E.
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Dean, Seymour
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Holland, May A.
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Hubbard, Henry A.
Hubbard, Mrs. T. S.

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Langworthy, Anne L.
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Pettit, Jennie
Philo, Lucy E.

Pierson, Miss Hattie H.
Plaisted, Miss Rachel
Poole, M. Adelaide
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Prentice, Geo. Henry
Prentice, Hattie Virginia
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Quinton, Mary
Randall, Leila S.
Randall, Mary J.
Redfield, Ruth
Reed, George Edward
Reed, Mrs. L. H.
Rees, Caroline L.
Reid, Emma M.
Resseguie, Estella A.
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Reynolds, Sophie Susie
Reynolds, Mrs. Stephen
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Rickenbrode, Mrs. F. W.
Riggs, Sarah M.
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Robertson, Aletta
Robertson, Lida S. Mosher
Robinson, Delia H.
Rogers, Mary L.
Rosekrans, E. Christine
Rushmore, Mary D.
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Russell. Mrs. Ida Press
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Salisbury, Minnie E.
Sanderson, Lena R
Sanford, Clara Daisy
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Schenck, Myra J.
Schofield, Lila Millard
Seaver, Mary E.
Seaver, Miss M. Floy
Segwalt, Elizabeth
Segwalt, John
Selchow, Mame L.
Seymour, Mrs. Henry
Shaver, Sarah Frances
Shaw, Mrs. Lida M.
Shearer, Jennie T.
Shedden, Laura L.
Shepherd, Mary C.
Shepherd, Mrs. T. B.
Sherman, Mrs. W. H.
Sherry, Mrs. Charles
Shumaker, Mrs. C. F.
Sill, Helen
Simkins, Emogene
Simmons, Charles H.
Simmons, Florence G.
Simpson, Theressa M.
Sisson, Anna Carpenter
Sisson, Clara L.
Slack, Miss Mina
Slater, Mary R.
Sloane, Louise
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Smith, Cornelia
Smith, Hattie M.
Smith, Mrs. John G.
Smith, May Frances
Snell, Mrs. John O.
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Southworth, Rhoda E.
Spath, Frederick P.
Spooner, Mrs. Frank N.
Spoor, Miss Anna C.
Stanclift, Elizabeth A.
Staples, Myra E.
Starr, Florence
Stephens, John D'Arcy
Stevens, Mrs. Jennette M.
Stevens, John F.
Stevens, Mrs. Mary J.
Stewart, Mrs. M. L.
Stockwell, Mrs. Geo. E.
Stone, Mrs. Aldoretta T.
Stone, Miss Anna J.
Stork, Laura
Story, Rosalie

Strong, Mrs. Eva R.
Strong, Hattie
Strong, Lucy J.
Sturtevant, Mrs. Alice
Styles, Hattie Amanda
Styles, Etta E.
Sullivan Mrs. Rebecca M.
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Sutherland Leora B.
Sylvester Edna E.
Sylvester J B.
Talcott, Eller Josephine
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Taylor, Effie B.
Taylor, Jennie Chandler
Taylor, Julia Matilda S.
Temple, Nettie Hathaway
Terry, Eva V.
Thompkins, Bertha Phebe
Thompkins May Amelia
Thompson, May Amelia
Thompson, John Robinson
Thompson, Martha Esther
Thornton, Augusta
Thornton, Frank
Thornton, Jane
Thurston, Lottie
Titsworth, Mrs. Clara C.
Titus, Emma A.
Townsend, Mary A.
Treman, L. May
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True, Louise Marie
True, Marion I.
Tucker, Grace
Turner, Martha
Tyler, Harriet M.
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Unger, Mrs Margaret
Van Antwerp, Lillie
Van Deusen, Rachel A.
Van Dusen George H.
Van Woert, Mrs. Delos
Van Wormer, Mrs. F. M.
Varney, Mrs O. W.
Vunk, Harry H.
Wager, Susie A.
Waite, Mrs. Nellie
Walker, Alexander D.
Ward, Mrs. Charlotte
Ward, Robert G.
Warner, Harvey J.
Watkins, Emma Florence
Webster, Ella M.
Welch, Mrs. Ada E.
Wellman, Ardillo
Wells, Louisa M.
Wells, Melville James
Westcott, Mrs. Mary B.
Wheat, Mrs. Hattie G.
White, Anna Louise
White, Margaret Louise
White, Mary E.
Whitney Mrs. Florence B.
Whitney, James Eugene
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Widler, Miss Frank M.
*Wilcox, Miss Olive R.
Wilder, Annie Helffenstein
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Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth J.
Willis, Stella E.
Winch, Edith B.
Wing, Mrs. Ida E.
Wiseman, Jennie A.
Witherell, George W.
Woodruff, Rev. A. M.
Wormuth, Mrs. Agnes R.
Wormuth, Jeanette
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Young, Lottie E.
Youngs, Ettie E.

NORTH CAROLINA

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Boyles, Rev. M. W.
Clark, Elizabeth Irby
Eaton, Amelia
Forsythe, James Adger
Forsythe, Mrs. Julia N.
Paton, Mrs. Minnie F.
Tyson, Mrs. Anna W. P.

NORTH DAKOTA

Bornsky, Fred.
Engle, Amelia

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Andrew, Millard F.
Arndt, Mary E.
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Barnes, Mary E.
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Fassett, Alma
Fawcett, Emma Lauretta
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Mackey, Mary
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McFarland, J. H.
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Mellor, Perley Benjamin
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Sanborn Alma Eudora
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Seymour, Corintha Maria
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Shoots, Miss Mellie
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Simon, Mrs. Mamie
Skinner, Mrs. Carrie I.
Smith, H. Clay
Smith, Mrs. Mary E.
South, Olive F. Harding
Sparks, Mrs. Ann
Spencer, Miss Mary A.
Spraul, Charles William
Spreng, Mrs. E. M.
Staggs, Alice N.
Starbuck, Anna D.
Stevens, Sarah B.
Stinson, Edgar
Stone, Hattie Lura
Stoneman, John W.
Stoneman, R. Estelle
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Sweeny, Mrs. R. J.
Swisher, Miss Lizzie Calwell
Tenney, Ida B.
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Thornbury, Miss Mattie
Thorp, Mrs. Mary Louise
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BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AGE OF THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REFORMATION.

THE times of which we have been speaking in our last two chapters are what are commonly called the *Middle Ages*. It is not a very good name, and it certainly is not easy to define its meaning; still it does convey an idea. The times from the twelfth century to the fifteenth have something in common, and it is not easy to draw any broad line between any one period within them and any other. They stand distinct from the times of the older Roman Empire, from the early days of the European nations—that is, we may say, among our own people, say from the landing of the English in Britain to the coming of the Normans—and again from the later times from the sixteenth century onward. It is hard to say exactly in what the likeness and the unlikeness consists; but it is easily felt. In Western Europe we may fairly say that these times and their ways are the gradual outcome of the mutual influence which the Roman and Teutonic elements in those lands had on one another. Those elements had in some things mingled together; in other things they had stood side by side. The Latin tongue, as a popular language, had changed into the various forms of Romance; as a learned language, it had lived on alongside both of them and of the Teutonic languages. It had lived on as a living language, putting forth fruit of its own; but like all other things it changed; the Latin language and the writings that were written in it had, by the fifteenth century, become something very different from the Latin tongue of the old days of Rome and the writings which were then written in it. It could not be otherwise. The Latin of old times was the native tongue of a people, used by them for all purposes. The Latin of the Middle Ages was the tongue of only part of the people, used by them for certain purposes and not for others.

Now in the last years of the fifteenth century—for that is the real time rather than in the sixteenth—a change began to affect England, which had already begun to affect some other European lands. Many things about the same time combined to enlarge the range of the human mind, to give it fresh subjects to work upon. To speak of an awakening of the human mind would be very misleading. The human mind had never been asleep, and at no time was it less so than in the ages from the twelfth century to the fifteenth. But the appearance about the same time of several new directions for thought and action undoubtedly did much to quicken and strengthen men's minds, and to give the time that now begins, an air of life and freshness and brilliancy beyond that of the times just before it. We are apt to speak of a new birth of thought and learning and art, a metaphor from which has come the familiar French name *Renaissance* or *New Birth* for the times of which we are now speaking.

The new movement naturally did not affect

*Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

all Europe at the same moment. In most of its branches it began in Italy. In the form of what is called the "revival of learning," of increased study of the works of the old Greek and Roman times it could hardly be otherwise. From the old Roman world the world of the Middle Ages had never broken asunder, least of all in Italy, and in Italy it would be perfectly true to say that the *Renaissance* began in the thirteenth century, rather than in the fifteenth. The most distinctive thing in the movement of the fifteenth century was the renewed study of Greek. Throughout what we have called the Middle Ages, Greek was hardly at all known in Western Europe. The Latin writers were never forgotten; they were always studied; but the Greek writers had almost passed out of mind, and to read a Greek book in the original was the rarest of accomplishments. To know even a few words was a thing of which a man was proud. The philosophy of Aristotle was supposed to rule in the schools; but men knew him only in Latin translations, and those sometimes made from the Arabic. The New Testament was hardly known, except through the Vulgate Latin. But in the East-Roman Empire, Greek had been for ages the received language. There was a popular form of Greek, answering to the Romance forms of Latin, and there was a literary form still written at Constantinople and elsewhere, which had changed wonderfully little from the Greek of old times. Thus, when in 1453 Constantinople was taken by the Turks and the East-Roman Empire came to an end, a crowd of learned Greeks left their enslaved country, and found shelter in Italy. Thus Greek studies began again, and with them Latin studies strengthened. The change was a great and in many things a wholesome one; perhaps it did more good to the lands to which it spread from Italy than it did to Italy itself. Original genius was for a while rather smothered by learning and imitative literature; Italy had no such writer in the fifteenth century as Dante in the thirteenth. And a devotion to pagan study pretty well made some men forget that they were Christians either in belief or practice. In no time or place was public or private virtue at a lower ebb than it was in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Besides learning and literature, the new or revived taste extended itself to art. During the Middle Ages, architecture had in northern countries struck out a new line and had reached wonderful perfection in that line. Painting and sculpture had not grown in proportion; they were chiefly subsidiary to architecture. In Italy, where the mediæval architecture had never taken real root, where the true national style was still Romanesque, the other arts had, from the thirteenth century onward, grown much faster. Still it is from the fifteenth century, when the study of the ancient models prevailed again, that the great development of Italian painting and sculpture began. And in architecture, too, men began again to attempt to imitate the Roman models. It is a notable thing in Italy at this time that many men were great artists in various lines at once, and were often eminent in other ways at the same time.

The movement which had begun in Italy gradually spread northward, into France, Germany, and England. The new studies spread; the new fashions in art spread. Greek learning came in; Latin learning changed its character. Both became what is called *classical*. The new studies, the "New Learning," as it was called, the studies of the "Humanists," had to fight their way against the "Old Learning," the learning of the mediæval schools. The New Learning was in its own nature quite unconnected with any movement for the reformation of religion. Some of its votaries, like Sir Thomas More in England, were devout and even bigoted adherents of religion as they found it. Others in Italy, hardly in England, were rather pagans than Christians of any kind. But the New Learning and the Reformation of Religion were going on at the same time; they influenced one another, and the lately invented art of printing served the purposes of both. There was this difference between the two, that the New Learning was merely an intellectual movement, while the Reformation of Religion was essentially a moral movement. And, when we speak of the Reformation of Religion, it is well to distinguish some things which may easily be confounded. Changes in dogma and ceremony are one thing; the reformation of practical abuses is another thing. If the Popes, and the rulers of the Western Church generally, had, all through the fifteenth century, helped on the various movements for practical reform, they would have done much to lessen the extent of change in other ways. They did largely attempt prac-

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tical reforms at a later time, and not without result; but they could not then do what they might have done at an earlier time.

The Reformation of Religion in the sixteenth century took a different shape in each of the countries where it prevailed. But it must not be thought that it was everywhere a victory either of "free thought" or of religious toleration. It did a great deal in those ways indirectly and by its results in times to come; but it did nothing at once and directly. When the Reformation began, nobody thought of allowing equal toleration to both the old religion and the new. Whichever had the upper hand forbade the practice of the other, often under pain of death. This was because it was strictly a moral question; each side looked on the practice of the other worship as sinful. But when traditional beliefs had once been shaken, when men had so far thought for themselves as to accept the new system instead of the old, it naturally followed that others should use the same liberty in other ways. If men rejected one doctrine or threw off one kind of discipline, they might reject and throw off any other. If they thought for themselves on one matter, they might think for themselves on another. In this way the religious Reformation did in the end lead to freedom of thought on all matters, and to mutual toleration on religious matters. But it did so only gradually and indirectly. No one thought of such things when the Reformation itself began in the sixteenth century.

We may say that the Reformation began in the sixteenth century; that is, it began as a wide European movement. Ever since the teaching of Wickliffe there had doubtless been some in England who were dissatisfied with more things in the state of religion than those practical evils which might be reformed without change of doctrine or ceremony. In Bohemia, so far off, the movement had had far greater results; but they stand almost alone, and they had little influence out of Bohemia. In England there was no movement at all widely spread till the influence of the German and Swiss reformers affected our people. And, as we are speaking of the English folk in general, we must mark the different lines which the Reformation took in England and Scotland. In England the change came from above; it was not the work of the people in general. We have nothing to do with the motives of King Henry the Eighth, with either his divorcing and beheading his wives or with his plundering of the monasteries, another thing from their legal suppression. But there can be little doubt that his system was approved by a very large part, most likely by the greater part, of the English nation. After dabbling a little in the foreign Reformation, his later objects were distinctly to keep doctrine and ceremony as they were, but to get rid of the authority of the Pope, to lessen the power of the clergy, and to reform some practical abuses. And to do this and no more fell in very well with the general wish of Englishmen. When strictly religious changes, in doctrine and ceremony, came in under Edward the Sixth, they met with strong opposition. It was most likely the persecution under Mary which in the end turned men's minds the other way. The final settlement under Elizabeth was a compromise which divided the nation less than any other system would have done, but which could not call forth the same vehement zeal as the extreme system either way.

In Scotland, on the other hand, the change in religion did not begin till much later than in England, but it was far more thoroughgoing when it did begin. It began from below; it was essentially a popular movement, which princes and nobles supported only so far as they were able to turn it to their own ends. No movement was ever more strictly a moral one; it has stamped the Scottish character ever since. A system hard and narrow, intolerant, even merciless, but full of stern resolve and unselfish purpose, a system leading to personal thoughtfulness and personal independence, was in the end established in the teeth of heavy persecution. It is the Scottish Reformation and the long struggles which followed it, which made the Scottish people what they are.

The form of reformation which in Scotland became the established religious system of the country, appeared in England only in the shape of dissatisfaction with the established system. Nonconformity, though it began in England in the sixteenth century, plays no national part till the seventeenth. The thoughts and feelings which in Scotland were the essence of the Reformation itself, were in England an aftergrowth.

But other things marked this age, and had an influence on its character in England as

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in other lands, besides the revival of learning and the reformation of religion. It is hardly a figure to say that in this age the world itself was enlarged. That is to say, new lands were opened, new fields were given to human enterprise. The discovery of a new world was something so startling as to help very powerfully in the general enlargement of men's minds. And the phrase of a New World is fully justified. The discovery of the Western Continent which followed on the voyage of Columbus was an event differing in kind from any discovery that had ever been made before. And this, though there is little reason to doubt that the Western Continent itself had been discovered before. The Northmen had certainly found their way to the real continent of North America ages before Columbus found his way to the West India Islands. But the same results did not come of it, and the discovery itself was not of the same kind. The Old World had grown a good deal before the discovery of the New. The range of men's thoughts and enterprise had gradually spread from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, the Baltic, and the northern seas. To advance from Norway to the islands north of Britain, thence to Iceland, Greenland, and the American continent, was a gradual process. The great feature in the lasting discovery of America which began at the end of the fifteenth century was its suddenness. Nothing led to it; it was made by an accident; men were seeking one thing, and they found another. Nothing like it has happened before or since. The great result of all that came from the discovery of America, the establishment of a third home for the English folk, does not concern us as yet. That belongs to the seventeenth century, not to the sixteenth. In the sixteenth it was only dreamed of and attempted. But though there was as yet no New England in America, yet the mere discovery of the New World, the wonderful conquests of the Spaniards, the adventurous warfare of Englishmen and Spaniards, both in America and in Europe, and, to crown all, the beating back of Spanish invasion from the shores of England, were events that had no small share in the general stir and quickening of men's minds.

We said just now that the discovery of the New World took place through men seeking one thing and finding another. But even without the discovery of the New World, the seeking and finding of lands in this age was very great. Like other things, it began earlier, and merely reached its height in these times. Portugal was the first European power to begin by discovery and conquest along the coast of Africa and in the Atlantic islands. Then came the finding of the Eastern way to India in 1497. That was the same year in which the North American continent was discovered. Before that, in 1492, Columbus had reached Hispaniola on his voyage, as he hoped, to India by the other way. Thus the two great fields of distant English enterprise were found out in the same year, before the fifteenth century was out, though their full importance does not come till much later. And we must again mark the importance of Italy in these matters, as in others. Portugal alone made her great discoveries for herself. Spain and England made theirs by the means of a Genoese and a Venetian.

We thus see, coming all together, the revival of learning and art, the reformation of religion, and what was practically the actual enlargement of the world. A new life seemed to be breathed into every thing. And in England, while all branches of learning began to be studied as they had never been studied before, there was no fear, as to some extent there was in Italy, of original powers being stifled under the weight of learning. The two advanced together. In the course of the sixteenth century, under the new influences, while the ancient learning took new shapes and a wider range, men began to study the chronicles of our own land, and presently to attempt something like a more scientific knowledge of our ancient language. The religious controversies of the time grew; learned divines on various sides engaged in them, among whom, to mention one out of many, Richard Hooker may pass for a philosopher as well as a divine. In literature of every class the crop is fertile beyond all earlier times. And the two names of which Englishmen are proudest in their several lines, William Shakspere the poet, and Francis Bacon the philosopher, though we are apt to think of them as belonging rather to the seventeenth century, do in truth belong to the sixteenth. It was the sixteenth century that made them.

Such an age of increased learning and of busy literature had naturally its effect on language. The English tongue in a certain

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sense took its present shape in the fifteenth century. But the sixteenth greatly affected it also. One change it made which was surely not for the better. As the fourteenth century was the time when French words came in like a flood, in the sixteenth century it was the same with Latin words. Many good English words were needlessly displaced at both times; and what is worse, we almost wholly lost the power of making new words in our own tongue, as the Germans have always been able to do.

In art the changes were great. In architecture the new Italian taste hardly affected England till the sixteenth century was well advanced. In its earlier years we shall have some of the richest buildings of the latest forms of the mediæval style. The new style began in details and small objects before it touched the general lines of buildings. Thus there grew up a curious mongrel style of building in which the outlines and general idea are still Gothic, while the details are more or less tending toward Italian. It is sometimes called *Cinque-cento*, from the date when it began in Italy; in England it is often called *Elizabethan* for the great Queen of that name. In France there are many grand churches, as well as palaces, of this fashion; in England we have many grand houses, but hardly any churches. For in England, owing to the suppression of the monasteries under Henry the Eighth, the sixteenth century was a time when many more churches were pulled down than were built. In this way the land lost very many of its noblest buildings, and not only buildings, but precious records and manuscripts. The most hideous destruction of art and antiquity was thus going on at the very time of so much progress in other ways. Of painting and sculpture there is not much to say; the taste, of course, was Italian; for a long time the artists were Italian also.

Natural science perhaps made less advance than any other branch of knowledge. The movement was mainly learned, literary, artistic. It was indeed in the sixteenth century, though in a land far from either England or Italy, that the true doctrine of the solar system was found out. But new light in this way did not spread nearly so fast as new light in other ways. Long after this time the truths of astronomy were looked on as impious, and men of scientific knowledge were liable to be taken for conjurors. And we must not think that where there was so much progress, all was progress of a good kind. Perhaps all was progress out of which good came in the end; but there was much which certainly was not change for the better at the time. In most lands the sixteenth century—in this too continuing a work begun in the fifteenth—was a time of political falling back. Old liberties, old national rights, were largely trampled under foot. In many parts of Europe the ancient assemblies ceased to be held, or lost all real power, and the kings became practically despotic. In England, though the sovereigns of this age drew into their hands great and sometimes unlawful powers, yet we never lost the forms or the feeling of freedom, and we were therefore able in days to come to put new life again into a body which had never altogether died. Meanwhile the United Provinces of the Netherlands threw off the yoke of their Spanish princes and formed themselves into a federal commonwealth. And on their recovery of freedom followed a wonderful burst of intellectual life; in politics, in learning, in every thing else, that small people at once rose to one of the foremost places in Europe. In Italy, on the other hand, while she was leading other lands in so many ways, she was herself led into bondage, and the freedom of her commonwealths was trodden under foot. Yet the political evils of the time had after all something to do with its general advance. The new invention of gunpowder made a thorough change in the art of war, a change which has been advancing ever since. It gave greater power to mere numbers; it made it easier to take, and harder to defend, towns and other fortified places. It thus helped the princes in most lands to keep up standing armies and thereby to tread under foot the rights of their own people and of their neighbors. Europe thus made great advances at this time toward becoming a system of large powers, instead of being largely a system of small principalities and free cities. And this, though at the time it helped to destroy freedom, yet helped in the end towards the grouping of a great part of Europe into really national powers.

With all this England had less to do than most other nations. Compared with France, Spain, or Italy, she kept her old laws and her old rights. She was better able than most lands to profit by what was good in the changes of these times, and she was less

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touched by what was evil. The changes of the sixteenth century were great and wonderful, and on the whole for good. But we must not so dwell on them as to look on all the ages before them as a mere time of darkness, and to think that there would be an altogether new life with either the literary *Renaissance* or the religious Reformation. Men's minds took a few great steps all at once; but they had not been standing still before; it was the intellectual movement of the Middle Ages which made the further intellectual movement that followed it possible. Many causes worked together; the literary movement, the religious movement, the widening of the world's borders. And so did the political movement, though it was in many things, at the time, a movement backwards. The result was an advance which makes us feel, as we reach the later years of the sixteenth century, that we have got more than a hundred years nearer to our own time than we were when we reached the later years of the fifteenth. No one of the earlier centuries saw so great change or such speedy change. But though we are apt to think of the "Middle Ages" as if all the men who lived in them lived at one time, a man of the reign of Henry the First would have been quite as much startled at the state of things under Henry the Sixth as the man of the reign of Henry the Sixth would have been at the state of things under Elizabeth. We are speaking of England; in some other lands the contrast might have been greater in some things and in others less. The two most sudden and startling changes were the new forms of religious worship and the sweeping away of the monasteries. These affected England; they did not affect the lands where the Reformation did not prevail. Every thing else was gradual.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.

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PART IV.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE (CONTINUED).

HYPERBOLE.

HYPERBOLE, or Exaggeration, is classed among figures of speech. If we take figurative language to mean any departure from ordinary expression, this is a figure on the assumption that ordinary speech presents things as they are, things as they appear to the eye of cool, sober common sense, in their true relations and proportions. Things are exaggerated from this standard by personal feelings, by loves and hatreds, hopes and fears, admiration, wonder, and contempt. Strictly speaking, it is only what we love or admire or fear that we exaggerate, or make to appear bigger than it is; but the word hyperbole is applied equally to the minimizings or belittlings or distortions of hatred or contempt.

This is how hyperboles arise, and we are all so apt to view things through the medium of passion and prejudice that exaggerated language is the rule rather than the exception. Who can profess to see things steadily through a clear and colorless medium, a medium uncolored by prejudice, unclouded by mists of passion? Still, there is a certain average level, which varies with the habits of generations, and the temperaments of races and nationalities; and it is from this level that each generation judges what is hyperbolical or extravagant in speech.

Many persons habitually use language of exaggeration from mere ardor of temperament. Their feelings are always in extremes. What interests them for the moment is the most wonderful thing in the whole course of their experience. Their geese are all swans; their wicked men monsters of depravity, their good men paragons of virtue. We are all apt to exaggerate in this way more or less.

But is it ever permissible to exaggerate for rhetorical effect? One would be disposed to say offhand that it can never be, that nothing but plain, sober statement can ever be justifiable, that the bare truth tells twice. But the question fairly faced is not so simple as it looks. It is partly a question of ethics, and partly a question of taste.

On the ethical side, it may be argued in this way. Suppose a case of distress to be

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relieved, of a bad habit to be changed, a law to be repealed or enacted, an institution to be reformed. The public are apathetic and indifferent. An enthusiast in the cause addresses them. He believes the distress to be worse than it really is; he ascribes all sorts of pernicious consequences to the bad habit: he expects too much from his scheme of reform. He uses hyperbolical language. But the impression he produces is no stronger than the bare truth ought to produce. If he used sober language, his apathetic public would not stir; he would produce no impression at all. His hearers are at a distance from him, wrapt up in their own concerns; he must raise his voice, or they will not hear. A statue intended to be seen at a height must be carved larger than life size, otherwise it will appear diminutive. It is by the impression produced that the work must be judged.

There is a certain amount of truth in this. It may be conceded that no great cause was ever won without enthusiasm, and enthusiasm always exaggerates. It is the natural corrective of apathy, which is just as far from the truth on the other side.

Is exaggeration, then, to be recommended? That is another affair. You must remember that if you are in earnest, you will probably exaggerate enough without trying. The man who exaggerates deliberately is a charlatan, a puffer of spurious goods; besides he is almost certain to be found out. The accent of insincerity is easily detected, whether in speech or in writing. In rhetoric as in other things honesty is the best policy.

The question of taste in the use of hyperbole is more subtle. This often arises when there is no question of moral truth or falsehood, of leading or misleading opinion. It is rather, as it were, an affair of dress; "expression is the dress of thought," and we may dress in quiet colors cut after the fashion of our time, or in glaring colors and eccentric disregard of both fashion and propriety.

The common ideal of good expression is that it should exactly fit the subject, keeping close to the proportions of things as they are; that descriptive phrases and epithets should present objects as they exist in nature, neither exaggerated nor diminished. It is an excellent ideal to aim at, and the principle holds absolutely good of scientific expression. But there are kinds of description in which it is quite possible to pursue this ideal in such a way as to defeat your own end, and distort and falsify what you wish to present to your reader's mind. Often what you have to describe is not an abstract object detached from all human emotion, but your own feeling about an object · and in trying to tone down your description in obedience to rhetorical precept, you may tone down the feeling and so change it that the description neither truly expresses your own feeling nor corresponds adequately to the feeling of your reader.

This is the danger of aiming at an elegant sobriety of expression. Even elegance and sobriety may be carried to extremes.

I have heard of a Professor of Divinity who advised his students after writing their sermons to go over them, pen in hand and strike out all the adjectives. I believe this is not uncommonly considered a good way of correcting the natural tendency of youth to superlatives and hyperboles.

The advice seems to me to be essentially erroneous, and fatal to the acquisition of a style that shall really communicate your thoughts and feelings. It is good enough, perhaps, if the adjectives are heaped up out of the parrot memory without any reference to the subject. But it is bad in so far as it tends to fix attention on the words by themselves, and abstract it from the thoughts and feelings expressed, with which rather than the words the correction should begin. A really expressive style is not to be acquired by pruning and weeding out in cold blood epithets that have been applied in the heat of composition. One should learn rather to control the heat of composition. The best way, indeed the only sound way, of curing the tendency to extravagance of expression is by reforming the habit of mind from which it proceeds.

This opens up a large subject, which I must leave with my reader's own intelligence, content if I have made him think of the fact that there is such a thing as a tendency to hyperbole, and that it needs correction. I should like briefly to indicate further another risk that attends any deliberate effort to correct it.

To correct this tendency was one of the persistent aims of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. According to him the essence of culture on the intellectual side lies in learning to see things as they are. Read, for exam-

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ple, in his "Essays in Criticism," the paper on "The Literary Influence of Academies," when he traces certain extravagances of expression to their roots in narrow and limited habits of thought. By looking at things too exclusively from the point of view of our own village or occupation or sect or party or province, we are apt to attach an exaggerated importance to them, and to feel and speak of them fiercely and immoderately as if they were objects of vital concern to the whole world. To this narrow habit of mind Mr. Arnold attached the nickname of Philistinism.

Mr. Arnold's doctrine I believe to be in the main most wholesome. I do not pretend to do more than roughly indicate it. You cannot do better as a student of style than give your days and nights to reading Mr. Arnold himself. He is one of the most charming writers of his century as well as one of the most instructive.

And yet I have often seen a grave error committed by men who tried to form themselves on his ideal of culture. Thinking it a mark of Philistinism to use strong language about merely local or sectarian concerns, they conceive it to be a mark of culture to adopt an indifferent, superior, fleering, or depreciatory tone toward every thing in which they happen not to be interested themselves. Now this is not to see things as they are; this is not to be a man of culture, but a man of culture who has missed his aim, a prig or superior person. You may put yourself quite as much out of proportion by affecting a grand indifference as by taking a fierce and immoderate interest; to treat the affairs of Little Peddlington* from a cosmical point of view may be as absurd as to treat them from a provincial point of view. If your writing is intended for Little Peddlington, or for men and women of your own occupation or sect or province, there is nothing gained by writing as if your reader were the Man in the Moon, or even "a calm strong angel surveying mankind."

Hyperbole carried to excess is stigmatized by such names as rant, bombast, inflation, "tall talk," turgid magniloquence. But no formal rule can be laid down fixing the altitude to which you may rise without transgressing the bounds of good taste. In every community there is an unwritten standard; this is unwritten because it is unwritable. Each individual must find it out for himself in the reception given him by his readers.

IRONY, INNUENDO, AND EPIGRAM.

The next figure I shall deal with is Irony, which consists in saying something different from what you mean, leaving it to your reader's intelligence to apprehend your real meaning.

This is a very different literary weapon. The use of hyperbole—of "forceful sounds and colors bold"—is to stimulate torpid intelligence, to stir dull sensibilities, to drive impressions home by violence. In ironical writing something is left to the free action of the reader's wits. The quicker the intelligence of your reader, the more prosperous is likely to be your use of the figure.

"Irony," Quintilian says, "is understood either from the mode of delivery or from the character of the speaker, or from the nature of the subject; for if any of these be at variance with the words, it is apparent that the intention is different from the expression."

The danger obviously is that you be taken literally. This actually happened to De Foe. His "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," in which ironically assuming the rôle of a Highflying Tory he argued that they ought to be exterminated by hanging and banishing whoever was found at a conventicle, brought him to the pillory. He afterward admitted that perhaps he was justly punished for being such a fool as to trust his meaning to irony.

Goldsmith is another instance of a martyr to misunderstood irony. A good many of the tales told to prove his egregious vanity are merely samples of ironical jesting at his own expense. When, for instance, he turned away in apparent indignation when two handsome ladies beside him were attracting a great deal of attention, and exclaimed that elsewhere he too had his admirers, it is easy to see that the indignation was ironical. A practical hint may be drawn from this that in writing you must remember that you have not the tone of the voice to point to irony.

Irony was a prevalent fashion in the age of Queen Anne. Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Addison were all masters of it in various degrees of subtlety. The reason why the figure

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*"An imaginary village in which quackery, humbug, cant, selfishness, and other social vices abound. It is described by John Pool: in a satirical work overflowing with racy humor, entitled 'Little Peddlington and the Peddlingtonians.'"

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was so common among the eighteenth century essayists probably was that they wrote for a comparatively small audience which prided itself on its wit, and was consequently flattered by indirect expression. A light, bantering, ironical tone was naturally preferred, and the strong, direct expression of strong feeling regarded as a waste of force. With a mixed audience at different levels of culture, irony is much more apt to be misunderstood. And perhaps this is partly the reason why ironical writing is much less practised in the present century. Writers address wider and much more miscellaneous audiences, and their irony runs greater risk of being misinterpreted unless it is so broad as to lose all literary charm.

A figure extremely common in modern American comic literature might be classed as ironical hyperbole, exaggeration for the mere fun of the thing. The test of good and bad is originality.

A variety of figures has been distinguished by rhetoricians all of which turn like irony on some contrast between the form of the expression and the meaning. The writer, as it were, plays with the medium of communication; there is a sort of game of hide-and-seek between him and his readers. We may put together under the general name of Epigram all those cases in which the writer constructs his statement so as to lead the reader to expect a certain meaning and then suddenly suggests another; all sayings in which the writer by some artifice of construction prepares a surprise for the reader.

What is technically known as the condensed sentence is an example of this. "Heaven defend us from the Evil One and from metaphors!" A friend's advice to Mark Twain when in traveling he began to talk about private matters before some Germans: "Speak in German; these Germans may understand English," is classed as an instance of Innuendo.* The epigram proper is seen in such sayings as South's: "Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men whereby to conceal it"; or the Master of Trinity's rebuke to a Junior Fellow: "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us."

The balanced form of sentence is often used to give point to an epigram, but the essence of epigrammatic writing is the surprise that lurks in the expression, by whatever art the ambush is contrived. It may consist in merely repeating a phrase after leading the reader to expect a reason as in the classical epigram on Dr. Fell.* The motto of the Marischal family, "Thay saye: Quhat say thay? Lat thame say"—is a genuinely epigrammatic expression of indifference to public opinion.

The aim of the witty epigrammatist is generally satire or harmless pleasantry, and we are here concerned primarily with the usefulness of figures in conveying knowledge. In this respect the value of the epigram is simply that it sticks better in the memory than plain expression. Truth is not made more luminous by being put in an epigrammatic form, but it is made more striking and memorable. The reader's own wits have to be exercised; and what the epigrammatist suggests or insinuates comes to him with something of the charm of a discovery. Most of us have read without emotion the ordinary grammatical statement that "the verb to be is a verb of incomplete predication"; when this is put by Hegel [hā'gel] in the epigrammatic form "being is nothing," how much more striking it is! Some people even think it profound, though it means nothing more than this, that to say that a thing is, without saying what it is, is as good as to say nothing at all about it.

SIMILES AND METAPHORS.

The exact sense of the word Simile as a figure of speech was acutely defined by Dr. Johnson in a criticism of Addison's poem "The Campaign."† The poet compares Marlborough issuing his orders in the thick of the fight to an angel that "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm." The critic raises the question whether this is technically a simile, and decides that it is not, but a mere exemplification, because the things compared are similar in kind. That a poet's verse flows like a torrent or that his fancy wanders about like a bee in quest of honey, is a simile; but that the Thames waters fields as the Po waters fields, or that Horace polished his verses as I-soc'ra-tēs polished his orations, is a mere exemplifica-

*[In-nū-en'do.] Latin *in*, toward, and *nuere*, to nod. An indirect hint. Syn., insinuation, suggestion.

*I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell:
But this I'm sure I know full well
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

†See Addison, in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

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tion or plain comparison. "Marlborough is so like the angel in the poem that the action of both is almost the same and performed in the same manner."

The point of this is that before language can be called figurative, it must be a departure from the ordinary. Our ordinary way of thinking is to compare things that are the same in kind, one river with another, one general with another ; it is a departure from this ordinary course of our thoughts to detect resemblances in things that are different in kind, a diplomatist and a fox, a child and an opening flower. It might be argued that Addison's comparison is figurative after all in as much as it compares a battle to a storm.

When the form of comparison is dropped, as when a man is simply called "a lion," or "an ape," or "a steam-engine in trousers," the figure is known as Metaphor. A metaphor is merely a condensed simile, a double figure, in as much as you not only compare things different in kind but assert identity when you mean only partial likeness.

The uses of similes and metaphors are various. Similitudes, comparisons, are the chief instruments of expression for all purposes. They may be purely ornamental, decorative, pretty, fanciful, "rhetorical" in the narrow sense ; or they may be "poetic" in the strict sense, imaginative, transfiguring a subject with light borrowed from some image of grandeur or beauty or profound feeling ; or merely illustrative, serving as a help to the understanding in exposition. On this last comparatively humble use there are some precepts that are obvious enough but yet are sometimes neglected.

The cardinal precept, which applies to all comparisons plain as well as figurative, is that the thing to which the comparison is made should be more intelligible than the subject of the comparison.

"Metaphors," Ben Jonson says in his "Underwood's," "farfetched, hinder to be understood ; and affected, lose their grace. . . . . As if a privy-councilor should at table take his metaphor from a dicing-house . . . . or a justice of the peace draw his similitudes from the mathematics . . . . or a gentleman of Northamptonshire should fetch all his illustrations to his country neighbors from shipping, and tell them of the mainsheet and the bowline."

When Mr. Disraeli * spoke at Glasgow as Lord Rector of the University, he seemed to remember that he was in a great commercial center, and made an effort to adapt his figures to his audience. "A civilized community," he said, "must rest upon a large *realized capital* of thought and sentiment ; there must be a *reserved fund* of public morality to draw upon in the exigencies of national life." The merchants of Glasgow probably understood him easily, but these figures must have been as Sanscrit to the average undergraduate.

I have heard a preacher of a scientific turn illustrate moral states by reference to crystallization, polarization, and deflection. This to a country congregation. We are all apt to take for granted that what is familiar to ourselves is equally familiar to others.

Many an apt illustration, really fitted to enlighten, is spoiled by being over the heads of the audience, not over their heads intellectually as being beyond their grasp but as being beyond their knowledge. The teacher's besetting sin is to over-rate the knowledge of his hearers and to under-rate their intelligence.

For merely intellectual purposes a simile cannot be too familiar and homely. It is a principle of artistic effect that it should be in harmony with the tone of the subject. A homely illustration, such as the comparison of a man struggling with difficulties to a fly in treacle, may be perfectly graphic and yet grotesquely offensive in a serious composition.

Writers with a passion for exactness often fall into the error of pushing a comparison into too much detail. This leads to what is technically called "straining" a metaphor or simile. You should be content generally with a bold, broad resemblance.

* [Diz-rā'lee or diz-ree'lee.]

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LIFE IN MODERN ENGLAND.*

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.

II.

IT was between the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the meeting of the Long Parliament that a great moral revolution was begun and ended in England. The first seeds of Puritanism were sowed when Bishop Bonner set up the first six English Bibles in St. Paul's Cathedral. From that moment the power of the book began to increase among the common people, who had, indeed, no other book that they could read. The Holy Scriptures afforded them their sole means of literary recreation as well as of religious comfort and encouragement, and their faithful study of the text was reflected not only in their manner of life but in their speech. This revival of religious interest, however, did not extend within the limits of the Court. Their profligacy proceeded from excess to excess, and the dividing line between the upper and the lower classes gradually broadened and deepened until it became a gulf in the days of the Puritans and Cavaliers.

The Court of Elizabeth had been extravagant and immoral, but folly and vice were hidden decorously beneath a veil of refinement. But James was a monarch of a very different kind, a man at once weak and obstinate, far more deeply learned than his fair predecessor, and uncommonly shrewd, but selfish, coarse, and cowardly, with a jealous appreciation of the royal prerogative, but with no touch of regal nature. While extremely careful of his own privileges, he granted amost boundless license to his favorites, and set an example which, had it not been for the more sober influences at work among the masses of the people, might have resulted in a general demoralization of society. Vices of the grossest kind were practiced openly in the royal palaces. He himself was a confirmed drunkard, and some of the great ladies of his Court thought it no disgrace to be seen intoxicated. Although a thorough Scot in the close management of his own private finances he wasted enormous sums of public money in the preparation of elaborate masques and revels, in the hope of winning popularity. He lavished titles, honors, land, and money, upon a series of unworthy favorites, and allowed just debts to go unpaid. He set morality at defiance by conniving at disgraceful divorces and condoning the most shameless social offenses, and demonstrated his own superstition and weakness by consulting astrologers and necromancers * and experimenting in search of the philosopher's stone.† Merit ceased to be regarded as the true test for preferment, which was now sought only through the agency of some favorite. Bribery was the easiest and the surest road to promotion, and even the judges yielded to the universal habit of corruption.

So evil an example as this, set in high places, was fraught with dangerous consequences. Not only was there a distinct lowering of the moral tone of the aristocratic classes, but the public respect for the throne, which in the days of Elizabeth had amounted almost to veneration, was greatly diminished. Even the strolling players, who as yet were regarded as little better than vagabonds, ventured to hold up the King to open ridicule in their booths, and were not rebuked. The administration of the laws and of matters of state was practically in the hands of such men as the Earl of Rochester or George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, creatures of the King's fancy, who were invested with almost limitless authority. The life and the property of citizens and the honor of women were equally at the mercy of these upstart nobles who were swayed by no consideration but their own pleasure. If any person was obnoxious to them, there were many ways to be rid of him. He could be put on shipboard and sold into life-long slavery, assigned to secret imprisonment by some process of the infamous Star Chamber, or knocked on the head by some hired bravo and thrown into the Thames. The boundaries of Alsatia lay within easy reach of the St. James's Park and Palace.

Alsatia, a nickname for White Friars, was

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* Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

* [Nek'rō man-sers.] Greek *nekros*, dead, *manteia*, divination. Those who reveal the future by means of pretended communications with the dead; magicians.

† The substance which the ancient alchemists thought would convert all baser metals into gold.

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an institution peculiarly characteristic of the social life of the period. It derived its name from an establishment of Carmelites, or White Friars, who settled upon a plot of land near the Temple specially granted to them in the thirteenth century, with certain privileges of sanctuary. These privileges were confirmed from time to time, and even existed in the days of the Stuarts. No writ was operative in the district unless issued by the Lord Chief Justice or the Lords of the Privy Council, and the most desperate characters of the city were attracted thither by the promise of immunity from arrest. It was the paradise of ruined gamesters, bankrupts, homicides, and profligates of every description, and the officers of the law did not dare to enter it, except in force. Here could be found outlaws ready for any criminal service, as well as the comparatively harmless roysterers whose difficulties were chiefly of a pecuniary and temporary nature. It was deeply significant that this refuge for the breakers of the law should be within a stone's throw of the palace.

It was, indeed, in the precincts of royalty that the law was least regarded. The greater nobles were not only beyond the reach of justice themselves, but were able to extend protection to their friends and followers. They maintained, indeed, a state that was almost royal. They held receptions, at which tenants, tradesmen, suitors, poets, and adventurers were presented after the fashion of the Court, and exacted from all social inferiors a deference akin to that which they themselves accorded to Majesty. It was understood that the favors which they dispensed were to be repaid by personal service in one shape or another, and the body of retainers, thus recruited, if less formidable to the eye than the men-at-arms of feudal times, nevertheless constituted a menace to the public peace. These great men, whenever it pleased them to walk abroad, were followed by a crowd of flatterers and dependents. Their coaches were guarded by mounted armed men, and preceded and followed by running footmen. Their attire was splendid almost beyond description, and wonderfully picturesque. The jeweled doublets, embroidered cloaks, priceless laces, and plumed hats of the men, formed a garb as brilliant and as costly as the richest toilets of the women. It was an age, too, of elegant manners. The behavior of an exquisite on the Mall* or in the drawing-room was a science. The latest Continental graces were imported by French and Italian masters. Youth was instructed how to carry a sword and how to use one, how to handle a cane or (a little later) a snuff-box, how to enter a room and to leave one, how to bow and how to ogle. The presence of nearly all the social graces was emphasized by the absence of nearly all the social virtues. Days and nights were given to drinking and gaming and affairs of so-called gallantry. Matrimonial infidelity was so prevalent that it might almost be called the rule, instead of the exception. Forcible abductions were of such common occurrence that they excited but little attention; death was by no means a rare sequel to quarrels over wine or over cards, and ruined spendthrifts did not hesitate, even at the risk of the gibbet, to replenish their purses by highway robbery. The sober citizen rarely ventured far from his home at night unless guarded by two sturdy apprentices, and every door and window was bolted and barred soon after sunset as if to withstand a siege.

Although the worst scenes of violence and profligacy were enacted in or near the metropolis, which was more exclusively the center of society in those days than it is now, the effects of the needless expenditure of the Court and its followers were felt all over the country. James raised large sums by the sale of peerages, thus dealing a deadly blow at the pride of caste, but Charles, his successor, was unable to profit by this device to any great extent, and so had recourse to the infamous powers of the Star Chamber, which were used to extort exorbitant fines from all sorts of people upon all kinds of pretexts. One country gentleman was fined £60,000 for marrying his niece, and an alderman was fined £10,000 for saying that there was more liberty in Turkey than in England. The monopolies, abolished by Elizabeth, were revived, and heads of families were compelled to pay enormous taxes upon soap, salt, and other common articles of domestic consumption, and the progress of the country at large in the direction of domestic comfort was peremptorily checked.

But a day of retribution was at hand.

*[Măl or mel.] In general, a public walk, level and shaded. In a specific sense used for Pall Mall [pel'mel] a famous street in London, "as favorite a resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time as it is of the fashionable world and politicians of the present day."

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Charles, who derived his ideas of the religious temper of his people from the little knot of courtly parsons, whose only mission was to preach the doctrine of passive obedience to the king as the vicegerent of the Almighty, knew nothing of the intense devotion to Protestantism, the spirit of Puritanism, which prevailed through the country. Had he had any suspicion of the volcano raging beneath his feet even he might have hesitated before making Laud, the representative of the High Church party, which was regarded by the populace as the covert ally of Rome, Bishop of London. This appointment sent a shiver of apprehension through the country and was generally interpreted as a direct menace to national liberty. Sir John Eliot voiced the public feeling when he declared in Parliament that he approved of the custom, prevailing in many Eastern churches, of reciting the Creed in a standing position with drawn swords, in token of a resolve to maintain it even unto death. It is difficult now to comprehend the effect of the English Bible upon a population which had no other literature. It became a part of their daily lives to which they looked for guidance, instruction, consolation, and entertainment, and which they cherished, not only with respect and veneration, but with a passionate and jealous affection. It wrought a silent revolution in morals, manners, and speech, and brought about a new conception of the duty and purpose of man.

The problems of life, death, and eternity furnished the regular topics of conversation. Laymen interested themselves in the study of theology, and in the houses of the country gentry, treatises on Scriptural subjects and pious homilies took the place of doubtful classical translations, and those lighter productions of Italian fancy, about whose character there could be no doubt at all. Even in the early days of James, when the great scholar Casaubon * visited England he was impressed by the popularity of theology.

But the early English Puritans differed greatly from the gloomy fanatics of later days who discovered sin in the most innocent of pleasures. The wife of Colonel Hutchinson, one of the regicides, has left a minute description of her husband, in which she tells not only of his diligent searching of the Scriptures, but of his love of hawking, dancing, and fencing, of his skill in playing upon the viol and of his care for his long curly locks. Music, indeed, was one of the chief diversions of the time. We hear of merchants beguiling their evening hours in the composition of madrigals, and in listening to the vocal and instrumental performances of their daughters. But the frivolity and coarseness which had been the legacy of the Elizabethan era, had been succeeded by gravity and decorum, and licentiousness by sobriety and decency. The sense of personal responsibility kept men away from the taverns and loose company. The foppishness in dress, which was still carried to such excess in the gay circles of the Court, was gradually abandoned as unbefitting men and women possessing a serious sense of duty. Silks, satins, and feathers, laces and embroidery, were discarded in favor of plain, dark clothing. Only the sword blades were kept bright and ready for use.

The new religious fervor, with the sense of humility naturally engendered by it, wrought a great work in the direction of social equality. The spiritual brotherhood established a tie between the different classes, which was more potent than the arbitrary distinctions of rank, so rigidly observed under Elizabeth. A truer courtesy marked the dealings of men with one another and the Puritan country gentleman would have thought it shame to be outdone in civility by the humblest brother in the faith.

Mr. J. R. Green, the brilliant English historian, selects Milton, Cromwell, and Bunyan as typical examples of different phases of Puritanism. Milton's life indeed was contemporaneous with Puritanism throughout its whole course. His youthful poems are sufficient proof that there was no lack of modest gaiety or elegant accomplishment in the early Puritan homes. He inherited from his father, the scrivener, a general love of music and skill upon the lute and organ. His studies included Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, French, and English literature. He was an admirer of Shakspere, Ben Jonson, and Spenser, could lead his muse through the merriest of measures, and could himself join eagerly in the amusements of the village fair or the harvest festivals. In later years, as his prose writings and his two great poems show, he too became infected with the solemn and fateful temper of the time, although he was never the victim of its darkest moods. Life to the Puritan of the straightest sect was

* [Ka-saw'bon.] A Swiss theologian.

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a certain fearful looking forward unto judgment, with scarcely any alleviation except the hope of final salvation. To such as these every thing that savored of worldly entertainment was an abomination. Happiness itself was almost an offense. All festivities were condemned as frivolous. All personal adornments were denounced as temptations of the Evil One. The only relaxation permitted was the study of the Scriptures and meditation, and even in ordinary social intercourse the form of religious expression was always observed.

Cromwell, in the early years of his manhood, was filled with a deep melancholy, and indulged in the gloomiest of forebodings as to his fate in this world and the next. He bemoaned the sins of his youth, meaning thereby the joyousness which was the natural result of health and vigor. Bunyan was full of contrition for his love of hockey* and of dancing, and had terrible visions of hell in consequence. It was while he was playing a game of tip-cat on the village green that he imagined that he heard a voice from heaven calling upon him to abandon his sins. Men who felt so seriously about trifles were not likely to treat the graver affairs of life lightly. This religious enthusiasm, which made Milton one of the grandest and noblest of poets, Cromwell one of the greatest of soldiers and statesmen, and Bunyan one of the greatest of preachers and religious writers, spread over the country like fire over a prairie and was made only the hotter by opposition or persecution. It gave to the soldiers of Cromwell and to the Parliament a steadfastness against which the fury of the Cavaliers was broken as water against a rock, and which brought the king to the scaffold and settled the question of the divine right of kings once and forever. With its effect upon history we have no present concern, except in so far as the course of natural events was influenced by changes in the national character and in the constitution of the social fabric. With the final overthrow of the Royalists came the permanent triumph of Protestantism over Roman Catholicism, and of the spirit of public liberty over the spirit of absolutism founded on the theory of divine right.

The social changes wrought by the victory of the Parliament, although gradual, were lasting. The monarchical instinct was too deeply rooted in the popular mind to be destroyed in a single generation, but the love of personal and religious liberty once kindled could never be extinguished. The struggle which had proved so disastrous to the great body of the aristocracy, stripping them both of power and property, left the middle classes practically masters of the situation. Their success conferred upon them a sense of their might, filled them with new ambitions, and taught them to think. The community divided itself into the two great political parties which have since been known as Whig and Tory, or, in these later days, as Conservatives and Liberals. The Tories, then as now, preached caution in the matter of innovation, being willing rather to bear the ills they had, than flee to others that they knew not of. In those days innovation meant for them loss of privilege, and the resistance which they opposed to it was not altogether unnatural. The masses of the population for whom almost all change was equivalent to improvement, were hot in the cause of progress. And during the Protectorate their condition was bettered in many ways. Under the strong rule of Cromwell, both in foreign and domestic affairs, the prosperity of the country improved rapidly, and trade, manufacture, and agriculture, all flourished. Communication between cities, towns, and villages was made easier by the construction of many of these highways which constitute one of the chief delights of the rural England of to-day, and an advance in the direction of public safety was made by the organization of a system of police. Much needed reforms were effected also in the management of prisons, which had been, and were for a long time after, terrible dens of suffering and depravity. Laws were passed which lessened in some degree the miseries of debtors, who, hitherto, had been allowed to rot in almost hopeless confinement, and vigorous efforts were made to reform the Court of Chancery, an abuse even then. Examining boards were established to try the fitness of candidates for the ministry, and county boards to remove incapable or scandalous ministers. But this was the day of religious liberty and the reorganized church had no power to interfere with persons who did not agree with it. The growth of independent sects was rapid, and even Jews, who had been excluded from

* [Hock'ey.] A game of ball in which each player has a hooked stick or bandy with which to strike.

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England since the reign of Edward I., were unmolested.

This was the nobler side of Puritanism, that raised the moral tone of the nation, fostered the love of liberty, and made England prosperous at home and respected abroad. It is a pity that a system founded upon such pure motives and noble principles should have produced the excessive bigotry that wrecked it. The people groaned beneath the tyranny of a religion that forbade them to celebrate Christmas, to deck their homes with holly or mistletoe, to dance around the Maypole, or to eat mince-pie, to say nothing of such deadly sins as horse-racing, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting. A cloud of melancholy enveloped what had once been called merry England, and the fierce repression of the national tendencies made the reaction all the stronger when Charles II. filled White Hall with revelry. The sober manners, dress, and speech of the Puritan became objects of mockery. Frivolity and excess of every kind once again became the rule, and profligacy flourished to a degree unheard of before. The most extravagant fashions of the old Cavalier days were revived, and the days and nights of men and women of fashion were given up to gaming, dicing, drinking, and fighting. Both sexes were shameless in their vices. The ordinary light literature of the day, dedicated to women and quoted in drawing-rooms, was abominably unclean. The poems of Rochester and the jests of Sedley were foul beyond possibility of suggestion. The theaters, suppressed entirely by the Puritans, were reopened for the presentation of comedies, of which the most innocent parts would not be tolerated in the lowest of contemporary theaters. They were, however, faithful reflections of a society which held nothing sacred and recognized no law save that of pleasure. The Countess of Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, held the horse of her lover, the Duke of Buckingham, while he killed her husband. This was no solitary instance but a fair illustration of the moral laxity that prevailed among the aristocracy and gradually spread through all classes of society. The churches, which had been full, were now empty, and their former congregations crowded the taverns, which were the scenes of every variety of violence, debauchery, and crime.

The record of English society, indeed, throughout the whole reign of the second Charles, and for half a century after it, is one of abasement. It seemed as if the very manhood of the nation had been sapped by the example of a king who made duchesses of his mistresses, cheated his own friends and ministers, and filled his pockets with bribes from France. Even the thunder of Dutch guns in the Thames, almost within the limits of London itself, failed to start a new revolution. The vigor, patriotism, and ability of Cromwell were regretted, but men found the existing order of things more pleasant than the practice of Puritanism, and, abusing their new liberty, fell into every extreme of license. Even the personal virtues of William of Orange, which shone with such luster in comparison with the debauchery of Charles and the cowardice and bigotry of James, were powerless to effect any marked reformation in the manners or morals of the people at large, or even of his court. The disturbed condition of affairs at home and abroad during the greater part of his reign was not conducive to social improvement. The troubles in Ireland, then in a most acute and bloody stage, wars on the Continent, alarms from the Pretender, and incessant intrigue and treachery at home, proved a burden too great for even his energy and intellect. During the reign of Anne the resources of the country were drained for the wars of Marlborough, whose victories, while they redounded to the national glory, did nothing to elevate the tone of society.

In fact the condition of public morals in England was scarcely ever so low as in the early part of the eighteenth century. The private life and character of Marlborough himself was infamous almost beyond power of exaggeration. His career is one long story of treachery, profligacy, corruption, and cowardice. Walpole, one of the ablest statesmen of his time, practiced bribery with scarcely any concealment, was notorious even in those days for coarseness of speech, and thought it no disgrace to be drunk for days at a time. Even Addison, one of the greatest scholars and purest characters of the period, drank to excess. Throughout the land, drunkenness became more and more the national vice. The number of inns multiplied in all directions, and heads of families drank themselves silly in their own houses. "As drunk as a lord," was an expression that grew into a proverb, and when the ladies left a dinner-table, it was a question

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whether the gentlemen would ever be able to follow them.

The state of the clergy, both of the Established Church and of the Nonconforming congregations, was wretched in the extreme. The bishoprics, fat livings, and pluralities* were held by scions of great families, or the favorites of fortune, but the mass of the clergy were terribly poverty-stricken, ignorant, and degraded. Few of the rural clergy were better off than the smallest farmers; the majority of them were in still poorer circumstances. The incomes of some of them did not exceed £25 a year, and in the houses of the country gentry or the squire they received only the consideration of upper servants. If any of them were admitted to the table of a great man, they were expected to withdraw when the pastry appeared. It was not uncommon for the curate to marry the cook or housemaid for the sake of her savings, and so conscious were these poor ministers of the contempt in which they were held, that they met in clubs to which no laymen were admitted. Among the bishops there were men of the very highest learning and character, but they were powerless to aid their less fortunate brethren. It must be added that the lower clergy were not altogether exempt from the vices which it was their duty to rebuke, a fact to be mentioned in partial extenuation of their treatment. But there can be no surer indication of the moral condition of the masses than a despised and neglected clergy.

*A living is "an ecclesiastical office by virtue of which the clerk or incumbent has the right to enjoy certain church revenues on condition of discharging certain services prescribed by the canons, or by usage, or by the conditions under which the office has been founded. In the reign of Henry VIII. a system of 'pluralities' was established whereby the same clerk might hold two or more livings."

LITERARY ENGLAND UNDER THE GUELFS.

BY JAMES A. HARRISON, LL. D.

Of Washington and Lee University.

IT is no easy task to cast a glance over a hundred years and unite 1688 to 1789 by a silken suspension-bridge of thought; but Guelf England—the England of the Hanoverians and the eighteenth century—offers an intellectual temptation so strong that one may well endeavor to jot down at least its literary characteristics and the connecting links between the two dates.

The England of the elector George and his descendants had the misfortune to follow the singularly dramatic England of the Stuarts, the Tudors, and the Plantagenets, crowded as these three Englands were with picturesque incident, brilliant mental achievement, and great constitutional changes. At the first glance, "Dutch England," if we may so term it, seems altogether commonplace—the England of snuff-boxes and beauty-spots, of seals and enamels, of Wedgwood ware and old Chelsea, of exquisite trifles of mother-of-pearl and lapis lazuli,* of wonderful miniatures and complicated clocks; the age of odes and affectations, of epigrams and pamphlets and portraits. It seems an age at once commonplace and finical, with its rouged women and "reptile" press, its broken court English and its widespread scandals, its mistaken policies and irreparable losses. At one end of it stands a very dazzling figure: the heroic Dutchman who as William III. reigned as the husband of Mary; at the other, a bourgeois king who as George III. contrasts his unlucky name with that borne by the conquering Norman, known chiefly as the synonym of obstinacy and narrow-mindedness. Between these extremes absolutely nothing stands out with saliency in the royal line; it is a long, flat, rhine-like level losing itself in a Netherlands before it is swallowed up in an ocean of sand. Fortunately the farther end of our suspension bridge stops short of a fourth George, who as "first gentleman in Europe" figures in the early scandals of the nineteenth century, and in them alone.

And yet Guelf England is not a forlorn England at all; it is a very great England indeed. Dramatic England lies among the Tudors; lyrical England among the Stuarts; the England of Chevy Chase and the ballads and Chaucer, is Plantagenet England.

*[Lă'pis laz'u-li] Lapis, Latin, stone; lazuli, New Latin, azure. A mineral of a fine blue color.

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There was one more England left: prose England; and that was the England of Anne and the Georges, of Marlborough and Walpole, of Pitt, Johnson, and Burke, of Swift, Addison, and one may even add Pope, for Pope was an incarnation of the prose reason masquerading in melodious numbers.

Such is the principal aspect of England in the eighteenth century, though each end of the century is linked to the other by a long line of poets delicate rather than extraordinary, dainty rather than powerful, talents resembling the figurines of Tanagra or the fragile porcelains of Dresden rather than gods in marble or even demi-gods in bronze. To get from Swift to Burke, the two great Irishmen who illumine the whole century, from Dryden to Cowper and Crabbe, there is a long road to travel through second-rate verse and thorny philosophy, through deistical bogs and twittering pamphleteers, until we come suddenly on a silence and all the nightingales and even the ravens are hushed close on the momentous events of the year '89. This hush however is happily only momentary, and the silence is broken by that marvelous brood of Leda-children* that were hatched out by the heats of the American and the French Revolutions—Burns and Byron and Scott, Wordsworth and Coleridge and Keats, Shelley and all the singing tribe of that wonderful day; a rapture of song such as the world has never heard except when Pericles smiled on the grave Athenians and Louis XIV. overshadowed France with his mighty periwig. All the rapture that had been compressed in the English heart for a hundred years—from Anne to Victoria—vibrated on these vocal tongues and thrilled the world with its beauty and passion. The throes of the century-plant culminated, in this case at least, in a magnificent blossom whose minaret-like stalk bore successive terraces of poet-flowers.

The eighteenth century opens with a great death and a great life—the death of Dryden and the life of Swift, his cousin. It is "hail and farewell" as heroic John, the singer of St. Cecilia and Virgil, greets the unheroic Jonathan, creator of Gulliver and "The Battle of the Books" and "The Tale of a Tub"; the one passing out of the century (1700) as the other passed into it (1704, date of the publication of "The Tale of a Tub"). It was the salutation of Poetry to Prose, of picturesque Stuart England to prosaic, forceful England of the Georges, who succeeded to the throne on the death of Queen Anne in 1714. The gay flummery of the Cavaliers had gone forever, and we have a sort of cropt-head England of semi-Puritanism and serious intent, of extraordinary religious ferment and parliamentary struggle, of Wesley and the Pitts and the poetasters. The seventeenth century had been full of poetic lights: Shakspere, brimming with intellectual strength (1616); Milton, fountain of Biblical imagery (1672); Ben Jonson with his masques and revels (1637); Marston, Middleton, Heywood, and Marlowe revealed in their wonderful plays; and Beaumont and Fletcher, Greene, Dekker, Webster, Tourneur, in print for the wonder and admiration of the world. And there were delightful minor singers like Sackville and Suckling, Cowley and Lovelace, Herrick with his golden Hes-per′i-dēs of song, and Waller and Marvell and Drayton and Donne: a catalogue long as a comet's tail and brilliant. Great saints flourished then, like Izaak Walton and Baxter and Jeremy Taylor; and great sinners, like Bunyan, and marvelous translaters like Chapman and Sir J. Harrington. Butler was born with a sting on his lips, and Raleigh died with a smile on his; and Bacon and Locke philosophized on the "Novum Organum" and the human understanding. Saintly George Herbert sets a star at the date 1633, and fantastic old Burton "anatomizes" melancholy no more. Newton is born the year after Evelyn begins his famous Diary (1641), and Quarles ceases in 1644 to write ingeniously of emblems. Poor Otway began the life that starved to death, and Milton's blindness grew apace (1652), and Pepys follows Evelyn with a still more piquant Diary (1660). Late in the century De Foe and Prior and Bentley were born, and Wither, Denham, and Davenant died. The men whose heads peep over into the next century emerge; Addison, Swift, Steele, Ambrose Philips, Rowe, Bolingbroke, all between 1667 and 1700, while "Leviathan" Hobbes and "Hudibras" Butler depart from the stage just as Young and Berkeley, Gay and Pope, Richardson and Warburton, bustle on it. Sir Thomas Browne carries his beautiful prose with him to the "silent

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*In Greek mythology Leda is represented as a most beautiful woman who won the love of Jupiter. Disguised as a swan the god visited her, and "she brought forth two eggs from one of which issued Helen and from the other Castor and Pollux."

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land" (1682), and Racine and Sir William Temple close the last year of the seventeenth century with their deaths.

Truly a striking battle-roll of noble figures marshaling their columns from Tudor Elizabeth through five Stuarts to good Queen Anne.

The eighteenth century has nothing perhaps so striking to show, no landmarks so luminous, no such lyrical voices or "young-eyed cherubim"; and yet it is a century, a string of ninety-nine beads, by no means without the beautiful names of God, as Mohammedans say; by no means without peers and princes spiritual.

To begin withal, just as Dryden died Thomson came, whose delicious "Castle of Indolence" revived the Spenserian stanza and whose ringing blank verse rang through all the changes of the Seasons (1700–1748). Just as Pepys departed, John Wesley was born in the very year that De Foe sang his "Hymn to the Pillory" (1703). Addison was writing his "Campaign" while Marlborough was penning Blenheim with a sword (1704), and Bossuet, Locke, and Bourdaloue are no more, just as Galland's fascinating translation of the "Arabian Nights" into French makes its first appearance. Two F's leave an indelible star against the year 1707 when Farquhar died and Fielding was born, perhaps the greatest of English novelists taking the place of one of the wittiest of English comedy writers. Sam Johnson the intellectually voluminous saw the light at Lichfield the year of Malplaquet and of Charles XII.'s defeat at Pultowa; celebrated too as the year that Steele and Addison began *The Tatler*. Portions of Pope's wonderful translation of the Iliad—which brought him £9,000—signalized the same year (1709). Pope, who preceded his great admirer Byron exactly a hundred years, had already written charming pastorals which some critics preferred even to Virgil's. Congreve was still writing what he called "poems," and Swift, that great and haughty spirit, alternately pale with spiritual malaria and hectic with unaccomplished hope, was showering verses and pamphlets, signed or anonymous as the fancy struck him. The first decade of a witty, matter-of-fact, deistical century had passed before yet its side had been pierced by the flashing spear of Wesley and Whitefield and its blood and emptiness let out. Perjury, Popery, Jacobitism, were the war-cries of the day as Matthew Tindal voiced them; fitly followed by the birth of Hume in 1711, the Characteristics of Shaftesbury, and more of Swift's biting letters and miscellanies. The greatest sentimentalist of modern times was contemporaneous with those brilliant effusions of Pope, "The Messiah" and "The Rape of the Lock," while Sterne followed Rousseau so closely that England might almost dispute with Switzerland the priority in producing genius of an epoch-making kind. Both are vividly autobiographic, both are romantic, both influenced Goethe and Richter, and left a trail of meteoric associations and imitators behind them. "Uncle Toby"* is perhaps the most lovable figure of the eighteenth century as Jean Jacques is the most untranquil and agitated, the most eloquent and revolutionary. The *Spectator* was now lifting up its polished and penetrating voice, and Sir Roger de Coverly was anticipating "Uncle Toby" in simple human charm. A little later on, when the periwig of Louis XIV. no longer overshadowed France (1715), Gay (well named), the joyous antipodes† of Pope, was pouring forth his humorous trifles, and no doubt meditating his "Beggar's Opera"—a satire with its scorpion-tail hardly hidden under its allegory. Could literary annals be represented by rows of vanishing or just-ignited lamps placed parallel-wise before the imagination, what curious tableau-like results might be observed! Thus in 1716 two exquisite flambeaux flash up for the first time as Gray, author of the immortal Elegy, and Garrick, prince of actors, came into the world, while on the Continent a mighty star sinks simultaneously into the grave of Leibnitz. These planetary conjunctions are not rare, for Horace Walpole, that scintillating satellite of greater men, emerges on the horizon a little before Addison drops below it, and two of the most popular books that were ever written are twins of the year '19: Watts' Hymns and Robinson Crusoe, Part I. Pope goes on writing his marvelously burnished couplets till the year 1744; writing and bur-

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*The hero of Sterne's novel "Tristram Shandy." See "From Chaucer to Tennyson," page 155.—For Sir Roger de Coverly see same volume, page 140.

†[An-tip'o-dēs.] Greek, *anti*, opposite, *pous*, foot. Persons living directly opposite on the earth so that their feet are pointing toward each other. Then, in a figurative sense, things opposed to each other. The word in this sense is sometimes written in the singular form, when it is pronounced an'ti-pode.

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nishing till the pen falls from his fingers, and he dies comparatively young, like nearly all the great men of his day. He was crooked like Esop, ugly and wise like Socrates, an old bachelor like Hume and Gibbon, a hypochondriac like Johnson and Gray and Collins. Ill-health indeed follows the *littérateur* of the eighteenth century as his avenging spirit. Swift and Collins, Fergusson and Cowper, go mad; Smollett and Fielding have continual ups and downs of desperate health; Chatterton commits suicide; Johnson is scrofulous and loses his eye; laughing philosophers like Voltaire and Le Sage are rare enough, and insanity is in the royal family. Unavoidably interspersed with such moral and mental disease come visits to prison like Steele's, or nights in the stocks like De Foe's, or lying about drunk like Savage, or working like a galley-slave like Dr. Johnson at his Dictionary. A serene and lovely face like Berkeley's is rare in this century of unquiet and unlovely faces, and rarer still a life like John Howard's touched with the perpetual sweetness of love and sympathy. Across its warp and woof run mingled interlacings of light and dark, of sunshine and shade, symbolized alternately by the universal gloom of Young's "Night Thoughts" and the trenchant liveliness of Swift and Gay and the humor of Goldsmith. It was natural that an age which could endure Theobald's "Shakspere Restored" should also grin over "Gulliver's Travels" and rave over Richardson's "Clarissa." But the corrective was already at hand in the birth of Kant, the immutable logician, and Klopstock (1724), singer of the "Messiah," for in them the eighteenth century was largely summed up in its twin direction of passionate expectation and icy argument. And when Percy came (1727) and Lessing and Burke immortalized the year 1729, the Romantic movement and the new criticism in art and politics were virtually begun, for in the "Reliques" souls poetically endowed drank of old English ballads and romantic mediævalism to the full, and in the artistic and political philosophy of Lessing and Burke they found a new and throbbing vitality such as had not been suspected before. "The Boy's Magic Horn" reëchoed in Germany the thrilling, beautiful accents of Percy's "Reliques" and filled the last quarter of the century with the rich voices of Brentano, Tieck, and Novalis.

One of the most remarkable growths of the eighteenth century, however, was the growth of journalism. Up to the American War England had already had many brilliant weeklies,—*Tatlers* and *Spectators* and *Examiners*, *Plebeian* and *Old Whig*, and *Englishman*, *Guardian*, *Freeholder*, and *Courant*; and men had listened to the flattering or fiery tongue of De Foe, Steele, and Addison in polished essay or flaming pamphlet as an occasional luxury. The political stagnation of Walpole and the Whigs favored literary trifling. But when Chatham the great Commoner came, and George III. showed himself the obstinate litttle prig, and Frederick the Great was wrapped in the coils of the Seven Years' War, and the tea-tax embittered Boston tea-drinkings, then, from 1760 on, the people became articulate through the press, and the great journals—*Chronicle*, *Herald*, *Post*, *Times*—began their career as the fourth wheel of government, king, lords, and commons being utterly inadequate to govern the realm. Then it was that Junius and John Wilkes came, to be followed later on by the ferocious epigrammatists of the *Anti-Jacobin*, by Canning and Frere and their kin: men who scattered their sparkling poisons through parliamentary and social life, caused the Fourth of July, brought on the trial of Warren Hastings, and condemned George III. to the ignominy of defeat. Through the columns of such papers as these and *The Gentleman's Magazine* the eighteenth century spoke its vigorous mind, learned, acute, full of resources, full of the love of liberty and constitutionalism, prosaic it may be, but impassioned in its endeavor to work out to the full the gift of 1688,—liberty of conscience, constitutional guarantees, and the *habeas corpus*. Puritan England had merged into Evangelical England; fox-hunting parsons and absentee rectors became more and more impossible after Wesley; and the time was already at hand when men had opportunity for such majestic literary work as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Robertson's "Histories," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" (1776), and the revival of Shakspere under the incomparable acting of Garrick and Siddons.

Nothing is more remarkable in it all than the predominance of the middle and lower classes throughout the literary movement of the eighteenth century. In Elizabeth's time and the times of the Stuarts, the curled and scented darlings of the court had given a tinge

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of brilliant effeminacy to English literature; Spenser and Raleigh and Sidney, Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, Sir John Suckling and their contemporaries more than filled the public ear with aristocratic titles. Now it was very different. In the beginning the kings of the Saxon heptarchy, Ine, Alfred, Cnut—and of Provence and France had gathered renown about them with their translations and laws and minstrelsy. Then the nobles like Chaucer and Gower (who were of high lineage) took up the pen, and after four hundred years laid it down again. Then came the time of the people,—the broad, sceptical, business-like, ambitious century of which we speak, ultimately dropping its scepticism for fervid religious life and throwing off shackles of every kind, in its onward progress toward our day, for its Arkwright and Watt had already discovered the spinning-machine and steam-engine. Thus nearly all the great literary men of the time were of humble descent. Bunyan had already shown to what imaginative heights a tinker could rise in the seventeenth century. De Foe and Akenside were butchers' sons, Pepys, like Charles Lamb, was a clerk. Pope was the son of a Catholic linen-draper. The Edinburgh wig-maker, Allan Ramsay, produced a Scottish masterpiece in "The Gentle Shepherd." Swift was stolen when he was a baby and was the wretchedly poor son of an Irish steward; like his own famous broom, "destined to make other things clean, and to be nasty itself." Smollett and Arbuthnot were poor Scotch youths who dabbled, like Keats, in physic. Dennis's father was a saddler and Dennis himself, like Otway, died almost of starvation. Franklin and Richardson were printers by trade. Dr. Johnson was a poor bookseller's son, and the exquisite work of Collins came from the uninspiring surroundings of his father's hat shop. Poor Savage was an earl's bastard, and Chatterton was the nephew of a sexton. "Analogy" Butler, who was offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury, saw the light in the shop of a dissenting linen merchant. Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," was a common sailor, and Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles, was a physician wonderfully gifted with a mechanical kind of rhyming power revealed in "The Botanic Garden." The Ossianic Macpherson was a Highland schoolmaster. Blake, the gorgeous mystic whose paintings and drawings are Dantesque poems in their way, was an engraver's apprentice, and Fanny Burney was the daughter of a music-teacher.

A catalogue like this fills out a striking picture of eighteenth century genius emerging from the soil, crowned and completed by the mention of farmer boys like Burns, surveyors like Washington, and clergymen or their sons like Goldsmith, Churchill, Blair, Young, Gilbert White of Selborne, and others, who were very near the people.

It was only through the people, perhaps, in this way, that that noble achievement, the formation of a plastic and vigorous prose, could be accomplished. The universal heart had to have something to do with it, and that heart throbbed more powerfully in the great middle class than anywhere else,—the class that in Gray's Elegy lay buried outside in the unknown churchyard filled with the mute inglorious Miltons who had never spoken, but in whom lay the power to speak when the time should come.

That time came when the English novel, the gift of the eighteenth century to England, came fresh from the glowing brain, first of De Foe in "Robinson Crusoe," then of Richardson in "Pamela," then of Fielding in "Joseph Andrews," and lastly, of Smollett and Goldsmith in "Humphrey Clinker" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Horace Walpole too, in 1764, started in his "Castle of Otranto" the romantic movement which culminated in the incomparable picture gallery of Walter Scott; and accomplished women like Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Fanny Burney (whose novels Burke and Johnson devoured with delight), Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Maria Edgeworth, wrought at different periods of the century on the same unrivaled achievement. Thus it was that the eighteenth century, Guelf as it was to the core, finical, dilettante, critical, and cool, has bequeathed to us in prose the one matchless biography,—Boswell's, the greatest English history,—Gibbon's, the most popular text-book that was ever written,—Blackstone's, the most limpid autobiography,—Franklin's, the supreme novel,—"Tom Jones," the most remarkable work on political economy,—Adam Smith's, the highest political philosophy,—Burke's, and the noblest revelation of human rights ever made,—the Declaration of Independence.

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CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE WANING TURKS.

BY ALBERT SHAW, PH. D.

IN former articles for THE CHAUTAUQUAN I have described the political and social condition of the Bulgarians [bōōl-gā′ri-ans], the Servians, and the Greeks, who are now self-governing and progressive peoples occupying territory that was formerly included in European Turkey. In those countries the old-time Christian populations, that were conquered by the Turks in the fifteenth century, have in the nineteenth century reasserted themselves, rid themselves of the oppressor, and emerged as hopeful, buoyant portions of modern Europe. Those who would understand the "Eastern Question"* and the natural and wise solution for its vexed problems, may find the key in the emancipation of the Greeks, the Servians, the Roumanians, and the Bulgarians. The continuation of that process of the resuscitation of worthy but subject Christian races, with a European guaranty for their autonomy and peaceful development, will gradually work out the redemption of Southeastern Europe and Western Asia.

Meanwhile, the future of Constantinople stands as a topic of thrilling interest. The Russian people entered heartily into the war of 1877 against Turkey because they sympathized with their co-religionists and fellow-Slavs, the Bulgarians, who were suffering horrible atrocities at the hands of the Turks. But the Russian government waged that war because it wished to make Bulgaria a Russian province or tributary state which would be a safe and easy bridge for the Russian bear to traverse in his future journey to Constantinople. Bulgaria has disappointed Russia. It repudiates Russian interference in its affairs with a sharp energy that no diplomacy or indirection can thwart. And Russia cannot well make open war upon Bulgaria, for such a movement could hardly mean any thing else than a purpose to march across the subjugated little principality directly to the Golden Horn.† And so Bulgaria, instead

*For a concise definition of this question recall that given in "Outline History of England," page 299.

†"The inlet of the Bosphorus on which Constantinople is situated. So called from its curved shape and great beauty."

of acting as a bridge for the Northern Bear* is pluckily standing guard and exposing itself to great peril while preserving the peace of Europe and representing every righteous idea of civilization and justice.

It is now perfectly well understood that the further sojourn of the Turks in Europe is only a question of Europe's convenience. The best and most fruitful provinces of European Turkey have already been sacrificed. What remains is a comparatively narrow strip. The province of Macedonia could not be held by Turkey for a single week, but for outside pressure that prevents the Greeks on the south and the Servians and Bulgarians on the north from seizing and partitioning it. It is not impossible that the Macedonian question may precipitate the final conflict that will end in driving the Turks across the Bosphorus. Russia, now dominant in the councils of Servia and Montenegro [mon-tā-nā′grō], has incited those small powers to set up claims to Macedonia on the ground of affinity with the inhabitants. But in plain truth, as everybody really knows, the Macedonian farmers are chiefly Bulgarian. The sea coast towns and the southern borders of Macedonia on the other hand are obviously more Greek than any thing else. Austria, with the provinces of Bosnia and Hertzegovina [hert-se-go-vē′nä] under her control, has also some aspiration to reach the Ægean Sea at Salonika [sä-lo-nē′kä]. A partition between Bulgaria and Greece, upon lines to be determined by the great powers, would seem to be the proper future for Macedonia.

But the disposition to be made of Constantinople is not so obvious. The Turk holds it because the great powers shrink from the contest for its possession that might be involved in the expulsion of the Ottoman rulers. Russia's golden opportunity came when in 1877 her victorious armies were encamped at San Stefano [sän stef′ä-nō] on the Marmora [mar′mō-ra], within sight of the dome of St. Sofia and the glittering minarets of Stamboul [stäm-bool′]. But orders from St. Petersburg were evasive, the command-

*A popular designation of Russia.

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ing general hesitated, the British navy interfered, and the moment of destiny was lost. There are many people who still believe that the Russian advance across the Danube and the Balkans is inevitable and that nothing can save Constantinople and the whole of Asia Minor from incorporation in the Czar's empire. And among those who believe this are men of the shrewdest discernment and the most intimate acquaintance with the political condition of the East. But I am inclined to believe that the failure to act decisively at the end of the war of 1877 will prove fatal for Russia's southward ambitions. Intelligence and freedom have a potency in this generation that they never had before. Compared with Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece, Russia is a land of barbarians. These petty but progressive kingdoms are as free in their institutions as the United States. They know and they hate the absolutism of Russia. If they were compelled to choose to-day between the over-lordship of Mohammedan Turkey and that of Christian Russia, they would prefer the former without hesitation. For they know that the Turks could not now do more than exact tribute money, and that essential home-rule and liberty would remain. But Russia's rule would mean the destruction of all representative local government, the most stringent censorship of the press, the denial of the right of assembly, the destruction of the present systems of education, the refusal of religious tolerance, the suppression of the Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian languages, and, in short, the complete Russianization of the Balkan peninsula. Every year of delay since 1877 has given the nationality feeling of the Balkan states a larger growth, and has by so much strengthened the barrier against Russia. It is for such reasons, coupled with the well-known sentiment of England, Austria, and Germany against further Russian encroachments, that I am ready to think that Constantinople will not, within fifty or even a hundred years, fall into the clutches of the northern octopus.*

To whom then shall fall the prize of the most beautiful and most advantageously located city of the whole world? Most of the farming country south of Bulgaria and now belonging to the Turks is inhabited by Bulgarians and should ultimately come under the jurisdiction of the government of Sofia [sō-fē′a]. And the Bulgarians might be pardoned for aspiring to possess Constantinople itself. But they have little cause to expect that the city will be entrusted to them. Even more ambitious to acquire Constantinople are the Greeks; for it was an ancient Greek city and is to-day inhabited by a large Greek population, while the whole coast line, from the Bosphorus* westward and southward to Greece proper, is occupied by Greek-speaking folk. And yet it is very remotely probable that Constantinople will fall into the hands of the government at Athens.

It is now believed that Constantinople will be made a neutral free port, under the guaranty of the European powers. If this should be done, the city would have under its jurisdiction a considerable surburban district lying upon both sides of the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus and Dardanelles [dar-dä-nelz′], like the Suez Canal, would be neutralized and placed under the protection of the great nations. Such a plan as this seems to have been practically agreed upon by England, Austria, Germany, and Italy, and can but be acceptable to France, while the Russians would be constrained to agree. As for the Turks, they are too completely demoralized to make any resistance or strong protest when the decree is finally pronounced. And the small southeastern powers can but admit that this solution would be for their common interest and would greatly enhance the prospects of their peaceful development. Constantinople as a free, autonomous port, the cosmopolitan meeting-place of Orient and Occident,† would grow in population and commercial importance with marvelous rapidity.

The present population of Constantinople is about one million, the *vilayet*, or provincial government, including perhaps 1,200,000 souls. Of this population just about one-

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*[Ok-tŏ′pus.] Greek, *okto*, eight, and *pous*, foot. A mollusc having eight arms or tentacles, growing from a round body. In some species these arms have an enormous length and a powerful grasp. As the voracious animal moves slowly through the water it reaches out its arms in all directions for its prey. The superstitious stories regarding it gave rise to the "devil fish" which Victor Hugo describes in "Toilers of the Sea."

*[Bos′lo-rus.] This is commonly written without the *h* in the second syllable, and pronounced bos′pō-rus.

†[O′ri-ent.] Latin *oriens*, present participle from the verb *oriri*, to rise. That part of the horizon where the sun is first seen in the morning; the east. Specifically, "the countries of Asia; the early seat of civilization."—[Ok′si-dent.] Latin, *occidens*, present participle of the verb *occidere*, to go down. Hence, the west, the place of the sunset.

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half is Turkish and Mohammedan. Of the other half, not far from 300,000 are "rayah" Greeks (subjects of the Turkish empire), and some 50,000 or more are Greek colonists, i. e., Greeks who live and do business in Constantinople but maintain their allegiance to the government at Athens. The Armenian community of Constantinople is about 200,000 strong. Various other races are, of course, represented, in comparatively small numbers. If the influence of the Turkish government were withdrawn, the Greek and Armenian elements would immediately dominate as against the Turkish Mohammedan elements. For the Christian races possess nearly all the intelligence and business enterprise of the city, and are kept at disadvantage only by the arbitrary power of the Turkish empire. The Mohammedans as a class occupy the crowded and filthy quarters of Stamboul,—the ancient part of the city; while the Christians as a class dwell in the newer, handsomer, and more wholesome Pera [pā′rä]. The steady rise of Christian influence, wealth, and numbers is unmistakable. As a Mohammedan stronghold Constantinople is doomed. Europe is reacting too strongly upon Western Asia, and the subject Christian races are rising too rapidly in intelligence and in the power to use the agencies of modern civilization, to leave any Mediterranean sea-port long in the hands of barbarous Turks.

Where will the Sultan go when he leaves Constantinople? On clear days, from the top of the old Turkish fire-tower in Stamboul it is possible to discern snow-capped Mount Olympus, across the sea of Marmora on the far southern horizon. It is sixty miles due south from Constantinople. At its base lies the old city of Broussa [broo′sä]. For a hundred years before the taking of Constantinople, Broussa was the capital of the Turkish empire. It is a beautiful city, with the mountain rising behind it and the sea lying before it twelve miles away. The Turks have always held it in high regard, and have naturally considered it a place upon which they might fall back in case of final expulsion from Europe. The Sultan is now building a fine palace at Broussa; and the fact is not without political significance. Unquestionably he is building it with the thought that he may soon be driven across the Bosphorus to Asia. Broussa, which has now about 80,000 inhabitants and possesses decided attractions in location and surroundings, could readily be made a convenient capital. A short railway would quickly be built to connect it with its seaport, and the line which already extends from Scutari [skoo′tä-rē] (the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople) to Ismid [is′meed] might in time be completed to Broussa.

It is maintained by some wise men that the power which holds Constantinople must also hold Asia Minor. Certainly if the Russians should obtain control of Constantinople they would advance from the Caucasus [ka̤′ka·sus] through Armenia and speedily acquire the whole peninsula of lesser Asia. But it does not seem to follow that if Constantinople were made a neutral free port, under the protection of the powers, the Turks might not continue for some time to come to occupy Asia Minor and to govern it from Broussa. Ultimately they must retreat still farther; for Asia Minor will in its turn outgrow the Turks and their system. It is said that Damascus is the capital that the Turks have designated as their final resting-place. But these are speculations that do not belong to the immediate future.

The Turks are waning, beyond a doubt. A brave race, with many admirable qualities, they are in hopeless conflict with the forces of modern civilization. Those forces bring life and invigoration to the Christian races that Turkey has held in subjection for so many centuries, while they bring dismay and ruin to the Turks themselves. When a free government was established in Bulgaria, the Turkish population, which was treated absolutely without harshness or discrimination by the Bulgarians, began forthwith to vanish as the ice melts in spring. If the Sultan and his authority should depart from Constantinople, the Mohammedan population would dwindle with surprising rapidity, although that population would be accorded far greater liberties and opportunities than it enjoys today. The great mosques of Stamboul would gradually be deserted by the fanatical throngs that crowd them now, and within a quarter-century they would be transformed to Christian churches, devoted to secular uses, torn down, or closed for lack of worshipers. The Turk is both Oriental and barbarous; and in refusing to be any thing else he signs the warrant that demands the extinction of his race.

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SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*May 3*]

COURAGE.

Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. . . . . And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have heard.—Acts iv. 13, 18-20.

THESE old saints lived and died for our example. They are, next, of course, to the Lord Himself, the ideals, the patterns, of Christian life—the primeval heroes of our holy faith. They show to us of what stuff the early Christians were made; what sort of stone—to use St. Paul's own figure—the Lord chose wherewith to build up His Church. They are our spiritual ancestors, for they spread the Gospel into all lands; and they spread it, remember always, not only by preaching what they knew, but by being what they were. Their characters, their personal histories, are as important to us as their writings; nay, in the case of St. Peter, even more important. For if these two epistles of his had been lost, and never handed down to us, St. Peter himself would have remained, as he is drawn in the Gospels and the Acts, a grand and colossal human figure, every line and feature of which is full of meaning and full of teaching to us.

Now I think that the quality—the grace of God—which St. Peter's character and story specially force on our notice, is the true courage which comes by faith. I say, the courage which comes by faith. There is a courage which does not come by faith. There is a brute courage, which comes from hardness of heart, from stupidity, obstinacy, or anger, which does not see danger, or does not feel pain. That is the courage of the brute. One does not blame it, or call it wrong. It is good in its place, as all natural things are, which God has made. It is good enough for the brutes, but it is not good enough for man. You cannot trust it in man. And the more a man is what a man should be, the less he can trust it. The more mind and understanding a man has, so as to be able to foresee danger, and measure it, the more chance there is of his brute courage giving way. The more feeling a man has, the more keenly he feels pain of body, or pain of mind, such as shame, loneliness, the dislike, ridicule, and contempt of his fellow men; in a word, the more of a man he is, and the less of a mere brute, the more chance there is of his brute courage breaking down, just when he wants it most to keep him up, by leaving him to play the coward and come to shame. Yes. To go through with a difficult and dangerous undertaking, a man wants more than brute courage. He wants spiritual courage—the courage which comes by faith. He needs to have faith in what he is doing; to be certain that he is doing his duty, to be certain that he is in the right; certain that right will conquer, certain that God will make it conquer, by him or by some one else; certain that he will either conquer honorably, or fail honorably, for God is with him. In a word, to have true courage, man needs faith in God.

Now, St. Peter's history is, I think, a special example of this. He was naturally, it seems, a daring man,—a man of great brute courage. So far so good; but he had to be taught, by severe lessons, that his brute courage was not enough,—that he wanted spiritual courage, the courage which came by faith, and that if that failed him, the brute courage would fail too.

He throws himself into the lake, to walk upon the water to Christ; and as soon as he is afraid he begins to sink. The Lord saves him, and tells him why he had sunk. Because he had doubted, his faith had failed him. So he found out the weakness of courage without faith. Then, again, he tells our Lord, "Though all men shall be offended of Thee, yet will I never be offended. I am ready to go with Thee both into prison, and to death." And shortly after, his mere animal courage breaks out again, and does what little it can do, and little enough. He draws sword, single-handed, on the soldiers in the garden, and cuts down a servant of the high priest's and perhaps would have flung his life away, desperately and uselessly, had not our

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Lord restrained him. But when the fit of excitement is past, his animal courage deserts him, and his moral courage too, and he denies his Lord. So he found out that he was like too many,—full of bodily courage, perhaps, but morally weak. He had to undergo a great change. He had to be converted by the Holy Spirit of God, and strengthened by that Spirit, to have a boldness which no worldly courage can give. Then, when he was strong himself, he was able to strengthen his brethren. Then he was able, ignorant and unlearned man as he was, to stand up before the high priests and rulers of his nation, and to say, simply and firmly, without boasting, without defiance, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Yes, my friends, it is the courage which comes by faith which makes truly brave men,—men like St. Peter and St. John. He who can say, I am right, can say likewise, God is on my side, and I will not fear what man can do to me.

[*May 10.*]

"We will not fear," said the Psalmist, "though the earth be removed, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea." "The just man who holds firm to his purpose," says a wise old heathen, "he will not be shaken from his solid mind by the rage of the mob bidding him do base things or the frowns of the tyrant who persecutes him. Though the world were to crumble to pieces round him, its ruins would strike him without making him tremble." "Whether it be right," said Peter and John to the great men and Jews, "to hearken to God more than to you, judge ye. We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." We cannot but speak what we know to be true.

So it has been in all ages, and so it will be forever. Faith, the certainty that a man is right, will give him a courage which will enable him to resist, if need be, the rich ones, the strong ones, the learned ones of the earth. It has made poor unlearned men heroes and deliverers of their countrymen from slavery and ignorance. It has made weak women martyrs and saints. It has enabled men who made great discoveries to face unbelief, ridicule, neglect, poverty; knowing that their worth would be acknowledged at last, their names honored at last as benefactors by the very men who laughed at them and reviled them. It has made men, shut up in prison for long weary years for doing what was right and saying what was true, endure manfully for the sake of some good cause, and say,—

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage.
> If I have freedom in my though'
> And in my love am free,
> Angels alone, that soar above,
> Enjoy such liberty.

Yes; settle it in your hearts, all of you. There is but one thing which you have to fear in earth or heaven,—being untrue to your better selves, and therefore untrue to God. If you will not do the thing you know to be right, and say the thing you know to be true, then indeed you are weak. You are a coward, and sin against God, and suffer the penalty of your cowardice. You desert God, and therefore you cannot expect Him to stand by you.

But if you will do the thing you know to be right, and say the thing you know to be true, then what can harm you? "Who will harm you," asks St. Peter himself, "if you be followers of that which is good?" For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their prayers. But if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of those who try to terrify you, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts. Remember that He is just and holy, and a rewarder of all who diligently seek Him. Worship Him in your hearts, and all will be well. For says David again, "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?" Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart. Whoso doeth these things shall never fall.

[*May 17.*]

There is a tabernacle of God in which, even in this life, He will hide us from the strife of tongues. There is a hill of God on which, even in the midst of labor and anxiety, we may rest both day and night. Even Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages,—He who is the Righteousness itself, the Truth itself; and whosoever does righteousness and speaks truth dwells

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in Christ in this life, as well as in the life to come; and Christ will strengthen him by His Holy Spirit to stand in the evil day, if it shall come, and having done all, to stand. Pray for the Holy Spirit of God. First for the spirit of love, to give you good desires, then the spirit of faith, to make you believe deeply in the living God, who rewards every man according to his work; and then for the spirit of strength, to enable you to bring these desires to good effect.

Pray for that spirit, for we all need help. There are too many people in the world who are not what they ought to be, and what they really wish to be, because they are weak. They see what is right and admire it; but they have not courage or determination to do it. Most sad and pitiable it is to see how much weakness of heart there is in the world—how little true moral courage. I suppose that the reason is, that there is so little faith; that people do not believe heartily and deeply enough in the absolute necessity of doing right and being honest. They do not believe heartily and deeply enough in God to trust Him to defend and reward them, if they will but be true to Him, and to themselves. And therefore they have no moral courage. They are weak. They are kind, perhaps, and easy; easily led right; but alas! just as easily led wrong. Their good resolutions are not carried out; their right doctrines not acted up to; and they live pitiful, confused, useless, inconsistent lives; talking about religion, and yet denying the power of religion in their daily lives; playing with holy and noble thoughts and feelings, without giving themselves up to them in earnest, to be led by the Spirit of God, to do all the good works which God has prepared for them to walk in. Pray all of you, then, for the spirit of faith, to believe really in God; and for the spirit of Ghostly strength, to obey God honestly. No man ever asked earnestly for that spirit but what he gained it at last. And no man ever gained it but what he found the truth of St. Peter's own words, "Who will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?"—*Charles Kingsley*.

[*May 24.*]

QUICKENED LIFE.

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—Rom. viii. 19.

In this wonderful passage, there are four words I would emphasize. They indicate the Apostle's line of thought very fully: "Expectation, travail, sons of God, manifestation." Expectation comes from one of those Greek compound words, so full of meaning as almost to be a sentence in itself. The creature groans: there is a sort of animal suffering, a woful sigh, perpetually ascending from the whole life of nature. But still inspired by hope from time to time, Creation lifts its head, as it were, and, with a far-away look in its eyes, gazes toward the distant horizon, hoping still, longing, waiting for a deliverance.

What a statue some genuine artist might give us of Hope thus looking onward and outward, a divine expectancy about her, believing in the good time coming, undismayed by the world's universal plaint! But there is more than expectancy, there is travail, effort. Old Nature bears in her bosom the germs of a more perfect nature, feels in her womb the leaping of a better universe. Hands are raised, as well as eyes; and weary feet press steadily on. Though the goal at times may seem far away, and swathed in cold, thick mist, still it must be won by effort long and continuous. It will not come to us, we must struggle to it. Still, men, all uncertain of the future, sadly confused as to the present, are doing the best they can, ay, and are suffering for that best; and Nature herself seems charged with a deep sympathy in the struggle. All this Paul's great heart feels. He calls it creation's travail pang; the creature's deep consciousness that it has something to do in bringing forth, in ushering into existence, this golden age. Now for our other two words,—we take them together, and thus they tell their own story,—"manifestation," "sons of God." Hope must come to the world, as from the outside not only or chiefly, but from the *inside*, to man by man. Not some overwhelming deliverance from heavenly powers, but by divine power taking fuller possession of men till they are born again in the likeness of a Heavenly Father. As sons, they bear the image of the earthly "manifestations of sons of God."

Two things attest this manifestation St. Paul believed,—its *present* reality and its *future* reality. He believed that as every great change that passes over our lives comes slowly, and yet suddenly,—slowly in its preparatory stages, suddenly when these are past,—as every thing is slow yet sudden in

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the changes wrought in nature, history, character, so it must be in God's dealings with our race. St. Paul believed in a definite, a future, manifestation of the sons of God. There shall yet be a glorious response to all the groanings of earth; the waiting multitudes shall not wait forever. Christ must come again, and bring His saints with Him; come as He came before, and flash the reality of His being on the anxious, questioning, doubting, hungry minds of men. For this the great and true, the loving and pure, of all ages, wait and watch.

Here thought must rise far beyond, plunge far beneath, our little earth. To Paul's mind all creation waited for it too, waited to see light drive back darkness, righteousness conquer death and sin. In this, possibly distant, manifestation, Paul believed with all his heart; but a distant manifestation, only, did not meet, could not meet, either the world's needs or his own. His Lord had taught him there was a very real presence and possessive manifestation of the Son of God; namely, the life of the living Son of God seen in the lives of the sons of God.

[*May 31.*]

In the lives of all wrestlers against sin, and true opponents of high wrong and fraud; in the lives of all earnest seekers after truth; in the lives of those uncounted and unknown thousands who bow not the knee to any false Baal, be he never so popular; for, and in those lives, too, that cannot always claim these feelings, but are weary of themselves, and so turn to Jesus for succor and comfort,—in all these St. Paul saw the manifestation of a life only Jesus could give. On all such he saw the weary eyes of a disappointed world were fixed. Are these lives fed by a true heavenly spirit? Have they a promise of heavenly manna? Are they sustained by meat that we know not of? So the world has questioned, sometimes doubting, sometimes believing in, the sons of God.

Now, what can we do for this expectant, travailing world to-day? I answer in one sentence: Make it understand Jesus Christ. This is our privilege. This is our solemn duty: all other duties are subservient to this, for it includes all of them. The Church succeeds or fails as she makes the age understand and see in her life Jesus Christ. The sons of God must manifest the Son of God.

"The earnest expectation of the creature." Here the message of Jesus, and man's unspeakable longing, tell the same story; and Hope still will raise her head, and gaze and gaze on the distant point in her horizon, where all patient, tear-dimmed eyes have fancied they saw the loom of land.

But to keep men near this hope, to bring its restraining, inspiring influence to them in their hours of feverish strife, as well as in those hours when the eye is turned in (alas, so few!), we want more than some distant expectation. We need something we can see daily, hear daily, and cannot possibly misunderstand,—some living testimony to the truth of its longing. The creature waits for the manifestation of the sons of God.

The world does not understand the Son of God: it did not when He came, nor does it yet. "Whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him." It is the sons of God who must convince the world that Jesus is the Son of God; that still He fills the lives of men with an inspiration that proves He is more than man. "Ye are My witnesses." How, Lord? "The works that I do, ye shall do also."

Men want the manifestation of the Christ-life; not of the Christ-life professed, but lived; not hoped for merely, but lived. They want the Christ-life, not preached or prayed even, but lived. Proof positive,—men converted; blind eyes opened; deaf ears unstopped; stammering tongues loosened. Your own children, your servants, your neighbors, your friends, must see this. If Jesus has taught you His peace and power, confess it. He has inspired you, saved you, forgiven you, died for you, borne His Cross for you. In His Divinity lies the only hope for our race. The men and women you meet, if they should tell out all they feel, are hungry and thirsty for Jesus.

Then, live for Jesus; and in the golden age coming, every knee at that name shall bow, and every tongue confess Him truest Man and truest God.—*W. S. Rainsford.*

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ENGLAND'S POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

BY H. CHATELAINE.

THAT "the last shall be the first," has been verified, within a few years, in the case of Africa. From the place of pariah* among continents, Africa has recently jumped to the front rank in the attention of the civilized world. Yesterday she was ignored and despised; to-day she is courted and caressed by the great powers of the earth; to-morrow, perhaps, these powers may draw swords in blind jealousy, and slaughter each other for the sake of the beauty in ebony, whose ivory, gold, and diamonds are bewitching them.

Foremost among the competitors has been, and shall yet more be, bold, strong, and level-headed Britain. Seeing her colonial supremacy in Africa threatened by the ardor of the young German Empire and by the renascent colonial fever of France. England is rousing herself to a sense of the interests at stake in the African scramble, and while shrewdly securing to herself by diplomacy the best strategic points on the four sides, she urges with her wonderful force of expansion toward a fourfold convergence in the very heart ot the Dark Continent. Woe to the weak, who, standing in the giant's way, is foolhardy enough to resist! As Canada, Australia, and even India, are gradually moving into political majority and independence, the old metropolis seems bent on laying in Africa the foundations of an empire which may one day eclipse that of India; and, learning by experience, she endeavors to avoid in this new enterprise the mistakes of her past history. However contrary to justice and morality her dealings with Africans and European rivals undoubtedly often are, it must be confessed that no other colonial power is justified in casting a stone at England, so far does she surpass them all as a finally—if not immediately—beneficial ruler of uncivilized and semi-civilized nations.

What the extent of England's African possession may be in the near future, nobody can tell; but what she actually claims, and is willing to fight for, is already so vast that our task of giving in a few columns a bird's-eye view of British Africa is by no means an easy one.

It is from the coast that the pioneers of Christianity, commerce, and science have gradually penetrated, and are still pushing on to the central regions, and so shall we, in our rapid survey, make the tour of the African coast and leave it only for inland trips, where British authorities have preceded us. Beginning at the nearest British possession on the West Coast, we shall double the Cape of Good Hope and following up the East Coast well-nigh complete the circumnavigation of Africa with Egypt.

Let us leave England in the dreary days of December, and, bidding adieu to the fog and the smoke of London and Liverpool, embark on one of the West Coast steamers.

After four days' ploughing through the billows of the ever tossing Bay of Biscay we emerge from sea-sickness and the fear of a watery grave to the view of, maybe, the most charming spot of this orb—Madeira—which, in contrast with the gloom and cold and winter-death behind us looks more like a magic vision than a reality. But soon our wonder yields to the conscious enjoyment of this sudden change from shivering winter to relaxing spring and summer time, and we revel in the contemplation of the beauties before us. The island with blue water and azure sky, its picturesque rocks, its lofty peaks, whose ever-verdant slopes are dotted with churches, villas, and white *quintas** basking in the brightest sunshine, with its primitive ox-carts, or rather sleighs, its market where all the varieties in fruits and flowers of a subtropical climate are spread out, with its motley crowd of sun-tanned little beggars, sturdy and persistent guides, English, Scandinavian, and Slavonic pleasure and health seekers, reminds us of Lago Maggiore [lä'gō mäd-jō'ra], the Riviera [rē vē-ā'ra] and similar resorts of the sunny south, and we forget that geographically we are in Africa. Madeira is Portuguese, and will, we

*[Pä'ri-ah.] See note on page 592 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

*The Spanish word for country residences.

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hope, remain such, though Albion now and then casts a longing, greedy glance at this Elysian garden so near her gates.

On we steam over the blue deep and the rippling, glittering waves till we sight the pyramidal peak of Teneriffe, whose towering head commands the Canary Islands at 12,182 feet above us. It can be seen peeping above the horizon at a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, but it stands out in fullest grandeur when thirty or forty miles away. At this season the top of the now silent volcano wears a cap of snow.

Without tarrying at the Canaries, we sail on due south past the coast of western Sahara, past the coast of Senegambia, which is fast becoming the greatest colonial empire of France, and past Cape Verde to Bathurst [bath′urst], the capital of British Gambia. This is the first British possession the traveler meets on this coast, but it is the last in political and commercial importance. To us, however, it is important as our first glimpse at, and contact with, the Dark Continent. For the first time we tread on Africa's golden sand—which, by the way, is rather too plentiful and unpleasant to wade through; we hear the rustling of the fanning cocoa-nut trees, enjoy the shade of the strange silk cotton trees, mix with a crowd of half-dressed, genuine African adults and nude children, and listen, bewildered, to the Babel of their languages. Among the sable figures we learn to distinguish the tall Mandingoes, with their flowing robes, the dark Joloffs and other heathen or Mohammedan tribes. The native houses are made of poles, strips of bamboo, and roofed with palm-leaves; while those of the Europeans show every contrivance to let the air in and keep the sun out. The white residents seem to take it easy and their indolence surprises us more than that of the blacks; but our own experience in walking teaches us not to be too critical in that respect.

Built on St. Mary's Isle in the river Gambia, Bathurst numbers about 6,000 inhabitants. The area of the whole colony is about 70 square miles; the population is 14,000; 41 of whom are whites, 5,300 Mohammedans, 2,385 Christians, and the rest pagans. About 1,300 children attend the mission schools. As recently as December, 1888, Gambia was separated from Sierra Leone [sē-er′rä lē-ō′ne], and is now governed by an administrator assisted by a legislative council, all nominated by the Crown.

Steaming a few degrees farther south we cast anchor off Free Town, the capital of Sierra Leone, so famous as "the white man's grave," and the refuge of liberated slaves. To the newcomer it appears a perfect paradise, with its luxuriant vegetation, its beautiful background of hills rising to a height of 2,500 feet, its cathedral and stone churches, its decent frame houses of American timber, and its surprisingly well-educated population of Christianized freedmen. But a look at the cemetery, and the fact that fifty-three missionaries died here between 1804 and 1824, and that the white death rate of to-day shows little improvement, remind us of the fact that tropical Africa was made for the black and not for the white race.

As early as 1463 the Portuguese began to make this peninsula an *entrepôt** of the slave traffic, and in 1562 Sir John Hawkins, Queen Elizabeth's great naval commander, forcibly and fraudulently seized here three hundred negroes on whose sale at Hayti he realized a handsome profit. Since 1787, however, this place has become the home of thousands of slaves, belonging to more than a hundred different tribes, who were rescued from the slave-ships by British cruisers, and, under many vicissitudes, their colony has developed to its present prosperity. It now occupies 180 miles of sea-board between Scarcies River in the north and Liberia in the south, and covers an area of 3,000 square miles. Its population, including the neighboring Susu, Bullom, Timneh, and Mende tribes, is estimated at 75,000, with only 270 whites, 40,000 native Protestants, 400 Catholics, 5,000 Mohammedans, and 10,400 pupils in well organized schools, at the head of which stand Fourah Bay College and the Wesleyan High School. Free Town alone has 5,000 inhabitants; its harbor is well fortified and a regiment of 800 West Indian negroes garrisons the place. The colony is administered by a governor, with an executive and legislative council appointed from England. The native Christian churches are practically self-supporting and have begun to become self-propagating. Here Samuel Crowther received most of his education, and here Koelle and Schlenker compiled their linguistic works.

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*[Ong-tr-pō.] "A mart, as a seaport or inland town, to which goods are sent to be distributed over a country or over the world wherever customers are found." A French word.

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Proceeding to the next British possession we hug the Grain Coast, where 20,000 American negroes have founded the unique republic of Liberia, then we pass the Ivory Coast, partly native and partly French, and we soon reach the Gold Coast, 350 miles of which belong to England. There is good reason for the name this coast bears, as gold-dust is found, though in minute quantities, in all the sand of the seashore. Here the natives wash it out, and after collecting it in bird-quills, bring it for sale to the traders. No doubt large quantities are awaiting the miner in the quartz of the rounded hills and mountains, which give a pleasant aspect to all this coast. Native goldsmiths skillfully turn the precious metal into large finger-rings bearing the signs of the zodiac in relief, into ear-rings, and imitations of butterflies and other insects.

The first town of some importance is Elmina with its old Portuguese and Dutch castles, which remind one of the mediæval structures of Europe. Since the transfer of Elmina to England by Holland, the sumptuous residences of the Dutch are falling into decay, the commercial importance of the place has dwindled to insignificance, and the natives in vain regret the good old times of the Dutch, whose language the adults still prefer to English.

A few miles farther down the coast, Cape Coast Castle, the capital of the colony, appears as picturesque as Elmina, but is kept in better repair. The castle contains the melancholic tomb of "L. E. L.," the celebrated poetess and wife of Governor Maclean, who struck a prophetic chord when she wrote these sad lines:

> I ever had from earliest youth
> A feeling what my fate would be.

The population of Elmina is 6,000, that of Cape Coast, 5,000, while that of Accra, farther down, is 15,000. At this place we find the headquarters of the Swiss Basel Mission, whose evangelistic, scholastic, literary, commercial, and industrial departments come the nearest to the ideal of a perfectly equipped mission to uncivilized people in a fatal climate. The Wesleyans, too, have done a noble work on this pestiferous coast. Christiansburg, almost within sight of Accra, has an old Danish fort, the only relic of Scandinavian occupancy in Africa. The natives all along this coast belong to the Fanti tribe, whose language has been so ably treated by Christaller and his missionary colleagues. The timber land is held by the Ashanti tribe, with the capital Coomassie, so notorious for the wanton sacrifices of human victims at the royal funerals, for two unsuccessful British expeditions, and for the victorious campaign of Sir Garnet Wolsley in 1874. The colony is governed like its western sisters and has, including the protectorates, a population of 1,400,000, of whom 100 are Europeans, and 5,000 children attend the Protestant mission schools.

Continuing our eastern course, we stop again at Lagos, which is built on the island in the lagoon where the waters of the Atlantic mix with those of the river Ogun. Lagos, situated 1,000 miles east of Sierra Leone, is the most prosperous port of the Slave Coast, and, in fact, of the whole West Coast. Its population is about 40,000, and that of its dependencies as much again; 3,000 are immigrants from Sierra Leone, the West Indies and Brazil; 9,300 are Christians, 12,000 Mohammedans, the rest heathens. The schools are plentiful and well-attended, the churches self-supporting.

Badagry [bä-däg'rē], west of Lagos, is also an important port. Both from the gates through which passes the trade between England and the great Yoruba country with its populous cities Abbeokuta [äb-be-o-koo'tä], Ibadan [ē-bä'dän], Ilorin, which can boast of populations varying between 60,000 and 100,000, while the whole nation, including the Egba, Sjeeha, Ijebu, Ondo, Ife, Eyo, and other tribes numbers upwards of 2,000,000 souls. This people suffered more than any other from the infamous slave-traffic, hence the appellation Slave Coast. In the Egba district alone, 300 towns were destroyed within fifty years, and Abbeokuta owes its existence to the gathering for mutual protection of the fragments of 150 ruined towns. Fierce wars have often to be waged with the next neighbor on the western border, the terrible King of Dahomey, whose famous army of Amazons has lately distinguished itself against the French troops. The Yorubas are an intelligent and enterprising people. Their folklore is most interesting, and their language has been well illustrated by the American Missionary Bowen and by the well-known native Yoruban Adjai Crowther, who with Townsend and others, may well be called the apostle of his native land.

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This brings to a close our review of the British West African colonies which are ruled by governors appointed by the Crown. The trade of these colonies with the metropolis is considerable and steadily growing. The principal articles of export along the whole coast are palm-oil, palm-kernels, ground-nuts, India-rubber, fibers, and some gold and cotton. The imports are chiefly Manchester cotton goods, rum, powder, lumber, and tin-ware. The annual value of exports is on an average, from Gambia, £118,000, Sierra Leone, £340,000, Gold Coast, £400,000, Lagos, £500,000.

We now come to the Niger [ni'jer] River, with whose explorations are connected the names of Mungo Park, Clapperton, the brothers Landor, Barth, Rohlfs, the fatal expedition of 1841, Dr. Baikie, Samuel Crowther, and in recent times Flegel and Joseph Thomson. Rising in the Futa Jalon Mountains, but two hundred miles from Sierra Leone, the Niger seems, at first, to flee from the sea to the heart of the Sahara, but, when after a thousand miles' course, it has fairly reached the desert, it repents and runs another thousand miles southeast to pour its waters, soon doubled in volume by the accession of the Benue, through twenty-two main channels into the Gulf of Guinea. From its source to its confluence with the Benue, the Niger flows through great Mohammedan states, the ruling races of which are Mandingo, Fulah, and Housa. Cities like Sego, Timbuktu, Say, Bussa, Rabba, and Egga adorn its banks, while in the angle formed with the Benue such cities as Warno, Gando, Yola, Kano, Bida, Yakoba and Kebbi have teeming populations of from 15,000 to 90,000 souls. The latter cities are situated in the empire of Sokoto, which is the largest, most populous and civilized of the whole Sudan. It comprises all the former Housa states with an area of 160,000 square miles and a population of 4,000,000, to which may be added the feudatory states of Gando, Nupe, and Adamawa covering an area of 300,000 square miles occupied by 10,000,000 souls, and stretching all the way between Yoruba in the southwest and Bornu on Lake Tsad in the northeast. The army at the command of the Sultan of Sokoto numbers 90,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry.

From the confluence of the Benue down to the sea the banks of the Niger are held by petty heathen chiefs, some of whom, especially in the ports of the Delta, have acquired considerable wealth by selling the produce of their slaves' work to the British traders established in their borders. While the country above the confluence is comparatively high and healthy, that below the confluence is low and deadly; and the immense Delta, with its hundred minor channels, forms perhaps the greatest mangrove jungle in the world.

These regions have lately been annexed by England, or, in correct style, her most gracious Majesty has been pleased to take them under her protection. This Protectorate embraces the territories between the Lagos boundary, near Benin River, and Rio del Rey, north of the German Kamerun, with 380 miles of seaboard and inland regions whose limits have not yet been determined. Administratively these territories have been divided into two separate districts, one being called the Niger District, the other the Oil River District.

The Niger District has been committed to the charge of the Royal Niger Company under a Charter of 1886, which gives it all the powers of a regular government. The Company had been started in 1882 as the National African Company with a capital of £1,000,000. It concluded about three hundred treaties with all the river states and chiefs, and succeeded in practically annulling the solemn pledge taken by England at the Berlin Conference to keep the Niger open to the trade of all nations. Among the states recognizing the Company are those of Sokoto and Gando. In the beginning of the century the Fulahs overpowered the Housa states from the Niger to Lake Tsad, and the present emperor of Sokoto is a direct descendant of Sheikh Dam-Fodié-Othman, the founder, in 1802, of the Fulah dynasty. Fulah has become the official language; Housa is still the commercial medium, and Nupe prevails around the confluence. Schön, Koelle, and Crowther have worked up these three tongues. The dominant religion is Islam; but paganism is the popular belief. Native industries, particularly cotton-weaving and leather-ware, are in a flourishing condition. Under the direction of Bishop Crowther native missionaries from the West Coast have organized a number of churches on the Niger, but unfortunately much of their work has been recently upset by the drastic remedies applied by the church missionary society to cure abuses that had crept into these infant

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churches. Still, these measures may produce the good effect of spurring the educated Christian natives on the whole West Coast to unite in founding a strong, independent, and liberal-minded African church. Commerce has increased enormously of late years, so that now the value of the produce brought down amounts to £200,000,000. Though otherwise open to many criticisms the Company's policy regarding the liquor traffic is deserving of the highest commendation, and the Governor of the Company is not afraid to express his belief in the principle, "Africa for the African and by the African."

The Oil Rivers District comprises the trading posts and mission-stations at Bonny, Brass, and Old Calabar. It has been placed under the Crown and the supervision of the Consul, but left to the rule of native chiefs, because the English government will not put a stop to the slavery from which British traders are deriving their dividends. The exports of the Oil Rivers average £300,000 a year.

Before passing on to Cape Colony, we must mention the Island of St. Helena, of Napoleonic fame, and Ascension, both of which belong to England and are used as coaling stations.

While in all British West Africa a few missionaries, traders, and officials, who are glad if they manage to live there three years, constitute all its white population, British South Africa offers an inviting field for the permanent abode and healthy development of Caucasian immigrants, as the 400,000 whites of Cape Colony clearly prove. This fact makes South Africa incomparably more important for England than West Africa, as it presents openings for the overflow population of the British Isles. No one should, however, understand us to mean that because the white race prospers in South Africa, it is bound to supersede the native races. These need only education successfully to compete in all fields with the white race. As in the United States and Brazil, the two races will have to learn to live side by side with equal rights and overlook the superficial difference of color. Thus, too, the Dutch and English whites will have to forget the differences of their European traditions and languages.

The Cape of Good Hope was originally settled by the Dutch and some French Huguenots under Van Riebeck about 1652. In the struggle with the elements, wild beasts, and the Hottentot and Negro nations, these early settlers developed the stern qualities which have made of the Boers the most solid and stolid race of the globe. Taken by the English in 1796, given up in 1803, the Cape was finally occupied by British troops in 1806. From this occupation dates the phenomenal development of British South Africa. North, east, and west the Dutch and British have been extending their borders until now the Cape Colony has, including the Transkeian territories and Walfish Bay, an area of 217,895 square miles and a total population of 1,430,000. Cape Town with its suburbs has grown to be a city of 70,000 inhabitants, while Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Beaconsfield, and Grahamstown are towns of from 8,000 to 30,000 souls. These flourishing centers are connected by half a dozen railway lines. In 1872 the colony obtained a kind of home rule called responsible government and is now ruled by a governor and executive council nominated by the Crown, but which must submit to the legislative power vested in a parliament elected by the well-to-do citizens and composed of a legislative council and a house of assembly. By a law passed in 1882, orators may use either the Dutch or the English language in the Cape parliament. The descendants of the Dutch founders influence the British immigrants so deeply with their love of independence that the British will ere long have to yield to the "Afrikanders" who represent the national aspirations of the white natives of South Africa almost irrespective of extraction, and the United States of South Africa will soon pass from theory to reality. England hopes to counterbalance this national African tendency by laying a firm grip on the new and vast accessions to her South African empire, but she will find that the wind of liberty blowing over the African prairie will catch all the new immigrants from Europe. The fact that the bulk of the Christian population belongs to the Dutch Reformed and Nonconformist denominations is another powerful factor for the final triumph of democratic institutions in the young South African states.

For 1888 the exports of Cape Colony, consisting of cereals, wine, cattle, wool, skins, ostrich feathers, copper, gold, and diamonds, amounted to £8,732,000, of which £4,000,000 were in diamonds alone.

The same progress and aspirations are

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noted in Natal, which was separated from Cape Colony in 1856 and enjoys a larger measure of paternal government than her older sister. The capital, Durban, has 7,000 population. Pietermaritzburg [pē′ter-mâr′its-burg] is but slightly smaller, and the total population numbers about half a million, 36,000 of whom are whites, about the same number Indians, and 410,000 are Kaffirs. Natal exports sugar, arrowroot, Angora hair, wool, gold, etc., to the amount of £1,500,000. The governor of Natal also rules over Zululand which occupies 8,900 square miles north of Natal. The population is 50,000 on whom a hut tax of fourteen shillings is annually levied. The wars of the Zulus, their organizations, and customs, have been so often described that it is not necessary to dwell on them.

Basutoland [bä-sū′to-land], lying between Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State, has been, since 1884, under the direct rule of the Crown, represented by a resident commissioner who legislates by proclamation, but allows the chiefs allied to the Moshesh family to govern the kraals in native fashion. The advanced civilization of the Basutos is one of the grandest achievements of missionary labors in Africa and speaks volumes in favor of the efforts of the Paris and other missionary societies. Five thousand pupils attend the schools, and ploughs, blankets, saddlery, clothing, groceries, iron and tin-ware constitute the imports which amount to £100,000. The country is a mountainous and high plateau especially adapted for grain growing and cattle farming.

In order to prevent the junction of the Germans in Damaraland with the Boers of the Transvaal, England annexed in 1884 and 1885 what is called Bechuanaland [betch-wä′na-land], between Cape Colony, the Molopo River, the Transvaal, and 22° south latitude, an area of 162,000 square miles. Bechuanaland is well known as the field of Moffat's and Livingstone's missionary labors. It is a high and healthy plateau and very fertile in many parts outside the Kalahari desert. The noble Christian chief Khoma and his Ba-ma-inquato are comprised in the Protectorate. Mafeking, which is now accessible by rail, is the chief emporium, and Fryburg is the seat of administration of the country. England levies ten shillings on each hut and the same on each wife.

Everybody heard last year and up to the present of the annexation of Lobengula's kingdom and Mashowaland and the quarrels which have ensued with Portugal, of the powerful South African Company to whom this new empire between Bechuanaland and the Zambesi has been intrusted, of the immense treasures in gold and other minerals which the fertile soil of those high and salubrious plateaus keep in store, of the prospects of a speedy settlement of the country by European immigrants, and of the extension of the company's protectorate to the Barotse whom Arnot and Willard have made familiar to the Christian public.

Nor is there any one so ill-posted as not to have read notices of Nyassaland [ne-äs′sä-land] over which Great Britain proclaimed a protectorate in 1889, that Nyassaland where Scotch and English missionaries, led by Livingstone, have worked for fifteen years in unison with the African Lakes Company, where they fought some desperate battles with Arab slaves, and where Serpa Pinto had his famous fight with the Makololo, which brought to a crisis the still unsettled Anglo-Portuguese question. The last mails have even brought the startling news that the South African Company will not hesitate to annex the kingdom of Msiri in Garinganze, west of Lake Bangweolo, although that country has hitherto been assigned to the Congo State's sphere of influence.

If England was successful in debarring Germany from joining hands with the Transvaal over Bechuanaland, Germany in her turn has managed to defeat the longed-for union of British South Africa with British East Africa on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

The origin of this British East Africa must be sought in the missionary labors of Krapf and Rebmann, who opened up the regions to the northwest of Zanzibar and revealed to the astonished and incredulous world the snow-capped mountains, Kilimanjaro [kil-e-män-jä-rō′] and Kenia, as well as the existence of the great inland lakes. These missionaries were soon followed and outstripped by the travelers, Burton, Speke, Grant, Von der Deeken, and Stanley, whose books drew the attention of all Europe to those wonderful regions. The presence of the Muscat Arabs and of the Banyans of British India at Zanzibar and along the East Coast, and their connection with the slave traffic induced the political and military intervention of Eng-

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land. Mombasa and Freretown became for the East Coast what Sierra Leone had been on the West Coast, a refuge for rescued slaves and a nucleus of British influence. The fall of Gordon at Khartum and the isolation of Emin Pasha to the north of Victoria Nyanza, followed by the colonial craze of Germany, and the murder of Bishop Hannington by Mwanga of Uganda hastened the establishment of European authorities on the East Coast, the suppression of Arab ascendancy, and the present great anti-slavery movement. It was in 1886 that England signed an agreement with Germany concerning Zanzibar and the East Coast, and in 1888 the British East African Company obtained her royal charter on one hand, while a strip of coast was ceded to her by the Sultan of Zanzibar on the other hand. More concessions have followed and now the Company holds Zanzibar itself with the immense region comprised between Mombasa, the Juba River, the south end of Abyssinia, Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza, and no limitations toward the Sudan,—a region which includes the great Alpine masses of Mt. Kenia and Mt. Ruwenzori, half of Victoria Nyanza, the whole of Lake Rudolf, the countries of the Wa-Chagga and Wa-teita, of the war-like Elmoran or Masai, of the southern Gallas, Uganda, and Emin Pasha's old province. A fully equipped government with post-offices, telegraphs, coins, forts, customs, and even a railway has been speedily established, and gigantic steps are made each day toward the consolidation and the extension of the new empire.

Facing Aden, England holds the coast between French Tadjura [tad-joo′rä] and Cape Guardafui, to which the island of Socotra [So-kō′trä] has also been added. Egypt, the land of the pyramids and sphynxes, of the Pharaohs, Moses, and Joseph, of the Ptolemies and the Turkish dynasties, is now virtually a British province, and the day is not far when a brisk advance on Berber and Khartum will sweep the decaying power of the Mahdi from the Upper Nile, and the whole of the sacred river be subjected to Victoria's unparalleled rule.

Then England will hold more than half of inhabitable Africa, and then, too, we may confidently add—the African may hope to see his continent, renewed by the Christian power from on high, march triumphantly, though slowly, to that state of national independence and lawful liberty for which it has been groaning and longing through the ages of the past.

STUDIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

VI.—MARS AND THE ASTEROIDS.

WITHIN the past ten years more has been said and written about the planet Mars than about any other member of the sun's family of worlds besides the earth. The strange discoveries of Signor Schiaparelli and others, who have found the surface of Mars diversified with a great variety of forms and colors, many of which are evidently permanent features of the planet, together with the strong probability that Mars may be an inhabitable globe, have combined to awaken the liveliest interest in this "miniature of the earth," as Mars has been called. This interest is likely to deepen during the coming year or two, for in 1892 Mars will be in an uncommonly favorable position for observation, and every telescope of any pretensions on our planet will then be turned upon it with the hope and expectation of interpreting or confirming previous discoveries, and making fresh ones.

In the order of the planetary orbits Mars comes next outside the earth. Its mean distance from the sun is 141,500,000 miles. The eccentricity of its orbit is large, so that its distance from the sun varies to the extent of 13,000,000 miles. On the average it receives considerably less than half as much solar light and heat as the earth gets, the proportion being as the square of 93 to the square of 141. Under the most favorable circumstances it may come within about 35,500,000 miles of the earth, but ordinarily its least distance from the earth is between 48,000,000 and 49,000,000 miles, and its greatest distance is about 248,000,000 miles. Accordingly this planet sometimes appears fifty times as bright as at others. The diameter of Mars is 4,200 miles very nearly. Its density is .73,

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and the force of gravity at its surface compared with that at the surface of the earth is .38. Owing to the unchanging nature of conspicuous markings on its surface, which have been observed by astronomers for two centuries, the period of Mars' rotation on its axis is very accurately known. It is a little longer than the earth's rotation period, being 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.67 seconds. The equator of Mars is inclined to its orbit at an angle of 24° 50′ which, it will be noticed, is very similar to the inclination of the earth, so that Mars' seasons must undergo about the same proportionate alternations as those of the earth. The variation in the amount of light and heat received on Mars is, however, much greater than in the case of the earth, owing to the greater eccentricity of this orbit. In fact Mars receives at perihelion nearly one and a half times as much solar radiation as it does at aphelion. This fact must be taken into account in considering the question of its habitability. The length of Mars' year, or the period of its revolution around the sun, is 687 days, or 22½ months.

There is no planet that has yielded so rich a harvest of observations concerning its superficial aspects as Mars. The principal markings upon its disk were detected with some of the earliest telescopes. It must not be inferred from this statement, however, that the markings are easily seen, particularly by amateur observers. In fact, except when Mars is at a near point in its orbit, and is viewed under favorable atmospheric conditions, its appearance with a telescope of moderate size is disappointing to the inexperienced eye. The shadowy outlines on its disk seem very indeterminate in form, and require careful watching in order to present any notable resemblance to the pictures of the planet that one sees in books of astronomy. It is, therefore, greatly to the credit of the early observers that, with their inferior telescopes, they were able to discover so much of the actual appearance of Mars.

The first characteristic that the observer is likely to note in viewing Mars is the redness of its light. Some peculiarity of the surface of the planet, or of its atmosphere, must be responsible for this appearance. The whole of the disk is not red, however. About the poles of the planet white spots are visible, which, as they wax and wane with the Martial seasons, extending in winter and contracting in summer, are believed to be areas of snow and ice, resembling the similar phenomena that surround the poles of the earth. The observer will also perceive that the general surface of the planet is broken up into spaces of varying color, the principal hues being reddish and greenish. The dark or greenish spots are supposed to be the portions of the planet that are covered with water. This is, of course, an assumption, but astronomers generally are pretty well agreed upon that point. The reddish regions are considered to be the land areas. Pretty elaborate maps of Mars have been constructed from the observations of several astronomers. The most remarkable of these maps or charts is that of Signor Schiaparelli, the famous astronomer of Milan, which is reproduced in Fig 1. All the large seas and continents there represented are shown on every map of Mars, although different names have been bestowed upon them by other observers, but the many long, narrow streaks, crossing the continents in various directions, intersecting one another in many places, and forming altogether a complete network over nearly all of the planet except the polar regions, are peculiar to Schiaparelli's chart. They are the so-called "canals," the discovery of which a few years ago made a genuine sensation in the astronomical world. They really seem to be waterways of some description, since their color resembles that of the seas, and the interlacing system which they form is connected on all sides with the great water areas of the planet.

In giving to these singular phenomena the name "canals," Schiaparelli did not intend to convey all that the term might be taken to imply. He has never entertained the idea that they are artificial waterways constructed by the inhabitants of Mars. Their enormous size and extent alone would preclude that supposition. Many of them are seventy-five or eighty miles broad, and they vary in length from two or three hundred to a thousand miles or more. Even allowing for the diminished force of gravity upon Mars, which, as we have seen, is less than two-fifths as great as upon the earth, it would appear to be utterly impossible that such gigantic work could be constructed even by a race of fifteen-foot giants such as might dwell upon Mars.

One of the most inexplicable things about the "canals" is that at certain times, according to Schiaparelli, they appear doubled; that

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FIG. 1.

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is to say, instead of appearing single as shown in the map, every "canal" has a twin running along by its side. These duplicates sometimes make their first appearance as rows of faint spots, or indistinct, shadowy markings, which in a little while coalesce and strengthen until they become perfect copies of the pre-existing "canals." Schiaparelli thinks that this phenomenon is connected in some way with the Martial seasons. It should be said that almost all the knowledge we have about the "canals" and their changes of aspect is due to Schiaparelli, for although a few other observers have been able to detect a large number of these strange objects on Mars, yet no one has seen the phenomenon of their doubling except Schiaparelli, and his drawings invariably exhibit far more numerous details than other astronomers have been able to perceive. One of the advantages which Schiaparelli possesses is the exquisite clearness and steadiness of the atmosphere in Italy, and another, no doubt, is his possession of extraordinarily keen eyesight. He is a most painstaking observer, and no one thinks of accusing him of describing what he has not actually seen.

Mars possesses an atmosphere resembling, in some respects at least, that of the earth. Dr. Huggins' spectroscopic observations have shown beyond all question that watery vapor is one of the constituents of the air of Mars as it is of our own atmosphere. Moreover, clouds have been seen obscuring large portions of the surface of Mars and drifting along in such a way as to cover in succession different regions of the planet whose permanent features are well known. An astronomer on Mars armed with a telescope equal in power to some of ours would in like manner behold broad areas of the earth concealed at times by clouds, for we know that in great storms half of a continent or ocean is sometimes wrapped in vapor. It is not too much to say that with powerful telescopes we can watch the broad meteorological * features of the distant globe of Mars.

Mars has two little moons which were discovered in 1877 by Professor Hall with the great Washington telescope. These are among the smallest bodies belonging to the solar system—so small are they in fact that the only way in which their actual size can be estimated is by observing the amount of light that they give. They certainly do not exceed ten miles in diameter, and more probably their diameter is not greater than five or six miles. The inner one is slightly the larger of the two. Owing to their minuteness they are insignificant as light-givers to Mars, notwithstanding their proximity to the planet. They revolve in circular orbits, the distance of the inner one, named Phobos, being only 1,600 miles from the surface of Mars, and that of the outer one, Deimos, 12,400 miles. Their motions are very swift, Deimos completing a revolution around the planet in 30 hours and 18 minutes, and Phobos in 7 hours and 39 minutes. It will be observed that the latter actually goes round the planet faster than the planet rotates on its axis, so that the month as measured by the motion of Phobos is shorter than the day upon Mars. It follows that Phobos appears to the inhabitants of Mars to move through the sky from east to west, or in a direction contrary to the motion of all the other heavenly bodies, and that they may frequently enjoy the spectacle of their two moons meeting and passing one another, going in opposite directions!

THE ASTEROIDS.

Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter revolve the little planets called the asteroids or planetoids. The number of asteroids discovered up to the date of the present writing is 306. All have been discovered within this century, although as long ago as the time of Kepler it was noticed that there was a gap between Mars and Jupiter in the regular series of the planetary orbits. The first discovery of an asteroid occurred on the first day of the nineteenth century, January 1, 1801. The name Ceres was given to this new

*[Me-te-or-o-lŏj'ic-al.] Atmospheric; pertaining to the weather; specially, pertaining to the science of meteorology. This is the science which "treats of the motions and phenomena of the earth's atmosphere; the scientific study of weather and climate, their causes, changes, relations, and effects."—"Rain, snow, hail, fog, and dew are meteors distinguished as aqueous; the movements of the winds constitute the varieties of aërial meteors; luminous meteors are the singular phenomena displayed by the action of the aqueous particles diffused through the atmosphere upon the rays of light, such as halo, mirage, rainbow, etc., and may also include the aurora borealis; and the igneous meteors are such phenomena as lightning, aëreolites, shooting stars, etc. . . . In common language the term meteor is applied only to those bodies which, as globes of fire or as shooting stars, are occasionally seen darting through the heavens." The word is built up from the Greek, *meteora*, meteor, and *logos*, discourse; meteor is compounded from the Greek, *meta*, beyond, and *aeirein*, to lift up, to suspend, which verb is derived from *aer*, air.

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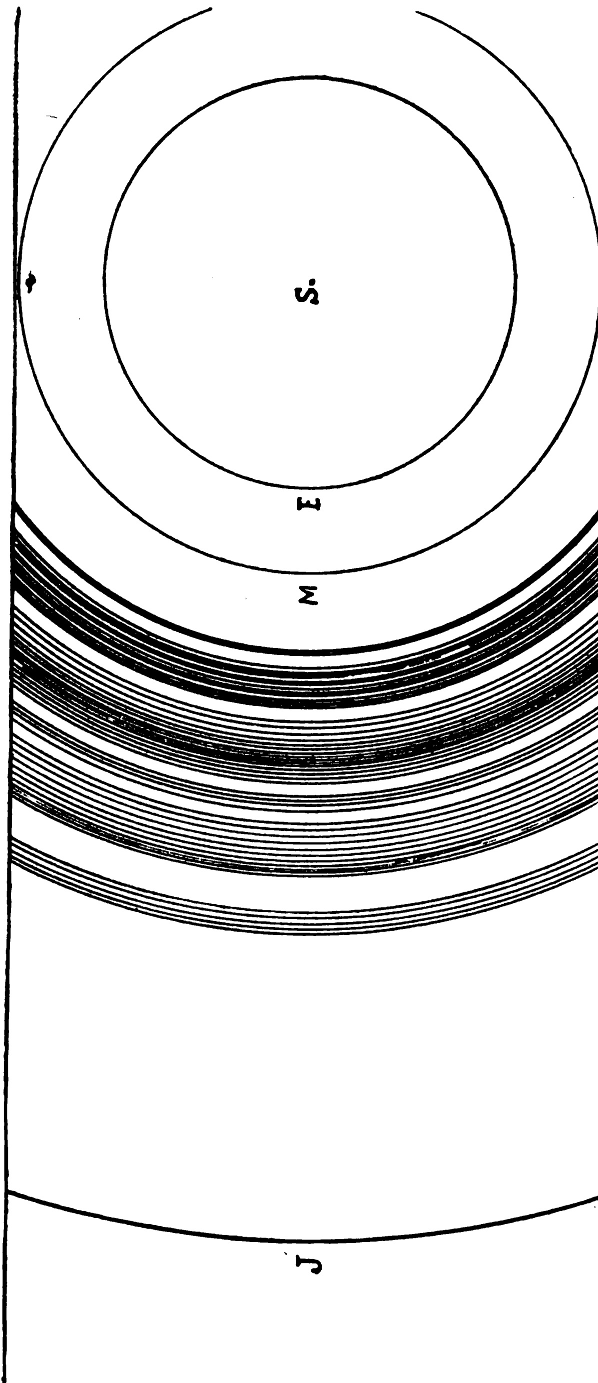

FIG. 2.

member of the solar system. Within the next six years three other members of the group, named respectively Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, were discovered. Nearly forty years elapsed before any more asteroids were found, but in the last quarter of a century they have been picked up very fast. Nearly all of them are exceedingly faint, varying from the tenth to the twelfth magnitude, so that they can be seen only with a large telescope. The four first discovered are the largest of the group, Vesta, the largest of all, being perhaps 300 miles in diameter. Ceres is probably about 200 miles in diameter, and the diameter of Pallas and Juno is considerably smaller than that of Ceres. Some of the smallest of the asteroids probably do not exceed 10 or 15 miles in diameter. In fact it is likely that there are some even smaller, which have not yet been discovered, and may never be visible from the earth. Astronomers think it probable that there is an indefinite number of minute asteroids.

The zone of the asteroids is very broad, the mean distance of the nearest being about 200,000,000 miles from the sun and that of the farthest 400,000,000 miles. They are accordingly scattered over more than one-half of the space separating the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. But their distribution is not uniform. If their orbits are charted upon the basis of their mean distance from the sun, it will be found that several gaps exist in the zone where no asteroids are to be found. These gaps are believed to have been formed through the influence of the attraction of Jupiter, whose giant mass must give him a great perturbing effect upon the asteroids. The investigations of Professor Kirkwood and others have shown that these gaps (the principal ones being represented in

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Fig. 2 where E is the orbit of the earth, M that of Mars, and J that of Jupiter) correspond to those distances from the sun where the periods of revolution of the asteroids that may once have existed there would be commensurable with Jupiter's period in such a way that the asteroids must have come into conjunction with the giant planet again and again, at or near the same places in their paths, and the disturbing effect of Jupiter's attraction, being thus accumulated, ended by drawing the asteroids into excessively eccentric orbits, so that they either plunged into the sun when it was yet a far more extended body than it is at present, or were turned into paths more resembling the orbits of comets. Professor Kirkwood has even suggested that some of the known comets of short period may originally have been asteroids. The points where the principal gaps occur are at those distances from the sun where the asteroids would have periods equal to one-half, one-third, two-fifths, three-fifths of Jupiter's period, and so on. Take for instance the case where the asteroid would revolve around the sun in just one-half of the time of Jupiter's revolution. This would occur at a mean distance of about 304,000,000 miles from the sun. Once in every revolution of Jupiter the asteroid and the great planet would be in conjunction at the same place. The disturbing attraction of Jupiter would accordingly be very effective in such a case, and as a matter of fact it is just at this point that we find the most remarkable gap in the asteroid zone.

It is a matter of doubt whether the asteroids possess any atmospheres. Some observations have seemed to indicate that their atmospheres may be of considerable extent, but the probabilities are strongly against such being the fact. Certain anomalous appearances of some members of the group have led to the suggestion that their form may not be spheroidal but irregular, and this recalls the old theory put forth at the time of the discovery of the first asteroids, that they are fragments of an exploded planet. In its original form this theory has been abandoned, because the orbits of all the asteroids cannot be reconciled with the form that the asteroidal system should have if it had arisen from the bursting of a single globe into many parts. Professor Young has suggested that a series of explosions taking place in the fragments formed by the first explosion would account for the observed orbits. The whole theory of an explosion, however, seems to the present writer to rest upon too great an improbability to be admitted. The theory of Professor Peirce that the asteroids were formed like the other planets from a ring of matter which upon breaking up was prevented by the perturbative influence of its neighbor Jupiter from collecting into a single globe, as did the rings from which the planets were formed, is more satisfactory.

Some very curious and interesting consequences flow from the minuteness of these little worlds if we choose to amuse ourselves with the supposition that they might bear inhabitants. Let us take for instance an asteroid having a diameter of ten miles. Suppose for the sake of simplicity that its density is the same as that of the earth. Then its surface attraction will be to that of the earth in the same ratio as their diameters, or as 10 to 8,000, or 1 to 800. A person who weighs 150 pounds on the earth would weigh only 3 ounces on the asteroid. A stone thrown with a velocity of 50 feet in a second would pass out into space never to return. An inhabitant of such a globe possessing the same proportional activity as one dwelling upon the earth could attain a height of three-quarters of a mile without inconvenience so far as the weight of his own body and limbs was concerned!

It is an interesting question whether there may not be other asteroidal systems under the sun's control besides that which exists between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. All the probabilities seem to favor the view that there are such other systems, exceeding in extent, it may be, the one that is known to us, but situated so far from the earth that their minute members are invisible to our most powerful telescopes. It is not impossible that astronomical photography, which has enabled us in several ways to penetrate into the secrets of space far beyond the scope of mere vision, may yet reveal the existence of hitherto unknown members of the solar system, just as it has revealed stars and nebulæ too faint to impress our sense of sight.

End of Required Reading for May.

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POESIE.

BY O. F. EMERSON.

THE breath of morn, the glitter of the dew,
The play of color in the sky, first seen
When in the east the glimmer and the sheen
O'er the black robe of night the stars pursue,
Before the rising day-god peeps anew
In triumph,—these alone are not, I ween,
Thy only charms, the love of which, O Queen
Of Beauty, does thy votaries imbue.

But thou dost give withal the seeing eye
That looks beneath the outward show of things;
The quicker sense for truth that shall outlast;
The mind that grasps the future and the past
And from the hidden hoard of wisdom brings
The hope, the trust, the faith that in them lie.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

ONCE more Nice is given up to gaiety and festivity. Everybody is doing his very best to cram as much fun as possible into this last week, before Lent settles down with its sad forty days of fasting. The name of this fête is derived from *carne vale*, the good-by to flesh, on the eve of the austerities of the Lenten season.

It is probably a survival of the ancient festivities of the Romans, and certainly shows no signs of waning in this city, where one can see, once a year, the finest carnival in the world. There is none to equal it. Even that of Rome has degenerated so that it is now only a weak echo of its former glory; while that of Nice seems to grow every year more resplendent, and each committee vies with the former one, to outdo all previous effort.

The place is at its very best just now, and is filled to overflowing with strangers from all parts of the world. In the Place Massena, on the Promenade, and in the Winter Garden one elbows with representatives of all nationalities. The Russians are plentiful, owing to their earnest desire for three blessings: escape from the abominable winter climate of their country; distance from the severities of their autocratic government; and proximity to that Mecca of all Russians, the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. The English and Americans are here in colonies (let us hope for other reasons). Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Algerians congregate everywhere, and Nice is now reaping her yearly harvest of gold, from the strangers within her gates. The residents are in good humor, for every hôtel and *pension* is filled to its very roof. Even the north rooms are occupied, which are never in demand at any other time; for visitors to the Rivièra rightly insist upon having their apartments *en plein midi*, with a full allowance of that greatest attraction in all winter resorts—the sunshine.

It is wonderful with what a zest the people take part in this fête, year after year; some of them going to considerable expense for very elaborate costumes in which they compete for prizes, while others show expensive comic combinations, and the committee spend large sums (all raised by subscription) for the illuminations, fire-works, etc. The amount expended often reaches the sum of sixty or seventy thousand dollars.

From rich and poor, from old and young, Niçois, Parisian, and *étranger*, the one cry is

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"Carnival! Carnival!" To see the gay companies of masqueraders in the streets, dancing, leaping, shouting, and teasing each other; encountering other parties and exchanging salutes and kisses; scoffing and mocking, one would really think the population had gone mad. But it has always been considered the right of the people of these southern lands to indulge in buffoonery at this time, and as the very spirit of jollity is abroad, it becomes infectious, and one cannot help joining with right good-will.

Nice has been blessed with beautiful weather, and has lately enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of perfect days, with the most brilliant sunshine from early morning to evening. The skies have been cloudless. As one notes their deep cerulean hues, which blend so harmoniously with the colors of the Mediterranean, from whose shore one can catch distant vistas of Antibes, Cannes, and Beaulieu, with the rugged Esterels and the bold Alpes-Maritimes in the background, one cannot but acknowledge that this place fully deserves its musical Italian name of *Nizza la Bella*.

The fêtes commence with the races, which take place three weeks before the carnival on the *Course de la Var*, just outside the town, and which attract from fifty to sixty thousand visitors. As I sat on my balcony overlooking the *Promenade des Anglais*, the sound of the tinkling of many bells reached my ear, and, looking down, it seemed as if the whole town were coursing past *en voiture* to the races, which are the first feature of all the gaieties to come; the forerunner, as it were, of the carnival itself. Below me passed in quick succession conveyances of all sorts, from the one-horse hack to the fine landau of the wealthy resident, who was out for the afternoon *en famille*. The high break with its gay party of ladies in elegant costumes, and the silent tricycle passed swiftly side by side. Now came a market-wagon carrying three peasants on the only seat, seeming strangely out of place amid these representatives from the upper crust of society. But its humble occupants were in for a good time, and what cared they for contrasts!

Then the return, in a wild, disorderly rush of vehicles, with a picturesque *mêlée* of four-in-hands, landaus, tallyhos, and victorias, in which were to be seen all the leaders of the upper circles of Nice society, and the best known of the aristocracy. The charming costumes of fashionable women added their various hues to the picture, and when we noticed the crowd of pedestrians and rows of spectators it really reminded us of a return from the "Derby."

And now the city is one mass of bunting and banners. Balconies are gaily decorated and windows on the route are trimmed and inclosed with bright colored sateen, to represent private boxes. The windows and balconies are rented at high prices, and the owners are reaping a harvest. But this is not only a fête for the rich; the poor also may join, as inferior seats can be had at much cheaper rates, and there is standing-room for all along the route. In fact a man can see the whole show at any price, ranging from half a dollar (the cost of a paper muslin domino, without which one cannot enter the *beglíones*) up to two hundred dollars, for which one could procure reserved balconies, windows for the Battle of Confetti, boxes at the three masked balls, tickets to the grand mammoth concert, and seats in the tribunes with a carriage for the Battle of Flowers included. This gives a wide range for all classes and conditions of men.

The arrival of His Majesty King Carnival XIX. in the evening was attended with great *éclat*. Preceded and surrounded by his numerous escort, he made his entrée by lighted train, and his route down the main avenue was brilliantly illuminated and crowded to the curb. The sight was quite imposing. First came a band of seventy-five musicians from Vichy; for these guests the committee had prepared a most remarkable conveyance. They were all dressed in white clown costumes, and were seated in an immense violin which, with its upper side removed, was tilted in a slanting position on a massive platform drawn by twelve horses, and supported on huge volumes of bound music. Next came an escort of fifty punchinellos in red and white satin costumes, riding their prancing steeds; and then came the king's servitors. First, twelve cooks with white caps and aprons; then his larder of provisions—two enormous lobsters on horseback, an immense hard-boiled egg, a boar's head, cabbage, melon, and on a dish a roast pheasant surrounded by chestnuts. Each of the above covered the head and body of a man who rode the horse.

Then the king came slowly down the ave-

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nue, and a "jolly old soul was he." Seated astride a gigantic wine cask, head and shoulders above the second story windows, he held in his hand a glass brimming over with champagne, which he gracefully raised to his lips, and turning a beaming face from side to side, drank to the health of his admirers and subjects. So natural was the expression of kindly conviviality in his eyes which beamed upon us, that we felt inclined to raise the hat and return his salute with cheers. He was followed by another company of cavaliers representing the bottles from his wine cellar. There were the straw-covered *chianti* bottle, the gold-sealed champagne, and the more ordinary *vin du pays*. Another band brought up the rear, and red Bengal lights shed their brilliant radiance over all things, while bells rang out upon the air, and colored lanterns swung to and fro in the breeze.

King Carnival is escorted to the open square of the Place Massena, where he takes his place under a canopy, monarch of all he surveys. Here from day to day the different groups and processions pass in review before him, until the last evening of the fêtes, when he is to be burned in effigy with a grand display of fire-works. He sits astride his wine-cask, calmly overlooking all this folly, but he must be sad at heart, for he bears hidden beneath this gay mask a terrible secret. Stowed away within him is a tub of petroleum, with which he is to be exploded when the festivities are over.

The second day there was a procession both afternoon and evening, of the grand cars, *analcades*, and masquerades. The car of "The Press" was a marvelous contrivance fifty feet in height, rolling on wheels and drawn by a dozen coal-black horses. A majestic figure of the inventor of printing stood upon it, before an enormous printing-press, working off copies of the leading French journals,—*Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, *Gaulois*, *Le Temps*, while below him were about thirty representatives of all the newspapers, in fancy costumes, distributing copies among the crowds.

Another chariot was called "Night and Day," with a rising and setting sun going up and down in the center, surrounded by dancing individuals whose heads were smaller suns and stars. The whole front of the car was of a bright yellow hue, while the back was night covered with pale silver blue stars. There was a most suggestive chariot named "The Devil's Kitchen." His satanic majesty in colossal proportions, held a poor mortal dangling over a seething caldron, from which the flames darted forth, while the lower regions of the car were enclosed behind iron bars. There we could see by a glaring Bengal light, innumerable scarlet demons dancing around the trembling morsels of humanity, while they roasted or fried the latter, as their fancy dictated. This car was altogether too *French* to suit the taste of the average visiting spectator, but seemed to invoke immense amusement among the Niçois.

Then there were the groups, of twenty or of twelve, all competing for prizes. The most effective of these was named "Queen Marguerite and the Butterflies." This consisted of ten couples on horseback, the daisies dressed with tights and short skirts of yellow tulle with white petals hanging from the waist; yellow caps with white petals and stems upturned, and daisy parasols. By the side of each was a rider with large, gauzy butterfly wings, butterfly umbrellas, and the long, striped body of the insect. Another group was of twelve life-sized ostriches ridden by jockeys. "The Dancing Bears" had each a ring through his nose, and a dependant string by which a faithful guardian conducted him through the intricacies of the mazy whirl.

The single masqueraders included every contrivance one could possibly conjure up, from the ridiculous to the beautiful. One most effective costume was that of a Russian bride in pure white, with a very elaborate head-dress. There were monkeys, dogs, cats chasing live birds, a man dancing with a manikin, a take-off on the invalid Englishman wheeled about in a chair, etc.

Next came a torchlight procession, rather a tame affair in comparison with what we can do at home, and yesterday the first "Battle of Flowers." No pen can adequately describe the beauty of this scene. Imagine a splendid avenue eighty-five feet wide, running close by the sea for a distance of two miles; lined each side with spreading palms and broad walks; washed on one hand by the waves of the deep blue sea, while on the other side is a succession of elegant villas and gardens filled with roses and exotics in full bloom. It is in itself an enchanting spot. Then picture this avenue at two o'clock in the afternoon, with the brilliance of the radiant sunshine upon it; on each side innu-

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merable stands filled with enthusiastic spectators, whose hands and baskets are brimming over with flowers.

The cannon gave forth the signal, and immediately the carriages commenced to arrive. They were decorated with most tasteful combinations. One had solid masses of yellow mimosa and scarlet tulips; another was covered with yellow jonquils and lavender hyacinths; another with white lilacs and deep pink roses. One carriage was simply embedded in Parma violets, the lanterns, whip, horses, coachman, and footman all trimmed to match, and the costumes of the ladies in corresponding tints. All were loaded with bouquets of roses, anemones, cyclamen, jonquils, tube-roses, and orange-blossoms to throw, and soon the battle waged fiercely. The whole *Promenade des Anglais* was a tossing sea of flowers, and the very air was fragrant with the delicious odor. Various orchestras discoursed sweet music along the line. Friend responded to friend and a broadside of perfumed projectiles was thrown from floral citadel to picturesque bower, until one was literally covered and smothered in flowers.

To-day the "Battle of Confetti" came off in the *old town* of Nice. This is a fête for *the people*, but it is a sight which none should miss. Fully one hundred and fifty thousand people masked and disguised in vari-colored dominos, took part in the fun. From two to five o'clock there was a desperate tussle. Each participant wore a close mask of fine wire, and was provided with a bag of *confetti* and a small tin shovel with which he deluged all whom he met, and woe be to those who were not protected from the penetrating stuff. When the battle was over the crowd marched up to their ankles in *confetti* in the principal streets. There have been fire-works at the close of every fête-day, and this afternoon and evening there was a *kermesse*, or bazar, at the Casino under the auspices of the leading ladies in Nice, both resident and of the foreign colonies. The proceeds are for the poor of Nice, so that while the rich are giving up their time to gaiety and diversion, their less fortunate fellow-creatures are not forgotten.

At Mi-carême in March, there were other festivities. Another "Battle of Flowers," a "Grand Rédoute," and a "Venetian Fête" at night on the sea, were among the attractions promised.

And now that we have taken up so much space with the carnival, let us devote a few words to the city itself, as a winter resort, either for health or for pleasure. For those who seek a mild climate, where could a more charming spot be found? Lying on the shores of that most beautiful of all seas, kissed by its waves and fanned by gentle breezes, its gardens treasure-troves of Oriental verdure, it is a veritable land of the sun. Here the frail invalid may come and bask in the sunshine the winter long. The *Promenade des Anglais*, along its coast of azure blue and from its awning-shaded balconies, sees every day a battalion of frail humanity who have come far in search of health, who sit and drink in all this with satisfaction. Even through this severe season, the worst known elsewhere for many years, all that we have experienced to complain of is an unusual number of cloudy days, and some cold ones, but with very little rain, and not a flake of snow the winter long.

And for pleasure-seekers, this is a city of delight. Gaiety holds a never-ending sway, and from the moment that winter sets in, brilliant balls, fashionable soirées, receptions, and dances follow each other in quick succession. There is always the Winter Garden with two attractive concerts every afternoon, and one every evening; and the new Casino just opened, with a magnificent terrace overhanging the sea, where a fine orchestra plays daily.

The drives about Nice are charming. A tallyho coach runs daily between here and Cannes, a distance of twenty miles. A public break leaves every morning for Monte Carlo, driving along by the sea, returning in the afternoon. There is the Upper Corniche road, between Nice and Mentone, a drive of twenty miles each way, not excelled in Europe for the grandeur of its scenery and its picturesque surroundings.

So the attractions seem to multiply on every hand, but nothing draws better than the yearly fêtes, which are witnessed by so many thousands every spring. Perhaps by the Niçois, who are used to this sort of thing year after year, this jolly old king may soon be forgotten. With them it is, *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* But for the visitor who sees all this merry-making for the first time the impression will be of longer duration. Not soon can we forget all the beautiful scenes and gay effects, the joys and pleasures of the reign of King Carnival XIX. at Nice.

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JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR was born in Waldorf in the duchy of Baden—a little Rhenish village near Heidelberg. His birthday was July 17, 1763, and he was the youngest of four sons born to a poor butcher by a woman who seems to have been a typical German wife; typical, that is to say, in being provident, industrious, and self-respecting—three merits which the butcher seems not to have possessed. He liked the tavern better than his shop and leisure better than business. The boys grew up as Protestants although the ruler of the principality was a Roman Catholic and only to those of his faith was political preferment given. It is said that not one of the butcher's sons inherited his weaknesses. As they grew toward man's estate they left the paternal roof-tree and sought fortune of the world at large. The eldest went to London to become an apprentice to an uncle who was of the firm of Astor and Broadwood, then makers of flutes, violins, and pianos, and now the greatest English piano-making establishment under the descendants of the Broadwood of that earlier day. The next son went to New York to follow there the calling learned of his father. The third became the steward of a nobleman's estate and little John Jacob stayed on in the village, a boy at school. He passed the age at which boys who stay at home in Germany were then apprenticed but he began to learn no trade because his father could not afford to purchase the privilege.

Our Revolutionary War was attracting the attention of all Europe when at sixteen or seventeen years of age the boy determined to make his way hither. He managed to raise two dollars with which to begin the journey, but he says of himself that he added to his capital three excellent resolutions: to remain honest and industrious so long as he should live and never to gamble. By getting employment on a raft of timber that was being rowed down the Rhine to the seacoast he made the journey in two weeks and earned about ten dollars or sufficient to procure him a steerage passage from Holland to London. In going first to London he thus early exhibited the trait which was one of his chief characteristics and one of the main secrets of his subsequent success. He went there in order to learn the English language and to find out at the same time all that he could about America. It was always afterward the rule of his life, as nearly as possible to master all the knowledge obtainable about whatever concerned or hinged upon his operations. He had expected to find English very difficult to acquire—and, indeed. we know that it proved more than he could ever perfectly manage—but he was surprised at the facility with which he was able to make himself understood and to comprehend what he heard and read within a few weeks after he landed in London. Until the day of his death he retained a slight brogue and wrote our language falteringly. In London he procured work in the Astor and Broadwood fac tory but at such small wages that it was only after two years of the most careful husbanding of his income that he found himself possessed of seventy-five dollars and a new suit of clothing. This was sufficient for his purpose.

He was twenty years of age and the year was 1783. American independence had been established by treaty and the offer of civil and religious liberty began to exert its tempting influence upon the masses in Europe. He determined to wait no longer. Spending twenty-five dollars in the purchase of a few flutes, twenty-five dollars in obtaining a passage ticket, and with the remaining twenty-five dollars in his pocket he started on the voyage that brought him to Baltimore. On the ship he met a man who was a speculator in a very small way in furs and who told Mr. Astor what profits lay in the business. Better than that, he imparted to him many of the chief secrets of the business, telling him where and how to buy peltries, how to cure and handle and protect them and much else of a like nature. His principal biographer dismisses what follows with the simple assertion that Astor bought shrewdly of what furs he saw offered by persons on the wharves and in the markets and then went to London and sold them to great advantage. There is reason to believe that the most interesting

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period of his life is thus too hastily reported, for afterward there were found many citizens who remembered having seen Mr. Astor trudging about the city and its neighborhood exchanging cakes and toys with Indians and others for what furs they offered or could get.

It is most likely true, as many said, that he went directly to his brother Henry, the butcher, on his arrival in New York and thence removed to the house of Alexander Bowne, a fur-seller, with whom he was happily able to get prompt employment at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year and board. The man who came to America by way of London so as to learn English while earning the passage money and whose favorite axiom always was that "Knowledge is power" is not likely to have exchanged his seven flutes and scanty pocket-money for a headlong plunge into a business of which all he knew was what a fellow passenger told him aboard ship.

The longer account is the more likely story. He was first employed at beating furs to keep the moths out of them but in doing this he familiarized himself with the varying grades and kinds and showed such a keen interest in his work that in a short time there was no part of the business with which he was not intrusted. Had any of my readers known him and his brother Henry, the butcher, at this time, it is a question whether they would not have predicted the greater success for the butcher. He was a remarkable character. He conceived the idea of intercepting the drovers who were on their way to town with cattle and buying of them beyond the town. After that he sold his purchases to his fellow butchers at a good profit. His wife, a pretty woman upon whom he showered ornaments, was a character in the city, of whom Henry said, "She vas der flower of der Bowery." Long afterward, when he was quite well-to-do, John Jacob annoyed him by borrowing of him, outright or on notes, and Henry offered to give him one hundred dollars if he would promise never thereafter under any circumstances to come to him for a cent. John Jacob needed more, but a gift of such a sum was not to be despised and so he took the money and closed the bargain. As he was a man of his word he needed confidence thus to sever all chance of help from his brother, but he probably had as much faith in himself as any man who ever lived. It was while he was still a humble dealer that, upon seeing some majestic residences under construction on lower Broadway, he remarked, "One day, I'll build a greater house than any of these, and on this very street." The Astor House was the fulfillment of that promise.

But to return to his earlier struggles: he remained in Bowne's employ three years and in 1786 leased a back room and shed and back yard in William Street wherewith to establish himself in the fur business. Then it was that he peddled cakes and toys for furs and trudged about with a pack on his back. He had no false pride. He was willing to perform any honest labor. He walked all over New York State as a trader with the hunters and Indians and no man knew the commonwealth so well as he. It is said that he pointed out on the map the places where great cities would some day grow and at which they afterward were developed. He took a partner and a wife. His helpmeet had fine social connections but she worked at his business with him as he never could have gotten any one to do for wages. He said of her that she was the shrewdest judge of furs in the business, so that the three hundred dollars she brought to him as a bride, considerable as the sum must have seemed then, was unworthy of consideration as compared with her industry and skill. Thus other years passed and at last he went to London and began to increase the scale of his operations toward that scope which he, more than any other man of his day, was fitted to grasp and direct. He sold a collection of selected furs at a high profit and established prime connections in London. He undertook to represent his brother's musical instrument house in New York and he recognized in the manager of the East India Company a fellow-countryman who was so pleased with him that he gave Mr. Astor a permit for a vessel to trade in the waters and ports controlled by that vast corporation. He also gave him a list of the prices of goods in the Indies.

This was the turning-point in the trader's career. He steadily increased the scope of his speculations. He began to buy furs in Montreal for the London market; and afterward, when Canada was allowed to trade with us, he bought in Montreal for the markets of London and of this country and China. He loaned his East India permit to a shipping-house for half the profits of a voyage and made a moderate fortune by that one venture.

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But, though he waxed rich, he still kept a little store behind a little sign announcing "Pianos and Furs," and for many years he lived in the same building. He delighted in concealing his success from his fellow-townsmen. Even when he took a dwelling separate from his store it was a modest one, plainly appointed. He dressed plainly, had no vices and never developed costly tastes. He accumulated few books even when he began to take life leisurely; he collected no paintings; he had no use for mere ornaments or curios. As a millionaire, a pipe, a glass of beer, an early dinner, and an afternoon behind a road horse gave him his greatest pleasures. He was especially fond of theatrical performances.

I am not going to tell anew the story of his greatest ventures, recounted in so fascinating a form by Washington Irving. They were of national scope and offered vast benefit to the country. In 1809, at forty-six years of age, Mr. Astor was able to offer to risk millions in a scheme for giving American control to all the fur-trading on our northern and western border, to establish a settlement on the Pacific Coast and to maintain a chain of posts and an overland route by what might be called the trail of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke. Every thing went against him; his men, his rivals, the savages, his government, which proclaimed war on England—the very fates seemed bent upon his undoing. The spectacle he presented, as he sent ship after ship and heard from only one, which was scuttled and burned, was more than heroic. And when he heard of that first of the series of misfortunes, he went to the theater and said to some one, "Would you have me cry?" He was to the end just so masterful and buoyant. The War of 1812 extinguished his last hope and chance of succeeding with his scheme. He afterward said of that war that it prevented his becoming the richest man in the world. This revealed two facts: first, that the scope of that life-work which every great adventurer must plan beforehand, was seriously abridged while he was yet a middle-aged man, and, second, that he regarded himself, earlier than the world did, as a man of wonderful resource and capability.

What he did for New York is of more interest here. He showed faith in it as no man had done before. Instead of merely investing his earnings in its building plots and houses as other men did, he bought land beyond it. He discounted its future and traded upon what he saw that it was certain to become. The city did not extend to Canal Street (now well down town) when he began to become a great landholder, and yet the bulk of his purchases was in farms and lots either far north of the uppermost streets or on the east and west sides where the settlement was thin and seemed little likely to widen. In selling a plot in Wall Street he was led to betray his purpose. The purchaser remarked, after the transaction was closed, "I give $8,000 for this but I know it will one day be worth $12,000." Mr. Astor admitted that to be the probability. "But," said he, "with this $8,000 I will buy eighty lots above Canal Street and when your lot down here is worth $12,000 my up-town lots will be worth $80,000." The consequences to New York of a faith so strong as that, and exhibited by the shrewdest business man in America, cannot be estimated. Other citizens were encouraged to follow his example, others were emboldened to embark in other ventures dependent on the city's growth, capital from Europe sought investment in New York land and enterprises, and capitalists from all over the Union were attracted to the town. A new era was thus established, an era of great confidence and greater operations in affairs, an era in which New York began to take on its metropolitan aspect and to exert that influence abroad which has strengthened with every subsequent year. It is impossible to date this period precisely, but it is safest to set it at 1825, when Mr. Astor was sixty-two years old, a many-millionaire, and had attracted the widest interest in his ventures and successes.

He not only bought land but he erected dwellings upon it, and thus benefited the public as no other man had done up to that time, even while enriching himself. He did what he need not have done, and others had not done, in building his houses well, fitting them with the "improvements" of the period, maintaining them in good condition and yet demanding only a fair profit in the rentals of them. The city was growing rapidly and there would have been a temptation to extort far higher rents for inferior dwellings, but the great landlord's course controlled the situation and it was admitted that the attractiveness and growth of the town were thereby greatly enhanced. It is espe-

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cially pleasant to be able to record this, because the mass of reminiscence goes to show that John Jacob Astor was a very close man with his money, very close indeed.

Yet before his death he took counsel of Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Dr. J. G. Cogswell, how he could "render a public benefit to New York," and the result was a gift of the Astor Library, for which he bequeathed $400,000. It was opened in 1854, six years after Mr. Astor's death. There is no need to describe it here. It has been for more than the life-time of a generation the joy and, in part, the dependence of men of letters both famous and humble; it has been one of the distinguishing trophies and embellishments of the metropolis, it has grown with the benefactions of the descendants of the founder until its endowment is three times what was originally bequeathed for it. Better than all, it has spurred to the making of similar gifts other wealthy citizens who have envied Mr. Astor the glorious satisfaction of an unselfish performance and of the homage of posterity, so that it is not easy to say how many of the other useful memorials that New York boasts are traceable to his example.

I have not sought to credit Mr. Astor with more than he deserves, but have selected him as the foremost man in that period which was the turning-time in New York's history—the period at which it began to assume a metropolitan character. The blaze of the crowning work of DeWitt Clinton's career, the luster of Peter Cooper's philanthropy, the unconscious public service the ignoble Tweed performed while royally embellishing the city with one hand though he robbed its treasury with the other,—these works, and others besides them, have no more been overlooked in the consideration of this subject than they have been paled by Mr. Astor's contributions to the city's greatness.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY.

BY JUDGE WILLIAM W. CARRUTH.

IT is curious to notice that with the advance in civilization there has disappeared almost entirely from society a formerly well-known character of whom very many unpleasant things have been properly enough said—the miser.

The miser was a person who hoarded money, so that neither he nor the community derived any benefit from it. He locked up gold and silver, the actual circulating medium of society, in iron chests or deep vaults, thereby depriving people of its use while it made no gain to him. One miser in a small agricultural community held everybody at his mercy; and according to popular traditions, misers were tyrants of the worst type who, in the old stories, were usually happily disposed of by being accidentally locked into their money vaults, where they perished of starvation in the midst of their gold. In fact so justly detested has been the character of the miser that more than one young man has been induced to abandon a perfectly proper system of saving and thrift because he feared he might draw upon himself that opprobrious epithet, which however has lost most of its real meaning, as a moment's reflection will show.

For the thrifty and self-denying who save to-day, do not hoard their money in iron chests; they put it at the service of the community, and it goes out to do good to their fellow-men. Those great capitalists, the fame of whose wealth has filled the land, are in fact but trustees for society and furnish the railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, and telephones by which the poorest laborer in a northern city can have meat and bread, clothing, light and shelter, newspapers and books at a price less than his forefathers paid for a far inferior quality of similar things.

It is the invested wealth of the country which provides these things, and society has become so organized that he who saves ever so humble a sum is furnished with means to invest it and thereby not only increase his own store, but become of especial benefit to the whole community.

In discussing this matter of investment we must define the word as representing money so disposed as to be secure and earn some return to its owner. We shall make no at-

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tempt to speak of the use of money in business where it is directly under the control of its master, and where it is kept actively turning with more or less of the risks which are unavoidable in all commercial transactions.

The savings banks offer the readiest means of investment for the embryo capitalist, and should be availed of by those who can lay aside small sums from time to time. These banks are as a rule under the supervision of the state governments and money deposited with them is usually very safe. So popular, in fact, are they in some communities, Massachusetts for instance, that the law limits the amount on which a single depositor may draw interest. This is because these banks are intended for people of small means who have little opportunity for obtaining information as to investments, and if large capitalists who can take care of themselves in other ways, were to use them to any extent it would tend to deprive the poorer classes of this inestimable means of providing for a rainy day. And we strongly advise the savings-bank depositor to be in no haste to take out his money and place it elsewhere; the bank is taking good care of it for him, and it is only when there is a reasonable certainty of doing better that one is justified in making a change.

But having decided to take the money from the bank the most natural investment is in home real estate or on mortgage. By "home" in this sense we mean property with which the investor is well acquainted—which he is investing in because *he* knows about it and not because some one else has recommended it to him. Have your title thoroughly examined by a competent lawyer before you pay out your money. No matter how long you may have known the property or the people in possession of it, do not part with your money till you have a title so well assured that if you decide to sell to-morrow you can do so without delay or trouble. Neglect of this precaution leads to great difficulty in the future, and remember that it is a great deal easier for you to get a poor title than afterward to sell the property for which you have paid your money in ignorance of some flaw which an examination would have detected. There can be no better investment than home mortgages which have passed the scrutiny which we insist to be absolutely necessary.

United States bonds can be purchased in small sums, and can be registered by the owner so that a check will be mailed to him from Washington as the semi-annual interest falls due. Here is absolute safety combined with great convenience as to the receipt of the income. The price of these bonds is, however, so high that the income derived from the money invested is a small per cent; but if one can but be content to accept a small return and peace of mind, in lieu of a larger income and some anxiety, then the government bond has every thing in its favor. In all civilized countries to-day the amount of money offered to government is something marvelous, and is an index of the vast and rapid increase of wealth throughout the world.

The bonds of the Northern, Middle, and Western States of the Union are perfectly good property and one may rest in quiet with any amount of this security. As is the case with United States bonds their price is high and the income from them consequently small. What we have said of United States and state bonds applies also to the bonds issued by many of the great cities of the country,—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many others. Whatever may be the changes of party government in these cities the good faith of the municipality in the relation between debtor and creditor remains undisturbed. The eternal truth that honesty is the best policy has been so thoroughly inculcated by the experience of many generations that the most reckless and extravagant "ring" which can obtain control of a municipal corporation in one of the old states never hesitates to provide for the payment of its debts, principal and interest.

In regard to county bonds we can only say that each case stands by itself. Some county bonds are perfectly good. All legal forms have been observed in their issue, the resources of the community are ample, the interest is promptly paid, and the principal will certainly be discharged at maturity. In this condition of things the investment is a desirable one. But before you put money into county bonds as a fresh investment, be sure that all the conditions which we have noticed are fulfilled. And as the small investor cannot usually be in position to make a thorough investigation for himself he will be wise to let the large capitalist have these securities for his own benefit.

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What are known as Western mortgages have been a favorite species of property for small investors at the East for many years. From the time of the opening and settlement of the country west of the Mississippi River the wonderful fertility of the virgin soil repaid the agriculturist with such crops as made the farmers who had heretofore tilled only the comparatively barren and often exhausted soil of the old states, positively wonder at the bounty of nature. Then came the rapid extension of the railroads built over prairie land where the cost of construction was trifling and enabling the farmer to place the harvests at the best markets at a minimum cost for freight. Then such was the vivifying power of the railroad that a population was created along its line almost as fast as it was extended. Under these conditions it was no hardship and no bad bargain for a farmer who had bought his land at a price almost nominal, to mortgage it and pay ten or twelve per cent per annum interest. Two or three—often fewer—good crops with good prices would give him in hand more cash than the whole mortgage. The capitalist, too, was more than satisfied with his investment. The whole transaction was the very ideal of mutual advantage and creditable and profitable to all concerned in it. But like all paying enterprises it attracted attention whenever people had money to put at interest, and it was not long before the farmer was approached by the money lender and urged to increase his mortgage indebtedness, which human nature is very prone to do without much urging. Then, too, the farmer who had made profitable crops on one hundred acres naturally increased his acreage for more profits, until out of all the conditions grew a vast system of supplying money to the farmers, which is in existence to-day, whereby agents for Western loans are offering their mortgages in every little community in the country.

It is not an easy task to speak with judicial impartiality and discrimination on this very important matter embraced under the general head of Western Loans.

We believe that money can naturally and properly return a larger income—interest—in the new states of the West than in the older communities, if it be used with the same care, judgment, and prudence which a good business man would show in the handling of his own money under circumstances and conditions with which he was familiar. Undoubtedly there are many localities in the West where real estate will not only certainly hold its own, but will multiply in value many fold. But such places are not everywhere, and the choice farming lands and the desirable building lots are very apt to be appropriated as investments for capitalists of great resources who have their agents constantly in the field, whereby the small investor does not, perhaps, get the cream of security to begin with. Again, the conditions of things generally for the last few years have been such that the farmer makes no such profit as in the old days, and this means decreased revenue along the whole line; and yet again there are symptoms of legislation to be accomplished in some of the Western states hostile to all who have planted their money there. As to this last matter, however, we would not attach very much weight, for if such legislation is carried so far as enactment, which we doubt, it will all the surer work its own cure. There is always, and there always has been, a class in every society, which declares that the road to wealth and prosperity is to treat the frugal and saving who have attained to some wealth and prosperity, as rogues to be legislated against in every possible form. It is safe to assume, however, that in every community in this country, of importance enough to make its action a matter of consequence, the honest and right-minded of its population will be—if not in a majority—yet sufficient to keep affairs in the right path.

But as the frugal and self-denying man of small means who desires to invest can hardly go beyond the Mississippi to look himself for a place to plant his few hundred or thousand dollars, he must, if he desires that species of property, trust to some agent to do it for him; and herein is his one opportunity to exercise his own judgment and discretion in the choice of that agent. Be sure you know with whom you are dealing, and appreciate this fact, that once having purchased your bond or mortgage security, it is not so easy to sell it again. We do not say it is impossible to sell it, but it is not easy. For it is the business of the Western Loan Agents to place mortgages and sell them—not to buy them.

When one has become the owner of this class of securities and there has been a default in the payment of interest, the ultimate pay-

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ment of the debt, principal and interest, is by no means to be despaired of. Then, as in the original making of the loan, every thing depends upon the good faith, vigilance, and sagacity of your agent.

Railroad securities next take our attention, and under this heading a volume might be written where we can but make a few suggestions. These securities naturally divide themselves into two classes: first, the stock of the company, second, its bonds or mortgages. The stock is hardly in our sense of the word a security, for it does not claim to give a title to any property save where all the debts of the corporation are first paid; and almost without exception throughout the country there is in the case of every railroad, not only a debt, but an accumulation of debts which take legal precedence of the stock in point of title.

In the inception of railroad building in this country it was the method for stockholders to subscribe and pay in the amount of money necessary to build and equip the road—or at any rate the amount which it was supposed would be necessary for the purposes indicated. When the money so subscribed was enough to put the road in operation, it is obvious that the road belonged to the stockholders. There was no mortgage nor debt to take precedence of it and, under such circumstances, it was a security in every sense of the word. But the construction of railroads was for many years very profitable to all concerned, and the first builders soon found that their property would earn interest on a debt in addition to paying dividends on the stock; or, what was perhaps more often the case, when the money which had been subscribed and paid in for purposes of construction ran short, it was found that the readiest way to get more was to mortgage the road and finish with the funds so obtained. These mortgage bonds became a most popular form of investment and then arose the custom of building a road by money obtained by mortgaging it in advance, and giving to purchasers of the bonds so many shares of stock as a bonus. The stock in such cases represented no money paid in and its value was merely prospective. Under this system of financiering it was found necessary when more than the first estimate of money was required, to issue a second mortgage, sometimes a third mortgage, and sometimes in addition to all of these what is called an income bond, which is really not a bond at all, as it attaches to nothing, and is usually simply an agreement to pay interest and principal whenever the corporation has an income above such as is already pledged for other and underlying debts. One would hardly believe that the stock of a railroad corporation which was staggering under first mortgages, second mortgages, and income bonds—millions of each—would command any price whatever in the market. But it is to be remembered that as long as the corporation does not actually become so insolvent as to induce its creditors to appeal to the courts to put it into the hands of receivers—that is to take the property away from the control of the corporation—the stockholders by their votes can control the appointment of its officers; and as these officers not only usually draw salaries but have great opportunities for knowing when to buy or sell the securities of the company, it is obvious that the stock from this point of view has some value. In addition, the operations of the stock speculators of the Exchange raise or depress the price of such stocks by their often deep-laid schemes to outwit each other.

Now as to railroad mortgages. It was the law in the early days of railroads that the mortgage of the road completely conveyed the title of the road to the mortgage bondholders, and that until the very last bond was paid, principal and interest in full, the owner of such a bond might compel the liquidation of his debt by a sale of the whole vast property even if he stood alone and his bond were ever so small in amount. We say this was the law, though it would be more correct to say that this was the theory of the law. It was always very difficult for the individual holder to reduce it to practice, and the tenor of the decisions of recent days when such proceedings are undertaken in the courts, is to render it well-nigh impossible. In addition to judicial decisions which have militated against the individual, railroad mortgages are now usually so drawn that the small investor may as well understand first as last that if there is disaster in the corporation he must take what he can get, and he must accede to such a settlement as some large body of the bondholders may require of him. It does not by any means follow from this that he will be defrauded, but it is very likely to be the case that the market value of his security may be temporarily depressed by the manipulations of some

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party of interested persons who are trying to buy up for controlling purposes the whole of his particular issue of bonds. In such an event the best advice we can give him, is to follow the lead of some responsible banking house, and to waste neither time nor money in trying to force a settlement of his individual and special claim.

We are inclined to think well of the first mortgage bonds of established railroads as investments to-day, although there are few of them which are not somewhat depressed. Railroads, particularly in the West, are passing through a very trying period from causes which are too numerous to specify in detail and to some of which we can but very briefly allude. Before Congress undertook to do justice between the public and the corporations by the law commonly known as the Interstate Commerce Act, the companies by agreements between themselves usually managed to get a fair price for the work they did. Undoubtedly they sometimes unjustly discriminated between persons and between localities, but they took pretty good care of themselves, and, as a rule, they took pretty good care of the community. But the act of Congress has set them all adrift and they are likely so to continue until they get their bearings and until things generally find their level. This will be a work of time, for large bodies move slowly, but it will be accomplished, and legislation will sooner or later shape itself to the repeal of that which is, on the whole, obnoxious and to the enactment of that which is, on the whole, for the good of all. The crops of the country, too, have not in the past few seasons been such as may fairly be expected, and light crops mean light freights. In addition to these causes European investors have by the failure of some of their speculations or investments in other parts of the world been forced to get money by selling the American securities in which they had put their money. This has made a glut in our markets of bonds which but for this would be on the other side of the Atlantic.

But considering the whole situation there is not the least reason for the small holder of American railroad securities to be anxious, and he may reasonably look forward within the next few years to a period when his bonds will command a marked advance beyond present prices. One great convenience of this species of property is the ease with which it can be disposed of or sold. All these securities have a market value from day to day, and investments in them can be shifted or liquidated at an hour's notice.

The stock of National Banks has been a paying property from their creation some twenty-six years ago. When these banks are properly managed, as they usually are, under the supervision of the government, they pay good dividends, and are valuable properties. But trustees, and in fact all stockholders of National Banks, must remember that in case of disaster to the institution every stockholder is liable to have to pay in one hundred dollars for every share of stock he holds.

In the foregoing brief review of investments available to the persons of limited means, we see every inducement to continue to save and invest in reliable securities. Let no temptation of large and quick profits make us forget the great gulf between investment and speculation.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

BY J. E. PRICE.

THE movement for the organization of young people's societies is one of the most significant facts of modern times. This movement vindicates its wisdom by many arguments pertaining to the happiness, intellectual development, religious training, and usefulness of the young people themselves, and as well to the Christian Church whose armies are thus enriched with the gathering battalions of well-disciplined troops bringing enthusiasm, hope, high purpose, and better discipline to the fields of struggle.

Among the organizations of those that are undenominational, the Christian Endeavor and King's Daughters Societies have achieved widest distinction, and have won for themselves a right to be, both by their success in distinctively Christian work as well as by their promotion of interdenominational fellowship and good-will.

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Many are ready to plead, however, that every valid argument for the maintenance of religious denominations applies with equal force to the maintenance of a denominational young people's society; and such a society need be no less fraternal or catholic in its spirit and methods of work because it is identified with some branch of the Christian Church. Many are the advantages peculiar to such an organization, one of which being that it is directly responsible to and is brought into close sympathy with the church where it finds a home. It also develops an intelligent denominational loyalty by courses of study in the history, doctrine, polity, traditions, and usages of the church with which the young people constituting its membership are identified. This is a distinguishing feature of the Epworth League.

If it be worth while to identify young people with any Christian denomination they should be trained to intelligent loyalty. They need not be less zealous for the promotion of the whole Kingdom of Christ because they are prepared to give intelligent reasons for being Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or Protestant Episcopalians. In the earlier days the sharp religious controversies rendered at least this service,—the people were made acquainted with some theology and were enabled to give an intelligible account of the system of church government under which they lived. In our day when effort is made to dissolve denominational lines in order to promote interdenominational fellowship, there is an altogether too prevalent ignorance of any theology and of any form of ecclesiastical government. Bridget's lack of intelligent patriotism as manifest in her explanation that the Fourth of July celebrates the arrival of the Irish in America is no more serious than a kindred want of appreciative devotion to their respective denominations by Presbyterians who know nothing of John Calvin or John Knox, and by Methodists who are ignorant of John Wesley and Francis Asbury.

Besides, frequent changes occur in pastoral relations. Readjustment is marvelously facilitated by uniformity of church machinery. Why should there not be one general young people's society modeled after plans thoroughly tested by experience and at the same time sufficiently flexible and adaptative to meet the needs of widely different communities? In such a denominational society the incoming pastor will find an organization with which he is already familiar, and no time need be lost in making himself at home with the work of the young people.

The Epworth League is the strongest denominational young people's society in existence and its growth has been phenomenal. Its history begins with the Oxford League, whose plans of organization were a product of the versatile genius of Bishop Vincent. and which were heartily approved by the Centennial Conference at Baltimore in September, 1884. The name Oxford referred back to the "Holy Club" in that ancient university where five young men called "Methodists" assembled for the study of the Greek Testament, and the League thus titled stood for the four ideas represented by that company of devout young men, viz., Intellectual Culture, Reverent Study of the Word of God, A Deeper Religious Experience, Methods of Practical Christian Work. Endorsed and supported by the Sunday-School Union, the Oxford League entered upon its beneficent work, and, subjected to some modifications as to local constitution, it advanced until by May 1, 1889, it numbered five hundred local chapters, with Dr. J. L. Hurlbut as the executive head.

In the meantime a number of societies had arisen, and since their aim was one, their consolidation, with one staff of officers and one literature, would be a manifest economy of power. A growing desire for unity culminated in a conference of all the general young people's societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which assembled in Cleveland, Ohio, May 14, 1889. At that conference accredited delegates were present from the Young People's Methodist Alliance, the Oxford League, the Young People's Christian League, the Young People's Methodist Union, and the Young People's Methodist Alliance of the North Ohio Conference. The result of this meeting was the merging of these societies into one new organization to be called the Epworth League, whose object is "to promote an earnest, intelligent, practical, and loyal spiritual life in the young people of the church, to aid them in constant growth in grace and in the attainment of purity of heart."

The success attending the new organization has been extraordinary. In less than two years five thousand local chapters have

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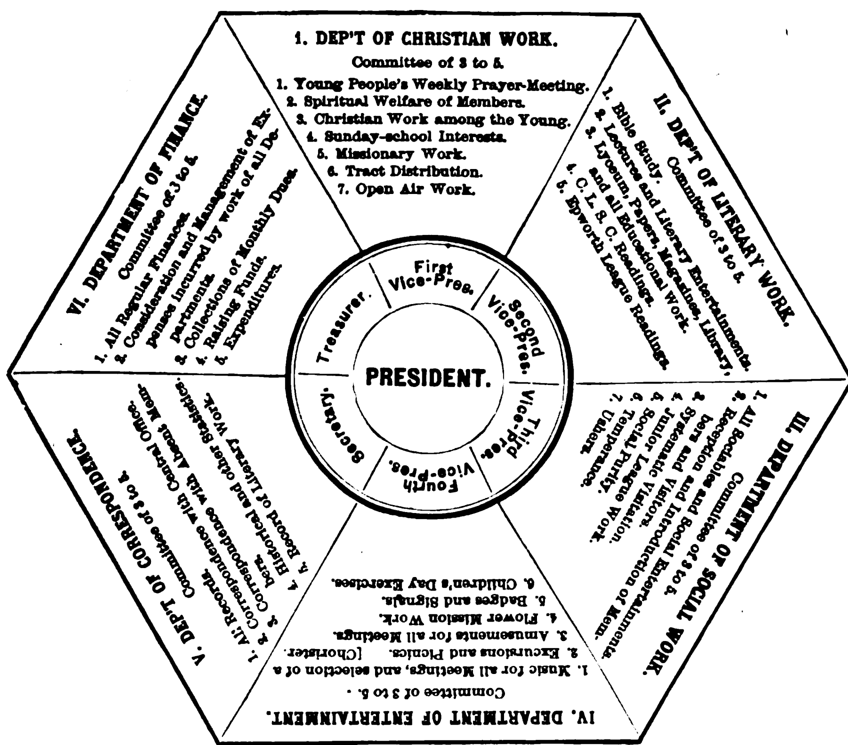
been enrolled with a total membership of about three hundred thousand.

The Epworth League has been adopted in Canada, while Irish and English Methodism have applied for its literature and are seriously considering its adoption. It does not antagonize other societies but seeks to bring those already existing into close affiliation. With this in view, a single requirement is made of any local society desiring to be enrolled as a chapter,—that the officers of the local league shall after election be approved by the Quarterly Conference of the local church.

The general organization contemplates District, Annual Conference, and General Conference District Leagues. The management rests with a Board of Control, five of whom are chosen by the Bishops, five by the Managers of the Tract Society, five by the Managers of the Sunday-School Union, and two elected by each General Conference District. The Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-School Union, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, is Corresponding Secretary of the League, and Dr. Robert R. Doherty is Recording Secretary. The plan of local organization is clearly represented in the famous wheel devised by B. F. Helman, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio.



Here we have the President surrounded by his Cabinet, each member of which is the chairman or head of a Department. Each Cabinet officer has associated with him in the conduct of his Department a committee of three or five, nominated by himself and confirmed by the League. The President must be a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the remaining officers are to be of good moral character, but all must be approved by the Quarterly Conference. A pledge is provided, but its adoption by local chapters is made altogether voluntary.

The general headquarters of the League are at the Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, and communications addressed to Dr. Robert R. Doherty, the Recording Secretary, will secure a number of leaflets giving copies of the constitution, by-laws, courses of reading, topics for daily Bible reading, topics for young people's prayer-meeting, and all needed information pertaining to the practical work of organization. Chapters, badges, colors, and all the paraphernalia of such societies are furnished. A Junior League preparatory to the Epworth,

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and admirably adapted to boys and girls, is embraced in the general plan.

In the fulfillment of its mission as a denominational young people's society, the Epworth League aims to bring into one organization, fire with holy zeal and train for holy work, the million and a half of young people found within the borders of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is therefore naturally to be expected that in any church of this denomination where a society is to be established *de novo*, or substituted for one practically defunct, the Epworth League will be welcomed, since besides pushing the lines of work common to other organizations it adds certain denominational features.

A delicate problem, however, arises where undenominational societies already in existence are flourishing and the members desire both to retain their organization and yet harmoniously co-operate with the Epworth movement. This is being in part solved by allowing such a society to become an affiliated chapter of the Epworth League on condition of having its local officers approved by the Quarterly Conference.

But again it happens that in a large church there are two or more such societies, each one healthful though limited in numbers. Now these may be united in a League, each retaining its identity but accepting a Department. The writer is a member of a League where three societies, King's Daughters, Christian Endeavor, and Young Men's Alliance, all vigorous and flourishing, have united in an Epworth organization, the Christian Endeavor taking the Department of Christian Work, the Alliance the Department of Social Work, and the King's Daughters the Department of Entertainment, and all are members of the Epworth League, harmoniously working to promote its plans, while the other Departments are constructed from those not before identified with any society. Many King's Daughters love the King none the less because they love the church in which they have been reared. Many members of the Christian Endeavor Societies love Methodism and want to be trained in her doctrines and usages, and the Epworth is making room for them, that they may march under the same banner with other young people of Methodism, and at the same time may retain the noble fellowships to which they belong as golden links between Christian denominations.

The number of meetings held by any chapter must be determined by circumstances. Where only one weekly meeting is possible, the program should be divided usually between devotional service and Biblical or denominational study. Ordinarily it will be found practicable to hold a devotional service on the Sabbath, morning and evening, and a weekly or fortnightly meeting for literary exercises and for business.

The Devotional Meeting outranks all others in importance, but its character is so well understood and so much has been written upon its practical management that any words here would seem superfluous.

It may be observed that in this meeting every member of the chapter is expected to participate, and, further, that there is specific work for each department, in connection with this service. The Department of Christian Work may furnish leaders, the Literary Department the program of topics, and the Social Department is responsible for the twofold work of invitation and welcome. The Department of Entertainment supplies the chorister, the Department of Correspondence preserves records of attendance and programs, and the Department of Finance provides for all expenses incurred.

In the week-night meetings care should be had to avoid wasting time over parliamentary usages. Besides, since too much business will seriously interfere with the higher work of the League, most matters may be relegated to the Cabinet and committees and brief reports be had from the departments at stated times. Three general lines of study open for the weekly or fortnightly meetings, Biblical, Denominational, and Literary including Scientific. Under Bible study must be included the study of the Book itself, its history and contents, and various collateral lines. The study of the Word directly, stripped of all glosses and comments, is of first importance, and this is done in the quiet hour at home, and with Bible Readings in the Devotional Service. In some instances the scheme of study devised by the International Bible Reading Association enables all the members of the chapter to read the same selected portion of Scripture daily. Members of the Epworth League are expected to be true Bereans searching for themselves the Scriptures and daily testing the promises of the Word. Collateral lines are, however, pressed to advantage, for here are sixty-six books written by more than forty authors in different countries and

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diverse languages at sundry times through fifteen hundred years, and a knowledge of the authorship and origin of each book, its plan and purpose, would greatly aid in catching its spirit and meaning. Perhaps this study of individual books can be most readily illustrated by a specimen program recently followed in a regular chapter meeting. The Book of Esther was the general theme, and ten five-minute essays were given on the following sub-topics: Captivity of the Jews and its Results; Babylon in its Ancient Splendor; Return of the Jews from Captivity; Description of Shushan or Susa; Ahasuerus or Xerxes; Haman—his Character and Promotion; Haman's Defeat and Execution; Authorship and Character of the Book; the Purim Festival; Spiritual Teachings of the Book. These essays were followed by twenty questions answered by as many different members of the League, and which pertained to the Hebrew Calendar, an Oriental harem, Esther's Jewish name, the leading traits in Esther's character, the Feast of Esther, population of Jerusalem, and kindred topics, and thus a large number participated in the study. A program for a study of the Book of Job in twelve five-minute essays is as follows: Ur, Chaldea and the Chaldeans; The Sabeans and Sheba; Authorship and Date of the Book; Story of the Book; Job's Wealth; The Camel, the Ship of the Desert; References to Egyptian Life; Job's Friends; the Arabians; Hebrew Poetry, Job, a Drama; Passages illustrating Job's Faith and Patience; The Spiritual Teachings of the Book; Job's Wife—a Defense.

Most of the Old Testament books and all of the New may be treated with profit in a similar manner, and better far such a treatment as is here outlined—followed often by a general discussion—than a formal address by one speaker however competent, since the members of the League are led to do the work and so reap the benefit.

Character studies bring under review Moses and David, Solomon and Saul, Thomas and Paul, and others prominent in Scripture story. Sacred geography opens a field of delightful interest. An evening in Jerusalem, in Damascus, in Tyre, in Shechem, among the Sacred Mountains, or on the streams of Palestine, is full of charm and profit. Five evenings may be given to the study of manners and customs as illustrated successively in each of the four Gospels and the Acts. The Life of Christ has been studied with steadily increasing interest through thirteen successive evenings, using as a help Dr. Hurlbut's inexpensive Chautauqua text-book on this subject. And it may here be observed that nothing will be found more helpful for the average chapter in the study of these important themes than the numerous Chautauqua text-books, which may be furnished at a trifling cost to every member of the League. Palestine Exploration as outlined by Bishop Vincent and aided by the rich suggestions and literature furnished by his pen would be a genuine delight. Scriptural Names, Natural History of the Bible, the Tabernacle, the Priesthood, the Temple, the Sanhedrin, the Jewish Festivals, the Jewish Sects, Scripture Coins, Sacred Numerals, the Apocrypha, Versions of the Bible, ancient and modern; popular studies in Christian Evidence: Assyriology, as the discoveries in Babylon and Nineveh; Egyptology, as the finding of the mummied Pharaohs on the Upper Nile; these and kindred subjects may be so analyzed, apportioned, and simplified, that their study may be made fascinating and large numbers of young people may be led to participate actively in the work. All this means thought and tact and patience on the part of those who direct the programs, go before the young people, and outline their work.

In the Meeting for Denominational Study the Articles of Religion and the leading Doctrines will be examined under the direction of a wise leader, proof-texts from Scripture being exacted. Ecclesiastical History in such topics as the Apostolic Period; the Great Persecutions; Constantine; Monasticism; Mohammedanism; Gregory the Great; Hildebrand; the Crusades; the Reformation, Luther and Melanchthon; the English Reformation; the Huguenots; the Wesleyan Revival,—will lead the way for an exercise in English Methodism. "A Fireside Tour to the Epworth Rectory" will embrace the ocean voyage; the journey from Liverpool to Lincolnshire; description of the home at Epworth; Samuel Wesley; Susannah Wesley; John Wesley; Charles Wesley. From the study of John Fletcher, George Whitefield, Thomas Coke, and other noted characters, the transition is easy to a view of early American Methodism.

The early beginnings in New York and Maryland will introduce Philip Embury,

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Barbara Heck, Thomas Pilmore, Captain Webb, Robert Strawbridge, Francis Asbury, and other worthies, while the Christmas Conference at Baltimore and the withdrawal of the Church South at the Conference of 1844 will be two epochs between which any number of minor events may be chosen for consideration.

The Families of Methodism; the Conferences, General, Annual, Judicial, District, and Quarterly; the General Conference Officers and their work; the Local Church Officers; the General Church Societies; Methodist Missions foreign and domestic; the Educational Work of the Church, with study of the seminaries and colleges in the vicinity; the Peculiarities of Methodism, as Class-Meetings and the Probation System, with a debate on the Itinerancy versus the Settled Pastorate; these are some of the subjects of study in a well-ordered chapter. That this study of denominational history, polity, and peculiarities, conducted not in blind zeal but in a Christlike spirit, must result not only in making better Methodists but in developing the young people into more useful and catholic Christians will hardly be denied. It certainly fosters a reverent affection for those who with sublime self-sacrifice in the early twilight of the history of the church toiled to lay well its foundations in truth and righteousness.

The Literary and Scientific meetings are so like to those of a Chautauqua Circle as to need no consideration here, for the course of reading whether it be that of the C. L. S. C., as it is in many instances, will constantly furnish material and suggestions for the program to be used.

Space will not permit a consideration of the social culture and active Christian benevolence fostered by this society. The general organization finds completion in the constitution of the Board of Control whose first meeting was held in February, 1890, in the city of Chicago.

To summarize all, we may in conclusion observe that the Epworth League seeks to reproduce for the young Methodists of to-day the spirit and genius, the beneficent instruction and inspiration, found in the home of the Wesleys whence it derives its name, and of which Bishop Vincent writes so well: "Sweet home of Epworth where reverent scholarship presided; where the Holy Scriptures were continually quoted and habitually followed; where songs rose from grateful hearts to the listening Heavens; where the voice of prayer was scarcely ever silent; where neighbors were collected for worship and counsel; where each child was brought into sacred conference with its mother concerning the soul, the law of God, the grace of Christ, and the home in Heaven!"

THE AMERICAN CABINET.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

ONE hundred years ago, when Washington inaugurated the novel experiment of free government, whose splendid success we live to enjoy, four departments were deemed sufficient for the proper conduct of affairs at home and abroad. These departments were those of State, Treasury, War, and Justice. Washington was not elected to the presidency as a party man—for there were no political parties at that time—but he was unanimously chosen by the American people for the highest office in their gift, because he had proved himself eminently worthy. Washington selected as his confidential advisers men of widely different political principles. Thus Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, was Washington's Secretary of State, Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the Federal party, was the head of the Treasury Department, Henry Knox was placed over the War Department, and Edmund Randolph was the first Attorney-general of the United States. The affairs of the Navy were at first managed by the Secretary of War, and it was not until 1798 that Benjamin Stoddart of Maryland organized the Navy as a separate department. In 1829 the Postmaster-general for the first time was invited to a seat in the Cabinet by Andrew Jackson, previous to which time he had been only a subordinate officer of the Treasury Department. The Interior Department, now one of the most important departments of the government, was

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not established until 1849, with Thomas Ewing for its first chief. The Department of Agriculture was created by Act of Congress February 9, 1889, and President Cleveland appointed Norman J. Colman its first secretary.

The secretaries of these departments constitute the chief advisers of the President of the United States, and are popularly called the Cabinet, although such a designation is unknown in the Constitution. In the beginning they had no higher official standing than that of chief clerks, and they were in fact originally called the "President's Clerks." They each receive a salary of $8,000 per annum, a sum entirely insufficient to enable them to live in a style befitting the chief officers of a government like ours. The Cabinet is appointed by the President, but is confirmed by the Senate, and can be removed by him alone except by impeachment. Unlike the members of the government of Great Britain and other European countries, our chief secretaries are excluded by the Constitution of the United States from sitting in either house of Congress during their term of office. As the secretaries form the President's official family he has perfect liberty of choice in selecting them. Often they are the most prominent members of his party and sometimes his competitors for the presidential nomination. Thus, Mr. Lincoln selected as the leading members of his cabinet, William H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase who had been his chief competitors for the Republican nomination at Chicago in 1860; and President Cleveland appointed Mr. Bayard his Secretary of State, and he had been a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination at Cincinnati in 1884.

The leading place in the Cabinet is that of Secretary of State. In the early days of the Republic, it was regarded as a stepping-stone to the higher office of president. In fact, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Quincy Adams all had been Secretaries of State in the administrations previous to their own election to the presidency. The duties of the Secretary of State are very important and afford an opportunity for a clever man to distinguish himself, and for a weak man to become extinguished. Some Secretaries of State have tried to rule the President, and their success has not always been brilliant. For instance, when Seward tried to "run" President Lincoln, the latter showed his wily Secretary pretty plainly that he was the head of the Government, and did not intend to be ruled by anybody, and he was not.

The Great Seal of the United States is in charge of the State Department, which also keeps the archives, publishes the United States statutes, and practically has the appointment of American consuls and ministers abroad. All the correspondence with these, and with foreign ministers to this country, passes through the State Department, which is also the medium of correspondence between the President and the governors of the various states. The State Department issues passports and publishes proclamations for the admission of new states into the Union. The Secretary of State occupies a handsome suite of apartments on the second floor of the magnificent State Department—the ten million dollar building just west of the White House. His rooms are adorned by portraits of all former secretaries from Thomas Jefferson, the first, to James G. Blaine, the present. This remarkable collection of portraits includes, besides those already mentioned, Marshall, Madison, Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Everett, Cass, Seward, Fish, and Evarts. Few public offices in the history of any country can show so distinguished a list of occupants.

The library of the State Department contains the original draft of the Declaration of Independence in the handwriting of Jefferson, with interlineations made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin; letters and other papers of Washington, Madison, and Franklin during the Revolution; Washington's sword and Franklin's cane; the sword worn by Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; the table upon which the Declaration was written, etc. Stored away in seven or eight vast apartments of the State Department, are bound volumes of all the original laws of the United States, commencing with the first law passed by the Continental Congress. They are on English parchment. The archives of the State Department form a most interesting and valuable collection of documents. These were arranged and indexed while Hamilton Fish was at the head of the State Department and any document can now be consulted at a few moments' notice.

The Treasury Department is second only to the State Department in importance. Twice in the history of this country it has been the most

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important. First, at the time of the formation of the government when a national system of finance had to be constructed, and the Federal Government relieved from its serious financial embarrassment resulting from the unpaid debts contracted during the American Revolution. Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, effected both of these results. Secondly, at the beginning of the Civil War, when a new financial system had to be created, and the credit of the country preserved so as to enable the government to carry on its gigantic struggle for the maintenance of the Union. The genius of Salmon P. Chase accomplished this by creating the greenback system.

The Treasury Department occupies one of the most imposing public buildings in Washington, with its magnificent façade on Fifteenth Street adorned with a stately row of Ionic pillars, and its southern front similarly embellished. In its immense vaults are stored many millions of gold and silver coin; and in the bond rooms are government securities representing the round sum of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

The duties of the Secretary of the Treasury are manifold in their character and sufficiently exacting to try the mind and body of the strongest man. He has entire control of the finances of the Government; he has charge of the collection of the public revenue; the coinage and printing of money; the construction of public buildings all over the country; the collection of statistics; the administration of the coast survey, the light-house, life-saving, revenue cutter, marine hospital, and steamboat inspection branches of the public service. The principal offices under the Secretary of the Treasury are the director of the mint, the supervising architect, superintendent of engraving and printing, the supervising surgeon-general of marine hospitals, general superintendent of life-saving service, supervising inspector-general of steamboats and light-house board.

There are two assistant secretaries of the Treasury, a chief clerk, two comptrollers, a commissioner of customs, a treasurer of the United States, a register of the treasury, a comptroller of the currency, and six auditors. This mere enumeration of the chiefs will give an idea of the complicated nature of the duties of the Treasury Department. To carry out the business of this branch of the public service requires an army of clerks, many of whom are women. One of the most interesting places in the Treasury building is the bureau where mutilated currency is redeemed. Here female clerks sit during office hours, counting and assorting the worn-out notes that come from banks and brokers. It is astonishing how nimbly their fingers move and how quickly they detect counterfeit money. This was the first employment given to women by the Government, and they have proved themselves so capable of doing it that they now quite monopolize it.

The Postmaster-general is a very important member of the Cabinet, for upon him and his subordinates depend the safe dispatch and delivery of the correspondence of the greatest letter-writing people on earth. When I was in Constantinople, I asked at the post-office when the mail was collected from the letter-boxes, and was informed that it was done "occasionally." Turkey is the antipodes of the United States in every thing, especially in what is called modern progress, and as Sterne said of France, in the "Sentimental Journey," we order things differently in America.

When Dr. Franklin was the postmaster-general of the American colonies, the entire accounts of his office were kept in one book—and not a very large book either. The Postmaster-general now has a larger force of men under him than there are in the combined army and navy of the United States. The Post-office Department is a most faithful servant of the public, and we live to enjoy the improvements that are constantly taking place. We of this generation can well remember when the free delivery of letters was unknown—when the street letter-boxes were unthought of, when the postage to California and Canada was ten cents and to Europe twenty-four cents. The post-office is not, never was, and is not intended to be, a source of profitable revenue to the Government. Whenever the receipts exceed the expenses, the postage will be reduced in the interest of the public. The reduction from three to two cents caused a loss to the Government of $2,848,839.60 in one year, but the immense increase in correspondence will make up that immediate loss, and we may expect at no distant day to have a one-cent letter postage. Living in this "wondrous latter age," and enjoying all the marvels that have resulted from the application of steam as a motor power, we receive all conveniences as a mat-

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ter of course, forgetting that fifty years ago it took seven days to carry the mail from New York to Washington, instead of seven hours as at present, which will soon be reduced to five.

The Postmaster-general has the appointment of all officers and employees of the department except the three assistant postmaster-generals, who receive their appointment directly from the President by and with the advice and consent of the United States Senate; the Postmaster-general appoints all postmasters whose salary does not exceed one thousand dollars; he makes postal treaties with foreign countries by and with the advice and consent of the President, awards and executes contracts and directs the management of the domestic and foreign mail service.

The dead-letter office is one of the most interesting departments of the general post-office. It is under the direction of a superintendent whose duty it is to take charge of all unmailable and undelivered mail matter which is sent to it for distribution. Most of the clerks in this branch of the post-office are women and each of them opens and examines on an average six hundred letters *per diem.* Dead letters are described as those which fail of delivery by reason of illegible or incorrect addresses, unpaid postage, and insecure inclosures. Mail matter is forwarded to the dead-letter office only after every effort has been made by local postmasters and railway mail clerks to deliver it. Half a million of such letters are annually received at the dead-letter office, many of which contain inclosures of money, checks, drafts, and other valuables, such as jewelry and postage stamps. After a sufficient time has elapsed, these articles are sold at auction, and the proceeds returned into the United States Treasury. The revenue from this source amounts to from three to five thousand dollars every year.

The duties of the War Department are more varied and complicated than the general public has any idea of. The Secretary of War is charged by the President with the performance of all duties concerning the military service of the United States; he supervises the purchase of all supplies for the army transportation, etc., and of all expenditures made under the army appropriation bill. He provides for the taking of meteorological observations at the military stations throughout the states and territories; arranges the course of studies at West Point; has the superintendence of all public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia; has charge of the purchase of such real estate as is deemed necessary for national cemeteries; makes rules respecting bids for contracts and is required to cause sunken vessels obstructing navigation to be removed. He also supervises the disbursements of army officers; manages the national park on Mackinac Island, Michigan; and has charge of the expenditure of the appropriation for the Mississippi River commission. All the work of improving rivers and harbors, and approving plans for all bridges authorized by Congress also come under his charge.

It will be seen by the above enumeration of the duties of the Secretary of War that much of his time is occupied with affairs not directly connected with the army. The commander of the army directs the movements of troops, and under him are the chiefs of the military bureaus of the War Department who are officers of the regular army and form a part of the military establishment of the United States. One of the most annoying duties of the Secretary of War is the assignment of officers to what are regarded as agreeable posts of duty. While Congress is in session scarcely a day passes without a visit from a senator or representative who wishes to get a friend removed from the frontier to an easy place in Washington or Newport. The Secretary is often put to his wits' ends to satisfy these importunate gentlemen. These are the thorns in the pillow of great or prominent men, the tax—the heavy tax—they are obliged to pay for distinction.

The Secretary of the Navy in time of peace is one of the least important members of the Cabinet. His duties are very simple and may be briefly stated as follows: he performs such duties as the President of the United States, who is commander-in-chief of the Navy, may assign to him, and he has the general superintendence of construction, manning, armament, equipment, and employment of vessels of war. He has under him a chief clerk who has general charge of the records and correspondence of the Secretary's office. There are also seven chiefs of the naval bureaus of the department, who are officers of the Navy and a part of the naval establishment of the United States. These various bureaus may be named as the bureaus of docks and yards, navigation, ordi-

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nance, provisions and clothing, medicine and surgery, construction and repair, equipment and recruiting. Besides these, there are an engineer-in-chief and a judge-advocate general.

The Secretary of the Navy is perhaps more beset by the visits of congressmen than even the Secretary of War, and he is obliged to receive them with great consideration for it is necessary for him to make friends in both Houses that he may have their vote for the appropriations he is constantly asking of Congress. It is no wonder that the Secretary of the Navy takes frequent opportunities to escape from Washington and enjoy a few days' rest and recreation on a cruise.

The Secretary of the Interior is not, perhaps, in some respects so prominent a person as the minister of the interior in France, or the home secretary in Great Britain, but his duties are more important and the office is one of the most difficult under the Government of the United States. He is chiefly occupied with the management of public lands and the conduct of our Indian affairs. The patent and pension offices also come under his department. The latter has recently attracted extraordinary attention on account of the extravagant waste of money in the shape of pensions. There are now more than five hundred thousand pensioners on the rolls, and the number of applications is increasing at an enormous rate. In less than two years an immense surplus of one hundred and fifty millions has been swept away and the cry is still they come.

Under the general supervision of the Secretary of the Interior are the patent office, general land office, the commissioner of education and of railroads, and the present important census bureau. In addition to all of these various and complicated duties, the Secretary of the Interior has charge of the custody and distribution of the public documents; he has supervision of public lands and bounty lands and of public surveys; and he also exercises certain powers and duties in relation to the territories of the United States.

The Attorney-general is the head of the department of justice and the chief law officer of the Government. He is the adviser of the President whenever any question arises as to the limits of the executive power and the relation of Federal to state authority, and in all legal matters. He also gives advice on legal matters to the heads of other executive departments on questions of law; he exercises a general superintendence and direction over United States attorneys and marshals, and provides special counsel for the United States whenever required by any department of the government. There is a Solicitor-general who assists the Attorney-general in the performance of his general duties and also exercises all the duties in case of a vacancy in the office or in the absence of the Attorney-general. He assists the Attorney-general in all cases in the Supreme Court and in the Court of Claims in which the United States is interested, and, when the Attorney-general so directs, any such case in any court in the United States may be conducted by the Solicitor-general; and he may be sent by the Attorney-general to represent the United States in any state court. Two assistant attorney-generals assist the officers just mentioned—one in the Supreme Court the other in the Court of Claims.

The Department of Agriculture is the youngest of all the executive departments of the Government, but it is one of the most interesting, and promises to become one of the most important. The Secretary's duties in general are the supervision of all public business relating to the agricultural industry of the country. He appoints all the officers and employees of the department, except the assistant secretary, who is appointed by the President, and he directs the management of the bureaus in his department. He supervises the agricultural experiment stations, which derive support from the national treasury, and he exercises control over the quarantine stations for imported cattle, and decides when interstate quarantine is rendered necessary by contagious cattle diseases. Besides the assistant secretary, there are in the agricultural department a statistician, who collects information as to the condition, prospects, and harvests of the principal crops, not only in the United States but in all European countries; an entomologist, whose duty it is to secure and spread information about insects that are injurious to vegetation; he also mounts specimens for museums; a botanist, who investigates plants, etc., of agricultural value; a chemist, who analyzes fertilizers, vegetable products, and other materials which may be of interest or value to agriculture. The seed division is one of the most useful bureaus connected with this department. It attends to the col-

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lection and distribution of new and valuable seeds and plants; it also distributes domestic seeds among the rural friends of members of Congress, the law providing that two-thirds of the seeds shall be at the disposal of these national law-givers. Of the four hundred employees of the Agricultural Department, the majority are engaged in weighing and packing seeds for the mail.

Quite recently the Weather Bureau has been transferred from the War Department to the Agricultural Department. This change may lead to a better discharge of the duties of the Weather Bureau, which has not given much satisfaction of late. The service will be benefited by this change as it will enlist young scientific men who will be glad to serve in the bureau, but who did not like being put on the footing of raw recruits in the army, and to be ordered around by West Point graduates younger than themselves, and often with less claim to social respect.

GENERAL BOOTH'S "IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

BY G. VALBERT.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

[The French people in close proximity to England, are naturally deeply interested in all matters engaging the attention of their neighbors, and carefully study all new developments. A Frenchman's view of the great reform Scheme published by Mr. Booth, presented in a clear, unprejudiced and yet closely critical manner, and showing some phases of both sides of the subject will be found of value.—Editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.]

MR. WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the Salvation Army, has conceived the bold plan of employing the religious order which he founded to solve the social question, the redoubtable and dolorous problem of pauperism. It was not sufficient for him to labor for the salvation of souls; he sought and thinks that he has found a remedy for all the miseries of the present life. Few books have made a greater sensation than his "In Darkest England and the Way Out." None has ever given rise to more ardent discussions, has been in turn praised with more enthusiasm or assailed with greater vehemence. All England has been interested in it. Already in more than one shire, there have been met upon the highways bands of workmen on their way to London to seek admission into the establishments and asylums which Mr. Booth proposes to create. The success of the book is explained both by its subject, and by the talent of the author.

Social economy is a rigid science in which artifices of style and figures of rhetoric count little. Ardor of soul united to good sense, to clear insight, to a love of exactitude and precision, form the first qualities of a philanthropist, the qualities best suited to win for him confidence. Mr. Booth would have done better had he been less lavish of exaggerated expressions and of imagery, and had he argued with more *sang-froid*, more vigor. He would have done better also not to have put as a frontispiece for his book a chromolithograph showing shipwrecked souls without number helped and rescued by the soldiers and officers of the Salvation Army. Is he, then, so sure of being able to save everybody, and of being as faithful as he is generous in his promises?

But his eloquence has produced all the effect which he hoped for it. He has compared himself in the last chapter to Gideon asking Jehovah to prove to him by a manifest sign that His benediction was resting upon him. "Behold, I will put a fleece of wool on the floor, and if dew be on the fleece only, and if it be dry on all the earth beside, then I shall know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand." And it was so. Mr. William Booth had need of one hundred thousand pounds sterling in order to meet the first expenses of his great enterprise, and he said to himself that if he obtained it, Heaven would have spoken, that it would be the dew on his fleece.

The miracle was wrought. In a few weeks one hundred thousand pounds were placed in the hands of Mr. Booth. The dew fell upon his fleece, and the ground all around it was dry. I mean by this that the donors in order to give him much have greatly retrenched the gifts which they have been in the habit of making to other charitable causes; that thus the benefactions upon which these institutions lived, have been withheld. This is the bad side of his success;

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it is natural that those who have suffered in order that he might be helped should look upon him with somewhat of bitterness.

He would have received more if after the first impulse, reflection had not tempered the zeal of the contributors. It is impossible not to recognize that noble as his intentions are, they are corrupted by secret interests, by sectarian calculations; that there is in his plans a singular mingling of the reasonable and the chimerical, of truth and illusion. Such has been the opinion of the greater number of English philanthropists and of many of the English clergy. The Charity Organization Society of London has published, under the signature of its principal secretary, Mr. Loch, a serious and searching criticism on the reforms proposed by the General. Professor Huxley, a man whose word is always heard with respect, has been interviewed on the subject. One of his friends was disposed to subscribe toward the enterprise, but he quickly dissuaded him from the purpose, and his reasons were given in letters published in the *Times*, which have been widely noticed. Mr. Booth has announced that he will shortly publish a new book in order to refute his opponents. People will read, people will buy, this book as they did his first, but what purpose will it answer? Henceforth he will be judged by the result of his undertaking; it is by the work that the workman is known. He has promised too much and received too much not to be held to fulfillment; thus only can he close the lips of those opposers who have not hesitated to call him the John Law of philanthropy.

Among his most bitter opponents there are many who have dispensed with all examination of his plans and have listened only to accusations. They have wished to see in Mr. William Booth only the General of the Salvation Army, and Salvationism inspires them with an insurmountable antipathy, an invincible repulsion. Mr. Booth is certainly a remarkably successful organizer, and he may well glory in it. The order which he founded twenty-five years ago has spread from one place to another over the whole world, has built its establishments in thirty-four countries, has planted its flag in Canada and in the Argentine Republic, in Australia, and in Africa. The Salvation Army, commanded to-day by ten thousand officers of both sexes, has accumulated a property valued at eight hundred thousand pounds sterling; pays rentals every year amounting to two hundred and twenty thousand pounds for its meeting places; it publishes twenty-seven weekly newspapers, of which more than thirty million copies are sold. Mr. Booth has a right to be proud of these extraordinary results, in which he recognizes the finger of Providence and the visible mark of the truth of his mission.

Unfortunately this religion which takes advantage of the drum and the trumpet and whose form of worship resembles a little too much the parade of a traveling show, this religion which regenerates and saves souls by barbarous or grotesque concerts and by the open confessions of sinners related from a public stage, and comprising their iniquities, their defilements, and their miraculous cure, either offends the taste or dulls the sense of refinement. Mr. Huxley has styled it "corybantic Christianity," and compares it to the worship of the ancient goddess Cybele, with its orders of demoniacal beings who paraded the streets with their banners, their songs, and their orgies. He also compares the organization of the Salvation Army to the system of the Jesuits; and I do not doubt that Mr. Booth has deeply meditated on the maxims and regulations of Ignatius Loyola, that he learned from this great master that the most successful way to effect a cure of souls was to set in operation a certain system of tactics, based upon principles of faith, which required submission and obedience.

But the Jesuits were always wise teachers who applied themselves to the cultivation of their minds; they never scorned science and literature. Salvationism boasts of being an unlettered religion. It is Christianity stripped of all theology and reduced to this precept: Repent to-day once for all, and to-morrow you will be so happy that you will feel compelled to tell your joy to the world. Its practice consists in exciting sinners to repentance by rather uncouth methods. If they were less so would they be less efficacious? It is true, however, that whoever wishes to influence crowds must not aim too high. In certain enterprises noble ambitions may be of so refined a character as to be an obstacle.

It has often been asked if Mr. Booth himself wrote his book, or if it was the work of some skillful secretary who caught inspira-

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tion from him. I do not doubt that Mr. Booth is the true author, but there are in him two separate characters, and each one has in turn held the pen. I mean that Mr. Booth has had for a collaborator the General of the Salvation Army, and I regret it. The much that there is of good in the book I ascribe to Mr. Booth; all that is absurd or puerile, I attribute to the General. It is Mr. Booth, I am certain, who has written those excellent pages upon Utopianism and its idle dreams and sad consequences. He has no repugnance for visionaries when their intentions are good, but all their schemes will not nourish the hungry or clothe the naked. He says:

I am a practical man, dealing with the actualities of to-day. I have no preconceived theories, and I flatter myself that I am singularly free from prejudices. I am ready to sit at the feet of any who will show me any good. I keep my mind open on all these subjects, and am quite prepared to hail with open arms any Utopia that is offered me. But it must be within range of my finger-tips. It is of no use to me if it is in the clouds. Checks on the Bank of Futurity I accept gladly enough as a free gift, but I can hardly be expected to take them as if they were current coin, or to try to cash them at the Bank of England.

He adds that these dreamers think that in time all misery will be extirpated by the working out of their visions; that society will be cured of all its ills and an age in which peace, plenty, and happiness shall reign will be instituted. Very good, but that is not the question; here it is:

At our Shelters last night were a thousand hungry, workless people. I want to know what to do with them. Here is John Jones, a stout, stalwart laborer, who has not had one square meal for a month, who has been hunting work that will enable him to keep body and soul together, and hunting in vain. Here he is in his hungry raggedness, asking for work, that he may live and not die of sheer starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city in the world. What is to be done with John Jones? The individualist tells me that the free play of natural laws governing the struggle for existence will result in the Survival of the Fittest, and that in the course of a few ages, more or less, a much nobler type will be evolved. But meantime what is to become of John Jones? The socialist tells me that the great Social Revolution is looming large on the horizon. In the good time coming when wealth will be re-distributed and private property abolished, all stomachs will be filled and there will be no more John Joneses impatiently clamoring for opportunity to work that they may not die. It may be so, but in the meantime here is John Jones growing more impatient than ever because hungrier, who wonders if he is to wait for a dinner until the Social Revolution has arrived. What are we to do with John Jones? That is the question.

Mr. Booth then remarks very justly that these Utopians all fall under the very condemnation which they so freely lavish upon those religious persons who ease their own consciences regarding the poor, by saying that all will be made right in the next world, thus offering them "unnegotiable bills payable on the other side of the grave." "When the sky falls we shall catch larks. No doubt. But in the meantime?"

It is impossible to write better than this, or to put the question in better terms. But after Mr. Booth, the General takes his turn at talking. It is the latter who says that if the Scheme which he sets forth in his pages is not applicable to the thief, the harlot, the drunkard, and the sluggard, it may as well be dismissed without ceremony; that as Christ came to call not the saints but sinners to repentance, so the New Message of temporal salvation, of salvation from pinching poverty, from rags and misery, must be offered to all. In this he disagrees with the greater number of earnest philanthropists, such as Lord Shaftesbury. Taught by long and painful experience, they have for a long time declared that there are fatal degradations from which the unfortunate fallen ones never arise, that certain hardened criminals will never cease to dream of crime, that certain drunkards will never renounce their cups, that the vices of adults are almost incorrigible, and that it is the salvation of the growing generations which must be sought.

The General of the Salvation Army will not acknowledge this, save in very exceptional cases. He thinks he can bring into play means powerful enough to cure the most desperate evils. He considers Salvationism as a hospital of consciences, where miracles are performed; where the lame learn to walk; where profanity is changed to prayer; where souls white with leprosy are cleansed in the twinkling of an eye; where angels of darkness are transformed into children of

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light. Many cannot help the feeling that in the depth of his heart it is not so much the welfare of John Jones that he wishes as that of some great, repentant sinner. The wretched one for whose deliverance he is most anxious is he who has rolled in defilement, and who will publicly bless the hand that came to his rescue.

In what does the powerful remedy which he advocates consist? General Booth has invented a joyful or amusing system of religion; and he flatters himself that the gaiety which he proposes to introduce into philanthropy will have an irresistible effect upon souls. He says:

There is no sanctimonious long face in the Army. We talk freely about Salvation because it is the very light and joy of our existence. We are happy and we wish others to share our joy.

His followers also talk as he does and believe in the magical, supernatural action of his elixir. One of his officers said:

In whatever region of the world we may be, it is impossible for any one to come in contact with our soldiers without being struck by their extraordinary gaiety, and this contagious joy is the principal reason of our success. Judge of the great results which must follow among all the miserable ones who are confided to our care. To all those for whom life holds only bitterness and sorrow the simple sight of happy faces is at once a revelation and an inspiration.

General Booth is persuaded that this contagious joyousness will communicate itself to all the sinners who will avail themselves of his plan to help them and that it will hold them from seeking pleasure or forgetfulness elsewhere. For those occasional incurable cases which he admits may be found, those sluggards who refuse to work, those swindlers who will still yield to the temptation to rob, the vicious who regret their vices, for all who relapse again and again, he demands that they be regarded as demented, incapable of self-government, and that they be treated as criminal lunatics. He proposes that they be shut up for life, declaring that it is a crime against the race to allow those who are so inveterately depraved, the freedom to wander abroad, infect their fellows, prey upon society, and to multiply their kind. But he also demands that they be comfortably provided for, that their prison be made an agreeable, even a charming place. It is his plan that they should have their own little cottages, in their own little gardens, under the blue sky, and, if possible, amid the green fields. He admits that this Acadia of drunkards, of sluggards, of robbers, would be a costly undertaking, but insists that the state could not engage in a more useful work. Alas! while these hardened rogues contemplate the blue sky and care for their tulips and their roses, what sad reflections will poor John Jones make, looking at his blackened, callous hands,—the man who asked only for a chance to work! Will he not come to look in disgust upon his labor and his honest poverty? Will he not be tempted to commit some offense or crime in order that he may share the felicity of these criminal lunatics?

If the Scheme of Mr. Booth has awakened distrust on the part of criticism, it has greatly offended numbers of readers by the voluntary omissions which are closely akin to denials of justice. He has not said one word of all the associations founded for the purpose of solacing or suppressing misery. From his account it would seem that previous to his attempt no one had ever been inquieted or tormented by the lot of the indigent and starving; that no person had ever before thought of going to their help; that he had been the first to discover the black whirlpool of human suffering. Mr. Huxley has said that he writes as if he were the Christopher Columbus of the land of suffering, the Fernando Cortes of darkest England. And the following quotation shows foundation for the claim.

What a satire it is upon our Christianity and our civilization, that the existence of these colonies of heathens and savages in the heart of our capital should attract so little attention! Why all this apparatus of temples and meeting-houses to save men from perdition in a world which is to come, while never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of their present life? Is it not time that forgetting for a moment their wranglings about the infinitely little or infinitely obscure, all should concentrate their energies in a united effort to break this terrible perpetuity of perdition, and to rescue some at least of those for whom they profess to believe their Founder came to die?

Every one knows that if England has great evils to cure, she is one of those countries where charity in all forms has most widely multiplied its efforts and used the utmost perseverance, boldness, and ceaseless endeavor.

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Among all the different establishments which Mr. Booth has already founded or which he intends to found, from the night shelters to the labor bureaus, from the dispensaries to the crèches, from the rescue homes to the industrial schools, there are few which others had not devised before him. For instance, it was not he who first thought of assisting criminals just released from prison by putting them in positions where they might earn an honest living. The Duke of Westminster, president of the Royal Society for assisting liberated convicts, wrote not long since to the *Times*, that this society has to-day sixty-three establishments which are connected with all the prisons of England and Wales; and in London alone fifteen other societies are working for the same object.

Mr. Booth has planned to establish safe shelters for young girls living in the midst of dangerous surroundings. But there already exist in London several associations devoted to their protection. The best known are the Houses of the Princess Louise, the Society for the Assistance of Young Women and Children, and another society whose object is to provide rooms for young women coming from the province to seek work in the capital.

Is there then nothing truly original in his Scheme? "Up to this time," one of his opposers writes, "philanthropic associations have divided the responsibilities and the work they found awaiting them, and each one has devoted itself to some particular phase of labor. Mr. Booth contends that this division enfeebles the work; he claims that his plan will cover the whole field, and aspires to concentrate in his own hands all works of mercy. His only originality is his prodigious ambition."

This is going much too far. I cannot, for example, find that any one before Mr. Booth, ever thought of establishing agricultural colonies destined to diminish, to the profit of the country, the overcrowded population of cities, and also to educate for their work the emigrants who shall go to seek their fortune on some foreign shore. Mr. Booth thinks that the remedy for pauperism lies in emigration, but that put in practice after the manner of to-day, it resembles more a scourge than a cure. He writes:

It is simply criminal to take a multitude of untrained men and women and land them penniless and helpless on the fringe of some new continent. . . . You might as well lay a new-born child naked in the middle of a new-sown field in March and expect it to live and thrive, as expect emigration to produce successful results on the lines which some lay down.

In the agricultural colony of Mr. Booth, future emigrants may acquire skill and knowledge; they may practically learn farming, gardening, trades, the various industries by which later they can earn their living. How will he recruit his pensioners? By a process of selection. He proposes to erect great workshops in which those seeking employment may be engaged and taught to work.

Mr. Booth's colonists will be comfortably housed, well fed, and clothed, but they will receive no regular wages; occasionally a small sum may be given them as an encouragement. They must promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and will be allowed only innocent games. When they shall have ended their apprenticeship and their studies, some will be furnished employment in England; others will embark for the colony over-sea. They will be transported in a ship whose whole crew is to be composed of members of the Salvation Army, and they shall disembark in a land belonging to the same organization. Mr. Booth proposes to have in the future, among his possessions, a whole country governed by his laws.

He has frequently declared that this Scheme of philanthropy recognizes all persons and all beliefs; that his followers shall be recruited indifferently from among the incredulous and those who have accepted Salvationism. But Mr. Booth intends that all his colonies shall be governed exclusively by his officers and according to his rules of discipline.

The Scheme I have to offer consists in the formation of these people into self-helping and self-sustaining communities, each being a kind of co-operative society, or patriarchal family, governed and disciplined on the principles which have already proved so effective in the Salvation Army . . . the only religious body founded in our time that is based upon the principle of voluntary submission to an absolute authority. No one is bound to remain in the Army a day longer than he pleases. While he remains there he is bound by the conditions of the Service. The first condition of that service is implicit, unquestioning obedience.

He himself describes as follows the rigorously autocratic government of this organization:

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We have nearly 10,000 officers under our orders, a number increasing every day, every one of whom has taken service on the express condition that he or she will obey without questioning or gainsaying the orders from Headquarters. . . . A telegram from me will send any of them to the uttermost parts of the earth, will transfer them from the slums of London to San Francisco or despatch them to assist in opening missions in Holland, Zululand, Sweden, or South America.

Up to the present time all the charitable associations of Great Britain have adopted the parliamentary and constitutional forms dear to the nation. All things are decided by a plurality of voices; exact and minute accounts are given of the use of funds; there is free and public discussion regarding all interests. Mr. Booth inaugurates a philanthropic dictatorship. The golden dew which has fallen upon his fleece is a deposit which will be sacred to him, but it is one for which he alone is responsible. The commissary of the Army, Mr. Franz Smith, wished that other guaranties might be secured to contributors. But the General would not consent to modify his plans. He said:

Our principle is not to count noses; on the contrary the only noses which we will consent to count as interested in any way in our institution belong to those who have promised to obey the director. "But after you?" was the response. "For from your own avowal you are sixty-one years of age, and you are not immortal."

After him, his autocratic power will pass to an heir whom, without making known his choice, he has already designated. It has been said that the General of the Salvation Army is more powerful than the Pope, who has not the right to name his successor. It might be added that this singular founder of an order differs from all others in that he has children, to whom he has entrusted the positions of greatest responsibility. A strange institution is this cosmopolitan order which is the fief of a family.

It has been said that Boothism must destroy Salvationism. It is possible, but it must be admitted that to the present time Salvationism has been kept alive by the intelligence, the devotion, the indefatigable activity of Mr. Booth, and of his sons and daughters. Although it may be placing beneficence in the service of proselytism, we sincerely wish for the success of the new undertaking. A member of the Chamber of Commerce, who had sent him £300, declared in a letter to the *Times* that to his personal knowledge, there had been drunkards converted through Salvationism who had ceased to beat their wives and to starve their children; that the methods of the Salvation Army were not to his taste, but that they were pleasing to many, and "we are not all constituted alike."

There are so many evils to cure in this world that it is necessary to accept the best plans that offer themselves under whatever form and by whatever processes they may come. If Mr. Booth without accomplishing the miracles he hopes for, succeeds in solacing some of the misery, the world must pardon in him all it does not like, even his boasting, even his injustice. The Orientals have a proverb which says, Provided that benevolence has large hands and swift feet, it matters little that its countenance may be displeasing; do not look at its face.

STORM-PHENOMENA.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

ONLY sixty years ago the possibility of predicting a storm was generally doubted, and its occasional demonstrations were apt to be explained away as accidental coincidences.

The belief in a certain regularity in the causation of air-currents is, however, not of yesterday, as proved by such expressions as "midsummer calms" and "equinoctial gales," which came into vogue before the beginning of the present century. The latter term, by the way, is appropriate only in a sense not suspected by its originators, who supposed that the March storms would, as a rule, repeat themselves about the end of September. Spring is certainly ushered in by gales which in nine years out of ten keep our Signal Bureau busy from February to April, but the records of that same Bureau have established the fact that in North America and Europe the thirty days from September 15 to the middle of October are, with rare excep-

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tions, the calmest four weeks in the year. A Yankee traveler trying to reach Europe during an interval of the Atlantic gales could, in fact, not do better than to start about the middle of September. But the case would differ if that traveler should have business in Cape Town or Buenos Ayres. In the South Atlantic, September is really a more than usually stormy month; Cape Horn is the mariner's terror from August to October; in short, the worst spring gales of the southern hemisphere come off about the time of our autumnal equinox.

It has also been ascertained that another tide of storm-waves strikes the northeast coasts of our continent about the end of November, and that the violence of the March gales bears an inverse proportion to the severity of the frosts during the preceding winter.

In regard to the direction of prevalent storms a curious fact was incidentally discovered by the naturalist Dove who constructed a self-registering weather-vane on the roof of his little garden house near Königsberg, Germany. Having reduced the scrawls of his apparatus to legible symbols and comparing the results in the form of fanciful geometrical figures, he noticed to his surprise that an arrow pointing to windward and indicating the main changes of a week's air-currents would turn in the same way as the hand of a clock, i. e., invariably from left to right, and never complete an entire circle in the opposite direction. In other words, a south wind, after many small oscillations, will turn to west, that west wind to northwest and finally to north. By way of east and southeast the vane will at last work its way back to south again. Quarter turns, and even half turns, may go in the opposite direction, but a complete circle will invariably have to take the right-about route. In the southern hemisphere that arrangement is reversed, and near the equator there are regions where, barring an interruption by an occasional thunderstorm, steady breezes blow in the same direction the year round. The regularity of those air-currents has been explained as follows: under the influence of vertical sun-rays the air of the tropics rises, thus leaving a vacuum which is filled by a steady surface current from the poles. The rotation of the earth modifies the direction of those currents and the tradewinds of the northern hemisphere blow from northeast to southwest, those of the southern hemisphere from southeast to northwest. But in the Indian Ocean along the south coast of Hindustan and in the labyrinth of the Sunda Islands a remarkable irregularity of the trade-winds proves to what a degree the direction of air-currents is influenced by the trend of highland barriers. Java, Sumatra, and all the other large islands of that vast archipelago are traversed by Alps-like mountain ranges which complicate the storm-phenomena in a way that might distract a meteorologist as system-loving as Aristotle, who is said to have committed suicide in despair at his inability to explain, or even to formulate, the fitful sea-currents of the eastern Mediterranean.

The climatic influence of mountain chains has also a large share in modifying the temperature of our continent. The alleged radical difference in the thermal phenomena of the eastern and western world is not very perceptible southeast of Mobile, Alabama; and a citizen of Key West would have no reason to complain that the climate of his isle differs disagreeably from that of Oriental coast-regions under the same latitude. The winter at Fernandina is quite as mild as that of any Syrian seaport town. But a very perceptible contrast can already be noticed on the west slope of the Alleghenies, and the difference becomes enormous as we approach the region between the Mississippi and the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. In southern Missouri under the parallel of southernmost Spain the winter frosts are as severe as in Norway, fifteen hundred miles north of Gibraltar, and in the valleys of Colorado the mercury sinks to a depth that has never been recorded in any inhabited district of Europe, the plateaus of the northernmost Ural perhaps excepted. That difference is chiefly due to the direction of the Rocky Mountains as contrasted with the main trend of the Alps. A north storm that buries the villas of Lake Constance in snow and ice, is hardly felt on the shores of Lake Como, though the bee-line distance from lake to lake is considerably less than two hundred miles. Along the slope of the Rockies two thousand miles would make much less difference.

On the 12th of November, 1866, the observatories of Southern Europe witnessed a star-shower which at several times of the night resembled a dense fall of snow flakes. Meteors of all sizes shot along the sky in every

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possible direction; but a French astronomer who had photographed the sky from hour to hour proved that if the lines of the descending stars were prolonged backward they would all seem to proceed from a certain point in the constellation Leo. After several years of meteorological observation the British physicist Taylor called attention to quite as remarkable a fact in regard to the tracks of storms that visited Northern Europe in the course of four winters. Some of these tracks formed a semicircle, others only a short segment of a circle, but Professor Taylor showed that if the orbits of the circles thus indicated were completed they would have a common center at a point near the northwestern extremity of the Scandinavian peninsula.

Storms follow the valleys of large rivers and the main lines of mountainous coasts, but on large plains, as on the ocean, they blow, as a rule, from regions of high to regions of low barometer, and with a force proportional to the difference of barometric pressure. Heavy rainfalls in summer often cool off the atmosphere of considerable areas and if they are followed by clearing weather, air-currents from all sides will stream in toward the region where a low temperature has acted as a contracting force. After a heavy thunder-shower clouds may often be seen advancing from three or four points of the compass at once.

Yet with all these data of observation the art of predicting storms has by no means as yet attained the standpoint of a positive science. The best achievements of the signal-bureau are founded on the fact that the spark of the electric telegraph moves faster than the wind, and that consequently a message wired from Boston to Savannah may give timely warning of an approaching north storm, even if that storm should reach the velocity of a hurricane. The predictions of weather-changes are also guided by charts showing the usual direction of storms striking special regions from a given point of the compass; nevertheless the event is always apt to prove the fallacy of the most careful calculations. A straight south gale following the Mississippi from New Orleans to Cairo may suddenly turn to the right and ascend the valley of the Ohio; storms sweeping eastward across the unobstructed plains of the great prairies may be met by a counter-current and stop short hundreds of miles west of their supposed goal.

Once in ten years or so, still more abnormal events baffle the forecasts of our weather-augurs. Hurricanes invade a supposed region of perpetual calms, or polar waves rout the guests of a winter-resort where frozen fluids were known only in the form of ice-cream. About the middle of last January (1891) the city of Fiume on the Adriatic was treated to a meteorological surprise of that sort. A blizzard that would have appalled a Manitoba lumberman swept down from the plateau of the Karst and followed the coast as far as Cape Cabarno where it divided; one offshoot crossing the Adriatic and spreading havoc to the gates of Messina; while the eastern wave rolled down the valley of the Danube and during the next two days turned southern Russia into a vast snow field. On striking the mountains that skirt the north coast of Sicily, the main storm once more turned to the right and chasing every sail to port traversed the Mediterranean to the coast of Spain where the first time in sixty years such cities as Alicante and Cartagena experienced the rigors of an arctic gale.

Where did that gale come from? In its polar form, i. e., coupled with a mercury-freezing temperature, it has not been traced back very far beyond the Carinthian border-hills and may have originated in the highlands of the Styrian Alps. There were snow storms along the Baltic during the preceding week; but they did not exceed the violence of ordinary winter gales and were not observed in the broad plains of the intermediate countries—Prussia and Bohemia.

In Spain that abnormal winter has lingered for weeks, and during the first week of February snow storms silvered the coast hills of Portugal. The westward progress of the tide of low temperature may continue long and far enough to retard the spring of our Atlantic States by several weeks.

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THE HOLLANDERS IN AMERICA.*

BY PROFESSOR CALVIN THOMAS.

Of Michigan University.

ABOUT two years ago I wrote for THE CHAUTAUQUAN a short article devoted to the German contingent of our body politic. The history of German immigration was given in outline and an attempt made to describe both quantitatively and qualitatively the elements thus introduced into our national organism. The paper here presented may be regarded as in a certain sense supplementary to the former one. The Netherlanders are, to be sure, as compared with the Germans, a distinct branch of the Germanic race, having their own separate traditions and their own national character. Still their history is closely interwoven with that of the Germans, their language is very similar to the German (though by no means a dialect of it any more than English is), and the two peoples have long been more or less confounded by popular speech both in England and in the United States. All this being so, it will be not amiss, perhaps, to say a few words before coming to our subject proper, on the ethnical relationship of the Germans and the Hollanders.

The Dutch and the Germans both belong, together with the English and the Frisians, to the Western branch of the Germanic, also often called the Teutonic, race; they are thus more nearly related to each other than is either of them to any of the Scandinavian peoples which together constitute the Northern branch. The modern Hollanders are descended from various Low German tribes, now more or less amalgamated, of which the principal were the Frisians, the Low Saxons, and the Low Franks. Now these were in part the very tribes that conquered Britain and became the progenitors of the English; so that it might seem as if the Dutch of to-day should be more nearly related to ourselves than to the Germans. This, however, is true only in a very restricted and theoretical sense. The reason is that the Low Germans in Britain, being cut off from the continent in their island home, and in time prodigiously affected by the Norman Conquest, passed through a development of their own which was not shared by their kindred across the channel. Again: the dominant race in the Low Countries soon came to be, and remained, the Low Franks, a people who had not migrated extensively to Britain and were a part of the great Frankish nation that in the time of Karl the Great (Charlemagne) ruled not only over all Germany but also over France. Thus the people of the Low Countries came to be closely associated politically with their neighbors to the south. The result of all is that the Dutch of to-day, whether we consider their language or their national character, stand much closer to the Germans than to the English. It is easier for a German than for an Englishman to learn Dutch, but both *have* to learn it before they can speak, understand, or read it intelligently.

And now a word as to the names "German," "Dutch," "High German," "Low German," "High Dutch," "Low Dutch," which with their varying implications have wrought such endless confusion. How is it that the people whom we call "the Germans" have never called themselves by that name but call themselves *die Deutschen*, "the Dutch"? How is it, too, that having the name "Dutch" in our language we have restricted it to the Hollanders, who are in any case but a small part of the "Dutch" people, and who moreover seem now inclined to repudiate the name altogether in favor of "Hollandish" or "Netherlandish"? To see through this confusion we must go a long way back.

The Romans applied the name "Germani"—a word of uncertain but probably Keltic origin—to a mass of tribes whom they found living in Central Europe, north of the Alps and east of the Rhine. By the eighth century of our era the descendants of these tribes had overspread the whole western half of Europe, destroyed the empire, and, mixing more or less completely with populations that had preceded them, had established

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*This article belongs to a series on the various nationalities in the United States begun in Volume VIII. of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Papers have already been published on the Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Welsh, Scotch, Swiss, Italians, Jews, and French.

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everywhere kingdoms of their own. For these various nationalities there was no common collective name. The names "Germanus" and "Teutonicus," when employed by Latin writers, were applied, as a rule if not invariably, to those members of the family who had remained at home in the old "Germania," which extended, let it be remembered, from the Alps to the Northern Seas. The outlying Germanic peoples were called by their various tribal names. But now the Germans of Germany, owing to causes already alluded to, came to have a feeling of kinship, of solidarity, and that in spite of the fact that the different tribes differed greatly in language, institutions, and laws, and were often at war with each other. So it was that the name *Deutsch* was able to win its way in the lapse of time to general acceptance as a collective name for the Germans of Germany. The word is in its origin an adjective meaning "popular" and was first applied to the language of the people in distinction from the Latin of the church. It can be traced back to the tenth century and has been ever since the name, and the only name, by which the inhabitants of the old "Germania" have called themselves collectively. To mark geographical and linguistic differences the adjectives "high" and "low," or "upper," "middle," and "nether" were, as they still are, employed.

Why is it then that in English, while we still make some use popularly of the terms "High Dutch" and "Low Dutch," we have in good usage put "German" in the place of "High Dutch" and given the unqualified name "Dutch" to the Low Dutch or Netherlanders? It came about in this way. During England's struggle with Holland in the seventeenth century for supremacy on the seas she was brought into very close and constant contact with the Low Dutch. Of ten Dutchmen that an Englishman of this period saw or had occasion to talk about, probably nine were Low Dutchmen. Thus it became perfectly natural to leave off any distinctive adjective and let "Dutchman" mean one of *the* troublesome Dutchmen, i. e., a Netherlander. And when this usage had become fixed it no longer seemed quite appropriate to call the Lowlanders "*the* Dutch" and the great people to the south of them, the authors of the Reformation, "the *High* Dutch" as if the latter were a variety of the former. Thus it became convenient to employ the old Roman name "German" instead of "High Dutch" for the speakers of Luther's language, and this practice has become the settled usage of our day.

One further fact of interest in this connection may be noted here. From the time of England's struggle with Holland we inherit also the practice of attaching to the name "Dutch" in certain locations a humorous or disparaging sense. On account of this fact and partly, perhaps, because of the disagreeable vagueness involved in the loose popular misuse of the word, the name has fallen into disfavor among those to whom it is applied. Germans proud to call themselves *Deutsch* at home repudiate the name of "Dutch" in this country. And they have some reason to do so, since, by the established usage of our tongue, the name does not belong to them. But the Hollanders object to it no less, preferring to hear themselves called Hollanders and their language "the Holland." This feeling, however, is rather groundless. The name is an ancient and honorable one and if it has sometimes been abused by national ignorance and prejudice, that is no good reason why any one to whom it rightly belongs should be ashamed of it.

We turn now from these ethnological considerations to see what part the Dutch have played and are playing in the United States. Their history in the western world begins, as is well known, with the settlement of New Netherland, a colony that grew out of the reports sent back to Holland by the navigator Hudson after the memorable voyage of 1609, in which he sailed up the river that now bears his name. The controlling motive of those first Dutch settlements was in part commercial, the chance of trading advantageously with the Indians; in part, however, political, since the government saw here an opportunity of annoying Spain in the New World. Just how numerous the Dutch colony centering at New Amsterdam had become when it passed under English control in 1564 cannot, in the absence of statistics, be told with certainty; but from the fact that it there had a scattered military force of some two hundred men, enough, possibly, to have repulsed the English had their attack been expected, we may infer that a pretty large number of Dutchmen had by that time found their way over the ocean. When New Amsterdam became New York the colony soon lost its attractiveness for adventurous Hol-

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landers and their immigration fell away to insignificant proportions.

Of the Dutch régime in New York, its character, and its legacies to those who came after, I shall not attempt to speak at length here. The impression left by it is confined to a limited area and now for the most part discernible only to the antiquarian. The subject is one, moreover, which has of late been much written upon; it may be left, therefore, with only a passing remark upon the misfortune that so many have derived their first, and not a few also their last, impressions of the Dutch in New York from Irving's so-called "History." Much may be pardoned to a man of such winning character and such honorable distinction in American letters; but the genius of history can hardly pardon him for making *opera bouffe* out of the early history of the Empire State.

Between the end of the seventeenth and the middle of the nineteenth century Dutch immigration to this country was, we may suppose, rather sporadic. Statistics begin with the year 1820. In the decade 1821–1830 the tables indicate the arrival of 1,078 persons from the Netherlands. In the decade 1831–1840, the number was 1,412. In the next ten years the immigration swelled rapidly to 8,251, the increase beginning suddenly, as we shall see, in 1847. For the time from 1850 to 1888 the accessions to our population from the Netherlands are shown in the following table:

1851–1860	10,689
1861–1870	9,539
1871–1880	17,236
1881–1888	43,916

The census of 1890, unfortunately not available for the present study, will probably indicate not far from 100,000 Hollanders resident in the United States. In 1880 the number was 58,090, of whom nearly one-third, or 17,177, were found in Michigan. The other states in which the Dutch were most strongly represented were New York, with 8,399; Wisconsin, 5,698; Illinois, 5,012; Iowa, 4,743; and New Jersey, 4,281. These six states contained fully four-fifths of our entire Dutch population.

If now we consider that of the total 58,090 mentioned above, only 14,293 or about 24% were found in our forty-four largest cities, it becomes apparent that the Hollanders have mainly settled in the rural districts and small towns of the northwestern states. Like the Germans, they have avoided New England and the South and only a few have found their way to the far West. Large numbers of them are engaged in the cities as employees in various manufacturing industries, but the majority are tilling the soil. It was the chance of getting cheap land in abundance where they might continue the farming, stock-raising, and dairy industries familiar to them in their old home, which started the swelling tide of immigration in the fifties; and it is in the humble annals of pioneer farming in the Northwest that the most characteristic chapter of their history as Americans is to be read.

In making the following attempt to present a few interesting pages from this chapter I have been greatly indebted to a work by Mr. D. Versteeg entitled *De Pelgrim-Vaders van het Westen* (The Pilgrim Fathers of the West).

The establishment of the Dutch Reformed Church as the State Church of Holland in 1816, led to a revolt among the clergy not altogether unlike that of the Wesleys in England. There were those who were opposed to any union of church and state and others who complained of the all too liberal and rationalistic tendencies of the orthodox church and preached the need of personal piety. In 1834 seven clergymen left the church and began to preach among the people as itinerant independents. They soon gathered a large number of adherents and the government thought it necessary to counteract them by setting in operation a system of espionage and persecution. The meetings of the dissenters were accordingly forbidden. Their preachers were hunted as felons and their houses searched at pleasure by policemen and soldiers. Nor was it official persecution alone that they were subjected to. The upper classes treated them with contempt and contumely. Employers refused them work or gave it only on condition that they renounce their religious convictions. Thus the dissenters came to occupy the position of social pariahs whom the rabble hooted at in the streets.

With the accession of William II. to the throne of Holland in 1840 the official persecution, but not the social maltreatment, came to an end. Withal the times were hard for the working classes and it was from these that the dissenters had been drawn. Finally the general distress was aggravated by the

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potato-famine and cattle-plague of 1845. It was under these circumstances that the clerical leaders of the dissenters began to look about the world for a new home. They thought first, very naturally, of the Dutch colonies in the East Indies and South Africa, but were able to make no satisfactory arrangement with the government. The next choice was America. In 1845 an association was formed at Arnheim for the purpose of furnishing needy families with the means to emigrate to the United States, and soon public meetings began to be held in the interest of the scheme. The plan met with strong opposition from some quarters, but the leaders were resolute and by 1846 several hundred men and women were ready to emigrate. In trying to decide where in the United States to settle they thought first of Texas and Missouri, but slavery was fatal to their attractions. As between the Northern States some had a preference for the prairies of Iowa, others for the timber-lands of Wisconsin, there was no thought of Michigan.

On the 2nd of October, 1846, the first band of pilgrims set sail by the ship *Southerner* for New York. Their pastor and leader was the Rev. A. C. Van Raalte, who long remained the soul of the colony. His plan was to proceed to Wisconsin and there buy a tract of forest land, to reserve a portion for the communal purposes of church and school and parcel out the remainder to settlers as they could pay for it. In the middle of November the *Southerner* arrived in New York with its freight of Dutch farmers and workingmen all totally ignorant of the English language and of all things American. Before leaving New York, Van Raalte fell in with a countryman who had traveled in the Western States and asked him why he wished to go into an absolute wilderness. Why had he not selected Michigan, which was already developing, had railroads and was near to the market? This question seems to have made an impression.

After lingering awhile in New York the party made their way over the route since taken by myriads of European immigrants seeking homes in the Northwest, to Buffalo and thence by boat to Detroit. Here they were appalled to find that they could not go farther toward Wisconsin by water—navigation had closed for the winter. Van Raalte accordingly found lodgings for himself and family, got his flock temporarily sheltered from the cold in a warehouse, and then set about reviewing the situation. Presently a providential dispensation came to his relief; the captain of the boat who had brought him to Detroit was building a new boat at St. Clair and offered to give the men of the party work there. Thither they accordingly went while the preacher, relieved of pressing solicitude for his flock, staid in Detroit to reconnoiter. Presently his attention was somehow drawn to the region of Black Lake, a bay of Lake Michigan, situated between the mouths of the Grand and the Kalamazoo Rivers. This spot on the shore of an inland sea, might be the very place for his amphibious Dutchmen to create a new Holland. He would go and "spy out the land." Accordingly he crossed the state late in December, 1847, and made his way by hook and crook to the cabin of the Rev. Mr. Smith, a missionary to the Ottawa Indians. Mr. Smith's house was about three miles from the present town of Holland. With the ways of the Michigan land-looker the Dutch preacher was, of course, all unfamiliar; but with the help of Mr. Smith and of friendly Indians, who on their snow-shoes could guide him, and when his legs gave out haul him, through the woods, he began his investigations. He learned the import of those mysterious "blazes" on the trees by the aid of which the experienced land-looker soon solves the darkest topographical enigma presented by the mazy Western forest. He became familiar with our system of townships, ranges, and sections and with the quality of the soil, though he had to dig through two feet of snow to find it. The result of all was, in a word, a settled conviction in his mind that here was the land of promise. On emerging from the woods he took back no figs, pomegranates, or grapes, as did the spies of Joshua, but he had really found a better country (for Dutchmen) than the land of Canaan.

Returning to his family in Detroit, Van Raalte at once wrote to his flock at St. Clair that western Michigan, and not Wisconsin, was to be their destination. Live information was sent to a new band of pilgrims who had crossed the ocean and got as far as Albany. In the middle of February, Van Raalte's chief helper, a man named Grootenhuis, proceeded to the Black Lake Region with four Americans, to make a road into the wilderness and build some cabins for the first

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comers. The new settlement was given the name of Holland, and Holland soon became the objective point of an ever increasing army of pilgrims. Within two years the number of them had passed four thousand. The most remained but a short time in the city, or left their families there only until they could locate homes for themselves in the woods and get a cabin built to begin housekeeping.

But while the colony prospered and has long since converted its wilderness into one of the fairest and thriftiest regions of the state its members had at first to contend with obstacles that almost defeated them. The American pioneer farmer, if only he be born to the woodsman's life, has no need of sympathy from tender-souled city people. His log house is, perhaps, not a thing of beauty, but it is comfortable and, comparatively speaking, healthy. He has at his door an endless supply of fuel of which he does not need to be sparing. Of fresh air and good water he has a plenty. He is handy with ax, hatchet, and gun. He is familiar with the woods and their denizens and feels at home among them. He knows about the climate and what the future has in store for him from season to season. For his work he has tools adapted to their uses and he knows how to handle these tools. He knows something of the diseases to which he and his family are most liable and learns to make provision for them. But of all these things the Dutch pilgrims of whom I write were, of course, entirely ignorant; hence it is not strange that during the first year the colony suffered unspeakable distress such as American pioneers are ordinarily exempt from. They were badly housed, constantly exposed to cold and wet, without food or money to buy it or roads or wagons to transport it. Besides they had settled on low ground where the water was often bad, and the exhalations from the marshes and the newly turned soil were laden with germs of disease. When the warm weather of 1847 came, typhoid fever and its various allies carried off the settlers at a rate so rapid as to bode a speedy end to the entire colony. Tradition remembers a Sunday morning in the summer of 1847 when the faithful Van Raalte, standing on a stump, as his custom was, to declare the Word to his people, and seeing before him but a handful of hearers, because the most were sick in their beds, burst into tears in the midst of his prayer, exclaiming, "Lord, must we then all die?"

But this extreme distress was fortunately of short duration. By the time a second winter and summer had rolled around, the settlers had become a little way-wise and were better able to take care of themselves and of their constantly arriving countrymen. Soon they began to become known to the nearest American settlers and to impress these as a pious, industrious, thrifty, and in every way desirable accession to the population. This reputation they have ever since maintained. From Holland as a nucleus the colony has spread over the adjacent country and into the neighboring cities until there are to-day probably not far from 50,000 Netherlanders in Western Michigan, not counting children born in the state.

A few words must now suffice in the way of general characterization. We have seen that our first Dutch immigrants, from the time when they began to come in considerable numbers, were exiles for conscience' sake. There is a propriety in likening them to the New England Puritans and calling them the "Pilgrim Fathers of the West." But as the sons of the pilgrims have grown more opulent and world-wise, and as their numbers have been continually reinforced by arrivals from the well-to-do and cultivated classes, they have lost much of the simple-minded Puritanism of the earlier days. So it is with the sons of Puritans everywhere. Still in spite of the secularizing forces always so potent in our modern life, it is likely that the Dutch are now more uniformly religious than any other of our Protestant foreign populations. Their virtue is tenacity—a steadfast belief that work will win. They are less versatile, less vivacious, than their German cousins and accordingly more steady-going and conservative in their opinions. They breed fewer radicals and visionaries. They have less of the tendency to abstruseness, and look steadily to the bird in the hand. They assimilate readily to our American ways, though no more so, I think, than the Germans. They are, to conclude, a phlegmatic people, and live to take their time. But give it time, and Dutch phlegm is no contemptible rival of French mercury or American pluck. This is shown by Van Raalte's success in planting his colony in the woods in the dead of winter with two feet of snow on the ground.

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Woman's Council Table.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD OF LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

I WAS glad to see in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February that the question of domestic service had come before the *Council Table*. Women are often ridiculed because they cannot be left alone for any length of time without beginning at once to talk about their servants. But, indeed, who that knows the engrossing cares and responsibilities of a housekeeper can wonder? Are not artists, or literary men, or doctors, or politicians, when they come together, very apt to talk "shop"? And, after all, is not housekeeping the one employment or profession or "shop," for nine-tenths of the women in the world? To say that it should not preoccupy them to the extent which it now does is the veriest truism. But how is this to be prevented? It seems to me that among the contributors to the *Symposium* Olive Thorne Miller threw out a most valuable hint as to the solution which the future will probably give to a problem at present wearing away the lives of but too many women. "The conditions seem indeed to grow harder from day to day," she wrote, "and I believe they will continue to do so, till we are absolutely forced to take the next step, before which we are now hesitating and hanging back,—co-operative housekeeping." Now in England something practical has already been done toward taking the step she suggests.

It is about the English experiments in co-operative housekeeping that I want to speak this month. I am sure they cannot be without value to all Americans who really have the domestic service question at heart.

Whoever comes from the United States to England is struck with the greater perfection of servants in this country. But it does not take very long to discover that to English people themselves this perfection falls very short of traditional standards. There is neither space nor necessity here to explain how this falling-off was brought about. But that it has been and is very keenly felt by English housekeepers, there can be no doubt, and efforts to escape the ever-increasing burden of housekeeping have been made in various directions. The English have never taken kindly to the boarding-house system, which affords a small measure of relief to many of our women. The English lodging house is run on an entirely different principle, and though, when living in one, you escape trouble about servants, all of whom are under the landlady's supervision, you must either do your own marketing and trust to the honesty of people below stairs where your larder is, or else allow the landlady to provide for you and trust to the honesty of her bills. Some of the large apartment houses, like the hideous pile of Queen Anne's Mansions on St. James' Park, or Marlborough Mansions on Victoria Street, or a dozen others in London, and I believe in many American towns, have attempted to solve the problem. There is a common kitchen in the true sense of the word in each, and you can have your meals served either in your own rooms or in the restaurant attached to the house. But here it is the proprietor who profits; the common kitchen yields him a fine percentage, and there is probably no more expensive way of living than in flats run on this principle.

Co operative housekeeping which would be for the economical benefit of the co-operators is the ideal of a society here, called the New Life. They advocate a large degree of communism in domestic matters. As yet they have had neither the members nor the money to carry out their schemes on a large scale. They have only just taken a house in which there will be a common dining and meeting room. But anyway their economical ends are really subservient to their moral and social doctrines, and any community they founded would have to accept their teachings and profess their faith. Their plan of life could as little appeal to the outside world as that of a St. Francis of Assisi or a Hawthorne at Brook Farm.

But fortunately, the demand for co-operative housekeeping on a purely economic basis has made itself so strongly felt, that an attempt to meet it has come from another quarter, and of this I must speak at some

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length, for it is the most interesting experiment which has yet been made. Its originators are Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, architects, who are now busy putting up the necessary buildings for the purpose. They are men whose names are well-known in London, not only as architects, but as the editors and managers of the *Century Guild Hobby-Horse*, a periodical published quarterly, noted for its good printing and, usually, no less good drawings and designs. In their new scheme, they are not in the least influenced by moral or social creeds; their one aim is to devise a manner of life for the average man of average means by which all the luxury of housekeeping will be retained, all its burden thrown off; and, if they succeed in accomplishing this, I am not sure that they will not have done as much for the moral reformation of men and women as any saint of old who worked only for the spiritual regeneration of the world.

Let me explain their experiment. At Chiswick, just beyond Hammersmith, and within half an hour of the city by underground, they have secured six acres of ground, of the necessary proportions. On this, and on four sides of an oblong quadrangle, they are erecting the necessary buildings. At one end is a porter's lodge opening out into the street, at the other what for want of a better name is called the Club House, where are the dining-rooms, kitchen, servants' quarters, library, and single rooms, of which I shall have something to say later on. On each side is a row of houses, which, though outwardly for the sake of symmetry are all of very much the same size, really vary from houses of two and three to houses of ten and twelve rooms. However small or large your family, whether you are single or married, you will find something to suit you. Some of the rooms are in flats for those who prefer to have every thing on the same floor; others are arranged as in the usual two, three, or four story house. And in no way do they differ from the ordinary flat or house except that they are without kitchen, scullery, or servants' rooms.

For these there is no need. A large staff of servants, engaged to do the work of the entire establishment, will be under the direction of a matron. So many, according to the size of your house, will be told off to do your work. They will come at the hour you want in the morning, they will do all that has to be done in the way of making beds, dusting, and cleaning. When their regular day's task is over, a certain number will always be on hand in rooms for the purpose, stationed every here and there in the two rows of houses; if you want any thing, you have but to ring. If your work is not properly done you complain to the matron. All responsibility rests with her. She, and not you, will engage and discharge your maids. A little covered passageway at the back of the houses, connecting them, will be reserved for the use of the servants who therefore need never appear in front with buckets and brooms.

As for kitchens, the large one in the Club House will be all that is required. A good *chef* at a good salary will be secured. In the morning, if you intend to be at home for luncheon and dinner, you will give in your orders. Whenever you are ready for either meal you will go from your own house to the large dining-room by way of a covered arcade, or cloister, that is to run round in front of the houses, so that you may walk there without wrap or bonnet, just as if you were stepping down-stairs in your own house. The dining-room will be divided into separate little compartments or cubicles; you will have your own reserved for you, where you will always be served by your own waiters and where you can have your table set to suit yourself. Your dinner can be as elaborate or simple as you care to make it. In fact, you can be at home, with none of the bother which devolves upon most poor women who, would they have things go smoothly, must oversee their own kitchens and tables. If things go wrong there is a matron whose sole business will be to right them.

If you wish to give a dinner party, there are private rooms which you can engage by bespeaking them in time. If you wish at the last moment to bring a friend home with you, you have but to send word to the head waiter.

Is it necessary for me to point out the enormous saving not only in trouble but in expense, that such a system insures? Co-operation of any kind implies saving. In the very matter of service, a smaller number of servants will be needed than if every separate family had its own special maids. And in the kitchen, does not every careful housekeeping woman know what a tremendous difference it must make when but one fire is

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needed, when meat and groceries can be procured in quantities, when, because of the numbers to consume the supply, there is next to no waste?

There is the same economy, of course, in a hotel kitchen, but, as I have said, there it is the proprietor who profits. In Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne's establishment, after all expenses are paid, if there remains any surplus, it will go to the tenants of the many houses. It will thus be to their advantage to further in every way possible the prosperity of the little community to which they belong economically, though socially they may hold themselves entirely apart from their nearest neighbors. If any enforced intimacy were to enter into such a scheme of life, it would ruin it altogether, no matter how charming might be the people by whom you were surrounded. That the little Chiswick settlement will include no objectionable social elements, Mr. Mackmurdo is determined. Every tenant must be introduced by one of the supporters of the undertaking, and among these supporters are found the names of many of the leading artistic, literary, and professional men and women of London.

There are a few other details which I should not omit to mention. The single rooms in the Club House to which I referred, will be for men who do not care for or cannot afford more than one. Each will be divided into two compartments by folding doors, and the one in which the bed is kept will communicate with the servants' passage, so that if the man living there is a student or is busy about any thing in the other half of his room, he need not be disturbed by the maid coming to make the bed.

There will also be rooms that can be rented by any one who wants a friend to stay with him and has no extra space in his own quarters. The open quadrangle will be devoted to tennis courts and cricket grounds. Swimming baths for men and women will be built in the Club House. There will be play-rooms for children, a gymnasium, a large hall for entertainments, and studios.

A telephone will connect every house with the porter's lodge. When visitors come the porter can find out, without their troubling to go farther, whether the friends they want to see are at home or not. If you go away for any length of time, you have but to shut up your house and leave the key with the porter. He will forward all letters, take charge of all parcels.

But indeed there is not the smallest detail which has not been carefully thought out and provided for. I know of no scheme for co-operative housekeeping that can approach it. There will always be women naturally who will prefer running their own houses, being mistresses of their own servants, and supreme in their own kitchens. But for women who work, who have any professional or business occupation, I can imagine no more delightful way of living. I am not surprised to hear from Mr. Mackmurdo that he is already arranging to erect similar buildings immediately in London and also in a town in the north of England. He is very enthusiastic about his schemes, as well he may be.

HOW I BECAME A ROSE GROWER.

BY MISS S. S. NIVISON, M. D.

ALWAYS very fond of flowers, roses especially, I was enabled in establishing my two sanitariums—Dryden Springs Place, Dryden, near Ithaca, New York, and my winter sanitarium, Summit Grove Place, Hammerton, New Jersey, to indulge my fancy for cultivating roses; and as a physician, I advise every one, not only for the pleasure it gives, but for the therapeutic benefits, to devote some time to such an occupation.

Every one knows that roses require the bright sunlight; if planted in a slightly shaded place even, they never do so well. The soil should be dug to the depth of at least one foot and thoroughly mixed with not less than two inches of fertilizers. At Dryden Springs Place I was not able to plant or set out the roses until the first or middle of June, as the seasons vary, but in Hammerton, in the milder climate of southern Jersey, where invalids and flowers alike rejoice in the balmy temperature of the Gulf Stream, they have been put out much earlier. Pot

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grown plants that have had a partial rest during the winter are the best to set out as they are in condition to take root and grow at once.

In planting, it is only necessary to make a hole a little larger than the ball of earth on the plant. After it is set in make firm the soil well around the roots; otherwise the dry air will shrivel them up, and prevent their development. Plants should never be set out when the ground is wet or soggy, but when it is fairly dry. After planting give the soil a thorough soaking; should the earth around the plant be dry it should be saturated with water a day or so before planting.

The first season of planting, roses should be set about one foot apart each way; the next season it would be better to move half of them and plant in another place. The hybrid class of roses should be pruned back to two or three buds or eyes, each season. This can be done at any period after the leaves drop,—between November and April. Tea roses require less pruning than other varieties. For window boxes in city houses, almost the same rules will apply as for those grown out-of-doors—except a smaller, more delicate rose would be more appropriate; the soil should not be quite so rich, and the heated atmosphere will call for more watering.

Rose houses, those appendages of the rich, coming under the head of scientific gardening, might be taken care of successfully by amateurs, but I have never attempted it. It would require plenty of time, money, and taste to obtain a result at all commensurate with the effort and responsibility involved.

When roses are received from the florist in midwinter they should be placed in boxes or in flower pots of a size suitable for the roots, filled with good rich earth, given a good watering, and placed in a temperature if possible not to exceed fifty degrees at night, although when the sun is shining through the day ten or twenty degrees more will do no harm.

When roses are received from the florist at the planting season, they should be shaded from the sun for a few days after planting, but that applies to all transplanting. The insects and diseases that attack roses are usually the effect of a condition, and not the cause. Troubles of this kind rarely attack healthy or vigorous plants. In the rose kingdom as with humanity, the weakened, sickly varieties are the victims. At Hamerton the climate and soil combined, render my roses entirely free from parasitical enemies. A remedy for the green fly is tobacco dust, sprinkled on the foliage, which is first wetted, that the dust may adhere to it.

At Dryden Springs, where my grounds are extensive, though I have some varieties near the house, the greater portion of my roses are on an island, encircled by a winding lake crossed by a romantic bridge; here the hardier roots of roses flourish. The green rose I was fortunate enough to enjoy for a few seasons. It is very rare at the North and not very common at the South. As those who have seen it know, it is more of a curiosity than any thing else, small, odorless, petals and leaves exquisitely formed, sharply pointed and indented, probably belonging to the same family as the black rose, found in the tropics. White roses I have cultivated successfully. The tea and noisette roses are very good to cultivate for those who are preparing rose jars; they will be found more fragrant than any other. It is said in China they use the dried leaves of this variety to flavor tea—hence the name.

In the larger variety of roses, La France, Jacqueminots, and American Beauty somewhat difficult to cultivate, are very satisfactory.

So elevated is the location of my winter sanitarium, and so tempered the winds from the Atlantic Ocean, twenty-five miles away at Atlantic City, that in driving about in any direction, on seeing this emerald elevation reclaimed after years of experience and labor from the Jersey sands, one is tempted to exclaim, "There is a green hill far away." Here on this terraced lawn bordered by laurel, my roses are a perfect delight early in the spring and summer, their leaves remaining on until very late in the winter. The moss rose flourishes here as nowhere else; the buds are a never-ceasing source of delight.

It is said large quantities of white roses are now cultivated, and, by a chemical process known to science, are colored new and striking tints. This artificial process for roses for decoration, has been found to be cheaper than grafting, as an ordinary white rose can be grown in large quantities.

The rose has always been England's favorite flower, which may account for its not

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being the choice of this country for the national flower—though there was more than sentiment in "The War of the Roses," in mediæval times, when the rose gules was the badge of the Plantagenets, of the house of Lancaster—the rose argent, of that of York. The York rose was sometimes surrounded with the rays of the sun, and termed *rose en soleil.*

There is older authority than this for the prominent part roses have always taken in the realm of flowers, when we consider the attar of roses manufactured from ancient times by the nations of the East.

THE ARTIST MEISSONIER.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

THE great men whose genius has shed a luster over our century are fast passing away. Now Meissonier has gone! He was the head of a school of art almost unique of its kind—a school firmly rooted in realism—in technical skill and devotion to details. These characteristics of the school Meissonier pushed to an extreme, and apparently without any detriment to higher ideals; for his painting yields to no other in clearness of conception and fidelity of execution. It has secured for itself a place in the temple of art where it shines with a light peculiarly its own.

He discovered early wherein his forte lay. His genius required a concentrated light, a light shut in between four walls. The outdoor light scattered in too many directions disturbed him; he therefore gave the preference to interiors, and confined these within narrow limits. "Little pictures, little pictures," he used to say, "but true, exact in every particular." Although he did not wholly restrict himself to this course, and produced a number of historical pieces—battle scenes of the First Empire—which all sold at enormous prices, these were produced only by special efforts; by forcing his genius into situations not akin to it. They testify to the truth above stated. Not that they fall short in any way of his technical skill, his science of grouping, or in reality of portraiture and freedom of action, but that his love of detail outruns his realism. His eager eye to satisfy this love, swallows up distances, and falls back upon moral consciousness to give to objects miles and miles off, their actual appearance. Thus, while the beholder cannot help admiring the perfection of the figures, the truthfulness of their pose and real military look, his attention which should be absorbed in the life of the *ensemble*, is scattered through the exquisiteness of its details—the individuality of buttons, epaulets, spurs, scabbards, etc. It is but natural, that in the tumult and confusion of a battle-field and its supposed distances, the individual details be lost, or at most indicated. Yet such was the fame and recognized merit of the master, that criticism of any kind scarcely affected his popularity. His great picture called "1814," to which such remarks as the above were especially applicable, sold for 180,000 francs.

Yet money-making was not Meissonier's end in life. Though prodigal in the extreme, and finding use for all the money he could make by his art, he was nevertheless superbly indifferent to mere gain. His artist conscience was tyrannic to excess. While he would ask some enormous sum for the smallest of pictures, maintaining that no money could pay for its worth, he would, on the other hand, ruthlessly destroy a similar one, judged by him defective in some particular which no one but him could discern. Such suicidal acts of justice may in some sense be praiseworthy; but surely, man is not always the best judge of his acts; he sometimes builds, writes, and also paints better than he knows.

Naturally inclined toward brilliant ornamentation, he had need to seek most of his subjects among the southern nations, especially in Spain and Italy, and in the Middle Ages. In modern life there was only the military that presented sufficiently alluring effects to his genius, and he did not neglect the chances it offered. The French soldiery was very fond of him. Often, on parade days, when the eminent artist came to witness their manœuvers, the generals and officers made them perform certain evolutions particularly effective in an art sense. The troops understood his comradeship in glory.

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But it is, as we have already stated, in interiors that Meissonier shows complete. His creativeness reveals itself in the characters he puts upon the scene: they are not only alive, they feel. Moreover, whatsoever accouterment he decides upon for the individual he is about to depict, it fits. Whatever the nationality, it is expressed, not only physically but morally also. There is absolute harmony between the wearer and his costume; and his *bravi* and hunters and barmaids and card-players, have each a story of life to tell.

Meissonier was born at Lyons in France, February 21, 1811. Like most great painters he had to make his own way in the world. His father was a grocer, and had but little sympathy with the early aspirations of his son to an artist's career. But little Meissonier knew he could draw and persisted in drawing; and finally pervailed over his parent's disinclination to pay for drawing-lessons. A small sum was allowed him for first experiments, and he made the most of it, soon eking out the meager funds by supplying illustrated papers with his sketches. At twenty-three he exhibited his first great picture, "*Visite chez le Bourgmestre*," at the Salon. Its success laid the corner-stone to his fame, and was soon followed by a series of small pictures—little masterpieces—which at once fixed his place in the world of art. Gradually came the various distinctions conferred upon him at each of the Universal Expositions of 1855, 1867, 1878, 1889, medals of honor, and the Great Cross of the Legion of Honor; in short, the career of the grocer's son, from beginning to end, proved not only a success, but a series of successes.

He bequeathed to his country two pet pictures which he would never consent to sell, and which he considered his masterpieces: the "*Attente*," representing a man in shirt sleeves standing by a window, and whose face, expressive of eager expectation, testifies to the value the master attached to it; the other, the "*Graveur à l' Eau-Forte*," represents an engraver at work and in the midst of his tools and workshop.

Personally there was nothing imposing about him, except, perhaps, toward the last, when his superb snow-white beard grew to a size to half cover him, for he was very short in stature. He had a finely shaped head, indicative of both energy and power, and walked erect as if conscious of his superiority. Age and disease glided over him without touching him, for he retained to the last his health and vigor of mind, his death being occasioned by the consequences of a sudden cold. He was eighty when he died last February 2.

Meissonier's obsequies took place at the Madeleine where the literary, artistic and political world of Paris had gathered to render its great painter the last honors. These were expressed in a few words by Mr. Puvis de Chavannes. Striking, at this solemn moment, was the moral contrast presented by these two distinguished men—the dead and the living—the one passionately devoted through all his life to objective truth, the other to the poetry latent in abstract truth.

Immediately after the religious ceremonies, the coffin was placed in a hearse and conveyed to Poissy, the family's country residence. There, once more surrounded by his relatives and friends, and the clergy of the little town, the last remains of the great painter were consigned to their final place of rest—the family vault.

SHALL WOMEN WORK FOR PAY?

BY MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY.

EVERY conscientious young woman, raised by circumstances above the immediate necessity of earning bread for herself and her family, is met at the threshold of life by terrible questions in regard to the employment of her time and faculties. The sense of responsibility is awakened by religious influences, but is seldom wisely guided by the teachings she receives, and she feels that she is a pauper if she lives upon the fruit of others' lives and does not give back to the world the cost of her lodging, food, and raiment. It makes no difference to her sense of duty, whether she inherits millions, or is supported by a rich father, or by grudging relatives who keep her from the poorhouse to save their own pride; she is equally a dependent if she does not restore to society more than she takes from it, if she does

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not in some shape "earn her daily bread."

Yet she is hampered at every step in her efforts to carry out any industrial plans. Shall she, like Tolstoï, flee from civilization and devote herself to shoemaking, which the prison convict can do better, or shall she leave home and friends and immure herself in a sisterhood devoted to charity? Shall she abandon the advantages of her situation, or how shall she learn to use them?

Conscience interferes with another claim. Educated in the ideas of the church and partaking of the common feeling of society toward women, the affections are made the paramount rulers of life, and she feels that she is committing the greatest sin if she takes her own path, in fancied disregard of the claims of others on her thought, affection, and society.

It is constantly urged, "Is it not enough for a woman to make home beautiful and attractive?" That home may need her very little, father and mother may be well able to care for it, brother and sisters have no pressing need of her services, yet she is bound to them by subtle links of affection and habit, and the fraction of herself that she can employ in their service, represents an important duty which she must not forsake for any thing but matrimony.

Many a woman tries to satisfy herself with this modicum of life, devoting herself in a small way to charitable work, to petty services for her friends, assisting them in their shopping, in arranging their Christmas trees, soothing the invalid with her pleasant reading, carrying flowers to the sad, and patiently playing games to amuse the poor paralytic, or cheering the tired father with the old song he loves. We cannot deny the sweetness and beauty of such ministry; it is like oil to the machinery of life, and there are those to whom circumstances make it an imperative duty, which like all duty nobly fulfilled, brings a rich fruition in life. But more often life is frittered away in such dilettante service, which is helpful neither to the one who receives, nor to her who gives it, and which is not sufficient to give scope to the mind, firmness to the nerves, strength to the muscles, rigor to the will, and vitality to the whole nature.

Many a young woman is broken down by the suffering for which physicians have found the expressive name of "nervous prostration," because her springs of life are not called into action. She thinks she is tired, when she is really starved of the bread of life, and flabby for the want of healthy effort and struggle. Some years ago a young woman of competent means finding life quite unsatisfactory, took the only resource then fairly open to rich and well-behaved girls, and became an invalid. She had the usual symptoms of ill-health and went to a fashionable sanitarium. While there, a wise friend said to her, "You are not sick, you only want something to do." "Tell me what to do and I will do it," replied the spirited girl. "Go home and open a school for little children. I will secure you four pupils to begin with." The girl took the advice and opened her school. Friends looked upon this step as madness, and one relative, a physician, said she ought to be put in an insane asylum! But wiser friends encouraged her and no more was heard of invalidism. When she became the mother of a large family, and an active promoter of all good work, she felt the blessing of this responsible service, and her daughters profited by her experience.

A great deal has been gained since that day and women have learned to look upon work as honorable. The same enervating influences formerly affected the lives of members of aristocratic families in other countries. Useful work was denied to the younger sons and the army was almost the only resource for a life of activity. The old English novel becomes absurd to the healthy intelligence of an American, who cannot conceive why the hero should be miserable over the necessity of marrying a fortune, when he has nothing to do but to go to work and earn one, and marry the girl he loves.

The tyranny of caste which once condemned young men of rank to idleness, and led many times to dissipation and vice, matches the tyranny of sex which has kept women from varied employments, and driven them to unlovely matrimony or aimless living without definite purpose or adequate result. Woe to her who accepted this as the only attainable condition, who did not struggle against the bars and strive to be free.

I once saw a female deer kept as a pet in a country place. She was very fair to look upon, in her narrow pen where fresh boughs were brought her. Day after day she looked out upon the passers-by with her sad, beautiful eyes, and they gave her a pleasant word, praising her beauty and stroking her

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soft skin. Oh! how I longed to take down the bars, and let the beautiful creature bound away to the woods which she could see skirting the horizon, from her prison-house. How delightful to her would be the perils of the chase, the run from the hounds, the doubling on her tracks, the turning on the hunters to defend her young with her own life.

I was sad for the poor deer, but I have been sadder still for the hundreds of women who want nothing, and therefore have nothing, for we have only what we struggle for and make our own.

It is of a higher type of women that I would speak however, women who are not wholly subdued to their surroundings, but are seeking to develop their natures, and who know that it must be done by work. Such are confronted by a new snare for their consciences, being told that they may work, but it must be unpaid work. It is becoming to work for charity, to paint for fairs, or act at entertainments for hospitals, but it is taking the bread out of poor women's mouths to work for money.

This is a very subtle and dangerous fallacy, which it is difficult to unmask and which bewilders many honest minds and excites to madness unbalanced ones. It is this error which led to the abolition of work in the New York prisons, and threatened to destroy that most blessed provision of useful labor for the prisoner, which has done more to ameliorate the convict's condition and raise him to the stature of a man, than all the charity and instruction that could be poured upon him.

What an absurdity to suppose that good, honest, useful work can be an injury to the community! As if work were a fixed quantity, which was to be divided among those craving it, and could not be increased in any direction! Work is, like Love, a living, generative force, and the more of it that is done, the more there is to do, the more and the better, for with every supply of a want, a new and higher want is created, and work is called in to supply the new need.

Has the world yet all that it wants even of the common comforts of life? Houses and roads and carriages and clothing and food and books and pictures, are they too abundant and too good? He who works well is constantly raising the quality or increasing the abundance of these articles.

Let the convict make the wooden chairs needed everywhere, and teach your free workman to make you cushioned sofas, easy for the limbs and beautiful to the eye, until they are so cheap that there may be one for every weary woman. If the woman prisoner makes the rough shirts which the workman needs, employ the free woman to sew the soft, fair garments fit for the Sunday clothing of men and women.

We must use labor to supply the needs of the laborer.

This is clear enough looked at largely, that where all work and exchange products, all are richer, and the result is increased benefit for all; but in the application to individual life, many moral and economic considerations come to complicate the problem, especially when it is considered as represented by money.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WILES OF A WARBLER.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Hark to that petulant chirp! What ails the warbler?
Mark his capricious ways to draw the eye.

WE called him the blue, but that was not his whole name by any means. Fancy a scientist with a new bird to label, contenting himself with one word! His whole name is—or was till lately—black-throated blue-backed warbler, or *Dendroeca coerulescens*, and that being fairly set down for future reference for whom it may concern, I shall call him henceforth, as we did in the woods, the blue.

For a day or two at first he was to us, like many another of his size, only a "wandering voice." But it was an enticing voice, a sweet-toned succession of *z–z–z* in ascending scale, and it was so persistent that when we really made the attempt, we had no trouble in getting sight of the little beauty hardly big-

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Woman's Council Table.

ger than one's thumb. He was a wary little sprite, and though he looked down upon us as we turned opera-glasses toward him—a battery that puts some birds into a panic—he was not alarmed. He probably made up his mind then and there, that it should be his special business to keep us away from his nest, for really that seemed to be his occupation. No sooner did we set foot in the woods than his sweet song attracted us. We followed it, and he, carelessly as it seemed, but surely, led us on around and around, always in a circle without end.

My fellow-bird-student became fairly bewitched, and could not rest till she found his nest. For my part I gave up the warbler family long ago, as too small, too uneasy, too fond of tree tops, to waste time and patience over. In these her native woods, my comrade led in our walks, and the moment we heard his tantalizing *z-z-z* she turned irresistibly toward it. I followed, of course, happy to be anywhere under these trees.

One morning she tracked him inch by inch till she was fortunate enough to trace him to a wild corner in the woods given up to a tangle of fallen trees, saplings, and other growth. She went home happy, sure she was on the trail. The next day we turned our steps to that quarter and penetrated the jungle till we reached a moderately clear spot facing an impenetrable mass of low saplings. There we took our places, to wait with what patience we might for the blue.

Our lucky star was in the ascendant that day, for we had not been there three minutes before a small, inconspicuous bird dropped into the bushes a few feet from us. My friend's eye followed her, and in a second fell upon the nest the little creature was lining, in a low maple about two feet from the ground.

But who was she? For it is one of the difficulties about nests, that the brightly-colored male whom one knows so well, is very sure not to show himself in the neighborhood, and his spouse is certain to look just like everybody else. However there is always some mark by which we may know, and as soon as the watcher secured a good look she announced in an excited whisper, "We have it! a female blue, building."

So it proved to be, and we planted our seats against trees for backs, and arranged ourselves to stay. The dog seeing this preparation, and recognizing it as somewhat permanant, with a heavy sigh laid himself out full length, and composed himself to sleep.

The work over that nest was one of the prettiest bits of bird-life I ever watched. Never was a scrap of a warbler, a mere pinch of feathers, so perfectly delighted with anything as she with that dear little homestead of hers. It was pretty; it looked outside like the dainty hanging cradle of a vireo, but instead of being suspended from a horizontal forked twig, it was held in an upright fork made by four twigs of the sapling.

The little creature's body seemed too small to hold her joy; she simply could not bring her mind to leave it. She rushed off a short distance and brought some infinitesimal atom of something not visible to our coarse sight, but very important in hers. This she arranged carefully, then slipped into the nest and molded it into place by pressing her breast against it and turning around.

Thus she worked for some time, and then seemed to feel that her task was over, at least for the moment. Yet she could not tear herself away. She flew six inches away, then instantly came back and got into the nest, trying it this way and that. Then she ran up a stem, and in a moment down again, trying that nest in a new way, from a fresh point of view. This performance went on a long time, and we found it as impossible to leave as she did; we were as completely charmed with her ingenuous and bewitching manners as she was with her new home.

Well indeed was it that we stayed that morning and enriched ourselves with the beautiful picture of bird ways, for like many another fair promise of the summer it came to naught.

We had not startled her, she had not observed us at all, nor been in the least degree hindered in her work by our silent presence, twenty feet away and half hidden by her leafy screen. But the next day she was not there. After we had waited half an hour, my friend could no longer resist a siren voice that had lured us for days (and was never traced home, by the way). I offered to wait for the little blue while she sought her charmer.

We were near the edge of the woods, and she was obliged to pass through part of a pasture where sheep were kept. Her one terror about her big dog, was that he should take to making himself disagreeable among sheep, when she knew his days would be numbered, so she told him to stay with me. He had risen when she started, and he looked a lit-

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tle dubious, but sat down again, and she went away.

He watched her so long as she could be seen and then turned to me for comfort. He came close and laid his big head on my lap to be petted. I patted his head and praised him a while, and then wished to be relieved. But flattery was sweet to his ears, and the touch of a hand to his brow,—he declined to be put away; on the contrary he demanded constant repetition of the agreeable sensations. If I stopped, he laid his heavy head across my arm, in a way most uncomfortable to one not accustomed to dogs. These methods not availing, he sat up close beside me, when he came nearly to my shoulder and leaned heavily against me, his head resting against my arm in a most sentimental attitude.

At last finding that I would not be coaxed or forced into devoting myself wholly to his entertainment, he rose with dignity, and walked off in the direction his mistress had gone, paying no more attention to my commands or my coaxings than if I did not exist. If I would not do what he wished, and pay the price of his society, he would not do what I asked. I was, therefore, left alone.

I was perfectly quiet. My dress was a dull woods tint, carefully selected to be inconspicuous, and I was motionless. No little dame appeared, but I soon became aware of the pleasing sound of the blue himself. It drew nearer, and suddenly ceased. Cautiously, without moving, I looked up. My eyes fell upon the little beauty peering down upon me. I scarcely breathed while he came nearer, at last directly over my head, silent, and plainly studying me. I shall always think his conclusion was unfavorable, that he decided I was dangerous, and I, who never lay a finger on an egg or a nest in use, had to suffer for the depredations of the race to which I belong. The pretty nest so doted upon by its little builder, was never occupied, and the winsome song of the warbler came from another part of the wood.

We found him, indeed, so often near this particular place, a worse tangle—if possible—than the other, that we suspected they had set up their household gods here. Many times did my friend and her dog work their way through it, while I waited outside, and considered the admirable tactics of the wary warbler. The search was without result.

Weeks passed, but though other birds interested us and filled our days with pleasure, my comrade never ceased longing to find the elusive nest of that blue warbler, and our revenge came at last. Nests may be deserted, little brown spouses may be hidden under green leaves, homesteads may be so cunningly placed that one cannot find them, but baby birds cannot be concealed. They will speak for themselves; they will get out of the nest before they can fly; they will scramble about, careless of being seen; and such is the devotion of parents that they must and will follow all these vagaries, and thus give their precious secret to whoever has eyes to see.

One day I came alone into the woods, and as I reached a certain place, sauntering along in perfect silence, I evidently surprised somebody for I was saluted by low "smacks" and I caught glimpses of two birds who dived into the jewel-weed and disappeared. A moment later I saw the blue take flight a little farther off, and soon his song burst out, calm and sweet as though he had never been surprised in his life.

I walked slowly on up the road, for this was one of the most enchanting spots in the woods, to birds as well as to bird-lovers. Here the cuckoo hid her brood till they could fly. In this retired corner the tawny thrush built her nest, and the hermit filled its aisles with music, while on the trespass notices hung here, the yellow-bellied woodpecker drummed and signaled. It was filled with interest and with pleasant memories, and I lingered here for some time.

Then as the road lead me still farther away, I turned back. Coming quietly, again I surprised the blue family and was greeted in the same manner as before. They had slipped back in silence during my absence, and the young blues were, doubtless, at that moment running about under the weeds.

Thus we found our warbler, the head of a family, hard at work as any sparrow, feeding a beloved, but somewhat scraggy-looking, youngster, the feeble likeness of himself. There too we found the little brown mamma—the same, as we suppose—whose nest building we had watched with so much interest. She also had a youngster under her charge. But how was this! a brown baby clad like herself! Could it be that the sons and daughters of this warbler family outrage all precedent by wearing their grown-up dress in the cradle? We consulted the authorities and found our conclusion was correct.

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Henceforth we watched with greater interest than before. Every day that we came into the woods we saw the little party of four, always near together, scrambling about under the saplings or among the jewel-weed, or running over the tangled branches of a fallen tree, the two younger calling in sharp little voices for food, and the elders bustling about on low trees to find it.

We soon noticed that there was favoritism in the family. Papa fed only the little man, while mamma fed the little maid, though she too, sometimes stuffed a morsel into the mouth of her son. Let us hope that by this arrangement both babies are equally fed, and not, as is often the case, the most greedy secures the greatest amount.

We had now reached the last of July, and the woods were full of new voices, not alone the peeps or chirps of birdlings impatient for food. There were baffling rustles of leaves in the tree tops, rebounds of twigs as some small form left them, flits of strange colored wings,—migration had begun. Now, if the bird-student wishes not to go mad with problems she cannot solve, she will be wise to fold her camp-stool and return to the haunts of the squawking English sparrow and the tireless canary, the loud-voiced parrot and the sleep-destroying mocking-bird. I did.

THE CONSERVATISM OF GERMAN WOMEN.

BY FRAÜLEIN H. BUZELLO-STÜRMER.

Translated from the "Frauenberuf" for "The Chautauquan."

THE character of woman in general is conservative, but the German woman's is most conservative.

This conservative character embraces truth and constancy but also stubbornness and aversion to any change.

The German woman opposes woman's emancipation from principle. She does not know why the question has arisen and she does not care to know. It is a peculiar phenomenon that Germany, said to lead the world, shows no interest in the woman question, which has become one of the burning topics of civilized nations. The opinion that the unjust position of woman is inconsistent with human dignity and foolish in its consequences, has permeated continually broadening strata, so that more or less, in the United States, in England, France, Denmark, Sweden, India, Australia, woman is granted a right to every thing for which she shows ability.

And Germany?—Can this be woman's El Dorado? Is every woman here cherished in the home of a loving husband, a guardian father, or fond relative? It seems not, since some of them beg bread or fill madhouses. No well-intentioned thinking men appear in behalf of these victims of ingratitude and indifference as has happened in neighboring states within the last ten years; and it is owing to the German woman's lack of interest for her own affairs.

If it were only the women not in active life who showed no interest in the great question of their race, ignorance might serve as an excuse; but it is incomprehensible that also independent and self-dependent women should neglect it. However if the German woman's indifference is national, it must in some way be confirmed in her character.

In determining the character of a people it will aid to notice the situation of its land as well as the events which have taken place in its development. Germany has been called the heart of Europe, because of its central location. Compare it with China, the middle kingdom of Asia. To the superficial observer these two mid-kingdoms may seem to possess several resemblances. "The pig-tailed Chinese and we!"

Both kingdoms are inclined to extremes in their continental climate and in the disposition of their inhabitants. The Chinese is the most practical, the most material of all peoples, the German the most ideal, a people of dreamers! And the most ideal of all peoples has three things in common with the most material: first, its distribution over the whole earth; second, its invulnerability to any passing advantages; third, the pride that it is worthy of imitation by its successors and needs no change.

The Chinese women, too, are renowned house-wives, but, quite in contrast to German women, they have an influence in public life—such, perhaps, as women in no other land have; the Chinese considers his mother

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a most judicious being, without whose advice nothing can be done. On the most weighty affairs of state the emperor of China confers with his mother, and with his decision announces her ratification of it. In China, so long as a man's mother lives, even if he is gray himself, he must advise with her if he wishes to be respected.

Backwardness, modesty, and delicacy are charming and prominent traits of the German woman; but these charming qualities have also their reverse side as we see.

Of all things the foundation of character is hardest to change; but steadfast will and insight can conquer custom and prejudice. If the German woman would but interest herself in the woman question, the result of her study would be a change of opinion.

The German woman is the housewife *par excellence.* There is no place more cheery and pleasant than her home. But in her care for her home she forgets her relation to the wider circle of humanity. Exclusive activity in one thing makes her one-sided. The English woman's home also is praiseworthy yet she always has time to engage in politics and religion; the French woman's salon is celebrated, and she shines in literature; everywhere else woman is showing active interest in public affairs; but in Germany she fondly imagines that she can be truly womanly only by enduring all the arrangements of life made by men, so she renounces all independence.

But it may be said that woman's influence is much greater than appearances indicate. That is an open secret. On an average, however, her influence only serves as a hindrance; for so long as she has no share in the management of the state, she will not comprehend its greatness, and into her narrow circle she will drag her husband, who cannot escape her influence. Thus every sin of omission is avenged. It suggests two horses in harness, before one of which a barrier is placed while the other pulls forward; both remain on the same spot.

The German woman's passive nature, her fear of publicity, her objection to all independent employments for woman, little fit her to take the initiative; but her perseverance, firmness, and patience, especially fit her to carry out an idea when received. This peculiarity is a national trait. The idea of the Reformation came from Italy and France to Germany where alone it gained that reforming character by which it finally affected the entire people and became invested with new centrifugal power. France is the home of the Revolution; but the ideas which, enacted, brought it about were first elaborated in Germany.

So some time the woman question will find its best solution in Germany. But before that time the German woman must have conquered her horror of woman's independence, and must no longer consider fear, indecision, and ignorance womanly virtues. In Germany there has been no Jean d'Arc, no Queen Elizabeth, no Katharine Second, but there is a long list of important women. Their lives, however, have not been accorded due honor, they are not talked of, and when on account of unusually prominent position or some rare and able achievement they can be ignored no longer, they are praised preferably for housewifely or motherly qualities, as Maria Theresa, or for great piety, as Annette Droste-Hülshoff, but far less for those qualities by which they have come into the world's notice. After the emancipation of the Jews the Germans began to realize the great influence of certain women. But these women were Jews,—Henrietta Herz, Rahel Levin, Dorothea Mendelssohn, and others. Oriental blood flowed in their veins. All of Germany's suggestions come from somewhere else. German women never take the first step in any thing; in their history they have no advocates of public advance, they have in their culture no patterns of independent actions. Saint Elizabeth, Queen Louise, were great in patience and endurance. The German poets' ideal women are the pale Louise, the industrious, housewifely Dorothea, the deceived and frantic Gretchen; if they seek models of energetic women they must look for them in other lands; in Germany there are none.

It is not to be expected that the foundations of character which have been gathering strength for centuries will change suddenly; neither is it to be expected that German women will burst forth at once into the full fire and flame of woman's emancipation. But she is expected to remove the evils which lie plainly before her eyes; since the removal of evils in the condition and position of woman's race is possible only through the emancipation, the cultured German woman is expected to exercise her insight, that insight which always precedes duty and which will always lead her to action.

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THE HOME OF FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

IT has been several years since I have rested in pretty "Rest Cottage" at Evanston, just out of Chicago. Then it was a neat Gothic house with great elms in front; very cheery, very quiet, and attractive.

I had met Miss Willard at the Chicago W. C. T. U. and liked her from the first, so frank, so unostentatious, so well-bred, so cultured. Invited to her home, I saw the noble and dignified mother, enjoyed the bright talk of mother and daughter and other friends, and carried away pleasant recollections of a happy home. And what has happened since then? The warm-hearted school-teacher—just before this she had been the Dean of the Woman's College at Evanston—has become the leader of a great temperance work in this country and throughout the world. And nobody knows where it will end.

When the noble Lord Shaftesbury, after twenty and more years of work for the factory children, exposing the cruelties of child labor in dark mines and in over-heated rooms, till the people of England were weary of hearing of suffering and early death from starvation and toil, was asked, "Where will you stop?" he always answered, "Nowhere, so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed." And Frances Willard makes the same answer to-day.

The liquor dealers are weary with this interference with their business—a business which makes men slaves, and women and children paupers. Society sometimes is weary with this agitation which is having its influence on the social customs of the day. Legislators are some of them very weary that women should bother them about these questions of morality. But the work stops "nowhere, so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed."

The present line of temperance work began in a little town in Ohio, where a God-fearing woman went to a saloon to pray. It crystallized into form when a small band of women at Chautauqua united to help free the country from the thraldom of liquor. It has grown to be the largest organization of women in the world, with branches in almost every country.

It sends out each year many million pages of literature. It has an organized band of lecturers in two hemispheres. It builds a Woman's Temperance Temple at Chicago at a cost of over $1,100,000, which incloses 2,500,000 feet of space. It rears also in Chicago a Temperance Hospital like that in London, where both sexes and all classes can be treated without the use of alcohol. It works in Sunday-schools, in day-schools, before legislators, in churches, everywhere.

What will come of it? I am reminded of the work done by the seven men of Manchester, England. In the midst of poor harvests and the curse of heavy taxes, they met in an upper room—the great matters of this world are usually begun in an upper room—and drew a red curtain across the apartment that they might not be discouraged by their own feebleness, and that the outside world might not see how few they were.

Soon John Bright, young, eloquent, and in earnest, joined the little band. He and Richard Cobden raised money, scattered millions of tracts, spoke night and day in open fields, in dingy school-houses, and later in crowded theaters.

Members of Parliament laughed and said, "You might as well attempt to overturn the monarchy as to attempt the repeal of the Corn Laws," but Bright and Cobden still worked on.

Great crowds of people at last marched through the streets carrying banners with the words, "No Corn Laws." People were dying with hunger. They are dying to-day through drink. The crowds that came to hear the orators began to number one hundred thousand, and then one hundred and fifty thousand.

Robert Peel, Prime Minister, had been elected in 1841 to sustain the Corn Laws. The voice of the people became too loud to be ignored. In 1846 he moved for the repeal, and the seven Manchester men had won Free Trade for England.

History is being repeated. The little band of women at Chautauqua—I doubt if they were so many as seven—has grown to an almost fabulous number. W. C. T. U.'s are numbered by the thousands upon thousands.

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The best of it all is, they are made up of home-centers, and we all know the power of woman, with those whom she loves.

Miss Willard has shown herself the John Bright of the cause. She is eloquent, honest, and has a single purpose to which she has devoted her life,—the downfall of the liquor traffic, and the uplifting of woman.

In all the great conventions, in her outlook over the world, she never forgets to plead for every college to be open to woman, nor to rejoice in the successes of such women as Miss Fawcett at Cambridge in the Old World, or Miss Helen Reed at Cambridge in the New. Fortunately men are with Miss Willard in this desire for woman's broader education. The money for Vassar College was given by a man. Wellesley College will always be a monument to the generosity of Mr. Durant. Smith College, while the gift of a woman, was made at the request of a minister whom Miss Smith trusted and honored. It is superfluous to predict that educated women will be a power in this country, and in England as well.

Miss Willard has urged women to be interested in the labor question, in all that touches the poverty and sin of humanity. How can they help but be interested? She deprecates the extravagance of many. "There are marriage feasts," she said in her last address before the seventeenth annual convention at Atlanta, Georgia, "brilliant with orchids, each spray of which cost more than could be earned in a twelvemonth by the white-faced woman who at starvation wages made the garments of the bride, and the service of silver and gold that gleams on the festal board cost more than two hundred families in hovels of that same city spend in a year. . . . As Christians we ought steadily to proclaim that the golden-rod of capital must blossom into a national flower that shall glorify the common roadside of the common people's life. Capital has learned the value of combination. Labor must learn it too, and the greatest number's good must be the Christian's motto in this fight."

During the first ten years of Miss Willard's temperance work, she traveled from fifteen to twenty thousand miles a year, averaging one meeting a day through the earlier period. In one year alone, 1883, she visited thirty-eight states and nine territories, organizing Woman's Temperance Unions in each.

She now spends much of her time at "Rest Cottage"—the term seems scarcely appropriate. The cottage has been transformed of late. The first three thousand dollars' royalty from "Glimpses of Fifty Years" Miss Willard gave to the National W. C. T. U. They would not accept it, and it has just been used in beautifying the old home where the mother and daughter have lived for twenty-five years.

The temperance women, with a thousand dollars, have built a "Den" for Miss Willard, where with scores of photographs on the walls, and other pictures, and books and papers, too many to number, she does her daily work. A "spinning jenny" a century old, and some old-fashioned andirons are especially prized. She says, "My rising hour has long been from seven to half-past (I wish it were earlier), and retiring anywhere from half-past seven to half-past nine; but when traveling, it has been about ten. I regard that hour as the dead-line of recuperation, vigor, and sustained mental activity. Eight hours of writing and study, all of them between breakfast and tea, has been my rule. After the evening meal at six o'clock I will not work—lecturing, of course, excepted. I expect, as a rule, to sit at my desk from 8:30 or 9:00 a. m. until 6:00 p. m. daily, with a half-hour's interval from 12:30 to 1:00 o'clock, with the exception of an outing of about half an hour. I never touch the pen after tea, and ten o'clock finds our house dark as a pocket, silent as a tomb, and restful as a cradle. To this single fact more than all others, excepting fortunate inheritance, I attribute my life-long good health and cheery spirits."

Upon the wall of Miss Willard's study hangs this line from Dante:

> For who honors most, him loss of time most grieves.

And yet with her kind heart, receiving some twenty thousand letters a year, a friend says of her, "Every letter is answered, and courteously. When remonstrated with on account of the strength and time it takes, she replies, 'I like to have them write to me. I want to get at the temperance work in every possible way, and at the hearts of the people. Perhaps it cheers some poor soul to write to me and get a reply. Let us comfort one another all we can.'"

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In the office at "Rest Cottage" there are three or four secretaries busy at work with typewriters. Miss Anna Gordon, her private secretary for fifteen years, able and lovable, has an office, rich in color and perfect in taste.

The home itself is full of interesting things, stones from Egypt and Greece, silk quilts made and sold by the local unions and presented to the National President, Japanese albums sent from presidents of the W.C.T.U.'s, a solitaire china set from John B. Gough, "Picturesque Canada" presented by the Dominion W. C. T. U., pictures of Russian patriots in Siberia for whose release the W. C. T. U.'s of the world are interceding, in short, thousands of mementos of affection from Europe and America.

"Rest Cottage" after a life use of the present occupants, including Miss Gorden and Miss Willard's brother's family, goes to the National W. C. T. U., the income to be appropriated for the teaching of children never to use tobacco or liquor.

Miss Willard has many qualities for leadership. She has tact. If a person opposes temperance or suffrage for women, she does not do battle about it, but wins, if possible, and "heaps coals of fire on the head" of the opposer by her courtesy.

She is generous to other women. She is glad to have them succeed and helps cordially.

She avoids censure. During many years of friendship, I have never heard her speak a disparaging word of anybody.

She is a good organizer. Firm, yet gentle, she holds together a large association as few men or women could. All this is done at "Rest Cottage." If the place were called "Work Cottage," the name would be nearer the truth.

HOW A MARRIED WOMAN MAY MAKE A WILL.

BY LELIA ROBINSON SAWTELLE, LL. B.

Of the Boston Bar.

At common law a married woman could not make a will. She could, it is true, dispose of her personal estate by an instrument in the nature of a will, if her husband formally consented that she do so; but this was on the principle that all personal property belonging to a woman at marriage and all coming to her during marriage became immediately the absolute property of the husband, who might do as he would with his own, whether by giving it away himself or by allowing her to give it away. Her real estate she could not dispose of by her will, even with his consent, because he never came into possession of the title to this kind of property, but only gained the right to use it and appropriate to himself the rents and profits during the marriage, and the further right of curtesy after her death,—that is, the privilege of continuing till his own death to use it and its profits, in case a child had been born alive during the marriage. But the title to the estate never became his, therefore he could not authorize her to give it away by will; and as the law did not recognize any ability in a married woman to make a will independently, she had no power to dispose of lands and houses, the title to which went at her death to her children, or if none, back to her own family. If a wife had a "separate equitable estate,"—that is, if some person held property in trust for her, paying the income over to her, she might, providing the instrument originally creating the trust specially authorized her so to do, dispose of the property at her death by an instrument in the nature of a will, and in this way many women were secured some power of testimentary disposition by the foresight of their parents or other friends.

One of the earliest states of our country to pass a law giving to a married woman the right to make a will was Massachusetts, and this only in 1864. Other states have followed along by degrees, many of the younger Western ones having always had such a law. But there are restrictions in many of them on her freedom of disposition of her property, varying very much in different states, and depending on the kind and extent of the claim on his wife's property which the law of the several states gives to a widower. In some, mostly Western, this claim is equalized, so

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that whether the survivor of the matrimonial pair be widow or widower, the claim on the estate of the deceased is the same, and the restriction on the disposition of property by will is, therefore, also equalized. In other states, where a different policy prevails, the husband's claim is larger than that of the wife, and her testamentary power is correspondingly curtailed.

Before going on to give a resumé of the condition of the law on this point throughout the country, I must call careful attention to the fact—sometimes unfortunately overlooked—that if a woman makes a will before marriage, the fact of her marriage makes the will worthless. This is the common law rule, and still prevails in the large majority of states. In Vermont and perhaps some others, marriage does not necessarily invalidate a woman's will, but unless one is certain of the point in her own state, she should attend to the matter by making a new will immediately after marriage, and, if possible, securing her husband's consent to it written and signed on the document itself. This consent is not everywhere necessary, but is always wise; in Massachusetts it is absolutely necessary if by its terms the will cuts off any claim which our law gives to a widower on the estate of his wife. A man's will, at common law and in the majority of states now, is not invalidated by his subsequent marriage alone, but if a child is born the concurrence of the two events makes his will also worthless, and he must write another.

I must also give a word of warning against the attempt by one unversed in the law to draw his or her own will. It may be done safely; but a slip in two or three words, not at all apparent to the inexperienced eye, or an omission of some necessary expression, may alter the whole intent of the testator and work great changes in the disposition of the property. Several such cases have come to me recently in my practice, and I cannot too urgently recommend caution and the taking of competent professional advice in this most important matter.

But it sometimes happens that in a case of death-bed extremity a will must be prepared promptly, before legal assistance can be obtained. In view of such a possibility it is well that a few principles of primary importance on this subject should be known to every one. Use the simplest words possible, of whose meaning you are quite sure. If in doubt as to the proper way to express a certain intention, repeat it in another form of words, connecting the two statements by such a clause as, "Meaning hereby to say," etc. The dangers of misconstruction arising from redundancy are not, on the whole, as great as those of obscurity apt to arise from too great brevity; for the whole will, from beginning to end, will be construed together by the executors or the court if any question arises as to its meaning. Having expressed the intention of the testator as clearly as possible, the next thing of importance—and of utmost importance—is the proper execution of the will. In most states only two witnesses are required, but in some three are absolutely necessary, therefore it is always safer, if no lawyer is present, to have three witnesses; and they should not be people to whom any thing is given in the will. Then let the three witnesses come together in the testator's presence, and after first seeing him or her sign the will, let all three witnesses also sign in each other's presence and the presence of the testator. This should be done also at the express request of the testator. If the testator is too ill to write unaided, some friend may gnide his hand by his request.

The laws of the various states on the subject of married women's wills may be very briefly indicated here. A married woman may dispose of all her property by will, without the assent of her husband, thereby depriving him of any claim on her estate, in Arizona, California, and probably in both Dakotas; in the District of Columbia except as to lands acquired by her before 1869; in Florida, probably Georgia, Idaho, and in Maryland except as to property owned by her before 1860 if also married before that date; probably in Michigan, and in Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, and New York. I am not sure how the new law on this point has been construed in Pennsylvania, in South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. It will be noticed that among the foregoing are nearly all the states where the community system of property obtains. In Tennessee the old-time rule still prevails, a wife being only able to make a will of property held in trust for her, if authorized so to do by the terms of the instrument creating the trust. In Kentucky a wife may only make a will of personal property, and not of that unless by her husband's written consent. In the remaining states a mar-

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ried woman may make a will of all her property, but subject to the claim of her husband for curtesy, or for the share of real and personal property secured to him by the statutes of each state. In most, if not all, of these states, however, the husband's consent written on the will, signed, dated, and witnessed, deprives him of all right to object to the probate of the will or to claim any thing out of his wife's estate which the will itself does not give him.

The subject of my next paper will be "What Contracts a Married Woman May Make."

A GLANCE INTO LITTLE CHINA.

BY FLORA BEST HARRIS.

COSMOPOLITAN San Francisco with its exotic languages from Europe and Asia sown here and there with native Anglo-Saxon speech and burdened with the problems of international vice, would be the last to claim for herself the halo of saintship inflicted on her through her name. But in the midst of hoodlumism and less objectionable pagan cults, evangelism,—the Gospel in word—and beautiful charities,—the Gospel in deed—are untiringly at work bringing nearer the needed Pentecost. Among these forms of Christian activity, none are doing more to remove a stigma from the honor of this great city than the Woman's Missionary Boards of the various churches. Unheralded their agents enter the dark haunts—not homes—where abide the two thousand women of "Chinatown."

We have not space to consider the work, educational and evangelistic, of the churches at different points on the Pacific Coast, but as the Methodist and Presbyterian Boards have established homes of refuge for Chinese slave-girls in San Francisco, their work may be considered representative. The Presbyterian Home, situated at 933 Sacramento Street, during the almost fifteen years of its existence, has rescued two hundred and sixty-one persons, and the asylum under Methodist control, about two hundred and fifty since its opening in 1870.

Miss Culbertson in charge of the Presbyterian Home tells briefly a story repeated in one form and another by all Christian workers in this difficult field: "By the aid of the Humane Society for Children and of the Chief of Police, we have been able to rescue many of these enslaved ones. They are scarcely housed before writs of habeas corpus are issued by their former masters. Then a legal contest begins, lasting sometimes for weeks. For a little money a Chinaman can procure any number of witnesses to give just the testimony he wishes to support his cause and regain his chattel."

In a strange land with, for them, unknown terrors, the ignorant victims themselves by their enforced false testimony add a new element of difficulty to their release; and it is in spite of this fact, in spite also of legal charlatans of Anglo-Saxon birth, as well as Oriental perjurers, that justice wins her occasional victories.

The existence of these homes ameliorates when it fails to save. The owners of human flesh fear to drive their victims into an attempt to escape to the refuge offered, and although their offense still "cries to heaven," it is believed that less cruelty is practiced than formerly. Regular school-drill, industrial training, and religious instruction are uplifting these poor exiles into a useful womanhood. Marriage is the usual door by which they are permitted to enter the outer world; but an experiment has been tried by the Methodist Church workers which promises success. Women of true missionary spirit take Chinese girls after years of training in the home, and use them as domestic help, exercising careful supervision.

The outlook into American home-life is of manifest value, but the experiment is still infrequent, as but few are willing to undertake the close guardianship necessary to protect the girls.

The term "slave-market" used of the traffic in Chinese women, cannot be limited to the class bought and sold for houses of infamy or for domestic servitude; but the so-called wives are frequently purchased concubines, the number varying with the means of the purchaser.

The sums paid are said to range from five hundred or a thousand dollars to three thousand; probably higher prices are paid in

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special instances. The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Mongolian slave-girl is yet to be written. Hers is a bondage with the sunny side depicted by Mrs. Stowe in little Eva's home, blotted out even from our imaginings; yet while the bondwoman's condition touches the heart most quickly, there is sufficient pathos even in the life led by a lawful Chinese wife.

There is not the "social vortex" so graphically portrayed by a missionary in China, a vortex of relatives, in fact, overwhelming the little creature, but she is nevertheless doomed to wreckage on the pitiless shoals of custom.

Many a woman is virtually a prisoner in her home, rarely, if ever, permitted to walk abroad. For her there is no "Fresh Air Fund"; strictly secluded, she lives and dies within Little China in free America!

To these prisoners in darkness come the "light-bearers" employed to visit their homes. The reports of these house-to-house visitors recall accounts of zenana work in India; a small congregation in each house!

One lady reports one hundred and thirty-two families visited and instructed during the past year; among these she found thirty-six wives dowered with the "golden lilies," the much-prized little feet.

Happily during her ten years of service, she has been able to do something toward repressing the custom of foot-binding, bright little girls venturing to say that they "like big feet, all the same as teacher."

Another missionary doing noble work in "Chinatown" writes: "A great barrier to our work is the antagonism of the husband. Many of the wives can only be reached through the husbands." Yet spite of the chief hindrance to the Gospel in these Chinese homes, in other words, the husband, and spite of discouragements almost countless, this worker goes on adding records to the modern "Acts of the Apostles."

Where there is one helpful worker in the American China, there should be ten. Women of tact and kindliness, with the aid of interpreters furnished by the schools, could do much if they would consecrate a part of their leisure to the work.

As this Gospel which is "first pure and then peaceable," is likewise *clean*, it might pay municipal authorities to employ evangelists in malodorous "Chinatown," in order to effect the longed-for cleansing.

The Chinese Christian home presided over by some ransomed "King's daughter," is a bright spot which mutely testifies for Christ; and the heathen woman facing death amid the foulness of "Chinatown" testifies also by her longing words, "I wish I were a Christian."

The little blind slave-girl, rescued and and happy, witnesses with heart and voice as she sings, "The Light of the World is Jesus"; behind her, scarred and branded forms, a "cloud of witnesses" redeemed to Christ, echo her testimony.

On the other hand, the bleeding ears of Chinese women, torn by American hoodlums greedy for their jewels, are apt to grow dull to the Gospel message; the fleeing slave-girl betrayed to her master by a white man for gold, the captive from whose wretched earnings the slave-owner bribes the policeman, are apt to perceive more stripes than stars in our flag of freedom.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN IN EUROPE.

BY RUTH MORSE.

IN making a plea for the higher education of her countrywomen, Helene Lange shows in her recent book* what has been done in this direction by all the other leading European nations. She does this by way of comparison, as if in very shame to rouse Germany from its persistent inactivity. To American women who are nearing complete victory in this battle which has been waging so long, a knowledge of what is being done in the matter by and for their sisters over the sea is of deep interest. The advanced standpoint from which they can look back and bid good cheer to all other struggling aspirants is well defined by a brief summary deduced from the prefatory statements of the book.

Two hundred and seventeen out of a total

* Higher Education of Women in Europe. By Helene Lange. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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of three hundred and fifty-seven colleges of liberal arts in the United States have opened their doors to admit women, as have also twenty out of a total of thirty-two independent colleges endowed with the national land grant, thus making at the time of writing the number of co-educational colleges two hundred and thirty-seven. There are nine colleges and universities exclusively for women, whose requirements are on a par with those of the highest institutions for men. Besides these there are about two hundred other women's colleges and seminaries of varying standards. As gathered from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for the year 1887-8, it is shown that twenty-nine per cent of the whole number of students in universities and colleges, and fifty-two per cent of those attending high and other secondary schools, are women; and that women form seventy-two per cent of the attendance at the normal schools. The reflex influence to result to the good of the nation from this state of affairs in one particular only, is strikingly set forth in the fact that women form sixty-three per cent of the number of teachers employed in the whole of the United States, and ninety per cent of those in the cities. The best trained teachers are always those in demand; and just in proportion as this demand is being supplied, America is realizing that "the culture of woman means the culture of the people."

Germany, ranking so high in its ability to furnish the world with the highest type of scholars of the sterner sex, positively refuses to allow its women to share them. Miss Lange, denouncing the injustice of such a proceeding, questions closely into the reason of it. She seeks and thinks she finds a clue to it in carefully studying at length the developments of the movement in some other leading nations. It is after making these researches that she gives in a condensed summary, a good general view of the progress made on the continent of Europe toward the solution of this now international problem. And it is in this, which forms a very small part of her work, that our interest for the present purpose centers.

That conservative Germany watching these pioneer efforts should have seen some mistakes and some minor undesirable results; that it should have drawn exaggerated erroneous conclusions regarding them; that it should then have refused to examine more closely later issues, and should continue to hug its old delusions and still keep tight riveted the chains forged for women in the Middle Ages, explains the standing of the matter in that nation as far as we are concerned at present.

Compressed into a nutshell as the following deductions from the book are, they yet contain all the important facts in the history of each case. They are given essentially as presented by the author. Most of the statements lack a few years of reaching down to the present time.

In France between the years 1866 and 1882 one hundred and nine academic degrees were won by women. Up to very near the last date there were no schools in which women could be prepared to contest for these high honors. In 1880 the first movement was set on foot toward the establishment of preparatory or high schools which should fit them for the advanced work; and in 1890 there were in active operation fifty-one of these institutions. With such opportunities failure to get the most and best which the higher education offers, rests with woman herself.

The women now pursuing university studies in England are numbered by the hundreds. Since 1869 one college after another has admitted them to share the privileges offered to men. The beginning in this good work was made by Cambridge University in the following way: Some of the professors in that institution, by earnest request began giving separate instruction in the regular courses to a class comprising half a dozen young ladies. Out of this undertaking grew Girton College with its standard of examination the same as that for the B. A. of Cambridge. Shortly after, another sister institution, Newnham College, sprang up. In 1881 the lady students of both Girton and Newnham were admitted to the tripos examinations (the highest university examinations for classical honors) of Cambridge. Thus both schools became then literally an integral part of that old renowned institution. Female colleges standing in a similar relation to Oxford are those named Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall. In 1878 London University opened all its grades to women; and numerous colleges for their exclusive use have been established throughout the kingdom.

The universities of Zurich, Geneva, Bern, and Neufchâtel in Switzerland have all since 1867 admitted women. The University of

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Italy followed the good example in 1876. Scandinavia with its three kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, respectively in the years 1870, 1875, and 1880, took the first steps in the same reform movement. In Copenhagen, the only university of Denmark, women may take all the degrees open to men save that of D.D. In Sweden the same degrees in the arts and in medicine are open alike to both sexes.

Women are studying in all the Dutch universities, those of Leyden, Utrecht, Groningen, and Amsterdam, the first lady student of Holland having been enrolled in the last named of these institutions in 1880. In this same year also, the first woman was admitted to the Belgium University at Brussels, since which time others have entered Lüttich and Ghent in the same country.

In Russia the reports examined show that ten years before women gained admission to the established university, in 1878 the professors of the school had arranged special courses by which they could follow university studies and prepare for examinations, of which opportunities a number had availed themselves in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and Kassan. Research shows that while in Spain and Portugal there is very little desire on the part of women for a higher education, still there is no law forbidding them to enter any of these seats of learning. As their charters say nothing about the matter, no request for admission could be refused. In Austria women are not allowed to work for a university degree, but at the option of the professors they may be admitted to certain courses of study. A few Hungarian women are making earnest attempts to enter the universities at Buda-Pesth and Klausenburg, and present indications are that they soon will be rewarded with success.

So it is shown that to Germany alone of all the European states, unless we associate with it the Balkan peninsula, is left the unenviable reputation of openly denying to its women the benefit it could so easily grant them, that of a large and liberal culture.

CONCERNING AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

THERE are in all countries people without homes, nomads wandering from other lands it may be, tarrying for a week, a month, a year, in tents, in lodgings, in *pensions*. Parents go abroad to educate their children, and they stop as a rule, they do not stay. Travelers fly here, there, everywhere.

Not so the native of a foreign land. The humblest peasant woman keeps house; the humblest laborer smokes his pipe on the bench by his cottage door. Perhaps it is because living is cheaper there than here, or taste not cultivated into discontent. It is preëminently in our own roomy country that human beings who might have homes, gather in boarding-houses and live in them in such numbers that it is not a misnomer to call the boarding-house an American institution.

To a right-minded person it seems passing strange, that given a sufficient number to make a home, and sufficient means to support even the smallest establishment, any other than the home-life should ever be chosen. One can understand that two people who ought to be dear to each other, may be so uncongenial as to render this "dual solitude" well-nigh insupportable, but happily such cases are the exception. Two persons, be they husband and wife, mother and daughter, brother and sister, two friends, are enough to start a home; nay even some grand single souls have been brave enough to do it, and have made their homes centers of light and usefulness.

Tired housekeepers there are to be sure, worn out with the exactions of society, the entertainment of guests, the uncertainty of domestic service, discouraged and fairly ill with it all, who are glad to fly for relief to the boarding-house, where the three meals a day come on at the stroke of the clock, and the worries of the kitchen are at least shut out from sight.

But not for these—not for the many who might, could, or should sit under their own rooftree and by their own fireside, not for any one or all of these shall the praises of the boarding-house be sung. No; but for that vast multitude of homeless ones who are

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necessarily homeless; whom poverty, or distance, or death, or inexorable circumstance has sent forth from their Garden of Eden.

To the work-a-day world, to the artisan, to the clerk, to the factory or shopgirl, the boarding-house is but the place in which to eat and sleep, but to other hundreds it is the place where most of the hours whether waking or sleeping are spent. To it must go crowds of gentlewomen with modest incomes, women who have seen better days, women who must pinch a bit to make ends meet. In it must congregate the maiden sisters, or the crochety bachelors who do not fit well in the brother's or sister's home. Under its roof the artist must often mix his colors, the student burn his midnight oil.

Is the boarding-house utterly without compensations? It would be sad indeed if that were the case, if it were only horrid, odious, vulgar, commonplace, and suited to such adjectives as are often bestowed on it. All these it may be—all these it sometimes is, but not of necessity, not even generally when of the better sort. Let us look on the brighter side and see what we can find.

First, it is an independent life. There is just one key to your position: pay your weekly bills promptly and you are master, or more commonly mistress, of the situation. Does your sash-weight cease to work? Send for your landlady and mildly suggest that it be repaired. Is your room too cool? Ask for more steam or more coal. The chances are you will get what you want far quicker than you could in your own home, with no grumblings attendant, and no mechanic's account to follow.

Did you ever live in somebody's house where you felt you had a certain right to be at home, because that somebody was your relative or your dear friend, and yet with the best intentions on all sides, you realized every hour it was "so near and yet so far" from the real home? Do you recall how that time-serving maid Kathleen scowled when you required any attention? You were not the "misthress" forsooth! Then you can understand what is meant by the independence of a boarding-house.

Another charm is the snugness of it. You enter your own apartment, only a room of moderate size, and you are monarch of all you survey as truly as any Selkirk. The key turned in the lock, and no one may intrude without your will.

You grow orderly, for in such a tiny place belongings cannot be scattered about in confusion, every available inch must be put to its best use. Economical too, since with only a wardrobe, and may be a trunk or two in the attic, where is the sense in having more coats or gowns than you need to wear? Benevolence follows as a necessity; with no room to store them, the last year's garments find their way to the worthy poor.

Imagination has its play also. This little room must be to you what a whole house is to more favored folk, barring the dining-room and kitchen. So you learn to call the one side which holds your couch and bathing stand, your bed-room, and you fence it off with a pretty folding screen. That corner with its bookshelves and round writing table, is the library. This pleasant nook by the window where are easy chair and work-stand or book-rest, is your sitting-room.

Not the least compensation in this life is of another sort. One bane of American housekeeping is rivalry. The mistress of the mansion must not let the next door mistress get the advantage. Does the one newly furnish her drawing-room? So must the other. No matter if the hangings be not soiled, nor the lace curtains rumpled, nor the carpets worn, they must be renewed that we lose not social prestige. If our set are giving parties, a party we must give, though the purse bleed, and the nerves be unstrung to do it.

But you, Oh fortunate one, escape all this. What though your carpet is shabby and your curtains only Nottingham, you are not to blame for it; you do not keep the boarding-house—the boarding-house keeps you. You are not expected to entertain, except a friend quietly to dinner or tea whenever you like, and the world none the wiser; or if one comes from a distance, it is only to order another room made up and pay the bill. The unwelcome guest you need never invite "because you must," and if the soup is burned and the china nicked, why it is not your soup, nor your china.

Your life knows no blue Mondays. Every day may be that blessed Thursday, that interregnum of peace which every woman understands; when washing day and ironing day and baking day are passed, and sweeping day and cleaning day have not yet dawned.

But somebody says with a superior air, "This begets selfishness. This is taking

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mine ease with too little thought for others." Alas! that we must all plead guilty to the supreme failing of humanity. Not necessarily more selfish though, when outside a home than when in one. On the contrary, there are endless ways to serve your fellows, in a boarding-house; the kind greeting to the stranger guest; not too effusive and familiar before you know his worth, but not too cold and forbidding as if the newcomer were surely a fraud; the kind greeting which has in it also dignity and self-respect; the words of sympathy to those whom sorrow visits, the patient listening to the story of trial long endured, the little attention to one who has some temporary ailment, the reading aloud to the old whose eyesight is dim, the loan of a book, the quiet giving up without pretense of easy chair or cushioned seat in the common gathering room,—all these and many more are in order here, quite as much as in any home. Say you these are trivial things? But is not the happiness of life made up of trifles?

Just here comes in another important requirement. You must be courteous and good-tempered unless you would be tabooed. It is, unfortunately, true that we reserve the right to be cross and ill-natured with those whom we love the best; we might readily die for our kith and kin, but we daily wound them with cutting words or inconsiderate speech. All this must be restrained in the presence of other blood than ours. May not this restraint continued for months or years, revolutionize the disposition and perchance turn the crabbed into sweet?

The social life of such a house may be of the best, and it has this charm, that you may take as much or as little of it as you choose. Your room may be to you the longed-for "lodge in some vast wilderness," but descend the stairs or step across the hall to the drawing-room and you shall find congenial souls.

If it be affirmed that this is the chosen abode of gossip and scandal, stand up boldly and deny the accusation. Ignoble men and women gossip wherever they may live, but not noble men and women, and such are found in boarding-houses as often as the other. In truth not seldom is there more carefulness of speech, since it is not wise nor kind to repeat things here, which might be spoken harmlessly within the sacred precincts of a home.

But who may write in worthy words the crowning compensation in this life, for the student of human nature? It is a miniature world. Grave and gay, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, silver locks and flaxen, sparkling and commonplace, beauty and ugliness, come and go in the changes of our kaleidoscope. Always there will be some kindred spirit that you be not too solitary, and out of others you may get genuine amusement. It is no harm to see the ludicrous side of people, provided you keep a good heart, free from malice. It is a positive refreshment to the mental being, in a world which has so much to sober us. Watch the ways in which character peeps out, notice idiosyncrasies and tricks of manner, even the varieties of pronunciation and accent have their interest. It will not be long before each person will show some salient point.

One who stayed many months in such a house, took to keeping a note-book wherein was writ no name, but a single sentence for each one which recalled the individual. Some of the entries were on this wise. For a person hopelessly dull and commonplace—"She could converse for an hour on the price of pins." "She thinks she looks well in Tam O'Shanters," and instant vision rose of the fair demoiselle who wore such head-gear on all possible or impossible occasions. This note-book harmed no one; it never sought the public eye, and it gave its owner infinite amusement.

Then there is quite likely to be some romance to watch, since while time goes on, where youth and maidens or men and women are thrown together, love cometh in. Look on kindly; if so be your own romance has passed, live it again, and let hope bear you to the happy, regained youth, which lies beyond this disappointing life; but never, never speak. Such sight is too sacred for comment, and the idle word from one who had no right to utter it, has too often broken love's young dream.

Is it not clear that for those who must live in what you deem but a make-shift for a home, there may yet be found charm, and comfort, and many compensations? Remember, this is not for those who choose, but for those who must.

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WHEN LILACS BLOOM.

RONDEAU.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

WHEN lilacs bloom, the winds grow still;
The velvet deepens on the hill;
The bee turns giddy as he greets,
With long-drawn, happy kiss, the sweets
The lavish, love-flushed blossoms spill.

The daisy dons her whitest frill;
The oriole his gladsome trill
Sings loud, and oft his joy repeats,
When lilacs bloom.

Then lives with careless rapture fill;
Then hearts with joy of living thrill;
And fancy weaves her golden cheats—
Ah! who would doubt the fair deceits?
No room for reason, thought, or will,
When lilacs bloom.

CARPET AND WALL-PAPER DESIGNING FOR WOMEN.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

"FIRST catch your hare," says a woman's cook-book. First, be sure that you have original ideas. The power of expressing ideas may be developed by properly directed study—if you are not color-blind. Attention to dress, the beauty of American skies, the brilliant tints of our autumn foliage, have all combined in endowing American women with a natural susceptibility to the charms of color, equal to any, and superior to most of the women of other nations. But this wealth of color sense has come up wild. It is uncultivated, because we are behind every other civilized people in art industrial education.

The gifted, semi-educated woman has to suffer personally for this sin of omission, who is forced by the helpless condition of her relatives to become a breadwinner. Society has not fully awakened to the increased necessity for the higher education of the eyes and hands of human workers who are too highly civilized to be wasted as the mere appendages of machines. Modern machinery has revolutionized the production of wall paper and carpets. No design is practical unless reproductive in form, i. e., it cannot be made by machinery unless each of the four sides of the design printed on paper produces a repetition of the "pattern."

There is more expenditure of mental force in designing for machine-production than for handicraft. In designing carpets a personal knowledge of the principles of the working machinery is an imperative necessity for success. Many do not master this, and few women find it easy to understand—for the same reason that few great artists are good teachers—i. e., the scientific faculties and the artistic are rarely combined in the same individual.

Because of this and many other reasons, of which the limit of this article prevents explanation, carpet designing is not as good a field as wall paper designing. It is a significant fact that the Ladies' Art Association, who had the first exhibition of carpet designs, and founded the first class for technical instruction applied to the making of carpet patterns have dropped it from their circulars of instruction. Both wall-paper and carpet designs come under the head of surface decoration. In both, beauty of outline is imperative. This should be the first condition of a design.

In suface decoration there must be no attempt at shadows. The spaces left must be graceful. The ground must be evenly covered,

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so as not to distract the eye by spots. The preliminary studies for designs should be made from nature, not books. Nature has always a fresh grace of her own, while books are already exhausted by the host of gleaners who have drawn upon the works of others. Plant forms furnish the most suitable "material" as the human figure and landscape views are obviously unavailable.

Water colors, in transparent washes, are the best and cheapest medium for placing on paper for future use the graceful forms found in flowers. In making these "studies," beautiful outlines must first be selected from the natural plant you draw. The distinguishing characteristics must be seized and suggested in the most beautiful position possible. One "wash" of color will answer to record the tint and connect the whole in a mass, easily understood when you attempt to use your studies as "material" for design. "More people fail for want of material than want of genius," said Goethe. Remember this and do not attempt to construct a design from one study. A dozen different drawings are essential. Photographs of leaves and flowers are helpful.

The final design is painted with powder colors such as may be bought at any house-painters. The powder is mixed with gum arabic and water on a small ground glass slab, by means of a glass muller with which the grains are reduced to a smooth, homogeneous mass. The test of mixture is to take a brushful and lay it on paper. When perfectly dry rub your finger over it. If the paint comes off, add more gum. If the paint cracks, add more powder color.

Paint your wall design on tinted paper, such as is sold for crayon by the sheet or wall paper by the roll. Examine printed wall paper and you will find a margin on both sides. Obey this rule. Wall paper is printed from rollers, thicker in diameter though on the same principle as the kitchen rolling-pin. There is very little variation in the width of the paper—therefore more variation in the thickness of the diameter of the roller is possible than in the length. Your design ought not to be more than nineteen inches wide, though it may be more than nineteen inches high. Different factories use different diameters of rollers; you can determine that yourself by inspecting wall paper and looking for the "repeat" with your wooden inch rule.

In planning your design, remember that the more colors used in the design the more costly becomes the production. The flowers that are to be printed in red are wrought on one roller, those intended to be blue are made on another roller; yellow blossoms and buds need a separate roller; white is printed on the tinted paper. This is an advantage in effect when white is desirable, but it must be counted as one printing.

The most costly paper does not command the most consumers. A French wall paper with sixteen printings is not uncommon. American factories want designs with much less work for the machine. The chance of selling a design for eight printings is less than one for four printings. In the reproduction of the design, blending of colors is impossible. As it is one of the principles of decorative art not to attempt the impossible, the colors must be painted in thick, flat masses. Conventionalism in art is making the best of the inevitable.

The monotonous repetition of machinery must not be quadrupled by the poverty of your design in form. The prices paid for designs vary according to the reputation of the designer. Years ago, a New York wall-paper firm offered a prize of one hundred dollars to the members of the Ladies' Art Association for the best design, and bought the others at twenty-five dollars each.

A lady sent several designs to a Philadelphia carpet factory. One was accepted and she was offered $800 a year immediately and $1,000 the next year to work in the factory. She left because she found she could make more money by designing at home and selling her designs to several factories.

In France the designers work in their own studios in Paris, the factory proprietors coming once a year to them to buy designs, which are used all over the world. That plan is best for this country. The factory is not the place for women designers. The vibration and the noise of the machinery are a ceaseless disturbance to the nervous system. The whole environment is unfavorable to the imagination. It is slow suicide to originality. You risk using up your health in two or three years.

A woman who accepts half the pay a man receives, commits a triple injury—to herself—to the man she displaces—and to every struggling woman.

Remember one original design may found the fortune of a factory.

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

ELECTRICITY AS A MOTOR ON RAILROADS.

It is only twelve years since Field made the first suggestion that an electric motor might be used upon a railroad as a substitute for horses. Edison, Daft, Vanderpoele, Bentley, Knight, Sprague, and others at once entered this field of experiment, but it was not till 1886 that the first practical, commercial road was started at Richmond, Virginia. The electric current, one winter day, here moved up and down the hills and through the streets of a city, a car containing passengers. It seemed a small affair, yet how great a traffic did that first car create. There are to-day in operation or building in this country, England, Germany, Italy, Australia, and Japan 325 roads employing 7,000 electric motors hauling 4,000 passenger cars upon 2,600 miles of track and hundreds of miles more of new road are being put to paper every month. It is estimated that three-fourths of a billion passengers rode within the last year upon these electric railways. Fifty million dollars have been invested in electric roads in the United States, and ten thousand people find employment in connection with the construction and operation of these roads.

About a year ago one of the technical papers published a picture showing an electric motor-car dragging off an abandoned steam locomotive. The picture suggests a thought that is now in the public mind. We see the electric motor in our streets carrying heavy loads and, on suburban lines, traveling at twenty-five miles an hour. Naturally we ask why may not the motor take the place of the locomotive on all railroads? Why may not electricity give us high speeds, say one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles an hour? Experiments are to-day being carried on to test this very matter, and enough has been done to give a partial answer to the question.

Eighty-seven miles an hour is the highest record of a steam locomotive, and this is probably very near the utmost limit of train speed. To increase this speed a number of things have to be considered. The track, the resistance of the air, and the carrying capacity of the tenders. The tracks may be better in the future, thus enabling the faster engine to keep its rails. The atmosphere we cannot change. We can only reduce its retarding effect by putting a cone or wedge in front of the locomotive to split the air open in front, but every space between the cars must also be closed in and this seems, at present, difficult, if not impractical, while the actual reduction of resistance would add very little to the speed. The tender is the key to the speed. To increase speed we must have more coal, more water, and more oil. This means load, and load retards speed. To double the speed means not two tenders, but four or more, and this means at once a reduction of speed.

The electric motor presents wholly different conditions and on experimental electric roads a speed of one hundred and fifty miles has been recorded; but it was only a single motor, without passengers and on a poor track, and these high speeds seem to have generally ended in a wreck. The motor obtains its power from a current in a conductor. It seems to be settled that the motor can be made to keep its contact with the conductor at even these high speeds. It therefore comes to the question of track and of cost. The resistance of the air in high motor speeds has been always reduced by a wedge-shaped motor. The track no doubt can be made equal to a speed of one hundred miles an hour. How much more will be safe is not yet settled. The engines to drive the dynamos at the power-station and the dynamos can be built of sufficient power to move large high-speed passenger motors. The actual cost of the power used on such a road would be probably less than the cost of steam locomotives. The cost of moving a slow and heavy freight train would, it is thought, be more than steam locomotives.

It is then at this stage: Electric motors can and will be built for higher passenger train speeds than for any steam trains now in use. For long distances and for very light and very expensive passenger train service they may be cheaper and will certainly be cleaner and more comfortable, though probably not so safe. For heavy loads, like freight, and for frequent stops and large pas-

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senger service the locomotive will be best. Just how far the motor will come to take its place beside the locomotive remains to be seen.

Enthusiasts in electricity have predicted that, with the aid of balloons, aluminium for construction, and some new form of track, fabulous speeds, hundreds of miles an hour, will be reached. It is doubtful. The air, the cost of conductors, the track, the wear and tear of moving parts, seem to draw the limit not far above one hundred miles an hour.

MOB LAW IN NEW ORLEANS.

The disposition among certain newspapers of the South and West to excuse the ruthless killing of a number of defenseless Italian prisoners in a New Orleans jail by an angry mob, or to treat it as a matter of comparatively little importance, is not surprising perhaps when all the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration, but is, nevertheless, deplorable, evincing, as it does, so complete a misapprehension of the very meaning and intent of civilization. The most astounding reason urged in extenuation of this shocking deed, of which the possible consequences baffle speculation, is the fact that it was committed under the leadership of some of the best citizens in the community,—the very men who might have been expected to rally to the support of the law, rather than to conspire against it. In reality this is one of the worst features of the whole affair, as will be admitted very generally when the heat of passion has yielded to the coolness of sober second thought.

Among peoples, yet sunk in barbarism or in the very earliest stages of civilization, there is almost always to be found some form of trial which affords the suspected offender a chance of escape; and the different steps in the progress of a nation toward a state of ideal culture are marked by an increasing care for the safety of life and property. It is almost an axiom in social science that the stability of the community may be measured by the protection extended to the individual, and it is to insure this protection that the whole fabric of law, civil and criminal, has been constructed. To substitute for the law the blind fury of a mob, which can be gratified only by the disregard of all those elemental principles which hold society together, is to suffer a relapse in the direction of savagery.

Let us suppose for an instant that this case had been reversed; that an Italian had been assassinated by a policeman, that a jury had failed to convict the murderer, and that an Italian mob had stormed the prison and shot him down in his cell in order that justice might have her due. Does anybody suppose that such an occurrence would have been regarded with approval or indifference? Can there be any doubt that it would have excited, and justly, a universal outburst of indignation? Yet the moral and legal aspect of the case is not altered by the social condition of the lynchers. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that the eleven men who were killed by these self-appointed executioners, were one and all guilty of the assassination of Mr. Hennessey (which certainly has not been proved beyond possibility of dispute), that they were all members of the Mafia, and that they escaped conviction because the jury was bribed or intimidated; even then it would be manifestly absurd to say that the resources of the law had been exhausted. Fresh evidence could have been collected, re-arrests could have been made, and a jury of better quality could have been impaneled. The eminent citizens who led the mob would have deserved better of their fellows, if they had volunteered to serve as jurors and thus assured a verdict which would have been accepted as satisfactory.

In any event having once submitted the case to the arbitrament of the legally constituted tribunal, it was their bounden duty to abide by the result. As the matter now stands it is by no means certain that several innocent men have not been slaughtered, while the law has been outraged and the reputation of the city has received a shock from which it will not be likely to recover for years to come. There is moreover the chance of reprisals by the Mafia, which, now that the law has once been defied, would be certain to provoke a most bloody vengeance, to say nothing of the possibility of serious complications with a great naval power.

That the provocation was great and the danger imminent may be admitted, but the remedy did not lie in an appeal to force, except by constitutional methods. If the police and the local militia are unable to cope with the Mafia, which ought to be an incredible proposition, there is nothing to prevent the enrollment of an indefinite number of special constables. Of course the Mafia must

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be crushed. The existence of so infamous a body, or of any kindred secret society in a free American city, is intolerable. Now that such wide publicity has been given to its character, it is probable that speedy means will be taken to render it harmless in the near future, but it must be remembered that the professed criminals and habitual paupers who compose it could never have found a haven on these shores if the immigration laws had been properly enforced. It is indeed high time that some check should be imposed upon the evils of promiscuous immigration; but, so far as Louisiana is concerned, if she persists in making citizens of these outcasts, she is bound to see that they have citizens' privileges. The evil example which she has now set is fraught with all kinds of peril. In the first place she must reform her jury system and compel the men who complain of abuses to do their share in the work of rectifying them. Packed juries, one of the greatest menaces to liberty, would be impossible, if good citizens lived up to their responsibilities, and if jury packers, their agents and their tools, were punished promptly and fearlessly, as they ought to be, as the most insidious and dangerous of criminals.

A TRIAL FOR HERESY.

HERESY TRIALS are rare and therefore any clergyman becomes conspicuous when his teachings are called in question under the forms of an ecclesiastical trial. Mr. MacQueary, an Episcopal rector at Canton, Ohio, recently tried for heresy, obtained through the investigation of his theological opinions a good deal more attention than he will be able to keep and his notoriety is due almost altogether to the infrequency of that kind of entertainment which we call "a heresy case." In every such case there is a certain amount of public sympathy for the accused. The age is a liberal and tolerant one and perhaps even a little lax in its demands for sound doctrine, and this generation is quick to resent persecution for opinion's sake. But after all it depends upon what the opinion is. If it be a matter of living philanthropic interest, public sympathy is likely to be quick and strong. If it concerns only the curiosity-shop of religious vagaries, the popular interest in the case cannot be large or permanent.

Mr. MacQueary's vagary seems not to have had, even in his own mind, any practical interest. His denial of the virgin birth of Jesus Christ did not, he affirmed, impair his faith in the divinity of the Lord. Of what use then, could his theory be? He chose out one of two ways of explaining a Christian mystery. His way of explaining it did not make it any less mysterious. The theory he held had many ages ago been rejected as fatal to the essential doctrines of the incarnation. That Mr. MacQueary believed it not to be fatal probably proves the weakness of his logical faculty—if he really so believed. Most Christians prefer to accept reverently the mystery of the incarnation; a controversy on the subject among men holding the doctrine of Christ's divinity is simply impossible. It is a century or two too late for that.

The real issue is not in this region of doctrines. Reforming the doctrines of churches is not in our day the function of individuals. That work belongs—if it be required in any case—to the church organizations which are concerned. It must be a matter for deliberation rather than controversy; and an appeal to the general public against the doctrines of the church to which a clergyman belongs is a form of disloyalty, and only small and bumptious clergymen are likely to engage in such work. One belongs to a church not by any compulsion but by his free choice. If he falls out of sympathy with its doctrines, it is simply his duty to retire from the clerical office in such church. While he continues to minister at its altars he is under a solemn obligation to teach what it teaches. His freedom is the liberty of going into a more congenial communion or of founding an independent church. This is our modern method of reconciling liberty and loyalty. We are aware that in some cases it is not altogether satisfactory; but it is entirely satisfactory in the case of Mr. MacQueary. Nothing for suffering men is to be gained by accepting his notions. They have no touch with the practical humanitarianism of our century. Their only possible effect is to wound with a critic's spear the crucified Redeemer of mankind.

The peace of a church organization is unspeakably precious and important. If any clergyman may at pleasure provoke discussions, quarrels, and divisions, the results would be disastrous if not fatal to the usefulness of the embroiled communion; and a rule

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set up by public opinion favoring such licentious liberty would soon disrupt all Christian organizations. Nothing is too small or unimportant for a theological debate; and the case before us shows that nothing is too antiquated to furnish material for criticism. Such a method—universal license—would not lead to sounder opinions or a purer theology. It would only disintegrate and disperse the organized Christianity of our time. It is not liberty but crankery which the prevailing theory of loyal obligation to church organization condemns and denies its so-called rights.

The papers inform us that Mr. MacQueary has gone straight to the associations to which his logic would take other men, and the rapidity of his change of base makes a doubt respecting his real motives and sympathies which he will hardly expect all men to resolve in his favor. The next candidate for canonization as a martyr to religious liberty will do well to think it over soberly, and to retire from uncongenial church relations before rather than after a trial for heresy. Our time has not much faith in saintly heretics and attaches more importance to loyalty and honor than to theological whimsies. There is a very serious danger that the whimsy may betray the man it captures into a situation where his good purpose and manliness come under the shadow of distrust.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THREE notable cases of mobs appeared recently to mar our history. First, the slaughter of the Corsicans in New Orleans; second, the Polish cloak-makers of New York made an assault upon Herman Greenbaum and his family in Jamaica, L. I.; one of them seized his little boy, and threw vitriol in the little fellow's face, causing him intense suffering and disfiguring him for life. They destroyed Greenbaum's furniture and drove husband and wife from the house. The third is the publication by one Hatfield, in West Virginia, of an amnesty to all the McCoys with whom the Hatfields have been at open war for about five years. About two hundred lives have been sacrificed in this neighborhood war, and now peace is declared with all the authority of a feudal despot, and is to be celebrated in May by both clans coming together for a wedding and a barbecue. In two of these cases foreigners figured prominently—and right here some grave questions arise for legislatures, as, who shall be admitted to our shores from foreign countries; but underlying all these mobs is this, shall law be supreme, shall the states make their power felt in a summary manner, and crush the mob-spirit. That mob violence is dangerous to our civilization we all admit; and that heroic treatment of this evil by officers of the law is imperative, no good citizen will deny.

THE farmers are asserting themselves in legislation. They will have several able men in the next Congress, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Secretary Rusk, in President Harrison's cabinet, represents the farmers in the Executive Department of the Government, but it now remains to be seen what will be done for agriculture by the national and state legislatures. In Pennsylvania a bill has been presented in the legislature to create the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, the commissioner to be elected by the people. The salary is to be $3,000 per annum; three clerks with salaries ranging from $1,200 to $1,500, and one messenger at a salary of $1,000 annually. With the approval of the Governor, experts for special investigation, whose expense to the state shall not exceed $5,000 a year, are also authorized to be appointed. This is organizing for direct results on the line of educating the farmers through state officers; it would seem, however, that Mr. Blaine's reciprocity negotiations with South American countries, if finally successful, will create a new market for the produce of our land. The golden dawn will not be likely to come till we cease to depend upon foreign ships and until American steamers are built that will carry the produce of our farms direct to South America.

A NEW method for electing United States senators has been introduced in Illinois. The state convention of a political party shall nominate the candidate and then request the legislature to elect its man. General Palmer of Illinois was the nominee

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of the Democratic State Convention, recently, and the Democrats in the legislature with the aid of two Alliance votes elected him; now ex-Governor Foraker of Ohio is talked of for Senator Sherman's seat in the Senate, and it is predicted that the Republican State Convention, soon to be held, will request the legislature to elect Mr. Foraker as Senator. The chief argument in favor of this plan is, that it brings the election of United States senators near the people, and that it is a step in the direction of the people's electing senators by a direct vote.

A MAN who is in the Wisconsin penitentiary for life has appealed to the Secretary of the Navy, suggesting that as it is difficult to recruit men for the Navy, that the department might find a large number of men in the penitentiaries who would be willing to serve in the Navy rather than in prison. This prisoner had reasons aside from his desire for release, for writing his letter; during the Civil War prisoners were taken from penitentiaries, and enlisted in both armies, North and South, and many of them made good soldiers. Of course it would seem to degrade the naval service to adopt such a policy, but why should our thought run in that direction? We educate convicts to be shoemakers, and to other trades, in prison; why might we not set apart certain war-ships to be manned by United States prisoners? They would be quite as safe in a war-ship at sea, their confinement would be as close, their work as hard, and the punishment as severe as when confined in any stone building that is protected with iron bars and doors.

MR. T. W. HURST proposes to exhibit the world in miniature at the World's fair in Chicago. It is a unique idea, and will require ten acres of land. Jackson Park is the locality selected and much of the land is the shallow bottom of the lake just off the park. It is proposed to produce the earth, its continents, oceans, mountain ranges, etc., as shown in physical geography. If this is done scientifically and the great air railway is completed with cars passing over our heads, between Chicago and New York, making the journey in six hours, then the Columbian Exposition will be well launched in the advertising arena, with two exploits of great dimensions.

THE House of the Bonapartes does not recover its former power or glory. Prince Napoleon died at Rome, Italy, in March. Official seals were placed upon all of the Prince's property in Geneva. The Prince looked like the great Napoleon, but here, fortunately for France, the resemblance ceased. A Paris correspondent says by cable:

Prince Napoleon went to Rome to counsel King Humbert on the dangers of the *Dreibund* to the House of Savoy, and to advocate the plan of the Duchess d'Uzes to have the Prince of Naples marry Princess Helena of Orleans, instead of Princess Letitia, whom the Duchess destined for the Duc d'Orleans. Prince Napoleon gave copies of his will and memoirs to several trusted friends, in order to prevent tampering, and ordered that the memoirs should not be published during the life-time of ex-Empress Eugenie. Abbe Pujol administered extreme unction to enable King Humbert to give a state funeral.

WHILE one house goes down, another goes up. The Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii is attending a private school in London; her address is known to only a few intimate friends. The middle of the month of March her schoolmistress handed her a telegram from Hawaii, stating that she had been chosen to the throne and in due time she would become queen and wear the crown. There came at the same time a document from the Hawaiian chargé d' affaires in England which gave official notice of the honor conferred upon her.

THE old and the new are in conflict in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts over the election of a bishop for the diocese of that state. The secular journals of Boston are being used to influence the election. That progressive and liberal man, Phillips Brooks, is a broad churchman, and it is claimed that as a bishop his course would be entirely free from acts which would cause high churchmen to regret that they had elected him. We have heard of Old School and New School Presbyterians, and the same is true in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Old School and New School appear in educational work—in the expediency of revivals, and other methods—and in some instances in the doctrinal deliverances of the pulpit—and in the published views of some eminent preachers. Is it not a time when we may hold safely and firmly to the fundamentals of Christianity while we refuse to engage in controversies over methods and non-essentials in both doctrine and forms of church government? In the mean time it

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will be wise policy to put great men who hold the life of Christ to be above all price, to the front as teachers and leaders of the people.

BRAIN workers are not the short-lived men. We have two notable instances in this country: the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., for many years chaplain of Harvard College, observed his eightieth birthday the 18th of March, and Dr. McCosh, the eminent ex-president of Princeton College, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth April first. The following is a suggestive list:

A recent classification of pursuits in Germany, gathered from the biographies of 7,000 persons, thus puts the average ages of professional men: Speculative sciences, 71 years; beautiful sciences, 70.9 years; abstruse sciences, 70.2 years; public affairs, 68.18 years; natural sciences, 68.7 years; fine arts, 67.6 years. In the more active walks of professional life and among workingmen the German statisticians, after years of comparative study, give the following as the number of years reached: School-teachers, gardeners, and butchers, 56 years; tradesmen, 56 years; lawyers and financiers, 54 years; doctors, 52 years; bakers, 51 years; shoemakers, 47 years; smithies, 46 years; tailors, 45 years; stonebreakers, printers, etc., 40 years.

THE spirit of the sixteenth century with its Inquisition seems to have revived in the persecution which Russia is inflicting upon her Protestant subjects of the Balkan provinces. All religious freedom is denied them. Their public funds are diverted to the establishment and support of the Russian Church within their own borders; and its doctrines are forcibly promulgated in their public schools. Protestant pastors have been exiled to Siberia for receiving into their churches those who had formerly belonged to the Russian Church. Can the motive which has led to this religious zeal and cruelty be any other than cowardice, the twin of tyranny? The czar fears the enlightening power of a free Gospel spreading from these border provinces among the masses of his own people.

IN how many varied lines of work a man of broad culture, strong views, and fearless spirit, may make himself a positive force is illustrated in the life of Dr. Howard Crosby, who died in March last. During his twenty-eight years' pastorate in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City he won and held a position among the foremost preachers of his times. Before he entered the ministry he had made a reputation as a scholar and as an educator, having been professor of Greek in both the University of New York and in Rutgers College. His numerous books and articles show him to have been an author of ability. The New York Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was established largely through his efforts; he was the leader in founding the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which has for its leading object the restriction of the liquor traffic; he was a member of the American committee on the revision of the New Testament. So closely and so practically did he link himself to the leading issues of political life, that his name was more than once proposed for office; but he declined all nominations. He took a special interest in the welfare of the American Indians; and strongly advocated the international copyright law.

AFTER three years of life the publication of the *Nationalist* has been discontinued, the last number appearing in April. As the exponent of the Nationalist party, the tendency of which is toward Socialism, the magazine probably filled all necessary requirements. While the growing demand of the American people is for a modification of the present industrial system, they are not ready for so radical a scheme as that proposed by the Nationalist school of social reformers. The *Nationalist* magazine has done much in stimulating thought in the direction of industrial progress, and its exit from the field of periodical literature will cause regret for this reason, if for no other.

THE attempt to extend the Kaiping railway in China again emphasizes the deficiency of the Chinese fiscal system and the need for extensive reform in the general administration of the imperial government. An effort was made in Berlin several months ago to effect a loan for about $17,000,000, but it was unsuccessful, owing to a disagreement in the matter of detail. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and a French syndicate are now considering the proposition of the imperial government for a loan of 30,000,000 taels of silver, about $42,000,000, the estimated cost of the road. It is doubtful if any arrangement can be made at present which will further the plan of railway extension in China.

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THE spirit manifested by the labor organizations of Chicago, in attempting to dictate the policy of the Managers of the Columbian Exposition in relation to the employment of labor, is not only unreasonable but unpatriotic as well. The declaration of the Union organizations that they will make trouble for the Fair management if any non-Union labor is employed, is deserving of sharp criticism and should be met with a firm hand. The work of the Exposition will require a vast number of men and if non-Union men are as capable as others of doing the work they should be given the chance. When confined to their proper sphere, it is possible for labor organizations to exert a powerful influence for good, but they should remember that the word "boycott" is not to be found in the realm of prudence or reason.

THE *Publisher's Weekly* record shows that during 1890 there were issued in the United States 4,559 books, 545 more than the previous year and within 117 of the number in 1886—the largest year on record. Of the 4,559 books only 3,080 were new, the others being duplicate works, new editions, or importations. Of the 3,080 new books 835 were new novels from English and American authors or translations of German, French, or Russian novels. In England in 1890 the number of new books issued was 4,114 and of new editions 1,321, making a total of 5,735. The number recorded in 1889 was 6,067.

FOLLOWING is the comparative table of books issued in the United States:

	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.
Fiction	1080	1022	874	942	1118
Juvenile Books	458	488	410	388	408
Law	469	437	335	410	458
Theology and Religion	377	351	482	363	467
Education, Language	275	283	413	319	399
Literary, History, and Miscellany	388	253	291	144	183
Poetry and the Drama	220	225	280	171	168
Biography, Memoirs	155	201	247	178	218
Description, Travel	159	187	197	139	172
Fine Arts and Illustrated	151	173	250	171	135
Medical Science, Hygiene	177	171	151	157	117
History	182	150	144	110	153
Political, Social Science	174	141	227	157	183
Useful Arts	112	123	124	129	133
Physical, Mathematical Science	148	76	56	96	93
Domestic and Rural	46	61	39	44	29
Sports and Amusements	70	48	46	43	82
Humor and Satire	17	26	47	25	42
Mental and Moral Philosophy	18	21	18	28	11
Total	4676	4437	4631	4014	4558

THE necessity for thorough organization makes itself felt nowhere more forcibly than in charity work. All who have tried to labor in this cause have been compelled to acknowledge this fact, as the gradual merging of independent personal work into that done under the direction of some recognized order shows. As a still further step in co-operative work of this character, Mr. John S. Kennedy has purchased the property of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of New York City, and is about to erect a new and commodious building to serve as the headquarters of the leading charitable societies of the city. The outcome promises to be an organization of organizations.

VIEWED in the light of historical importance, the recent Ives book sale in New York was a most significant event. Columbus' letters in Spanish to Luis de Sant Angel were sold to a firm of New York publishers for $4,300, $1,600, and $1,500. There were copies of Vespucius, Cortez, Cabeza de Vaca, Ferdinando Gorges, Champlain, Jacques Cartier, Hakluyt, and many specimens of Captain John Smith's books. Other early volumes in the collection were by Mathers, John Cotton, and Captain Church. Many American books were sold, the rarest of all being Eliot's Indian Bible. Notwithstanding the constant improvement which has taken place in the typographic art since the time of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schaeffer, some of the earliest volumes in quality of paper and ink, in perfect registration, binding, and other requirements of manufacture, have never been surpassed.

THE authorities of Arizona cannot be accused of being remiss in the matter of encouragement to railway construction. A bill has just been passed and signed by the Governor, exempting from taxation for a period of twenty years all railways built within three years next after its enactment. As an evidence of the advantage of the law, there was filed with the Secretary of the Territory, immediately upon the signing of the bill, a notice of the Arizona Central to extend its line from Prescott to Phœnix, a distance of over one hundred miles. This action will hardly be viewed with favor by those who regard the present railway system as monopolistic and un-American as to the spirit of the Constitution.

THAT the movement against illiteracy is making remarkable headway, is shown by

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the latest census bulletin, No. 36. Maryland has the best record, its increase in school enrollment for the ten years being twice the increase in population. Arizona's gain is almost as great. Next comes the District of Columbia, its growth being one-third that of the increase of population. The greatest actual gain in school enrollment has been in South Dakota,—568 per cent, but the populalation has grown in the meantime about 235 per cent. It is a matter for comment that so small a proportion of the children of our country are in parochial schools; 10 per cent of their number are in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut alone.

THE peculiarities of the Tolstoï family have so attracted the curious and the impertinent that the Countess will not receive strangers unless they bring letters from well-known persons. That the public must be admitted to the private life has been a very distasteful idea to many literary characters. Thackeray wanted "no nonsense" about him after his death, and the late historian Kinglake requested that there be prevented the publication of any writings of his that might be found and that all papers not necessary to preserve, be destroyed. It is a delicate matter to decide what the world has a right to know.

THE death of Alexander Young in Boston, March 19, will recall to the readers of the C. L. S. C. course Mr. Young's fine treatment of Ebers' "The Emperor" in Volume X. of this magazine. One of his friends says of him:

His sweet, generous, unjealous character endeared him to every one, and he was never known to do an unfaithful or mean thing to any human being. He was a man of delicate, high culture, beautiful, innocent humor; one whose friends all loved him and whom he loved.

Such a life makes for itself an everlasting monument.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 8).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XXIV.-XXVII.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters VII.-VIII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Intellectual Development of the English People."

"Literary England under the Guelfs."

Sunday Reading for May 3.

Second week (ending May 15).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XXVIII.-XXXI.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters IX.-XI.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

"Life in Modern England."

Sunday Readings for May 10.

Third week (ending May 22).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XXXII.—XXXV.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XII.-XIII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Constantinople and the Waning Turks."

"Studies in Astronomy."

Sunday Reading for May 17.

Fourth week (ending May 31).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XXXVI.-XXXIX.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XIV.-XV.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"England's Possessions in Africa."

Sunday Reading for May 24 and 31.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1 Roll-Call—Answered by pithy sayings from French authors.
2. Essay—The Influence of the Renaissance in England.
3. Question—How long will the supply of Natural Gas last? Members holding different scientific theories should answer this.
4. Paper—Description of an Oil-well.
5. Round-Table—Famous Coal Regions; where located, kind of coal found in each, etc., and reference to the late disasters and strikes in some of these regions.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Each member should come prepared with an original example of hyperbole, irony,

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simile, and metaphor; the club should criticise, calling attention to the excellencies and to the defects.

2. Paper—The character of James I. and manners of his times; this can be found in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."
3. Discussion—The influence of Puritanism; base the talk on Mr. Towse's article "Life in Modern England."
4. Question—What was the charm of Madame de Sévigné's letters? (Compare her with other noted letter-writers.)
5. Reading—"Madame de Sévigné."*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Review of chapter XXXV. in "Walks and Talks," followed by reading "The Earth's Interior."*
2. Lecture: Subject—The Future of the Turks. (See Mr. Shaw's article in present number.)
3. Reading—"The Tenaciousness of the Turks."*
4. A Star-Party—Study the stars of the month.
5. Paper—The Great Pulpit Orators of France.
6. A Talk—Fénelon and his Friends.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. A Study of Africa, with map; follow out the various lines of thought suggested in "England's Possessions in Africa," in this number of the magazine.
2. Book-Review: Subject—De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America."
3. Round-Table—The Influence of De Tocqueville's "Democracy" and Bryce's "American Commonwealth."
4. Reading—"Rhetorical Style of French and English."*
5. Paper—Le Sage and his Works.

PASCAL DAY—MAY 14.

Genius, indeed, melts many ages into one, and thus effects something permanent, yet still with a similarity of office to that of the more ephemeral writer. A work of genius is but the newspaper of a hundred centuries.—*Hawthorne.*

* *The Library Table*, p. 263.

No doubt most of the local circles will have trouble in finding Pascal's writings or works about him, therefore we give selections from his "Thoughts" which in connection with those in text-book will contain enough material for a program, and each circle can arrange its own. It is suggested that the "Thoughts" given may be assigned to different members who will study them in the light of Pascal's life and work and then apply them to the topics of the times.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which is of so much importance to us, which touches us so deeply, that we must have lost all feeling, if we are indifferent about knowing whether it is true or not. All our actions and thoughts must take such different directions, according as we have or have not the hope of eternal blessings, that it is impossible to take one step with sense and judgment, except in regulating it by keeping this point ever in view as our ultimate object.

We are not contented with the life that we have in ourselves, and in our own being: we wish to live, in the idea of others, an imaginary life, and we constrain ourselves for this end to put on appearances. We labor incessantly to adorn and sustain this imaginary being, and neglect the real one. And if we have either tranquillity, or generosity, or fidelity, we strive to make it known, in order to attach these virtues to this being of imagination.

Curiosity is but vanity. Oftenest one wishes not only to know but to talk of it. Otherwise one would not go to sea, if he were never to say any thing about it, and for the sole pleasure of seeing, without hope of ever communicating what he has seen.

If any one has an interest in being esteemed by us, he shrinks from rendering us an office that he knows to be disagreeable to us: he treats us as we wish to be treated; we hate the truth, he conceals it from us; we wish to be flattered, he flatters us; we love to be deceived, he deceives us.

Let each one examine his own thoughts; he will find them always occupied with the past and the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do think of it, it is only to take its light in order to dispose of the future. The present is never our end; the past and present are our means; the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but we hope to live; and always disposing ourselves to be happy, it is inevitable that we never become so.

When a soldier complains of his painful toil, or a laborer, etc., let him be left without any thing to do.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR MAY.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

P. 135. "Petroleum." Richard Grant White includes this in his list of "Words that are not Words." He says, "It may be admitted as perfectly legitimate, but it is one of a class which is doing injury to the language. Petroleum means merely rock oil. In it the two corresponding Latin words, *petra* and *oleum* are only put together; and we, most of us, use the compound without knowing what it means. Now, there is no good reason, or semblance of one, why we should use a pure Latin compound of four syllables to express that which is better expressed

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in an English one or two. . . . If those who have given petroleum for rock oil had had the making of our language in past times, our evergreens would have been called sempervirids."

P. 137. "Lithological" [lith-o-loj′ik-al]. Pertaining to the character of rocks, relating to stones. Lithology is the branch of science which is concerned with the minute study of rocks, having for its specific object the finding out of what minerals compose the different varieties. The word is a Greek compound of *lithos*, stone, and *logos*, discourse.

"Witch-hazel." A North American shrub of the order *Hamamelaceæ*. It blossoms late in the autumn, when the leaves of most other trees are falling. Its twigs, forked, slender, and elastic, are used as divining rods by pretenders. "One branch of the twig is taken in each hand between the thumb and fore finger, the two ends pointing down. Holding the stick in this pocition, the palms toward the face, the operator passes over the surface of the ground; and wherever the upper point of the stick bends over and points downward, there he affirms the spring or metallic vein will be." Its use can be traced back as far as the eleventh century. It is probably a relic of the *virgula divina* superstition mentioned by Cicero. Lichtenstein speaks in his "Travels in South Africa" of a tribe who "seek to learn beforehand the issue of an enterprise by consulting their staffs like the ancient Jews." See Hosea iv. 12. A most famous representative of those professing skill in the use of the hazel is Dousterswivel, the German swindler, in Scott's "Antiquary."

P. 138. "Bi-tū′mi-nous." Having the qualities of bi-tū′men, which is a mineral pitch.

"Com-mi-nŭt′ed." Made small or fine, reduced to powder. From the Latin verb *comminuere*, the root of which is found in *minor*, *minus*, the comparative degree of the adjective *parvus*, small. Note the English word, minute.

"Argillaceous" [ar-jil-lā′shus]. Consisting of clay; *argilla* being the Latin word for clay.

P. 141. "Sar-găs′so seas." A name given to large areas in the ocean which are covered with floating seaweed. The principal Sargasso sea lies southwest of the Azore Islands and reaches westward to the Bahamas. Columbus passed through vast fields of this seaweed on his first voyage, which caused great alarm to his sailors who thought they were in danger of striking on rocks or shoals. The sargasso (the name of the seaweed) is believed to grow on shallow banks, on the sea-bottom, from which it becomes detached and floats.

"The ancient theory of earthquakes." The Rev. J. Michell (1760) thought they were caused by "the sudden formation or condensation of aqueous vapor between the crust and the molten interior of the earth, and the passage of waves of this vapor in between the sedimentary strata of the crust, lifting the upper strata in waves like those of a carpet when it is gently shaken on the floor." Others have thought that water penetrating into volcanoes might flash into steam and produce earthquakes.

P. 144. "Kis-ke-min′e-tas."

P. 145. "Del′a-mā-ter."

P. 151. "Anthracite" [an′thra-site]. From the Greek word for a burning coal, *anthrax*.

P. 152. "Can′nel coal." The name is said to be a corruption of candle coal, and was applied to this variety because it burned like candles.

P. 155. "Măs′to-don."

"Cement" [sem′ent or sē-ment′].

P. 156. "Aleseia" [a-lē′se-a].——"In-di-gir′kä" (the g has the hard sound as in get).——Vilhoui [vil-oo′e].——"Tungusian" [toon′-goo-sian].——"Yakutski" [yä-koot′ske].

P. 159. "Meg-a-thē′ri-um." Greek *megas*, great, and *therion*, beast.——"Myl′o don." Greek *mulos*, mill, mill-stone, *odous*, tooth.——"Scelidotherium" [skel′i-do-thē′ri-um]. Greek *skelis*, leg, *therion*, beast.

"E den′tates." Animals of the sloth kind, wanting the fore teeth and in some species the canines. Latin *e*, from, out of, and *dens*, tooth.

P. 160. "Cuvier" [kū′vē-ā].

"Scap′u-la." The shoulder blade. A Latin word. "Hū′me-rus." The bone of the upper arm (or fore leg of a quadruped) reaching from the shoulder to the elbow.——"Pel′vis." The hip bones taken together form an irregular basin called from the Latin name for basin, *pelvis*.——"Fē′mur." The thigh bone; the bone in the upper leg, reaching from the hip to the knee.

P. 161. "Ef-fō′di-ent." Fitted for digging. Latin *ex*, out of, and *fodere*, to dig.

"Flū′vi-ä-tile." Belonging to rivers; from the Latin word for river, *fluvius*.

P. 163. "*Debris*" [dā-brē]. A French word for broken fragments.

"Căr-a-pā′çes." The shells which cover the backs of turtles, tortoises, and other crustacean animals.

P. 164. "Cheyenne" [shī′en].

"Nē′o-cene." Written also neogene. A term applied to the Miocene and Pliocene formations taken together. (See table on page 73 of the text-book.)

P. 165. "Zeug′lo-don."——"Hydrarchus" [hy drar′kus].

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P. 166. "Ver′te-bræ." The joints or segments of the back-bone.

"U-in′tä."

"Herb′i-vores." Latin *herba*, herb, and *vorare*, to devour. Herb-eating animals.

P. 167. "Bron-to-the′ri-um." Thunder beast, from the Greek word for thunder, *bronte*.——"Dinoceras" [di-nos′e-ras]. Greek *deinos*, terrible, *keras*, horn.——"Ti-noc′e-ras." Greek *tinein*, to avenge.——"Di-no-the′ri-um." Terrible beast.

P. 168. "Fau′näs." The animals of different epochs or areas; all the animals of any one age or country form the fauna of that age or that country.

P. 170. "Cahaba" [kä-haw′bä].

"Iron pyrites" [pi-ri′tēs]. A combination of sulphur with iron. The second word comes from the Greek *pur*, fire.

P. 171. "Mos′a-saur." Latin *mosa*, the Meuse River, and Greek *saurus*, lizard.

P. 173. "Pin-nā′tions." Feather-like shapes, the Latin for feather being *pinna*. Arrangements of several leaflets, or separate portions, on each side of a common leafstalk, as in the leaves of the rose-bush or sumac. "Bi-pin-nā′tions." Double pinnations, leaf forms like those of the locust tree.——"Ser-rā′tions." Formations in the shape of a saw, with notched edges. —— "A-cu-mi-nā′tions." Formations terminating in a sharp point.

P. 174. "Sigillaria." The g at the end of the first syllable has the soft sound, like j.

"Ly-co-pō′di-um."——"Cycads" [sī′kads].

P. 176. "Ax′o-lotls."

P. 177. "Cheirotherium." The first syllable is pronounced *kīre*.

P. 178. "Myr′-i-a-pods." Greek, *murioi*, ten thousand, and *pous*, foot. Articulate animals having many jointed legs.

P. 180. "Cren′u-la-ted." Having the edges cut in very small scallops.

P. 181. "Sep′ta"' The partitions separating the cells.

"Dis-sĕp′i-ments." Dividing tissues, partitions.

"Brachiopods" [brak′i-o-pods]. Greek, *brachio*, arm, *pous*, foot. A class of animals belonging to the molluscs.

P. 183. "Pa-læ-on-to-log′ic-al." Belonging to pa-læ-on-tol′o-gy, the science of the ancient life of the earth. Greek, *palaios*, ancient, *onta*, the things which exist, and *logos*, discourse.

P. 192. "Sault Ste. Marie" [soo sent mā′rĭ].

P. 197. "Vit′ri-fied." The definition is a literal translation of the Latin roots of which the word is compounded, made into glass—*vitrum*, glass, and *facere*, to make.

P. 198. "Alexandrian Library." This was the largest collection of books made before the art of printing. It contained volumes, or rolls, gathered from all nations, and in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the third century B. C., numbered one hundred thousand books, and was afterward increased to seven times as many. In 640 A. D. it was burned by the conquering Arabs. The current story is that Caliph Omar declared, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God [the Koran], they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." They were used to heat the baths of the city for which purpose they were sufficient to last for six months.

P. 204. "Vol-a-til-i-za′tion." The act of rendering volatile, or capable of passing into an aëriform state. That language is "fossil poetry" has a strong proof in this word. As deeply impressed upon its structure as are the remains of extinct forms of life upon the earth's rocks, is the poetic imagination which saw in the ready escape of a substance converted to vapor, a likeness to rapid flight through the air on wings, and which named the act from the Latin verb *volare*, to fly.

P. 208. "Comets." Another word to be placed in the same category with the preceding; "long-haired stars." The Greek word for long-haired is *kometes*.

P. 213. "Neb′u-læ." The Latin word for clouds, vapors; the singular form is nebula.

P. 214. "Pe-riph′e-ry." Greek *peri*, around, and *pherein*, to bear. The circumference of a circle, or circular body, the surface, or outside parts.

P. 219. "Prolate." Stretched out in the direction of a line joining the poles. A prolate spheroid is the opposite of an oblate spheroid.

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

P. 66. "Château-Thierry" [shä-tō ti-ā-rē].

P. 67. "Bonhomie" [bon-o-mē].

P. 68. "Sorbonne" [sor-bun]. A school of theology in the ancient university of France named from its founder, Robert Sorbonne, who lived in the thirteenth century.

P. 72. "Nem′e-sis." "A Greek goddess who measured out to mortals happiness and misery and visited with losses and sufferings all who were blessed with too many gifts of fortune. This is the character in which she appears in the earlier Greek writers; but subsequently she was regarded like the Erinyes or Furies, as the goddess who punished crimes."

"Rhad-a-man′thus." The son of Jupiter and Europa, and the brother of Minos, King of Crete.

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From fear of this brother, he fled to Ocalea in Bœotia, and there married Alcmene, the widow of Amphitryon, and the mother of Hercules. "In consequence of his justice throughout life, he became after his death one of the judges in the lower world."

"Finesse" [fi-nes′]. Delicacy, subtlety, keenness.

P. 73. "Pluto's ferryman." Charon [kā′-ron], who conveyed in his boat the shades, or souls, of the dead across the rivers of the lower world. "For this service he was paid with an obolus [a small coin] which was placed in the mouth of every corpse previous to its burial." Pluto was the god of the lower world.

P. 76. "Gelid" [jel′id]. Cold, icy. Latin *gelidus*, from *gelu*, cold, frost.

P. 78. "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" [boor-zhwä zhong-ti-yŏm].—"Jourdain" [zhoor-dang].

P. 80. "Marchioness" [mar′shon-es.]—"Les Femmes Savantes" [lā fem sä-vongt].

P. 81. "Coterie" [ko-te-re]. A set of persons who meet familiarly, for literary, social, or other purposes.

"Trissotin" [trēs-so-täng].

P. 84. "Les Precieuse Ridicules" [lā prā-si-euse rĭ-dĭ′kul. The sound of the French *u* cannot be indicated].

P. 92. "Bi-nō′mi-al theorem." The theorem which demonstrates the law of formation of any power of a binomial." A binomial is an algebraic expression consisting of two terms, as a+b, x—y. A theorem is a statement of a principle to be demonstrated. The binomial theorem gives the rule for writing out the square, cube, fourth power, or any other power of such expressions as a+b, x—y, and shows the reasons for the rule.

"Ascetic" [as-set′ic]. Very rigid in devotions and mortifications. As a noun the word is applied to one who withdrew from the customary vocations of life and gave himself up to the duties of religion; a recluse, a hermit. It comes from the Greek verb *askein*, meaning to exercise, to practice gymnastics.

P. 93. "Sal′a-din." See "Outline History of England," page 104.

P. 94. "Versailles" [vair-sâ-ye. The â in the second syllable has the sound given it in care; the final syllable is very obscure].

P. 96. "Si-mō′ni-acs." Those who practice simony, or buy and sell preferments in the church. See note on simony in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, page 399.

P. 97 and 98. The Latin expressions used are the mere repetitions in that language of the clauses immediately preceding them.

P. 102. "Apologetic." An argument written in defense of some question or system. In the plural form it is applied to that branch of theology which sets forth the evidence of the divine authority of the Bible. The Greek verb from which the word is formed means to speak in defense of; it is compounded of *logos*, a discourse, and *apo*, from.

P. 104. "Cy′cloid." A curve produced by a point in the circumference of a circle when the circle is rolled forward in a straight line.

P. 108. "Louis d'ors" [loo-ē dōr]. Literally translated, Louis of gold. "A gold coin of France, first struck in 1640 in the reign of Louis XIII., equivalent in value to twenty shillings sterling, equal to about $4.84."——A "franc" is equal to about 19 cents, and a "crown," to $1.20.

P. 109. "Vulcan." The god of fire, but as fire is indispensable in the working of metals he came to be regarded as an artist. His palace in Olympus was imperishable and shining like the stars. It contained his workshop and twenty bellows which worked spontaneously at his bidding.——The "Cyclops" are beings differently described by different writers. Homer called them a gigantic and lawless race of shepherds, each one of whom had but one eye in the center of his forehead. The tradition alluded to in this reference is one regarding them as the assistants of Vulcan, and the makers of metal armor and ornaments for the gods and heroes.——"Æneas" is the great Trojan hero, the subject of Virgil's poem named from him the Æneid.

P. 111. Chantilly" [shong-te-ye].

P. 114. "Gnomic" [nō′mic]. Of the nature of maxims or aphorisms. From the Greek *gno-me*, maxim, or thought.

P. 115. "Guilleragues" [gē-yer-äg. Both g's have the hard sound as in get].

P. 116. "Rheims" [rēmz].——"St. Germain" [săng zher-măng]. "Nanterre" [năng-ter].

P. 118. "Æschylus" [es′ki-lus]. "Soph′o-clēs." "Eu-rip′i-dēs."

"Mon′o-graph." Greek, *monos*, single, and *graphein*, to write. A written account of a single subject, or class of things.

P. 119. "'The Cid', an epoch-making production." Saintsbury in his "History of French Literature" speaks of this play as the first complete model of French classical style in verse, and the most remarkable example of that style which has ever been produced."——"As beautiful as the Cid," became a proverb in France.

"Pol-y-euc′tēs."

P. 121. "Dĕ′ci-us."—"Se-vē′rus."

P. 125. "El-eu-sin′i-an Cē′rēs." The goddess of agriculture, to whom a temple was erected in Eleusis.

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P. 127. "Dii Majores" [di'i ma-jō'rēs]. Greater gods. The Latin plural is more commonly written *dei*, *dii* is a poetical form.

P. 130. "Ath-a-lī'ah."

P. 138. "Meaux" [mō].

P. 139. "Princess Henrietta." The secret mission of state to England upon which she was sent was for the purpose of influencing her brother, King Charles II., to detach England from the alliance with Holland and Sweden which had been formed to operate against the interests of France. The princess had been taken to France while an infant, and was reared in a convent. She was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of the French King Louis XIV.

P. 143. "Psychological" [si-ko-loj'ic-al]. Pertaining to psy-chol'o-gy, the science of the human soul; "the systematic knowledge of the powers and functions of the soul so far as they are known by conscience." The Greek word for soul is *psuche*, and the beautiful goddess Psyche is a personification of the soul purified by sufferings and misfortunes and prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness.

P. 145. "Jansenist." "A follower of Cornelius Jansen, a Roman Catholic bishop of Ypres in Flanders, who received certain views of grace similar to those taught by Calvin, and formed a powerful party in the Roman Catholic Church."

P. 154. "Quasi-pontifical relation." A relation similar to that of pope, or of high priest.

P. 160. "Monseigneur" [mong-sān-yur].

P. 162. "Telemachus" [te-lem'a-kus].

P. 168. "Hā'des." The infernal regions. A place of darkness, and the abode of the unhappy dead; called also Tar'ta-rus.

P. 169. "Elysium" [e-lizh'i-um]. The dwelling-place of happy souls after death; a region of light.

P. 174. "Gil Blas" [zhēl blä, also zhēl bläs].

P. 175. "Con-cat'e-na-tion." Latin *con* with, and *catena*, a chain. A linking together, a uniting into a series.

P. 177. "Sän-grä'do."

P. 180. "*Morceaus*" [mor-sō]. The French word for morsels, bits, pieces.

"Bœotian." Heavy, dull, obtuse; so called from Bœotia, in Greece; a district noted for its heavy, thick atmosphere, and the dullness of its inhabitants.

P. 181. "Ximenes" [zi-mē'nēz]. (1436–1517.) A powerful Spanish statesman who was everywhere reverenced for his sanctity.

P. 182. "Aristarchus" [ar-is-tar'kus].

P. 185. "Vercingetorix" [ver-sin-jet'o-rix].

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

1. Q. What scientific principle must hold true regarding the origin of petroleum? A. That being composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, it must come from organic substances, probably vegetable.

2. Q. Why is it conceded that oil-bearing rock strata must have an anticlinal structure? A. Otherwise the oil would spread laterally and there could be no accumulation.

3. Q. Why was the notion that oil was a "drip" from the coal measures absurd? A. Being lighter than water instead of sinking, it must rise, through all water saturated rocks.

4. Q. To what rocks have geologists traced the probable source of petroleum? A. To the black bituminous shales always found underlying oil reservoirs.

5. Q. What is it that burns in oil, in gas, in coal? A. Essentially carbon.

6. Q. Where is the source of uncombined carbon found? A. In vegetation.

7. Q. Assuming their vegetable origin, what poetic names may be fittingly given to natural gas, oil, and coal? A. Gaseous, liquid, and solidified sunlight.

8. Q. What other fact goes to prove that coal is of vegetable origin? A. The fossil forms found in it.

9. Q. What is graphite assumed to be? A. Metamorphic coal.

10. Q. How does anthracite coal differ from the bituminous varieties? A. In it the volatile hydrocarbons have been driven off, causing it to burn with a feeble bluish flame.

11. Q. How do coal formations occur? A. In strata interbedded with sedimentary rocks.

12. Q. Where must these different strata have been formed? A. The coal on dry land, and the rocks on the ocean bed.

13. Q. What is peat? A. A vegetable accumulation at the surface of the earth, not yet consolidated into coal.

14. Q. What remarkable stories of animal life are told to modern science by peat beds?

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A. Those of monstrous creatures that formerly walked the earth.

15. Q. Where besides in peat beds have the remains of these extinct mammals been found? A. In caves and ice fields.

16. Q. To what geological age did these buried monsters belong? A. The Quaternary.

17. Q. Mention some of the forms of animal life marking this age. A. The mammoth, the mastodon, and strange giants of the order of edentates.

18. Q. In what formation do the "Bad Lands" of North America occur? A. In the Tertiary.

19. Q. Why are they of great interest to the geologist? A. In their deep excavations they expose to view relics of animal life buried beneath the rubbish of hundreds of thousands of years.

20 Q. To what order did the animals characterizing this age belong? A. To the most ancient mammals.

21. Q. In this downward search for monsters of a buried world, what form of life is found to have prevailed in the Cretaceous Age? A. Reptiles of gigantic size.

22. Q. By what other name is the Cretaceous Age known? A. The Age of Chalk.

23. Q. Among the curious vegetable growths ot the coal strata, what animal remains are found? A. Those of the order of amphibians.

24. Q. What are the leading types of the fossils of the Jurassic and Triassic Ages? A. Saurians and bird-like reptiles.

25. Q. Mention the most characteristic of the coal-measure forms of life. A. The labyrinthodont.

26. Q. What fossil remains are very conspicuous in certain parts of the Devonian system? A. Corals.

27. Q. What are the most astonishing forms belonging to this age? A. The plates and teeth of monstrous fish.

28. Q. To what formation does the rock belong over whose brink the water pours at Niagara Falls? A. The Silurian.

29. Q. Name a living representative of a remarkable dynasty of this age? A. The nautilus.

30. Q. Describe the crinoids which also belonged to this age. A. They were animals of plant-like form rooted on the ocean bottom and floating on long stems in the water.

31. Q. In the twilight ages of the Cambrian formation what was the typical form of life? A. The trilobite.

32. Q. After passing the last-named system what rocks are reached? A. The vitrified and crystalline bowlders forming the lowest sedimentary deposits.

33. Q. The fossil "dawn animal" found in these rocks is represented by what tiny living creature of to-day? A. The amœba.

34. Q. Re-name in order the successive formations through which this search for fossil life has lead. A. The Quaternary, Tertiary, Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, Cambrian, and the Eozoic formations.

35. Q. Repeat the orders of animal life to which the creatures found in each age belong. A. Mammals, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, invertebrates, protozoans.

36. Q. Where may rocks from all these strata be found at different places? A. At the surface of the earth, owing to upheavals and disturbances.

37. Q. How is the absence of a formation in any place to be accounted for? A. By the fact that the place must have been dry land during the formation.

38. Q. Upon what must the ocean have rested before any of these strata could be deposited? A. Upon rocks formed by the cooling of the surface of the fiery earth.

39. Q. In this backward tracing of history to what final condition of the earth as an individual existence does science lead? A. An immense ball of fire mist.

40. Q. Whence may the material composing this fire mist have been gathered? A. From wandering germs of worlds, such as those now revealing themselves in the form of comets, meteors, and nebulæ.

41. Q. Explain the theory accounting for the whole solar system. A. It existed originally as one vast, rotating nebulous mass; parts, often in the form of rings, were thrown off from the outside; and these gathering into new masses, formed the separate planets.

42. Q. According to this theory, what is the sun? A. The relic of the primordial fire mist.

43. Q. Explain the theory of the gathering of the waters of the first ocean. A. As the earth's mass cooled, forming a crust, the water existing in the air in the form of gas was gradually condensed and precipitated.

44. Q. What two statements in Biblical history are corroborated by science which shows the earth first a fiery self-illuminated mass, and then enveloped in dense clouds and drenched with water? A. "In the beginning there was light" and "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

45. Q. Whence came the material forming the first deposits in the world wide ocean? A. The rain carried certain acid gases from the

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atmosphere into contact with certain elements of the fire formed crust, causing decompositions and new chemical compounds, which floated for a time and were then precipitated.

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. In what respect is La Fontaine's fame unique? A. No other fabulist is entitled also to the name of poet.

2. Q. What is true regarding the matter of his fables? A. He took whatever fittest came to his hand.

3. Q. Where did their individual merit lie? A. In the artful artlessness of their form.

4. Q. Which is generally held to be his masterpiece? A. "The Animals Sick with the Plague."

5. Q. He is the crucial author in disclosing what? A. The difference between the Englishman's and the Frenchman's idea of poetry.

6. Q. Who is Molière? A. The greatest writer of comedy in the world.

7. Q. Where did he find the subject of all his dramatic creations? A. In human nature.

8. Q. How did Victor Hugo honor Molière? A. By placing him in a list of the eight greatest poets of all time.

9. Q. What was Molière's real name? A. Poquelin.

10. Q. Which is the most celebrated of his plays? A. "Tartuffe."

11. Q. Under what character does he satirize a vulgar rich man ambitious to figure in a high social rank? A. That of Jourdain in "Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

12. Q. How is Pascal described? A. As one of the chief intellectual glories of France.

13. Q. In what was he the greatest modern master? A. The use of delicate ironical expression.

14. Q. Against whom did he employ this weapon in his "Provincial Letters"? A. The Jesuits.

15. Q. When was the first satisfactory edition of Pascal's "Thoughts"—his unfinished work—given to the world? A. Two hundred years after the author's death.

16. Q. What was the design of this work? A. To demonstrate the truth of Christianity.

17. Q. How did Madame de Sévigné win her fame? A. By writing admirable private letters.

18. Q. How does her epistolary production now rank in literature? A. As one of the classics of the French language.

19. Q. Why is her work of great value to French history? A. On account of its vivid pictures of the nation and the times.

20. Q. Who is called the English analogue to Madame de Sévigné? A. Lady Mary Montagu.

21. Q. What is true of all dramatic writings? A. They require a highly conventional literary form.

22. Q. What characteristic distinguishes this form in French tragedy? A. Its lofty style.

23. Q. Who formed a triumvirate of French tragedists? A. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire.

24. Q. Repeat the rhetorical climax of praise in which one of Corneille's eulogists arranged the masterpieces of that author. A. "'The Cid' raised him above his rivals; the 'Horace' and the 'Cinna' above his models; and the 'Polyeuctes' above himself."

25. Q. What is the motive in "Polyeuctes"? A. Religion.

26. Q. How do the writings of Corneille and Racine compare? A. There was more of nature in the former, more of art in the latter.

27. Q. What occasioned a bitterness between Racine and Corneille? A. Both were engaged without the knowledge of each other to write a drama upon the same subject, and the palm was awarded to Racine.

28. Q. Which one of Racine's dramas is acknowledged to be a nearly ideal product of art? A. "Athaliah."

29. Q. How were the last days of Racine's life embittered? A. By the loss of the King's favor.

30. Q. Why did the King withdraw his favor? A. He was offended at an article written by Racine on the duties of a king toward his subjects.

31. Q. Name the representative pulpit orators of France? A. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Saurin.

32. Q. Why were Bossuet and Louis XIV. exactly suited to each other as subject and sovereign? A. The one preached and the other put in practice the doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule.

33. Q. What are generally esteemed as Bossuet's masterpieces? A. His funeral orations.

34. Q. To what American has the great Jesuit preacher Bourdaloue been compared as regards the unflinching nature of his sermons? A. Jonathan Edwards.

35. Q. In what does Massillon's individual distinction lie? A. In the fact that being limited to the production of sermons he succeeded in winning a place in the highest rank of authorship.

36. Q. How was Saurin distinguished?

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A. As the powerful, exiled Protestant theologian.

37. Q. The name of Fénelon is to the French a synonym for what? A. Saintliness.

38. Q. How did Fénelon assist Louis XIV. after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? A. He was sent to visit the Protestant provinces and sought to win them to submission to the Roman Catholic Church.

39. Q. What high position did the triumphs of this mission secure for him? A. He was made tutor of the heir apparent of France.

40. Q. Why was Fénelon's famous book "Telemachus" so fatal to all of his interests at the French court? A. It was understood to be a covert criticism of Louis XIV. and the principle of absolute monarchy.

41. Q. To what French woman did Fénelon look as a teacher in religious matters? A. Madame Guyon.

42. Q. Of what remarkable literary product was Le Sage the author? A. "Gil Blas."

43. Q. It is said that Le Sage achieved in this one book the same result for which Balzac required a library of fiction; what was it? A. Revealing the whole "comedy" of man.

44. Q. What moral lesson may be drawn from "Gil Blas"? A. That of profiting from the weaknesses, the follies, and even the crimes of one's fellow men.

45. Q. What scene in the book showing shrewd but genial satire would it be hard to overmatch anywhere in literature? A. The one describing the dismissal of Gil Blas from the service of the archbishop.

46. Q. Who has the glory of being the founder of the history of philosophy? A. Montesquieu.

47. Q. According to his great work the "Spirit of Laws," what are the three several animating principles in a democracy, a monarchy, and a despotism? A. Virtue, honor, fear.

48. Q. Who exerted a very important teaching influence on the political thought of mankind? A. De Tocqueville, in his work "Democracy in America."

49. Q. What led this French author to write this work? A. His desire to instruct France regarding democracy, which he believed was destined to prevail universally.

50. Q. What facts now furnish remarkable historical commentaries on the political prophecies of De Tocqueville? A. Communism, nihilism, socialism, and nationalism.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

WORLD OF TO-DAY.—TURKEY.

1. Give the original name of Constantinople.
2. Under what ruler did the Turkish Empire reach the summit of its prosperity?
3. Who first called Turkey the "Sick Man"?
4. By what honorable act did the Turkish government place Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, under a debt of gratitude to it?
5. What plan regarding the disposition of Constantinople seems now most in favor with the European powers?
6. Is the Turkey of to-day an absolute monarchy?
7. What change in the form of government was instituted in 1876?
8. Why was the sultan led to inaugurate this change?
9. What was the outcome of the attempt?
10. Who wrested from Turkey the control of Egypt?
11. What American college is flourishing in Constantinople?
12. Name the countries comprised under the Turkish government in its old extent.

THE STARS OF MAY.

1. What occurrence distinguishes the sunset of May 9?
2. To what discovery did observations on the transit of Mercury lead? how so?
3. How does the time of the Giant Planet's revolution around the sun compare with that of the earth?
4. What heavenly bodies near Jupiter are excluded from common sight by that planet's dazzling brilliancy?
5. When and by whom was the progressive motion of light first demonstrated?
6. How came he to discover it?
7. How do Mercury and Venus compare in appearance?
8. What is the sun's rank among the stars?
9. Where is Mizar and why specially attractive to the acute observer?
10. Where does Scorpio appear in May and how may it be recognized?
11. Describe the principal star in Scorpio.
12. What are the relative positions of Scorpio and Orion?

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13. Point out the brightest star in the northern hemisphere.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—VIII.

1. "*Can't*, *don't*, and *haven't* are admissible in rapid conversation on trivial subjects. *Isn't* and *hasn't* are more harsh, yet tolerated by respectable usage. *Didn't*, *couldn't*, *wouldn't*, and *shouldn't* make as unpleasant combination of consonants as well can be uttered. *Won't* for *will not*, *ain't* for *is not* or *are not*, are vulgar; and *hain't* for *has not*, or *have not*, is utterly intolerable."

2. Do you ever say "loads" or "lots" of things?

3. Persons say correctly I myself, we ourselves, etc., but in the corresponding forms in the third person are sometimes heard *his-self* and *theirselves* instead of himself and themselves. At the present time it is considered vulgar, showing illiteracy, although it is a remnant of an old form.

4. Be careful not to write one word when you have another in mind; a striking newspaper head-line said, "There is a *suspicion* of business along the line"; yours *respectively* is sometimes written for yours *respectfully*.

5. You ask why in the Bible we so often find *which* for *who*, as "Our Father *which* art in Heaven." The changes in speech make that ungrammatical now which once was right. *Who* did not come into general use until after the seventeenth century.

6. If you are uncertain what form of the pronoun to use after *than* and *as*, complete the sentence and the case will be evident; for example, I am as young as her; filled out it reads, I am as young as her am young; it is clear *she* should have been used.

7. Do not write *over* for *more than*, as *Over* a hundred were present; authorities agree that *more than* is preferable.

8. Avoid beginning a sentence with *and*. To commence a sentence with *and* after a period is to weaken it.

9. Observe that the verb is singular when the subject consists of singular nouns and pronouns connected by *either—or* or *neither—nor*. Neither he nor I were there, is incorrect.

10. Of two evils choose the less—not the *least*.

11. Who does she look like, should be, *Whom* does she look like. A teacher of girls used to say in her farewell address to them, "Now, my dears, mind your objectives."

12. "A tendency to slang, to colloquial inelegancies, and even vulgarities is the besetting sin against which we, as Americans, have especially to guard and to struggle."

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—VIII.

1. The Lollards was the name given to the followers of Wycliffe; what is supposed to be the derivation of the word?

2. The ignorant opposition of what reform gave rise to a popular election cry of "Give us back our eleven days"?

3. When was it first considered that the accession of an English monarch takes place at the moment of his predecessor's decease, or, as the legal maxim puts it, "the king never dies"?

4. How did Edmund Burke come to be known as "the dinner-bell of the House"?

5. Why was the Assembly summoned by Cromwell in 1653, nicknamed the Barebones' Parliament?

6. What exploit of Sir Francis Drake's did he facetiously term "singeing the Spanish King's beard"?

7. What famous woman is satirized in Pope's "Essay on Woman" under the name of Atossa?

8. What was "The Story of Jenkins' Ear," circulated in 1738, and what party measure was carried by it?

9. What was the relic of old Teutonic jurisprudence, called the Wager of Battle, and by whom was it introduced into England?

10. Who is the author of the following epigram:

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR APRIL.

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—VII.

1. King Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. 2. Richard III., on whose escutcheon was a boar, Ratcliffe, and Catesby. 3. A colossal representation of a horse is cut in a chalk hill; the figure is 374 feet long and represents the horse in the act of galloping. Tradition says, "It was carved to commemorate the victory of King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, over the Danes in the year 871." The festival was held for the purpose of renewing and preserving the carving. 4. Sir Walter Scott, because as the author of the Waverly Novels he remained for so long unknown. 5. Shakspere. 6. Pope, on account of his little crooked body. 7. Charles Lamb in his "Essays of Elia." 8. Roger Bacon. 9. "An attack upon English episcopacy, published in 1641, and written by five Presbyterian divines, the initial letters of whose names furnished the title—Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcome, and William Spinstow." 10. A Scotch wedding banquet at which all the guests paid a small sum, not more than a shilling, which met the ex-

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penses of the feast, and helped the newly wedded pair in furnishing their home. The custom was abolished in 1645. 11. The score was marked P. for pints and Q. for quarts and mine host would say to the person making up the account, "Mind your P's and Q's. 12. Sir James Macdonnel.

WORLD OF TO-DAY.—THE SWISS GOVERNMENT.

1. In 1848. 2. A federal union of states. 3. In 1874. 4. Personal freedom and home rule. 5. Those of the people. 6. In measures "of urgence," and in the items of the annual financial statement (excepting those establishing new taxes or increasing old ones or calling for an issue of bonds). 7. It must have passed both houses of the Federal Assembly. 8. Those of declaring war, concluding peace or treaties, of sending diplomatic representatives, those of regulating coinage, weights and measures, posts and telegraphs, and fixing customs duties. 9. One making allowance for clerk hire to the United States Minister. 10. In order that all poor workingmen may have full opportunity to cast their votes. 11. The National Council (or *Nationalrath*), and the States Council. 12. He does not, he is simply chairman of the Federal Council (the Swiss cabinet of seven members) and his power does not exceed that of his fellow ministers.

THE STARS FOR APRIL.

1. Above and to the east. 2. The shepherds of Chaldea in Asia and the Iroquois Indians of America gave it the same name. 3. Jupiter; appearing near Venus in the morning sky. 4. The fifth principal planet in order from the sun; greater, both in volume and in mass, than all the other planets together. 5. Mean distance, 480,000,000 miles, but on account of the eccentricity of its orbit, it may approach to within 457,000,000 miles of that body, and may recede from it 503,000,000 miles. It is considerably brighter than all save Venus. 6. In consequence of his proximity to the sun, only for a few days at the time of greatest elongation; after sunset at time of greatest eastern elongation; of greatest western elongation, before sunrise. It is visible as evening star about April 18. It shines with a clear white light, appearing like a bright star of the first magnitude. 7. April 6. 8. The moon's last quarter appears near Venus and Jupiter. 9. Libra. 10. A beautiful figure of three stars, through which a line drawn from Almaach (in Andromeda) to Arietis will pass. 11. The huge figure formed by two stars of first magnitude, Sirius and Procyon, together with Betelguese, Phaet in the Dove, and Naos in the Ship. 12. A figure of 50° in length from north to south formed by Denebola, Cor Caroli (a), Arcturus, and Spica. 13. North of the ecliptic in the northeastern sky. 14. Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy, promised to consecrate her beautiful tresses to Venus if her husband returned safe from a certain dangerous expedition; and he did return in safety. Soon after, Berenice being distressed at the disappearance of the hair from the temple, Conon the astronomer announced that the locks had been transferred to the heavens, and in proof, pointed out this little cluster of stars, hitherto unnamed. 15. The stars irregularly scattered between Gemini, head of Hydra, Procyon, and Leo.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. R. Palmer, New York City; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Guernsey, Independence, Kan.; Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt, Ontario, Canada.

Secretary—Mrs. James S. Ostrander.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondoga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Miss Clara L. Sargent.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT.—It would be a pleasant exercise, if all the '91's who keep note-books could meet in conference and compare the various entries made in our respective books. I imagine that if any ordinary topic should be suggested as the subject of debate or for a joint article, our note-books would furnish material sufficient for a readable paper. But such a pleasure is beyond possibility, and we fall back on ourselves. Self-reliance is, after all, one of the conditions of success, and when a reader has his own note-book well filled, he may be pardoned for feeling that he can at least say something worth hearing, although he may not exhaust the subject.

Now how shall the writer get out of his notes what he needs, and transfer it to paper? It is supposed, of course, that he has

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chosen his subject. The choice of a topic is largely determined by the channels of thought in which the mind has been working, so that, in the very process of taking notes, various subjects have suggested themselves. From out the many possible themes, one is finally chosen. The next thing to do is to get away by yourself and in ten minutes try to remember all you have ever known about the subject. This is like the starting of a train, and gives the initial velocity. Next find books covering the subject and read as much as the time at your disposal will allow, making references in your note-book as you read. When all the general reading has been done consistent with the time at which the article must be ready, take your note-book and, commencing at the first page, or, if it be a new one, at the first page of the previous book, and hastily run over the entries made on different matters. A little practice will enable the eye to detect at once the entries that will help in the composition of the theme in hand. Jot on a slip of paper the entry with a reference to the page of the note-book. When all the helpful entries have been noted, let the subject mull in the mind. It will surprise those who have never kept note-books to see how, in taking notes, they have in part forecast the lines on which the writing will proceed. Continue to brood over the topic, making an outline and putting it aside for more thinking. Make two or three outlines at odd times in as many days. Continue to read, if you have found any new book or paper on the subject. Finally sit down in earnest for your last outline. Arrange under the heads of the outline your notes with all the illustrations; sketch what you propose to say in conclusion; then get at the opening, for the opening is the last thing to be considered; it is the flight of steps that leads to the house. Now take your pen and write; then re-write and correct and perhaps re-write again. Cross out of your note-book the things used in the essay so that in future writing you may not repeat.

This may seem a tedious process, but there is no royal road to writing. After a number of years this process will go on so naturally that you will do it with ease and pleasure; and you will incorporate among your mottoes that of Captain Cuttle, "Which when found make a note of."

A good adjunct to a note-book is a scrap-book, of which we will chat at our next monthly gathering.

THE race is not always to the swift nor only to the young, as the following testifies: "Pardon oversight in sending inclosed slip. Yes; I am up to date with all my readings and hope to be to the end of this year, which completes the full four years' course. I have enjoyed the course very much and hope never to regret the undertaking though I am seventy-three years old. I enjoy the study as well as I did literary work fifty years ago."

THAT '91 possesses its share of the spirit that knows no such word as failure, is shown by the following testimony from Mississippi: "I am a member of the Class of '91, having joined a circle three years ago in Kentucky. The next year I moved to this place and since have been an individual reader. Knowing the benefit of a circle I have made many efforts to organize one here or even to get a few interested in the work, but have met with no success. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which I have pursued and will pursue the course, I mean to hold out to the end of the four years and even longer."

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.
First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.
Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.
District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. Ernest P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.
Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.
Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.
Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.
CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

FROM South Carolina a '92 sends her fee for the current year and writes: "I regret that my fee is so much behind time. The delay was caused by illness and death in my home. I can not close without telling you what a blessing Chautauqua has been to me. My home is in a quiet country neighborhood with very few social pleasures and little to stimulate one to study or self-culture. I have been for two years a member of the C. L. S. C. and though I am taking the course alone, I cannot tell you how improving I find it to be. The readings for this year are particularly interesting and *The Woman's Council Table* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN so helpful."

FROM New York State: "Perhaps I may be older than the average Chautauquan, and I have many cares connected with my duties as matron of an orphan asylum, yet I very much enjoy the readings of the C. L. S. C. and am trying not only to fill out the four-page memoranda but also

the twelve-page, not for the white seal but for the splendid review it affords me. I do the most of my reading in the evening."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; the Rev. Russell Conwell, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. T. F. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; Mrs. E. C. Chapman, Oakland, Cal.; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; J. C. Burke, Waterville, Kan.; the Rev. M. D. Lichleter, Allegheny, Pa.

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Prison Secretary—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.

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Treasurer—Welford P. Hulse, 112 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Building Committee—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Language, like every thing else that is human, is subject to change and to death. The language of our English ancestors is a dead language. Some one has predicted that a century hence Dickens cannot be read in London without the aid of a glossary. Many of our English words have a history in themselves. They are memorials of the past. They tell us of political, social, and economical conditions which ceased to exist centuries ago.

What a glorious age was the Elizabethan! There were literary giants in those days, like to whom the world has not seen since. We cannot repress a feeling of contempt for the character of Boswell. He may have "made the best biography ever written," but he gathered the materials therefor at the expense of his own manhood.

It is interesting to note how many of our most eminent English authors were born in obscurity and poverty. The list includes Shakspere, Chatterton, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Wordsworth, and Dickens.

"I KNOW quite a number of people to whom the readings would be a great help but whom with all our talking and trying to persuade we have not yet been able to entrap. For myself I can say that for a girl who has been disappointed in a college education, the C. L. S. C. has furnished her a solace and a help. I devour the magazine every month, and while reading at home in connection with my other duties, I find our mottoes a great help."

FROM New York State: "We have received notice from you of our delinquency in the payment of our C. L. S. C. dues for this year, and a word of encouragement to persevere in the course. We have indeed found the readings enjoyable and profitable, but we do find it also rather difficult to keep them up on account of other pressing duties. We inclose, however, our dues, and will endeavor to complete the course with our class in '93. We have enjoyed so much being at Chautauqua for the past two seasons that we already begin to think whether it will be possible for us to spend the coming season there."

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"Ubi mel, ibi apes."

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N. Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C.L.S.C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

Building Committee—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT from Bogota, who has "looked in vain for the address of the South American Secretary for the C. L. S. C.," takes matters in her own hands and writes to the Central Office for help. She writes, "I am employed here by the Presbyterian Mission Board and am not sure that I shall be able to form a circle here, but am going to try. I at least will be one and with a little effort may be able to get two or three others."

THE Pierian Circle at Stillwater, Minnesota, is making steady progress. The new warden of the prison has expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with the work of the circle, and the following clipping from a recent number of the *Prison Mirror* will be of interest to all Chautauquans:

Last Sunday's meeting of the prison C. L. S. C. was very well attended, and the work of the meeting was executed with more than ordinary dispatch. Warden Garvin and Deputy Lemon were present. At the close of the exercise the warden rose and made a few remarks pertinent to the circle, and he also mentioned that he expected to organize a primary school for the benefit of those who were unable to read or write and that he hoped to find volunteer teachers among the Chautauquans. The remarks of the critic, Chaplain Albert, were of an interest-

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ing as well as instructive nature. It is hoped that those members who were without their quotations will find time between this and the next fortnightly meeting to prepare themselves with something more suggestive of their having studied than "present."

The success of the work at Stillwater, and the accounts published in the *Mirror*, have resulted in an attempt to start a Chautauqua Circle in the penitentiary at Bismarck, North Dakota. Our correspondent writes, "We are very anxious to get a class organized here, and I shall take great pleasure in doing all that I can."

THE Chautauqua Course has from the first appealed strongly to teachers and the following testimony from a '94 is very welcome: "I have been a school teacher for four years and have read many books on educational matters, but none have given half so much pleasure as the Chautauqua books. The benefit derived from the C. L. S. C. far exceeds my most sanguine expectations."

A '94 from South Dakota in a somewhat different field of work states her experience as follows: "We have no circle here, and as far as I can learn no one reading but myself. I have almost induced two persons to take it up. I think it fascinating notwithstanding I must do my reading between interruption of customers, sulphur, turpentine, strychnine, careful prescriptions, all incidental to the life of a pharmacist; I am a woman forty-nine years old, with home-keeping and home-making and boy-training, yet I would not give it up for considerable."

FROM Ohio: "I send you the blank showing completion of work up to date. The work has been very interesting, growing more so daily. The chief charm is that one cannot stop with the required readings but is led on to read and study outside of them. I wonder if everybody feels that every article in THE CHAUTAUQUAN was written just for her? I do. Those articles on the English Constitution were just what I wished."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

OCCASIONAL inquiries are received at the Central Office concerning a special seal to be placed upon the S. H. G. monogram on the diploma. For the benefit of those who may have wondered even if they did not ask, why no seal is awarded for the S. H. G., we would say that the system of order seals was devised some years after the diplomas were issued, and it was not thought best to award a special seal for the S. H. G. since the diploma itself is an evidence of membership in the society. The space will be utilized in due time however for a high grade seal to rank above the G. S. S.

To a recent inquiry in a journal for a suitable course of reading a host of responses came from Chautauqua readers eager to testify to the value of the C. L. S. C. The testimony of one graduate tells an oft-repeated story, and yet it shows so much courage and persistence that we venture to print it for the benefit of other graduate readers: "I cannot tell what a comfort the course has been to me. Rising at half-past five o'clock, going five miles to my place of business, leaving there at six o'clock and getting home a little after seven, tired and weary and with my mending and sewing to do after tea, you can see the day is a long, busy one. Saturday I am kept until ten o'clock, so you see I am busy, and the only time I have to read is on the street cars, night and morning. Yet I finished the course in four years and have since earned a few seals."

NEARLY two thousand five hundred C. L. S.C. graduates are at work this year upon special courses of study under the leadership of the C. L. S. C. While this is not as large a proportion of the great army of twenty-five thousand as we should like to see thus enrolled, we remember that figures do not always tell the whole truth. We believe that there are many graduates who have received the needed impetus from the four years' course and are now following out their literary tastes in various lines suggested by the C. L. S. C., and to all such we bid a hearty God-speed.

THE special seal courses announced for the study of the Gospels of Luke and John, have aroused much interest. As the examinations in Luke were held in December, comparatively few C. L. S. C. members attempted the necessary preparation, but names are steadily coming in for the examination in the Gospel of John, and as this does not take place until next December, students of this course will have ample time to make thorough preparation. The fact that the International Lessons take up the study of John in July of this year, makes this course especially attractive to Sunday-school teachers. A fee of one dollar entitles any member of the C. L. S. C. to the leaflets, examination certificate, and C. L. S. C. Seal if the examination be passed successfully. The leaflets contain clearly defined lessons with full directions for study and are of great value.

A C. L. S. C. graduate in Nicaragua, Central America, nothing daunted by distance or strange surroundings, has pursued the first year of the graduate course in English History and Literature and now sends for the second year's books. She writes: "I had hoped to find other readers

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in Grenada, but there is at present only one other American besides myself and the English consul, both of whom expect to leave soon, so I shall go on alone. But I hear from my friends of the Lewis Miller Circle of Rochester, and with the magazine I feel that I am one of you if not with you. I was glad to get the C. L. S. C. circulars; every word was of interest to me, I assure you. When I get tired of thinking twice before I speak, as I am still obliged to do when I speak Spanish, I am glad to go to my room and have a reunion with my English friends, my books."

A GREAT BRITAIN graduate who recently has received his diploma with the Class of '90 writes: "I shall be well pleased to have the right some day, perhaps, of taking a seat at the Round Table. I propose to take up two special courses, Modern History and French History and Literature."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE following names are added to the list of the graduates of the Class of 1890:

Mrs. Emma G. Walker, Kansas; Amy E. Payson, Maine; Ella R. Beall, Maryland; Hattie M. Thompson, Massachusetts; Ansley William Arms, Mrs. Mary E. Arms, Michigan; Mrs. Sarah Eastman Mathews, Minnesota; Dora L. Dauber, Missouri; Bessie Lee Morris, New Jersey; Madeliene Edwards, New York; Charles W. Earhart, Mrs. Lizzie D. Williams, Ohio; May G. Beadle, Ellen J. Wallace, Anna Elizabeth Wicke, Mrs. Samuel L. Wood, Samuel L. Wood, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Delia T. Hurd, Wisconsin.

MEMBERS OF THE GUILD OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

BY an unfortunate oversight the following names of members of the Guild of the Seven Seals were omitted in making up the list at the C. L. S. C. Office in Buffalo. The secretary would be sorry indeed to seem to slight so many veteran Chautauquans, and trusts that when the list appears next year, it will prove to be above suspicion.

Class of 1882.—Mrs. M. A. Cross, Iowa; Mrs. Geo. J. Hamilton, Miss Fannie H. Hamilton, Mrs. Kate S. Hathaway, Miss Eleanor E. Jones, Miss Eunice E. Tuttle, New York; Albert M. Martin, Pennsylvania.

Class of 1883.—Mrs. Lucy A. Dennis, Illinois; Miss Anna Gardner, Massachusetts; Mrs. Wm. Millard, Wisconsin; Mrs. Emily H. Miller, Ohio.

Class of 1885.—Phœbe A. Holder, Massachusetts.

Class of 1887.—Miss Genevieve Otis, Iowa.

PRESBYTERIAN HEADQUARTERS.

In response to appeals sent out through the denominational press and as a result of the efforts made during the past few years at the annual sessions of the Chautauqua Assembly a a handsome edifice known as the Presbyterian Headquarters is approaching completion at Chautauqua, New York.

The work of furnishing this building and making the interior as attractive as the exterior will be beautiful, devolves upon the women of the church and the committee of ladies appointed to direct and oversee the furnishing of the building. They therefore send out the appeal to the women of the church, requesting contributions—large and small—for this worthy purpose. All who have ever been at Chautauqua, New York, will appreciate how great a want the new denominational headquarters will supply, and denominational pride will insist that the interior of the new home must be as attractive as the headquarters of other denominations now comfortably housed there.

Contributions should be sent to Mrs. John C. Martin, 53 Fifth Avenue, Chairman of the Committee of Ladies.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MOONLIGHT EXCURSION of the Chautauqua Circles of New York and Brooklyn will take place on *Saturday*, *June 20, 1891*.

Two of the Iron Steamboats have been engaged for an afternoon sail up the Hudson to Oscawana Island, where nearly four hours will be spent on shore, returning to the city by moonlight.

Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band has been engaged to furnish the music, and refreshments will be supplied by Terhune, the well-known caterer.

The tickets will be sold by subscription, so that the company will be strictly select, thus affording a quiet and orderly party.

The character of these excursions is so well known that further comment at this time is unnecessary, except to say that the committee in charge have arranged for several novel features, prominent among which is an Athenian Watch Fire.

Mr. F. M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Avenue, New York, and Mr. N. H. Gillette, 322 Quincey St., Brooklyn, are in charge of the arrangements and will be pleased to furnish full information to any who may desire the same.

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LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
HUGH MILLER DAY—April 14.
SHAKSPERE DAY—April 23.
BLAISE PASCAL DAY—May 14.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
HUGO DAY—June 21.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

THE Scribe has observed in the reports a marked partiality many circles have for English history and literature subjects; no doubt some of the French characters are favorites too. Probably by this time many have chosen their "special friend" as was suggested last month, and he is found so companionable that every opportunity of furthering his acquaintance is desired.

The question is, How can it be done? The Scribe would hint that where the world is not too much, there he will be found; by the lakes and in the woods; he is a frequenter of the Chautauqua Assemblies. These fifty or more Assemblies in all parts of the United States will furnish the opportunity, by entertaining talks, broad-minded, scholarly lectures on these subjects. It is well worth self-denial to put one's self in contact with those who have lived for years in communion with these master-spirits. The Scribe suggests that as many as possible of local circle members avail themselves of these convenient occasions for going on with a well-begun work.

CELEBRATION OF FOUNDER'S DAY.

THE New England Chautauqua Association celebrated Founder's Day, Monday evening, February 26. More than one hundred and fifty members of the organization were present. The speeches were all brimming over with Chautauqua; every toast was loaded down with Chautauqua; and even the atmosphere itself seemed to be impregnated with its spirit. Evidences of a higher order of education, in line with Chautauquan doctrines and beliefs, were perceptible everywhere.

The Rev. William Full, president of the association, after the feasting was over, introduced the Rev. A. E. Winship as toastmaster. Many bright, witty, and suggestive toasts were given. The Rev. A. E. Dunning said: "This is a pushing organization; we are the people who seek after knowledge. Knowledge unused is worse than unused gold. There is a town not far from Boston where dissensions have existed for many generations. These dissensions have been healed by the people coming together in Chautauqua work, and forming themselves into a class. They forget their troubles in study and the methods of study are just as helpful as the things that are discovered."

The Rev. W. R. Clarke was introduced by the toastmaster as the man who had done much to promote the success of the New England summer assembly at Lake View. Dr. Clark stated that he was proud of the New England Association, and proud of the class that had assembled year after year at the summer gatherings. He congratulated the members on being connected with an organization that believes in culture and progress. They would be sure to exert a great influence on account of the advantages which they enjoyed under Chautauqua methods.

The Hon. L. T. Jefts also lauded Chautauqua and referred to the fact that the majority of the members present were ladies. Majorities, he said, should rule, and he hoped the ladies would be given a chance.

It was a cause of deep regret that Bishop Vincent could not be present; this was the only thing lacking to make the occasion a perfect success.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

MRS. M. H. FIELD, the secretary of the Pacific Coast C. L. S. C., gives a fine report of the work in that quarter of the world. A great many old circles have gone on with the work and a large number of new circles have been successfully organized, and the number of individual readers was never so large. Summed up, there are twenty-four old circles, twenty-six new, with an average membership of twenty each.

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NEW CIRCLES.

CONNECTICUT.—An energetic circle starts at West Granby. One observes on the program that excellent aid to memory—a review drill. Each member names five facts from the readings.

NEW YORK.—The Canterbury Pilgrims of Victor go to work like old-timers. They have found the secret of making every one interested, i. e., setting every one some special work for each night. A few weeks ago it conducted a "Quiz on Cromwell," which gave universal satisfaction. A leader who had been chosen two weeks beforehand came prepared with fifty questions which no one was allowed to see; two members chose sides and the contest began. The victorious side was evident from the increase of numbers. Brooklyn has still another circle—the Golden Arch, of sixteen members.——Two new circles in New York City, the Chelsea of fifteen members and another one unnamed, of four.——The class at Port Jervis has made the wise rule that no member shall refuse to do the work given him. Success awaits such efforts.

NEW JERSEY.—"We have been meeting every two weeks and have thoroughly enjoyed our work; we have gained much knowledge as well as pleasure from it," writes the Stelton club.

MARYLAND.—The Bancroft Circle of Baltimore is composed of a quartet of young men of the Fayette St. M. E. Church. They start with great anticipations for the future.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Informal meetings, following THE CHAUTAUQUAN's suggestions, are the plan of the Philadelphia Quintet. This city adds the Chrysalis Club to its number, which starts off with much promise.—— Columbia is a newcomer into the Chautauqua province.——Much interest is manifested in the circles at East Canton, Glenwood, and Taylorstown.

TENNESSEE.—A small but a decidedly progressive circle has commenced the readings at Dayton.

KENTUCKY.—'94 is doing honor to its president. Ashland's new circle of eight members says, "We have decided to call ourselves Habberton, in honor of our illustrious president."

TEXAS.—A circle of faithful workers commence the readings at Gonzoles. They start with the spirit of the conquering hero.——A circle is formed at Paris.

OHIO.—Plain City and Ashley have the advantage of two stirring and ambitious circles.——"We are the first circle to be organized here, and, starting in late, we had so much work to do that we did not select our name and motto till a short time ago. Our name is 'The Belmont'; motto, 'I want to see the wheels go round.' We have thirty-seven members and took in five persons at the last meeting who will study the books for the remainder of the year and begin next fall in the Class of '95. We all feel that we have already been more than repaid for the work and feel glad there is a C. L. S. C.," writes the secretary of Bellaire.

ILLINOIS.—The secretary of Chapin Circle writes: "I do not believe 'Mother Chautauqua' has a more loyal group of children than we. We are proud of the organization and feel honored to have the privilege of belonging to it. We have our meetings at the homes of the members. Sometimes we have to go five or six miles; stormy weather has not kept us from the meetings. As our aim is to improve ourselves in every way possible, we strive to master thoroughly our text-books as we read them; we discuss all doubtful points, have questions on our week's reading, a short sketch of the life of each person of note, and try to fix in our minds important places and dates by talking them over. I cannot begin to give you an idea of what the study has done for us; we were hungering and thirsting for we knew not what, and this has satisfied us."——When a circle in a "formative state" does such admirable work as the one at Jerseyville, great things may be expected of its future.——The Danville gives the following outline of work: "We first read the minutes; then roll-call answered by some important fact in the life of the character being studied, or something relative to English history; the object is to have it varied and instructive. After finishing 'Our English' we had a lecture, 'Ramble Among Words,' from which was gained much information of the derivation of words and the origin of names. Chaucer's Day was honored by an entertainment to which gentlemen were invited. Characters were taken from English history and briefly sketched, the character represented being guessed by the company."—— Circles at Englewood, Warrenville, Rochelle, Austin, and Chicago are organized and are anxious to work and win.—— The Secretary at Maquon writes: "We are the first C. L. S. C. class ever organized in our village. We belong to the Class of '94, and call ourselves the Galaxy Circle. We meet once a week, and a more enthusiastic circle would be hard to find. We follow to some extent the programs as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, varying it a little as seems desirable. Our meeting is opened with Scripture reading and prayer; the roll-call is frequently answered with quotations from some author

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previously assigned, or from a favorite author. Our reviews in English History and English Literature were very interesting. The review in English History was conducted by each of the members in turn asking questions on a part of the History previously assigned to him or her. In English Literature each member had a five-minute essay on a given part."—— "Having read with interest the notices of *Local Circles*, we wish to tell you something of our circle. Though few in numbers, we are very enthusiastic and prosperous. The Argus has twenty-two members. Meetings are held from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m. Friday of each week; the average a.tendance for the year has been excellent. We observed Longfellow's Day in a very appropriate and enjoyable manner. A fine literary and musical program was followed by a banquet." We are glad to hear this from Elgin.

INDIANA.—Sixteen persons form the circle at Hammond. They did not commence until February but expect to make up the course during the summer months. Success to them.

MICHIGAN.—At Gladwin a circle of nine has weekly meetings. It is controlled by the usual officers and culture will be the outcome of their labors.

WISCONSIN.—An energetic circle of seven starts on the Chautauqua way in Wequiock. Also circles at Prescott and Waukesha are studying.——A circle of five was organized in the fall at Prescott; they have lately been cheered by the addition of two more members.

IOWA.—"Our little class of eight members was organized in November. We have chosen for our name Excelsior and the most beautiful motto, Upward and Onward, which we are trying to weave into our lives. For the founder of our delightful 'school' we have grateful thoughts," is the word from Des Moines.

MISSOURI.—A club of twelve at Mt. Grove has recently been admitted to the new circles.

KANSAS.—Still another Habberton Circle—Kansas City. It numbers sixteen, two of whom are working for seals, having graduated several years ago.

ARKANSAS.—Several persons at Little Rock are taking up the C. L. S. C. work.

NEBRASKA.—Circles at Wilcox and Bostwick have joined the hosts of Chautauqua pilgrims.

OREGON.—Salem has an organization with the pretty Indian name Si-mock'ti-Si'mox, which being translated has the significant meaning, progressive friends. May the name prove symbolical.

CALIFORNIA.—San José reports a circle of twenty members calling themselves "Treasure Searchers."

SOUTH DAKOTA.—"We are flourishing and doing profitable work," is the message of the Madison Circle, which starts out in good spirits.

OLD CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The work of the Ionic Circle at Moncton, New Brunswick, is systematically laid out. In addition to the regular officers it has a program committee appointed for three months, which makes out the order of exercises for each night, following in the main the plan of the outline in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. No matter if the wind is northerly, the meetings are attended.

MAINE.—The Bagaduce Circle of West Brooksville is a busy little band of five persons. A program suited to the needs of the members is carefully carried out. The two programs sent us show the ingenuity of the members. "The sweet influences of Pleiades" suggested a delightful roll-call of quotations on the stars, taken from the Bible. A table-talk on the passing events in February must have been full of good things.——At Limerick the E. H. Perry Circle is in its second year and doing excellent work.——The members of the Brunswick Circle live far apart, some of the number are away teaching, and the stormy weather has made regular meetings this year an impossibility, yet their report shows that the spirit of industry is still with them, as they keep up their studies and hope for a reorganization.——A lively circle is reported from Biddeford Pool. One feature of the evening's exercise is short impromptu speeches, the subject assigned by the president. Mispronunciations are noted and energetic discussions follow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Fifteen regular and ten local members form a wide-awake circle at Campton Village. The club reports a delightful evening with Professor Myron I. Hazeltine in his original translations from Anacreon followed by the reading of "Evangeline."——Twenty persons make up the Lakeside Circle in Meredith. Copies of programs sent tell the story of work being done that results in broad culture.——Swanzey has a club which meets every alternate Friday night and has an average attendance of eight.——That numbers need not affect enthusiasm is demonstrated by the Wilmot Flat Circle, which announces fewer numbers but just as faithful study.

VERMONT.—Enjoyable meetings are reported from Willoughby Lake Circle, West Burke. The lessons are learned and recited as indicated in this magazine.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The public observance of the tenth anniversary of the C. L. S. C. of

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Newton Highlands, in November last, was an event of rare interest. This circle was organized in 1880 by seven ladies, and now numbers twenty-five, to which number the circle is limited, as it has found one of the blessings of the work to be that of close personal acquaintance and familiar interchange of thought, which becomes less easy as numbers grow large. They believe it better to have several small circles in a place than one too large. The members of this circle have always been enthusiastic workers and have introduced many original methods into their plans of study. The first half-hour of each meeting is spent on five-minute reports on Topics of the Day, which include "Bills before Congress and Legislature," "Indian and Mormon Affairs," "New Books," "Lectures and Music," "Literary and Art Items," "Scientific Discoveries and Inventions," "English and European Affairs," "Social and Labor Questions," "The Woman Question," and "Recent Deaths of Prominent People." In this way the members are kept in touch with the latest information on the leading questions of the time. The circle is thoroughly a mutual and democratic circle, and each member has to take her turn as leader in conducting the lesson, the work for each year being assigned the previous June. The tenth anniversary of this circle was observed by a private dinner, at which reports were read of the ten years' work and papers and poems written for the occasion, and music. A month later public exercises were held, to which other literary and study clubs and C. L. S. C.'s were invited. An excellent program was carried out, and the affair was an inspiration to all present, resulting in the forming of a new circle to be called the Vincent, making the third Chautauqua Circle in this one ward of Newton.——Longfellow Circle of Brockton says, "Not one meeting omitted since organization in October, 1885." There must be kindred spirits to form such an indissoluble tie.——Rainbow Circle, West Acton, increases in numbers and knowledge. The idea suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of dressing in costume and telling some of the "Canterbury Tales" was successfully carried out by some of the ladies.——The Apponegansetts of South Dartmouth meet fortnightly at the houses of the different members. A program is given and informal discussions follow. Memorial Days are observed.——From Athol and Everett come news of duty done.

CONNECTICUT.—The programs of the Aurora Circle, New Haven, are significant; they show a masterly grasp of the work laid out for the English Year. The results are no doubt satisfying.——The Athena Circle of West Suffield gives most of its time to the delightful study of astronomy, basing lessons upon Mr. Serviss' valuable articles.

NEW YORK.—Brooklyn people are noted for the active interest they take in C. L. S. C. matters. The Adriel, Ad Astra, and Strong Place gave a union entertainment to increase interest in the study of the Chautauqua readings. Among many excellent things on the program was an address by the president of the A. E. Dunning Alumni Circle, who said she had read of an old woman who had a good home, but with only one window and that a small one which opened on the back yard. The old woman for a long time wished for a window opening upon the street and at last was enabled to have such a window, when her home became so much more cheerful and bright than it had been that it was as a palace compared to what it was before. Chautauqua was such a window in her life, she said. It had opened to her great fields of light. It had opened into the universe and shown her the wonderful systems of planets; it had opened into the earth and shown her the wonders of the formation of this globe; it had opened into the past and shown her the progress of man; but most of all it had lighted her life because it had let in a light by which she could see God.

A paper entitled "Chaucer and his Pilgrims" was read, after which the platform was converted into an old English inn, which was soon filled with Canterbury pilgrims laughing, eating, and drinking, an excellent reproduction of the description given by Chaucer in "Canterbury Tales." The costumes were carefully selected to resemble those worn by the subjects represented. Each recited the tale assigned in Chaucer's work. The representation of the famous scene was good. The pilgrims applauded or not, as Chaucer directed, but the audience disregarded caste and applauded churl and knight alike.

Four other circles, the Columbia, Goodsell, Habberton, Oak Leaf, also united for an evening's entertainment and social. These circles belong to that growing, go-ahead body, the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly. A remarkably good program was given. One of the attractions was John Habberton's talk on "English Literature." A circle of one hundred members meets every Monday night in the parlor of the Grace M. E. Church. The president conducts the lesson in English History and "Our English" in the following manner: numbered slips are passed to each person, who answers as his number is called.—— Well-attended meetings and good lessons is the word from Westmoreland

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Circle. This circle recommends a method of conducting the lesson which it has tried and found satisfactory: each member provides three questions or more on the subject in hand; the questions are gathered, mixed, and distributed; discussions follow.——The Polenagnian of Rochester has held its regular semi-monthly sessions with unabated interest. The topics discussed thus far have been English history and literature. Geology is to have attention and the circle has the promise of a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Walker, on the coal deposits. The members are also anticipating a visit to the Warner Observatory as an adjunct to the study of astronomy.—— The Fairportians make the circle work happy breaks in the daily routine of household cares. Debates, original papers, biographical sketches, enliven the meeting.—— No tedious time passed in listening to minutes is endured by the Camden Circle; as time is so precious the readings are commenced immediately. A plan is suggested by this circle, which might fittingly be called "the crucial test": while a member reads, the others take notes; at the close of the reading each member reads what he has obtained.—— Circles at Bergen, Honeoye, Lewiston, and Walden report interest and improvement.

PENNSYLVANIA.— The Franklin Circle at Steelton says, "Instruction is given as in the class-room. Each one is expected to know the lesson. Open meetings and lectures of varied character are features of our work."—— Newtown reports a flourishing circle of twelve members, four of whom will graduate the coming summer.——Montrose has a club of twenty-seven members.

NEW JERSEY. — The Earnest Workers of Flemington announce that they have emerged from the "Slough of Despond" and now are doing energetic, telling work. Washington's birthday found the members dressed in the quaint styles of "ye olden time"; this with conversation brightened by historical anecdotes inspired patriotic feeling.

MARYLAND.—Two Querists of Greensborough are still asking questions and getting wisdom from them. They modestly say, "We are far from being Solons, yet think we have made quite an advance on the highway leading to the temple of knowledge; and we are in nowise discouraged; we hope at the end of the course to come in with banners unfurled, displaying honorable credit to our endeavors."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The White Rose Circle of Yorkville has a membership of eighteen, and its meetings are full of variety and brimful of interest. We regret that our space will not allow us to recognize this circle's poet.——Of the eleven members of the Magnolia Circle in Florence two expect to graduate with '91. The order of exercise follows closely that suggested by THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

OHIO.—Warren Circle of Columbus has a membership of ten. At a regular meeting of the Epworth League this circle gave an entertainment. The C. L. S. C. mottoes and names were artistically arranged over the platform. Members wore the class colors. The program was made up of music, papers on this year's study, and a talk on astronomy illustrated by charts.

TEXAS.—The Athenians of Tyler are enthusiastic and perform their duties earnestly and promptly. The club meets once a week, the hostess acting as instructor.

KENTUCKY.—The Prentice Circle of Elizabethtown is working, stimulated by the hope of receiving diplomas in 1892. Some of the members are looking toward the white seal.

MICHIGAN.—Battle Creek has a large and prosperous circle—the Pathfinders. They have found help in the use of printed programs, the expense of which has been defrayed by taking up an occasional collection. The regular program has been supplemented by short drills in parliamentary practice.——The Beacon Lights of Capac shine with their usual brilliancy. Specimen programs show subjects for excellent work.——Eleven Hollyhocks grow and give pleasure in Grand Rapids.——Ovid has a class numbering fourteen. The spirit of good fellowship and helpfulness which pervades the Chautauqua Circle at Sheboygan was illustrated by a recent entertainment. "Henry VIII." was read, after which an ode composed by one of the members was sung.

INDIANA.—Beechwood Circle, near Greensburgh, is a wide-awake country circle of twenty-five members. They have excellent plans of conducting study.——"Thirteen good workers" in Elm Circle, South Bend, are reported by the president. This club observed Cromwell Day. It wants suggestions so it can make its sessions more entertaining than ever—read reports of *Local Circles* in the magazine, as the best methods of various circles are given for the benefit of other circles.——The Epworth coterie are reading the best of English—Shakspere. The Socratic method of conducting the recitation is used.——Circles at Wabash and Logansport are flourishing.

ILLINOIS.—"We all enjoy the work and could not be persuaded to give it up," writes the secretary of the Dianthus Circle in Stillman Valley. Each member takes her turn in preparing a pro-

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gram, thus dividing the responsibility.—— Circles at Ravenswood and Kewanee are to be classed with the progressive ones.

WISCONSIN.—The Bryant Circle in Omro has only two members, but these two meet one afternoon of each week and talk over the book they are using. They are determined to accomplish the work.

MINNESOTA.—A member of the Owatonna Circle writes, "If I only could make the people here realize the worth of the course of readings, I am sure the circle would be larger. The work is a constant inspiration to one. I never look at the picture of Bishop Vincent which hangs in my sitting-room without saying, 'God bless him for the work he is doing.'" Various influences have combined to make the circle smaller and the meetings irregular, yet against opposing odds it continues and is gaining in culture.—— The Windoms of Marshall report an excellent condition of affairs; they have plans for extending the Chautauqua boundary.

IOWA.—The Alden Circle of Perry meets a month in each place and the housewife for that month acts as leader the next month. Whenever practicable the plans for lessons in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are copied. Special exercises on Bryant and Longfellow Days make them pleasant to be remembered.—— "We think the History and Literature are the most important books of the year and we are trying to be thorough in our study," this from the Aldine Circle of Rockwell. Social pleasures sometimes engage this circle. At one meeting the hostess invited the members to hobnob with her. Tea and wafers were served. A favor in the form of a butterfly, bearing a quotation and the word "hobnob," was given to each guest.—— Indianola has a circle of fifteen persons, Kossuth one of four, Waukon one of thirty, and Coon Rapids one of eleven, all of whom are enjoying the Chautauqua course.

MISSOURI.—The Habberton Circle of Memphis, says, "Tell our fellow-Chautauquans that prosperity attends us, and that our number at this time is twenty-eight. Remarkable interest is shown at every meeting. January 30 the program consisted in imitating an English Parliament. Home Rule for Ireland occupied the time of the session. A most enjoyable and profitable evening was spent."—— Much general information the Vernon Circle of Sedalia is gathering by the valuable papers two recently returned European travelers are giving it. A description of a visit to London, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's has engaged the attention.—— The Philomathean of Malta Bend report a circle of twenty-four members.—— The Mary de la Vergne society has twenty-five indefatigable workers. They are sure to win great rewards. This club does not forget the social element. To carry those present back to their youthful days, at a meeting in February an old-fashioned lace valentine was given to each lady, and she read the sentimental rhyme thereon.

NEBRASKA.—The following is a model attitude for all circles to take. The Oakland Circle says, "Our members are all enthusiastic and the meetings are beneficial, instructive, and entertaining. We are always glad to receive new members who will take an active part in the work. No one can afford to miss a meeting. We extend a hearty wish to all who wish to co-operate with us in this work."—— The Pawnee Circle of Fullerton of fifteen members is industrious and successful.

KANSAS.—It is to be inferred from the number of members, plan of conducting the recitations, and earnest spirit of the club at Frankfort that excellent work is being accomplished.—— The Hesperians of Ness City celebrated Longfellow Day by a good dinner and a good program. A contest was a pleasing feature. Three quotations on slips of paper were given to each member. The quotations were then read, the reader keeping the slip if able to name the poem from which the quotation was taken; if not able to tell, it was passed on until the correct poem was given. The one who at the close held the most quotations was the winner.—— The circles of Horton and Kinsley are working and increasing in knowledge.

WYOMING.—Eleven members constitute the Clio Circle of Cheyenne, which holds weekly meetings of much profit.

COLORADO.—The secretary of Alpha Circle, Denver, writes, "Nearly all the members of our circle are entering upon their fifth year of study. They are devoting themselves more to history and literature than science. Twelve active members consider it their pleasure to give as well as to receive and respond promptly to all demands. The sponges and drones soon fall by the way." The South Broadway Circle of the same place has great enthusiasm and the interest in the work is growing. This club is doing special historical work and finds Professor Freeman's articles particularly helpful.

WASHINGTON.—An excellent circle of twenty persons is doing searching study at Seattle. Essays, biographies, talks, and reviews make profitable evenings.

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THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1891.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—July 1-August 24. Recognition Day, August 19.

ACTON PARK, INDIANA—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, July 30.

BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN—July 15-August 12. Recognition Day, July 27.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA—June 23-July 6. Recognition Day, July 2.

BLACK HILLS, DAKOTA—August 11-August 26. Recognition Day, August 26.

BLUFF PARK, IOWA—July 16-July 27. Recognition Day, July 24.

CHESTER, ILLINOIS—July 3-July 20.

CLARION, REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA—July 22-August 12. Recognition Day, August 8.

COLFAX, IOWA—July 4-July 17. Recognition Day, July 15.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—July 8-July 17. Recognition Day, July 16.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA—July 2-July 22. Recognition Day, July 16.

EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE—August 17-August 22. Recognition Day, August 20.

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO—August 5-August 18. Recognition Day, August 18.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS—July 1-July 18. Recognition Day, July 16.

GLEN ECHO, WASHINGTON, D. C.—June 16-July 4. Recognition Day, June 25.

HIRAM, OHIO—July 9-July 31. Recognition Day, July 28.

ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA—July 29-August 12. Recognition Day, August 5.

KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS—June 23-July 3. Recognition Day, July 2.

KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—June 30-July 10. Recognition Day, July 9.

LAKE BLUFF, ILLINOIS—August 5-August 16. Recognition Day, August 13.

LAKESIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO—July 15-August 5. Recognition Day, July 25.

LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA—July 28-August 17. Recognition Day, August 3.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA—July 13-July 24. Recognition Day, July 22.

MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI—July 3-July 13. Recognition Day, July 11.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE—June 30-August 26. Recognition Day, August 11.

MOUNTAIN GROVE, BERWICK, PENNSYLVANIA—August 7-August 11. Recognition Day, August 8.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND—August 4-August 18. Recognition Day, August 13.

NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA.—June 30-July 10. Recognition Day, July 8.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, CANADA—July 11-August 30. Recognition Day, July 29.

NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—July 14—July 24. Recognition Day, July 23.

NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, MAINE—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, August 11.

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY—August 6-August 7. Recognition Day, August 7.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY—July 11-July 22. Recognition Day, July 22.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE—July 21-August 1. Recognition Day, July 30.

OTTAWA, KANSAS—June 16-June 26. Recognition Day, June 24.

PACIFIC GROVE, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA—June 24-July 10. Recognition Day, July 10.

PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS—July 30-August 19. Recognition Day, August 13.

PIEDMONT, ATLANTA, GEORGIA—July 15-August 31.

PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON—July 15-August 13. Recognition Day, July 28.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, PALMER LAKE, COLORADO—July 8-July 24. Recognition Day, July 24.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK—July 27-August 13. Recognition Day, August 13.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS—June 24-July 22. Recognition Day, July 16.

SEASIDE, KEY EAST, NEW JERSEY—July 6-August 28. Recognition Day, August 27.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK—July 7-August 6. Recognition Day, July 16.

WARSAW, INDIANA—July 15-August 13. Recognition Day, July 27.

WASECA, MINNESOTA—July 1-July 22. Recognition Day, July 21.

WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE—July 20-July 24. Recognition Day, July 23.

WILLIAMS GROVE, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—July 15-July 24. Recognition Day, July 22.

WINFIELD, KANSAS—June 23-July 3. Recognition Day, June 29.

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THE AMAZONS.

ACHILLES.

WHAT'S left the heart when love and hope are flown?
To live when all that makes life dear is dead;
To walk with men but be with them no more
In thought and feeling than the shadowy forms
That wander like the phantoms of a dream
In the dim twilight of the underworld.
To view familiar scenes with alien eyes,
To watch unmoved the splendors of the dawn,
Nor see in it a symbol of great deeds
That shed their glory over wondering worlds;
To note, without a thrill, the moonbeams lie
Among the flickering shadows of the brakes,
Or touch with silvery softness craggy heights
That round the valley stand like sentinels,
To tell the gods how fares the world below;
To hear without a heart-throb all the winds
Making æolian music to the night,
While hang the billows underneath the stars,
Pallid with gazing on the white-faced moon.
To breathe without delight the perfume borne
From fragrant haunts of faun and woodland nymph,
To bind my brow with garlands while the cup
Of Bacchus brings no pleasure; to lie down
On rose-strewn couches knowing but the thorns;
To feel unstirred the sweeping of the wings
Whose flight is life; and hear the lapsing stream
That sinks its waters in the ocean-flood;
To wait for death as one who waits for sleep,
Through weary hours of sufferance and toil;
To drop at last into the great abyss,
Without regret or longing for the world.
This, this is life, the best gift of the gods.
What's left the heart when love and hope are flown?

CHORUS.

To share the burdens of a hapless world,
To pour the healing oil of sympathy
On grievous wounds and aching scars of life;
To warm the soul that wanders in the cold,
To light the feet that stumble in the dark;
To offer holy prayers to all the gods,
And rise, renewed, from purifying fires
Of sacrifices given in worthy deeds.

ACHILLES.

What's left the hands when love and hope are flown?
Never to raise the loved one to my breast,
Never to bless her or to fondle babes
That climb my knee and lisp their father's name.
What's left the hands when love and hope are flown?

CHORUS.

To lift the spear in the defense of right,
To succor helplessness and smite the strong,
To pour libations to the living gods,
To point the way to valor and to truth.

ACHILLES.

What's left the feet when love and hope are flown?
Never to wander in the echoing aisles
Of wind-stirred forest or in mountain-glades,
While at the low words of the tender tale,
Her lips part and her bosom softly swells,
While her eyes tremble neath the drooping lids.
Never to walk life's pathway by her side,
Never to linger for her halting feet,
Or lean perchance her weakness on my strength.
What's left the feet when love and hope are gone?

CHORUS.

To walk the heights before the eyes of men,
And upward striving, reach the knees of gods.

ACHILLES.

Sweet Love, your memory will live with me,
As echoes haunt the air where music dwelt;
Or as the twilight lingers after day.
Your glory will not from my life depart,
Till life itself drop silently to sleep.
The image of this maid within my heart
Will cast a halo on all deeds and thoughts,
And make them better for its presence there.*

—*Virna Woods.*

THE PLEASURE IN NATURAL HISTORY.

WITH a very little time and attention any one may become familiar with the name and distinguishing marks of the principal rocks upon the surface of the earth, and collect around him a very large and beautiful cabinet. Some of the most delightful hours of his life will be passed in gathering new specimens for his collection. He will always have an entertaining occupation for his spare moments, and a peculiar source of pleasure in all his journeyings. I have known

* The Amazons. A Lyrical Drama. Meadville, Penn'a: Flood & Vincent.

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a busy physician to find sufficient time to collect a cabinet that a college was thankful enough to receive, and the enjoyments of his life were increased many fold.

I have known others to acquire a taste for flowers; not cultivated flowers merely, but the charming wild flowers with which God has made the wayside and the meadow to blossom. I recollect meeting, some years since, a delightful old gentleman, wearing the plain and neat Quaker dress. He had acquired a handsome property in business, and was devoting most of his time to benevolent objects. Wherever he went he carried a little, convenient flower-case with him, and whenever his quick eye fell upon a new blossom, or even an old one if particularly attractive, he gathered it as a great prize, and with marked pleasure added it to the treasures of his case. He seemed to know each flower by name; all about its habits, and almost to be able to hold conversation with it.

I shall not soon forget the great pleasure an eminent physician exhibited when shown a very large elm-tree. He had his tape measure out of his pocket at once to measure it. It proved to be a giant in circumference, and all the facts about it were carefully noted down in his diary. He was acquainted with very nearly every large tree in the state, and every interesting circumstance connected with them. He was familiar with all the different species of trees, and every grove and forest he passed through afforded him inexpressible delight in their examination.

The reason why we do not feel the same enjoyment in these things is, that we have never become acquainted with all the interesting facts about them; just as when a stranger comes into the place where we live, we feel but very little interest in him at first, but after we are introduced to him and become fully acquainted with him we wish to be in his society as often as possible. It will add more to our enjoyment in life, whatever our business or profession may be, than can be told in words, to have some one branch of science or nature so well understood as to enable us to perceive all its beauties.

A great professor was about to lecture before a class of students, and he placed a grasshopper upon the table before them and told them that this insect would be the subject of his conversation for the hour. The young men laughed aloud at this, not thinking that any thing new could be said about this little skipping fellow they had seen so often. But they found the hour was only too short, and that their interest increased every moment as the professor opened before them all the singular habits and the facts that he had discovered by long and careful observation about the grasshopper.

One may live a very busy life, and may not have much money to expend, and still surround himself with many objects of interest and profit. A merchant in Boston, doing a very large business, found time, and no ordinary pleasure, in the work besides, to collect in his library copies of nearly all the different editions of the Bible that have been published since the invention of the art of printing; and another gentleman who began life poor, a leather dresser, who continued in his trade until his death, improved his mind and his taste in reading during all his leisure moments, and by economy secured one of the largest and most valuable private libraries in the country.*—*B. K. Peirce, D.D.*

THE TENACIOUSNESS OF THE TURKS.

I CONFESS that this contempt of the Franks, which the Turks do not disguise, gave me much pleasure. They at least, among all the nations of the earth, have not bowed the knee before the idol of progress. Firm in the faith of their fathers, they calmly ignore Western civilization; and if they do recognize the existence of the Occidental, it is only to despise him, and not to ape him and thereby lose their own personality, which has been the fate of so many nations who have become the victims of Western propagandism and Western ideas. At Constantinople, or, at least in Stamboul, you feel that you, a Frank, do not exist in the eyes of the Turk. You may wear the largest check suit that a London tailor can produce, and yet the Turk will pass without deigning even to look at you. At the public fountains he will go through all his religious ablutions in your presence as if you were miles away. He will spread out his carpet, turn his face towards Mecca, and say his prayers while you are looking on; and so mean are you in his estimation that he ignores you. For this dignity and stability of character I respect the Turk; and I am grateful to him for procuring me a sensation which is not common in foreign travel, in Europe at any rate—the sensation that I am an intruder, a contemptible dog, a person worthy only to be spat upon and killed. Happily, the diplomatic relations which the Sublime Porte still entertains with the Western world guarantees the material security of the traveler in the Sultan's dominions. But every thing in Constantinople tells us that the Turk, although he has now been living in Europe for centuries, is still a nomad

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* New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

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in nature and a conqueror by inclination. In Constantinople the Turks camp rather than dwell, and were they to be driven out of the city to-morrow, they would leave behind them no monument of their genius but tottering tombstones and tumble-down wooden houses.*—*Theodore Child.*

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

CHASTE and true in an age of unchastity and treachery, frank and natural in an age of duplicity and preciosity, Madame de Sévigné was not so much the darling of her own generation as of all the generations that were to come; and yet it would be an egregious blunder to suppose that she was not greatly beloved by her own contemporaries. We love her better than they only because through her letters—of which, outside of two or three persons, they had but a few—we know her heart better than they. Possessed of a cheerful temper, a keen insight, a ready wit, and a hearty affection for all her friends, her society was courted in her time by the best and greatest men and women, among whom she moved on terms of perfect though unassuming equality.

And what a time it was! What a period of efflorescence for French genius! Great generals, Condé and Turenne; great statesmen, Mazarin and Colbert; great philosophers, Descartes and Malebranche; great dramatists, Corneille, Racine, Molière; great preachers, Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue; great moralists, Pascal and the Port Royal School; a great critic, Boileau-Despréaux; a great fabulist, La Fontaine; a great maxim-writer, La Rochefoucauld; great ladies, influential in society, politics, literature, Madame de Rambouillet, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Maintenon,—all flourished in the life-time of Madame de Sévigné, all are mentioned in her letters, and many of them were among her intimate friends.

That not only the blue blood of rank but the pure blood of character ran in the veins of this Marchioness de Sévigné, is attested by the fact that her father's mother was the famous saint, Jeanne Fremiot, Baroness de Rabutin-Chantal, the friend and helper of Saint Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva. Bereaved of her husband—the Baron de Rabutin-Chantal, who was killed while out hunting—but possessed of a rare capacity for devotion and enthusiasm, this great lady dismissed her retinue of servants, gave away her plate and jewelry, and determined to spend the rest of her life in works of piety and charity, such as she believed would form the most acceptable service to God. After many difficulties and trials she found tranquillity under the spiritual direction of the celebrated Bishop of Geneva, who appears to have been peculiarly adapted to help and stimulate to their best work all those who depended upon him. She took the habit of a nun, and having passed through a period of probation, in which, on account of her good works, she became known as the Saint of Monthelon, was asked by the good bishop to found a religious order whose only rule should be "charity, and the love of Jesus Christ," and whose object should be to care for the poor and sick. She gladly obeyed, and all the remaining years of her life were devoted to founding the order of Nuns of the Visitation. Her death at an advanced age occurred in December, 1641, while she was making a winter journey through France to visit a few among the eighty-seven convents she had established. She was canonized as Saint Chantal in 1767.

Though most of Madame de Sévigné's letters display her as a woman who mingled freely with the world and enjoyed gay society, yet there is traceable in them an undercurrent—rising more and more to the surface as she advances in years—of other-worldliness, and sometimes of true religious fervor, a fondness for good sermons and religious treatises, and especially a marked partiality for the nuns of St. Mary's—all distinctly due to the influence of this pious grandmother, as is seen by frequent allusions in the letters. Madame de Sévigné, in fact, showed equal devotion and enthusiasm; but instead of dedicating those powers to God and Saint Francis, she consecrated them to her first-born child. "Mine," she writes to her daughter, "is what the devotees call a habitual thought; it is what we ought to feel for the Divine Being, were we to do our duty. Nothing can divert me from it*."—*Edward Playfair Anderson.*

QUAKERS AND PURITANS.

THE Quakers knew very well, what was so rife in England, that there was in Massachusetts a rule of the most oppressive and unrelenting severity both in civil and religious administration. The English Court and Council had been beset by the complaints of sufferers, and one might meet in the streets with those who, in telling their grievances, would bitterly portray the harshness, bigotry, and cruelty of "the rule of the Saints." The Quakers, by tests satisfactory

*Summer Holidays. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* Chicago: A. C McClurg and Company.

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to themselves, trusted themselves in distinguishing between the promptings of mere inclination and ordinary motives, and their direct impulses, monitions, and inspirations from God. They were "free" or "not free" to do this or that. Their own wills were held or controlled by a power outside of them. The Puritans and Quakers, with equal sincerity and fidelity, acknowledged this controlling sway over them, with this extremely diverse source of it: with the Puritan it was the letter of the Bible; with the Quaker it was the illumination of the spirit. The Quakers could judge when they had a divine call to go or stay, to wander or abide in their places. They affirmed that they came here in "the moving of the Lord." Messages also were committed to them to be communicated, and few of these were agreeable to those who received them. They had "burdens of the Lord," to be relieved only by denunciations of judgments and calamities. Under this divine prompting, successive Quakers, single or in companionship, were "moved of the Lord to go to Boston," there to confront the authorities and to bear testimony against the austerities and formalism, literalism, deadness, and rottenness of Puritanism. They had large, free, liberalizing, and benedictive truths and principles to announce. They were well aware what a reception they would meet, and what treatment they would receive; and they were well prepared for it. They would be blameless and harmless in their relation to civil law, nonresistant under violence; would pay no fines, swear no oaths, make no pledges, yield no willing obedience to unjust commands, and bear their testimony till conscience within gave them a full discharge.

Such was the Quaker's view of their errand and duty here. Most faithfully and heroically did they discharge it. Their minds and consciences had been opened to what they believed to be the shameful and startling fact that the religion of their times, which pretended to stand for Christianity, was the merest sham and hypocrisy. The plainest teachings and doctrines of Jesus Christ, like nonresistance to evil, unworldliness, seriousness of life, simplicity of speech, a prohibition of war, offensive or defensive, were with a cool effrontery pronounced to be only "counsels of perfection" utterly impracticable in actual life. The Quakers set themselves to carry out those counsels of perfection, and to allow that the very least portion of literal Christianity is impracticable of obedience.

In the spirit of sincerity, of fidelity, constancy, and purity, which animated and guided them, the Friends, as a fellowship, have come the nearest, both in spirit and in practice, to conformity with the Christian rule of life, of all the sects which have borne the title of disciple. Had they, here or elsewhere, sought to establish a theocracy, unlike that of the Puritans, it would have found its model in the New Testament, not in the Old.*—*George E. Ellis.*

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

WHEN first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mold,
And folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.†
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

KING CHARLES AND HIS FRIENDS.

WE open this morning upon times when New England towns were being planted among the pine woods, and the decorous, courtly, unfortunate Charles I. had newly come to the throne. Had the King been only plain Charles Stuart, he would doubtless have gone through life with the reputation of an amiable, courteous gentleman, not over-sturdy in his friendships—a fond father and good husband, with a pretty taste in art and in books, but strongly marked with some obstinacies about the ways of wearing his rapier, or of tying his cravat, or of overdrawing his bank account.

In the station that really fell to him those obstinacies took hold upon matters which brought him to grief. The man who stood next to Charles, and who virtually governed him, was that George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, by his fine doublets, fine dancing, and fine presence, had very early commended himself to the old King James, and now lorded it with the son. He was that Steenie who in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" plays the braggadocio of the court; he had attended Prince Charles upon that Quixotic errand of his, incognito, across Europe, to play the wooer at the

* The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

† The Sisters' Tragedy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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feet of the Infanta of Spain; and when nothing came of all that show of gallantry and the lavishment of jewels upon the dusky heiress of Castile, the same Buckingham had negotiated the marriage with the French princess, Henrietta. He was a brazen courtier, a shrewd man of the world; full of all accomplishments; full of all profligacy. He made and unmade bishops and judges, and bolstered the King in that antagonism to the Commons of England which was rousing the dangerous indignation of such men as Eliot and Hampden and Pym. Private assassination, however, took him off before the coming of the great day of wrath.

Another striking figure about the court of Charles was a small, red-faced man, keen-eyed, sanctimonious, who had risen from the humble ranks (his father having been a clothier in a small town of Berkshire) to the position of Archbishop of Canterbury. So starched was he in his High-Church views that the Pope had offered him the hat of a cardinal. He made the times hard for Nonconformists; your ancestors and mine, if they emigrated in those days, may very likely have been pushed over seas by the edicts of Archbishop Laud. His monstrous intolerance was provoking, and intensifying that agitation in the religious world of England which Buckingham had already provoked in the political world; and the days of wrath were coming.

This Archbishop Laud is not only keen-sighted but he is bountiful and helpful within the lines of his own policy. He endowed Oxford with great, fine buildings. Some friend has told him that a young preacher of wonderful attractions has made his appearance at St. Paul's—down on a visit from Cambridge—a young fellow, wonderfully handsome, with curling locks and great eyes full of expression, and a marvelous gift of language; and the Archbishop takes occasion to see him or hear him; and finding that beneath such exterior there is real vigor and learning, he makes place for him as Fellow at Oxford; appoints him presently his own chaplain, and gives him a living down in Rutland. This priest of such eloquence and beauty was Jeremy Taylor.*—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

*Lands, Letters, and Kings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RHETORICAL STYLE OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

WITH respect to French style, we can imagine the astonishment of an English author, practiced in composition, and with no previous knowledge of French literature, who should first find himself ranging freely in a French library. That particular fault of which in English books is all but universal, absolutely has not an existence in the French. Speaking rigorously and to the very letter of the case, we, upon a a large experience in French literature, affirm, that it would be nearly impossible to cite an instance of that cumbrous and unwieldy style which disfigures English composition so extensively. Enough could not be adduced to satisfy the purpose of illustration. And to make a Frenchman sensible of the fault, you must appeal to some translated model.

But why? The cause of this national immunity from a fault so common everywhere else, and so natural, when we look into the producing occasions, is as much entitled to our notice as the immunity itself. The fault is inevitable, as one might fancy, to two conditions of mind—hurry in the first place, want of art in the second. The French must be liable to these disadvantages as much as their neighbors; by what magic is it that they evade them or neutralize them in the result? The secret lies here; beyond all nations, by constitutional vivacity, the French are a nation of talkers and the model of their sentences is molded by that fact. Conversation, which is a luxury for other nations, is for them a necessity; by the very law of their peculiar intellect and of its social training, they are colloquial. Hence it happens, that there are no such people endured or ever heard of in France as alloquial wits; people who talk to, but not with, a circle; the very finest of their *beaux esprits* must submit to the equities of conversation, and would be crushed summarily as monsters, if they were to seek a selfish mode of display, or a privilege of lecturing any audience of a salon who had met for purposes of social pleasure. "De monologue," as Madame de Staël, in her broken English, described this mode of display when speaking of Coleridge, is so far from being tolerated in France as an accomplishment, that it is not even understood as a disease.

In France, therefore, the form of sentence in use is adjusted to that primary condition; brief, terse, simple; shaped to avoid misunderstanding, and to meet the impatience of those who are waiting their turn. People who write rapidly, everywhere write as they talk: it is impossible to do otherwise. Taking a pen into his hands, a man frames his periods exactly as he would do if addressing an audience. So far the Englishman and the Frenchman are upon the same level. Suppose them, therefore, both preparing to speak: an Englishman in such a situation has no urgent motive for turning his thoughts to any other object than the prevailing one of the

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moment, viz: how best to convey his meaning. That object weighs also with the Frenchman; but he has a previous, a paramount, object to watch—the necessity of avoiding *des longueurs*. The rights, the equities, of conversation are but dimly present to the mind of the Englishman. From the mind of a Frenchman they are never absent.

Hence it is that in French authors, whatever may otherwise be the differences of their minds or the differences of their themes, uniformly we find the periods short, rapid, inelaborate. One rise in every sentence, one gentle descent,—that is the law for French conversation; even too monotonously so—and thus it happens that such a thing as a long or involved sentence could not be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it.—*De Quincey.*

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.

GEOLOGY shows us that our own earth, that solid earth upon whose stability, in spite of occasional earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the inhabitants of this peaceful and easy-going planet so greatly pride themselves, once passed, for its own part, through a stage of molten rock, and only slowly settled down, like all the rest of us, into a placid, calm, and respected old age. It was natural to conclude, therefore, that the earth's interior consisted really still of liquid fire, and that the solid crust, which composes to most of us all that we ever think of as the world, was the cooled surface of an internally igneous and distracted mass. We walk, said geologists, with perfect confidence, and, on the whole, justly so, upon the thin and quavering caked exterior of an indescribably hot and molten globe. A few miles of hardened outside, at best, divide us from a vast core of unspeakable fire ten thousand times hotter than the hottest furnace. And that the seething mass thus pictured as the earth's main body was really liquid, a tremendous sea of white-hot molten material, was until lately the almost universal belief of all the greatest and most learned geologists.

Still later, however, new trains of physical reasoning were brought to bear upon the correction and rectification of this somewhat crude and unfixed idea. For if the earth's molten center were really liquid, how was it, people asked, that the solid crust was able to float upon it, instead of sinking through it? Consider the vast extent of the pressure exercised by whole solid square miles of rock and mountain superimposed upon a liquid central body. This vast weight forever pressing down upon the hot interior must surely reduce it, however high its temperature, to the condition of a solid, by mere force of gravity and condensation.

The idea of a liquid center to the earth becomes clearly impossible when viewed in the rational light of modern physics. Hence the last word of modern science on the existing condition of our earth's center seems to be just this: our planet consists of a cool and fairly solid but lighter crust poised upon the top of a very rigid, hard, and immensely hot core, which would be liquid and molten, but for the unspeakable pressure of the thick crust piled heavily above it.

It is a great comfort to think that we need not give up the solid earth which we all flatter ourselves is so safe and secure beneath our feet. True, science, like the world itself, is always moving, and it has an awkward habit, in all these abstruse matters, of unsaying to-morrow what it told us yesterday. But for the present, at least, we may go to sleep in comfort, as men still do upon the flanks of a volcano, consoling ourselves with the reassuring thought that if our planet is all one fiery mass within, it is, at least, of solid not liquid fire. And, indeed, this conclusion, like most other final conclusions, has a great concinnity and neatness about it. For, if we regard the world as a whole, we shall see that the lightest materials in its composition are just where we should expect them to be—on the outside—and the heaviest, on the other hand, are just where we might naturally look to find them—at the bottom and near the earth's center. On the very exterior of all, surrounding our globe like a thick but light envelope, comes a deep layer of gaseous matter, the air, or atmosphere, thinner and lighter as we rise towards the top, on mountain summits or in an inflated balloon, and denser and heavier near the solid surface or at sea-level. Next to this outer gaseous coat comes a more partial envelope, the water of the ocean, collected into the profounder hollows of the crust, heavier than the air, but lighter than the rocks and soil which form the solid tertiary layer. This solid tertiary layer itself, we may conclude, is, in the same way, lighter and less dense than the yet deeper inside; for, when the whole mass was still liquid and molten, and the ocean existed only on its face in the shadowy form of steam or vapor, it is natural to suppose that the heavier materials, such as lead and mercury, would sink, for the most part, steadily towards the center, under the influence of gravitation while the lighter, which compose in the main the existing crust—largely siliceous in character—would float on top like oil or water.—*Grant Allen.*

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TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Poetry.

The tragic fate of Queen Penthesilea is the theme from which Virna Woods draws her inspiration for the lyrical drama entitled "The Amazons."* The emotional and intellectual characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*,—Penthesilea, Achilles, Thersites, Æneas, and Diomed—the picturesqueness of the scene,—the plains of Troy—the spirit,—that of a past order of civilization—and the development of the events following Penthesilea's challenge to Achilles, furnish ample opportunity for dramatic skill. The author has mastered every detail in the mechanism of her art and has neglected nothing to make a complete and perfect structure. The dialogue is virile and spontaneous, and its tonality entirely Greek. The choral passages are as graceful in diction as they are beautiful in thought and noble and pure in sentiment. The book richly deserves the success with which it is meeting in the literary world. The home of this gifted young authoress is in Sacramento, California. She has contributed poems to various periodicals for several years, but this is her first published volume. Miss Woods contested for a prize of fifty dollars offered last winter by a reputable magazine for the best short poem, and was awarded the first honor for a sonnet on Life. "The Amazons" is beautifully printed and tastefully bound. The design on the cover is copied from an old Greek frieze representing the duel between Penthesilea and Achilles. The hieroglyphics adopted by the publishers for expressing the date, are interesting as showing the origin of the Roman M and D, now accepted as standing for one thousand and five hundred, but which were copied from the Greeks, from whom the Romans derived their system of notation. The Elzevir editions of the sixteenth century contain a similar date line, the meaning of which has puzzled many an antiquary. It remained for the Chautauqua-Century Press to unravel the mystery and use this ancient and classical style of notation, as especially appropriate for this publication.——In spite of the reverential treatment of the theme, the refined and scholarly phraseology, the elevating thoughts, of "The Light of the World,"† the book is a disappointment. The chief value of the present edition is the collection it contains of the fourteen reproductions of Hoffman's series of pictures of scenes in the life of Christ.——The impressions created by witnessing the Passion Play of 1890* have been most acceptably set forth in verse by William Allen Butler. The illustrations show portraits of the principal actors and some of the most important scenes. The book is printed on heavy paper and beautifully bound.——It is always a pleasure to turn to any of Aldrich's graceful lines in this age of "limping triolets and tame rondeaux." The latest collection of his, "The Sisters' Tragedy,"† shows him in many moods, but always the true poet.——Whether bantering or pleading, ironical or sincere, flattering or satirical, whimsical or what not, Frank Dempster Sherman's brilliant trifles are ever captivating and irresistible. "Lyrics for a Lute"‡ fill a hundred pages of a dainty 16mo.——The modest volume "Rose Brake"‖ is composed of verses of a refined and poetic quality and a delicate fancy.——Dr. Mitchell's new book, "A Psalm of Deaths,"§ is an admirable collection containing many nobly wrought passages.——"Piero Da Castiglione"¶ is a truly artistic piece of work, an impassioned story of love and sacrifice.——"Women Poets of the Victorian Era"** is a recent addition to the set of Canterbury Poets. The representatives are all English. For the most part the selections chosen represent well the strength and versatility of their authors.——As refreshing as a breath from the Canadian woods is "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis,"†† with its local scenery and stirring out-of-door life. Too much of one form of verse, the villanelle, detracts somewhat from

* The Amazons. A Lyrical Drama. By Virna Woods. Meadville, Penn'a.: Flood & Vincent. The Chautauqua-Century Press. Price, 75 cents.

† The Light of the World or The Great Consummation. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K. C. I. E., C. S. I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, Price, $1.75.

* Oberammergau 1890. By William Allen Butler. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $2.00.

† The Sisters' Tragedy with Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.25.

‡ Lyrics for a Lute. By Frank Dempster Sherman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‖ Rose Brake. Poems. By Danske Dandridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§ A Psalm of Deaths and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. Harv. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.50.

¶ Piero Da Castiglione. By Stuart Sterne. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.00.

** Women Poets of the Victorian Era. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mrs. William Sharp. New York: Walter Scott, 3 East 14th Street.

†† Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis. By S. Frances Harrison. Toronto: Hart & Company. Price, $1.25.

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the pleasure of reading, unless one is extremely fond of the villanelle.——The pretty setting of "Dramatic Sketches and Poems"* deserves something better within it.

Biography. To condense into one small volume the history of a life as long, as busy, and as eventful as that of John Wesley† is to undertake a hard task. Such a task has been quite satisfactorily accomplished by Canon Overton. His account is a strictly truthful one, showing no shrinking in presenting the weak points as well as the strong ones in the character of the great reformer. Especially to be noticed is the chapter giving so clear and correct a presentation of the teachings of Wesley.——With a man of such decisive, upright character and broad, pronounced views for the subject of a biographical sketch as Dr. Wayland, the great Baptist divine, and a man of such a perceptive, appreciative spirit and literary ability as Dr. Murray for a biographer, the resulting book ‡ must be one of great interest and high merit. Though the greater part of his life was spent as an educator rather than as a preacher, yet Dr. Wayland so presented the Gospel in his class-room and in his whole daily life, as properly to be ranked among the great religious leaders of America. ——Mrs. Campbell in her multifarious labors for the good of her sex has done nothing which can be productive of greater influence in its special line than her life of Anne Bradstreet. ‖ By showing what one woman, true to herself, possessed of strong convictions and true courage, was able to accomplish under the most unpromising circumstances, she has brought out from obscurity and placed in full light a beautiful and inspiring model for all women to follow. The book is a noble tribute to a noble woman.—— About the life story of Frederick Douglass there clings so much of peculiar interest that any biography of him always possesses simply in its name a great advantage. The volume § concerning him recently issued in the series of American Leaders is a very readable one. The author is a sincere admirer of the great colored orator; he has faithfully gathered up all the links in his history, and effectively shown the influence he exerted on his age. Save in a very few instances it is Douglass' view, and not the author's that is presented on each of the leading questions of the times, a method of treatment which keeps the book in the truest sense of the word a biography.——Dr. Stillé's history of John Dickinson,* one of the early statesmen of America, contains much new matter gathered from manuscripts and private correspondence. A full and close investigation and an able vindication of Mr. Dickinson's part as an opposer of the Declaration of Independence is made. The biography naturally leads on to a full history of the part taken by the State of Pennsylvania in the Revolutionary War. The book was prepared at the request of the Historical Society of that state and is a valuable work.

In the "Life of Alfred the Great"† Mr. Hughes seeks for the true foundation principles underlying a just system of government. A brief quotation will best show his object: "The events of the last few years have forced on those who think . . . . the practical need of examining once more the principles upon which society and the life of nations rest. How are nations to be saved from the tyranny or domination of arbitrary will whether of a Cæsar or a mob? . . . As a help in this search, this life of the typical English King is here offered." To what his search led is shown in the following words from the close of the book: "All the signs of our time tell us that the day of earthly kings has gone by, and the advent to power of the great body of the people is at hand. . . . Our first aim must be to develop to the utmost the sense of personal and individual responsibility."——Dr. Clark's "Life of Savonarola"‡ is written in a very sympathetic spirit. The hard, sorrowful life of the great Florentine reformer is faithfully drawn in all of its somberness. But the author has caught and fixed with rare skill the light resting constantly over it which arose from a hopeful spirit, the entire faith of the man in his mission, and his undaunted courage in fulfilling it. No better revelation of this singular character and the times in which he lived has ever been given.——May Alden Ward's "Life of Petrarch"‖ is at once a clear, trustworthy historical sketch, and a thoroughly entertaining

* Dramatic Sketches and Poems. By Louis J. Block. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.00.

† John Wesley. By J. H. Overton, M. A. Price, $1.00.
‡ Francis Wayland. By James O. Murray. Price, $1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‖ Anne Bradstreet and Her Time. By Helen Campbell. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, $1.25.

§ Frederick Douglass. By Frederic May Holland. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, $1.50.

* The Life and Times of John Dickinson. By Charles J. Stillé, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $3.00.

† Alfred the Great. By Thomas Hughes, M. P. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.00.

‡ Savonarola: His Life and Times. By William Clark, M. A., LL. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Price, $1.75.

‖ Petrarch: A Sketch of his Life and Works. By May Alden Ward. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.25.

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book. The utmost care has been taken in searching into the events of the times and of the personal history of the great Italian poet, and his character has been studied from all sides and in all lights. The brief reviews of his writings which the book contains bear evidence to the appreciative and finely discriminating mind of its author.——Dr. Abbott claims that the greatness of Pericles* lay in the ideals which he cherished, ideals which have served to kindle in other minds in all the ages since his time the flames of highest endeavor. He says the world at large is greatly indebted to this great Athenian leader for his ideas of democracy, for the lasting work he wrought for art, for the great encouragement he gave to education. But Athens, his own country, owed to his lack of statesmanship the disasters which so soon overwhelmed her. In his opinion the present author differs from Grote and Curtius, but he substantiates himself by clear and cogent reasoning. ——Books have been piled upon books treating of the life of Sweden's great king, and they have varied in their estimates of his character to extreme opposite points. Mr. Fletcher frankly takes his stand with the hero worshipers who form the largest group, and sees in Gustavus Adolphus † one rendering great service to mankind. His reasoning makes good his claim that this position is the right one. It is impossible to feel that the ardent admiration of the author does any more than justice to this one of the few great men who ruled the destinies of the world. Through all that lurid history of the Thirty Years' War his figure is made to stand clearly out as the great champion of the Protestant cause. ——The volume of "Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814"‡ forms the third one devoted to the life of this princess in the series, Famous Women of the French Court. The book covers only a few months in time but it traces her career from the proud position as empress of the French, through her dethronement, her renunciation of France, to her re-transformation into a loyal Austrian princess, such as Napoleon had found her. M. de Saint-Amand possesses the happy faculty of making his characters live in his pages. The whole series has won great popularity.——The biography‖ of Richard Henry Dana by Charles Francis Adams is a fine piece of work. The books are excellent in style of type, arrangement, and binding. Vol. I. has as frontispiece the portrait of Mr. Dana when a young man and Vol. II. a portrait of him when advanced in years. One gets in this work the very essence of Mr. Dana's life and the times, a large part of it being his diary, and to this, Mr. Adams, with discriminating judgment, has added only what was positively necessary.

* Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1 50.

† Gustavus Adolphus. By C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

‡ Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814. By Imbert de Saint-Armand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

‖ Richard Henry Dana. A Biography. By Charles Francis Adams. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Studies in Literature.

Elizabeth A. Reed gives a popular exposition of Hindu literature.* A very intelligent idea of the subject can be obtained from her work, though it is necessarily condensed. The relation of these ancient books to history, their teachings and examples of their literary style is the foundation of the work. Care has been taken to make a reliable and accurate book as well as a readable one.——It is a wide sweep Miss Poor takes when she commences with Sanskrit† and its kindred literatures and ends with the modern poetry of Europe. A sketchy treatment of a great many important subjects is the distinguishing feature of the work. It is one more book to enlist interest in the discoveries in ancient literature.——Selections in "English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria,"‡ chosen and arranged by Professor J. M. Garnett, will be very useful to students and teachers. The author's object is to be able to place in the hands of students examples of the style of the author being studied. From Lyly to Carlyle, a period of three hundred years, he has selected thirty-three representative writers. Words and allusions in the text that might be misunderstood or obscure are made plain in brief notes.——"Russia, its People, and its Literature,"‖ is the enticing subject of a collection of essays the first pages of which call forth a frown. Yet one reads on to the end, spite of the fact that he is constantly troubled by a certain marring vagueness. The essays are presented in very readable English.——Looked into with a calm mind from a quiet

* Hindu Literature; or the Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed, Member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company. Price, $2.00.

† Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures. Studies in Comparative Mythology. By Laura Elizabeth Poor. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‡ English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria. By James M. Garnett, M. A., LL. D. Boston: Ginn & Company. Price, $1.65.

‖ Russia, Its People and Its Literature. By Emilia Pardo Bazán. Translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Price, $1.25.

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nook, the "Essays in Philosophy"* present clear, bright views of the truths which they are intended to bring within closer range. It must be confessed, however, that some of the passages are inclined to be translucent rather than transparent.

Miscellaneous. Simplicity and goodness of heart are the winning qualities in a story which bears the inharmonious name of "Poky Clark."† The beauty and power of Christian lives form the ground work of the narrative.——The military style of "Forward March"* will catch the fancy of boys and the author will show them what weapons are to be used if victory will be on their side in the battle of life.

The title "Errors in Campbellism,"† explains the nature of the book. A close analysis is made of the doctrines of this religious denomination, and those that are, according to the author's ideas, radically wrong are vigorously assailed. The author takes a good standpoint, makes fair charges against his opponents and hotly repels unfair ones against his own demonination. But the book is too strongly controversial in spirit best to accomplish its aim.

*Essays in Philosophy, Old and New. By William Knight. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

†Poky Clark. A Story of Virginia. By N. D. Bagnell. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 90 cts.

*Forward March: Through Battle to Victory. Illustrated. By Rev. Henry Tuckley. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.00.

†Errors of Campbellism. B. T. McK. Stuart, A. M., D.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, $1.25.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR MARCH, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—March 2. General celebration in the Methodist Episcopal churches of the centenary of John Wesley's death.

March 3. President Harrison signs the act for the construction of a new mint building at Philadelphia.

March 4. The Copyright bill becomes a law. ——The Fifty-first Congress adjourns *sine die.*

March 5. Opening of the International Convention of Seventh Day Adventists in Battle Creek, Mich.

March 10. Great damage is done by the breaking levees of the Mississippi.——Death of John F. Swift, U. S. Minister to Japan.

March 14. Eleven Sicilians accused of the murder of the chief of police, are lynched in the parish prison of New Orleans.

March 16. A statue of Washington is unveiled at Newburg, New York, on the site of the historic headquarters.

March 17. National convention of colored editors at Cincinnati, O.

March 20. Death of Lawrence Barrett, the eminent actor.

March 21. Death of General Joseph E. Johnston.

March 23. Dr. David S. Jordan, president of Indiana University, accepts the presidency of Leland Stanford, Jr. University, California.

March 27. Much suffering and loss caused by a gale in the Middle Atlantic States.

March 29. Death of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby.

FOREIGN NEWS.—March 2. A statue in honor of John Wesley is unveiled in London.

March 4. Resignation of the ministry of Uruguay.

March 6. The Conservatives have a majority of twenty-two in the new Dominion Parliament.

March 7. The troops of the Chilian government suffer a defeat at Pozo Almonte.

March 9. London is visited by the heaviest snowstorm on record.——The electors of the rebellious canton of Ticino ratify the new Swiss constitution.

March 13. A number of vessels and many lives lost in a blizzard on the coast of Devon.

March 14. President Carnot signs the agreement with England to submit the Newfoundland dispute to arbitration.——Death of Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Clerical party in the Reichstag.

March 16. The first conversation by telephone between London and Paris is exchanged.

March 17. The government troops of Chili suffer another defeat.——More than five hundred lives lost by the sinking of a steamer in Gibraltar Bay.——Death of Prince Jerome Napoleon at Rome.——Death of Princess Marianne Bonaparte at Corsica.

March 21. Russia and France form a treaty of alliance.——The forty-eighth annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge is won by the Oxford eight.

March 27. M. Baltcheff, Bulgarian Minister of Finances, is assassinated at Sofia.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WARS AND THE BEGINNING OF THE COLONIES.

WE are now drawing nearer to modern times; we have reached times in which everybody has some notion, if sometimes a wrong notion, of the main events and the great names. The Intellectual Development of the English People goes on so fast and in so many ways that it is hard to keep up with it on a small scale. Every thing cannot be spoken of; many things, many men, must be left out. It becomes largely a matter of chance what we speak of and what we pass by. But there are none the less great and characteristic events which stand out above others. The main tendencies of the age can be grasped and set forth, while many of the particular forms which they take must be left to shift for themselves.

We have now reached the seventeenth century. At the first glance of that century as seen in the isle of Britain, it stands out as a time even more full of stirring events than the sixteenth. But it hardly seems a time of such great and lasting force changes. No events in the English history of any age are more striking than the Great Civil War, the putting to death of the King, the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, the Restoration of the Monarchy. And there is no one event that makes a greater political landmark than the Revolution of the later days of the same century when the Constitution was, we may say, finally fixed. And when we come to the end of the seventeenth century, we again feel as if the men who were then living were farther apart from the men who lived at its beginning than men who are a hundred years apart always are. And yet of formal outward change there seems less than in some other periods of the same length. The great events of the middle of the century look as if they were in a manner undone by events which followed them. And the great event at the end of the century may in one way seem hardly to mark any change at all. For it was before all things, not the establishment of any thing new, but the confirmation of something old. The Civil War and its results seem to have made less change than the Reformation of Religion and the other events of the sixteenth century, merely because by the Kings' Restoration the old state of things seems to have been brought back. In truth it was not brought back. There was a wide and marked gap indeed between the times after the Restoration and the times before the Civil War. And the men who lived at the time felt it so to be.

In short, there is no time when we feel more fully than we do in the seventeenth century that the familiar division into centuries, convenient as it is, is often misleading. The beginning of the seventeenth century, if we take the year 1603 rather than 1600, is distinctly a landmark; a great deal may be said to have died with Queen Elizabeth. But there is no such gap as parts the times before

*Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

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the Civil War from the times after it. The time from the completion of the Reformation under Elizabeth to the beginning of the Civil War, a time somewhat less than a century, forms more of a whole than the two halves of the sixteenth century or than the two halves of the seventeenth.

But, if we look beyond the isle of Britain to the history of the English folk all over the world, we shall see, not only that the seventeenth century is, in that point of view, the most important age since the fifth and sixth, but that it is of all centuries, the one which is most thoroughly a whole. The seventeenth century stands out, in the history of our folk and of the whole world, as the time when the English folk won themselves their third home. From this point of view we may sum up the history of the last three centuries in some way like this. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the English folk had but one home, in the isle of Britain. We say but one home, because in the course of thirteen hundred years the English folk in Britain had so utterly parted from their first home on the mainland of Europe that the men of the first England and of the second could no longer be looked on as the same people. At the beginning of the seventeenth century then the English folk had but one home; at the end of the seventeenth century it had two. But the younger of the two was immeasurably smaller than the elder and was politically dependent on it. By the end of the eighteenth century the younger home of the English folk had become politically independent of the elder. And now, towards the end of the nineteenth century, to which we are now drawing near, the younger home has, in every physical respect, become greater than the elder. All this, in the history of the nation as a nation, is greater than the setting up and casting down of Kings, Commonwealths, and Protectors. We must further remember that the causes which had to do with the Civil War had also a great deal to do with the settlement of the English folk in its third home. But we must again remember that, though those causes had a great deal to do with the settlement, yet the settlement did not owe its beginning to them. They did but give greater strength and a wider range to a movement that was already at work. The settlement of the English in America was a direct result of that general stir, that spirit of discovery and adventure, which caused the American continent to be known at all. The political and religious movements which gave rise to the Civil War greatly helped on settlement in America; they found such settlement answered many of their purposes. But they did not give it the first start. In other words, Virginia is older than New England.

We said just now that, in this way of looking at it, the seventeenth century was more thoroughly a whole than any other century of our history. The English settlements in America belong to the seventeenth century; they fill up the seventeenth century; they largely derive their character from the fact that it was in the seventeenth century that they were made. Before the seventeenth century settlement was at most attempted; it was never really carried out. During the whole of the seventeenth century settlement was going on. After the seventeenth century settlement became far less active; in the eighteenth only one wholly new colony was added to those which were founded in the seventeenth. The eighteenth century saw a great deal of conquest of distant possessions, but very little of colonization in the true sense. Its later years did indeed point the way to a fourth home of the English folk in the Southern Ocean; but they only pointed the way. The spread of the English folk, as a folk, winning new homes, over the whole world has been the work of the seventeenth century and of the nineteenth.

The settlement of the English in America in the seventeenth century had much in common with the first settlement of the English in Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries; it had also much that was widely different. The two are parted by all that parts the sixth century from the seventeenth. That is, the English people in the seventeenth century had become widely different from the English people in the sixth century. And besides this, there were wide differences in the circumstances of the settlements themselves. The later settlement was made at the cost of mere savages; the earlier was made at the cost of a people in some things more advanced than the settlers, a people who kept the memory of a great power which had but lately passed away. Still the actual settlement in a new land, the occupying of a new home, the beginning of every thing afresh,

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were all common to both settlements. We may say that the settlers of the seventeenth century found themselves in the same case as the settlers of the fifth, only with the benefit of all the advance that had been made between the fifth century and the seventeenth. But both were doing essentially the same work, a work which no Englishman had been called on to do in all the ages between. And yet there was one great difference in their results. The settlement of the fifth century founded a nation in every sense. As we said before, the English who settled in Britain parted off altogether from the English who stayed on the mainland. The English who settled in America did not in the same way part off, they could not and did not wish to part off from the English who stayed in Britain. Too much had happened between the two settlements to allow of this. The English settlements in America did not at once found a new nation, though they led to the foundation of a new nation in the next century. But it was only in a political sense that a new nation was founded. The English folk was split into two independent powers, whereas before it had formed only one. But, though this truth is sometimes forgotten on both sides, in all else that goes to make up a nation, in language and law and countless other things, the two independent powers remained as truly one people as they had been before.

The English settlers in America took with them, as far as they could, the state of things which they left behind them in Britain. But they could not take it with them in every thing. A colony, simply because it is a colony, cannot exactly reproduce the state of things in the mother-country. And there were circumstances in some of the American colonies which made the settlers specially wish in some points not to reproduce the state of things in the mother-country. But on the whole the England of the seventeenth century was reproduced in America as far as it could be. It was naturally reproduced, both in manners and institutions, in a simpler form. The settlers, having necessarily fallen back on an older and simpler kind of life, naturally reproduced older and simpler institutions. A New England town-meeting, for instance, did not exactly reproduce any thing that was in use in Old England at the time of the settlement. But it cannot be called a new thing; it was a new shoot from a very old stock. It was a falling back, most likely an unwitting falling back, on the oldest institutions of the English and all other Teutonic nations. The seventeenth century fell back on the sixth, because it found itself in some respects in the circumstances of the sixth. And there is still left on many things in America a strong impress of the seventeenth century. As is sure to happen in such cases, of the severed branches of the one folk, each kept some old things that the other dropped; each took up some new things that the other did not take up. Thus the British visitor to America, among much that is new, marks also much that is old. He marks much that comes straight from the England of the seventeenth century. He soon finds out that, while many things in America are palpably very new, whatever is not palpably very new is commonly old, often older than the thing which answers to it in Old England. This is true in language, law, custom, and many other things. Especially what are commonly called "Americanisms" in language, when they are not palpably new, are pretty sure to be simply the English usage of the seventeenth century, staying on in America when forgotten in Old England.

But there was one point above all in which the English settlements in America connect themselves with the great English events of the seventeenth century, and thereby with those of the sixteenth. We must go back to the religious Reformation. That was a work of the sixteenth century; but we see its fruits best in the seventeenth. The result of the religious changes of the sixteenth century was, as we have seen, to give the English Church a shape intermediate between two extremes on each side. But, while this divided the nation less than any other system could have done, it naturally displeased both those who held that change had gone too far, and those who held that it had not gone far enough. It is hard to find names for religious parties which will at once satisfy truth and please the parties; but we may distinguish those who held that change had gone too far as Roman Catholics, and those who held that it had not gone far enough as Puritans. The Roman Catholics, after they found that they could no longer conform to the established law in religious matters, became a small persecuted body, glad if they could escape with their lives and

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goods. In England they could have been of no account at all, but for their connection with the Pope and other powers abroad. The Puritans, on the other hand, were a large part of the nation, and, as a party seeking change is sure to be, the most active and aggressive part. But we must remember that the original Puritans had no wish to part from the English Church, but to reform it after their own pattern. No one as yet had any other thought; no one had yet conceived the idea that there could be in the same land several religious bodies, each acting freely after its own fashion. The growth of the Puritan feeling, the enforcement, often in a very ill-judged way, of ordinances in religious matters which a large part of the nation did not approve, combined with the misgovernment of King Charles the First in civil matters to bring about the great Civil War and the overthrow for a while of the existing institutions in Church and State. Out of all this came the first thoughts of religious toleration. They grew slowly during the second half of the century, till, at the Revolution towards the end of it, it was at last found possible to allow by law fashions of religious worship which were not enjoined by law.

All this touches the history of the American colonies very closely. The oldest settlements had no special religious character; Virginia came nearer than any other to reproducing England as it was. But somewhat later men of two kinds found that the New World was better suited for them than the Old. The Roman Catholic, refused toleration in England, found it in Maryland. The Puritan, unable to reform things after his own pattern, driven to set up congregations of his own, found that what the law forbade him to do in Old England he could do freely in New. But he too had no more thought of the doctrine of toleration than the men of any other party. He had crossed the ocean that he might be able to worship after his own fashion; but he had no thought of allowing others to worship after theirs. He had left Old England to escape the yoke of bishops; but the Quaker in Massachusetts found the yoke of ministers and elders just as heavy. Roger Williams in Rhode Island alone grasped what no one elsewhere was able to reach to. Just as in the case of Scotland, the religious circumstances of New England produced a certain type of character, which had less opportunity for showing itself either in the mother-country or in the other colonies. And it was a type of character which, if we call it hard and narrow, still developed some moral and some intellectual faculties very strongly.

In Old England the Puritan cause won the day for a season; but it was only for a season, and it did not show exactly the same features there as in either Scotland or in New England. But in one point all agreed, a point which has led to the deepest and most lasting effect on English thoughts, habits, and literature ever since. Here again a work of the sixteenth century showed its full fruit in the seventeenth. There had been English translations of the Bible or of parts of it from very early times, and such translation was one of the chief objects of Wickliffe. But it was in the sixteenth century that the English Bible began to be put forth by public authority, with the art of printing to help on its circulation. The effect has been felt ever since; but it was felt most of all during the Puritan movement of the seventeenth century. To not a few the English Bible was their only book, not only their book of religion, but their whole literature, their only history, their only poetry, to some their only law. And without going to the wild lengths to which some went in this matter, the English translation of the Bible—finally fixed early in the seventeenth century—has had the most happy effect on the English language and literature by giving our folk one of the noblest of models. The language of the Bible is at the happiest distance from ordinary speech, near enough to be easily understood, but far enough off to be something special and dignified, something marked off as apart from everyday life. Take such a great writer of English as Lord Macaulay; it has helped greatly to his power of writing that he was thoroughly steeped in Bible thought and language. On the other hand, the religious Reformation, and specially the translation of the Bible, has done something to part the later times of England from the elder. Men ceased in some things to be English and became Hebrew. Religious and national feeling were parted asunder. Instead of the ancient saints of England, men thought only of the worthies of the Hebrew Scriptures. And in the thick of the Puritan movement, the Hebrew history was often strangely perverted in the application of it to the times in which men lived.

The plantation of the American colonies

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has to do with so many things that it has carried us on to questions of language and literature rather before their time. But the plantation of the American colonies was only one form, though in this century it was the chief form, of the general spirit of enterprise in distant lands which began in the sixteenth century, and which has gone on ever since. The adventurous warfare with the Spaniards in America which plays so great a part in the sixteenth century comes to an end in the early part of the seventeenth. One may say that peaceful settlement in America takes its place. But plantation in America was not the only form that English enterprise took at this time. It was the time of a great spreading of distant trade, and there are countries in which trade can hardly fail gradually to grow into dominion. The trade with Russia began in the sixteenth century when Russia, approached only by the White Sea, was almost a newly discovered land. Then there was the trade with the Levant. Neither of these could grow into dominion; but when the trade with India began, at the very end of the sixteenth century, and went on increasing in the seventeenth, the foundation of distant English dominion was laid. The dominion did not come yet, and, when it did come, it was dominion and not settlement; but it could not fail to come before long. Actual possession began when Bombay was ceded by Portugal to England on the marriage of Charles the Second. With it was ceded Tangier in Africa, a much nearer possession of no real value, which was soon given up. But it too marks the same feeling of striving of enterprise and dominion far away.

The Puritan movement led us to the translation of the Bible. It is the translation of the Bible which binds together the English tongue and literature of all the times from the sixteenth century onwards. In other matters of language, literature, taste, and manners, the gap between the first and the second half of the seventeenth century is very wide. In the first half, before and during the Civil War, we see a certain stateliness and a certain quaintness standing side by side. Men seem in earnest, as men engaged, or likely to be engaged, in a great struggle. It was a time of learning, a time of thought. The religious controversy produced divines and thinkers on all sides in theology, and some who went beyond the bounds of any theology. It was a time of great lawyers, specially of lawyers who, like Selden, combined other forms of learning with their professional knowledge. The growth of a political system of large states in Europe had led, chiefly among the jurists of the Netherlands, to the new science of international law, which found its way into England also. The study of our own history and of its ancient records went on, and men began to make something like a scientific examination of our ancient tongue. Some branches of natural science advanced; every one has heard of the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Charles the First's physician, Harvey. But one may say roughly that learning strikes us more as a characteristic of the first part of the century and natural science as a characteristic of the second.

As for our language itself, it went on drawing to itself many Latin words. Perhaps its most remarkable feature just now is that this was the special time of experiments in language. New words and phrases were invented, some of which took root and some did not. It is not uncommon to find that a word or phrase which has come in as an innovation in modern times was used by one writer in the seventeenth century, and by one only. It was a great time of English prose, in some shapes grave and stately, in others full of quaint fancies. And a child of the Civil War itself, the Puritan John Bunyan, knew how, without school-learning, to write clear and strong English such as was never outdone before or since. In poetry the great Elizabethan drama with Shakspere at its head, went on into the century without break. Poets, quaint and graceful, sacred and profane, belong more specially to the time. And if Shakspere goes on into this half-century, Milton begins in it, and really belongs to it. If his greatest poem was written after the Restoration, it is the fruit of the time before. For Milton lived and played his part in the days of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, and was as famous as a writer of political prose as he was of poetry, both religious and otherwise. His works show the impress of the Puritan religious movement brought to bear on a mind at once fresh with poetic fancy and rich with vast stores of learning. And both in Shakspere and Milton and in the literature of the time generally, whatever foreign influence there is is Italian. Italy had not yet wholly lost her place in Europe.

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This comes out yet more strongly in art. Charles the First had a strong artistic turn in painting, sculpture, and architecture ; but as yet painting and sculpture mainly came from abroad. In architecture the mingled taste of the latter part of the sixteenth century still went on; but there was a strong tendency, specially under the court architect Inigo Jones, toward a more strictly Italian taste. On the other hand, there was, especially in ecclesiastical buildings, a considerable return to the older English forms. This specially comes out in many of the college buildings in Oxford. Literature, art, every thing changed greatly after the Restoration. The gap is indeed wide. A flood of licentiousness in every shape, the reaction after the strict religious rule of the Puritan time, broke forth and affected all that came in its way. It was the court rather than the nation that was infected ; but the infection of the court was enough to mar the outward look of most things. The greatness of the gap between this and the earlier part of the century is shown by the way in which men who had played any part on either side, seem out of place. They seem far more so in the earlier time now than the elder men of any other time. Clarendon, the Royalist statesman and historian of the Civil War, seems to belong to another age, just as much as the Puritan Milton. Language and taste change a great deal; new words and new fashions come in fact ; the foreign influence is now far greater than before, and it is not Italian but French. Style changes ; from Charles the Second's time onward, we feel that English writing is coming far nearer to its modern standard. If the statelier blank verse was brought to perfection by Milton, English rhyme was brought to its polished form by Dryden, a man who as distinctly marks this time as Milton does the earlier. And this new time was a time of progress in many ways. Natural science stands out more distinctly than any thing else, and that in various forms. The great name of Newton stands highest of all. In moral and mental philosophy Locke leads the way. In matters of art, painting became more naturalized in England ; in architecture the last traces of the elder taste, which had lived on into the first half of the seventeenth, dies out. The fashion is now purely classical, and Gothic architecture is spoken of with contempt. The strongest sign of all is that, when the great church of Saint Paul in London was burned, the new one built by Sir Christopher Wren, the chief architect of the time, no longer followed any ancient English pattern, but that of the church of Saint Peter at Rome.

In most things in short we seem to take a new start in the latter part of the seventeenth century ; we seem to come to the beginning of a time more like our own. But the unbroken life of the nation goes on ; it goes on specially in its political life, notwithstanding the Civil War and its effects. The old spirit of English freedom which had in some sort slept, or rather had only seemed to sleep, during the sixteenth century, awoke to full life in the seventeenth. And it has never even seemed to go to sleep since. The work of the famous Long Parliament was of two kinds. As long as it kept itself to reforming abuses, restraining oppression, preserving ancient liberties, its work has lasted to this day. When in its later stage, it took to novelties, those novelties have not lasted. Then toward the end of the century came what we call the Revolution, though as Lord Macaulay says, when we think of revolutions in other lands, it seems strange to call it so. We changed one king for another ; we established the old liberties of the land beyond doubt. The English Constitution now took its final legal shape, pretty much what it had at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The two hundred years that have since passed have made hardly any legal change in it ; what they have done has been silently to shape its practical working from time to time. But one great, though incidental, effect of the Revolution must not be left out. Since the fifteenth century England had had comparatively little to do with foreign wars. Elizabeth's struggle with Spain was our only war of any great moment, and save the repulse of the Armada, it was hardly a war on the same scale as the wars of earlier or later times. In the course of the seventeenth century England had wars with Spain, with France, and with the Netherlands, and with the last it had very hard fighting by sea. But there were no wars like those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, or like those that began towards the end of the seventeenth. In short, except when Cromwell was at the head, England, through the whole seventeenth century down to the Revolution. held the lowest place in

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Europe that it had ever held since it became one kingdom. After the Revolution the choice of the new king, William Prince of Orange, led to the first of the great modern wars between England and France. Since that time England, and after it Great Britain, has always held, at whatever cost, the rank of one of the great powers of Europe.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM MINTO, M. A.

Of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland.

PART V.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE (CONCLUDING REMARKS).

METONYMIES.

To complete our account of the leading kinds of figurative language, we shall advert next to various ways of describing things not plainly and directly by their own names but allusively or circumstantially or symbolically. Consider, for example, how the following differs from plain speech:

> If the French army under the great Napoleon was inspired by the belief that a possible marshal's baton was in every soldier's knapsack, so the belief that the child of the log cabin may become the Chief of the White House penetrates the lowliest American homes, and adds to the dignity of the home without subtracting from the honor of the presidency.

Such expressions as "every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack," for the plain every soldier may become a marshal; "the child of the log cabin," for a poor man's son; "Chief of the White House," for the President of the United States, are technically known as Metonymies or Metonyms. The word has never, like "metaphor," found its way into the common vocabulary, but some such word is needed in the interest of exact criticism. Metonymic expression is quite as important an instrument of effective style as metaphoric, and it depends upon a different principle. The principle of metaphor is resemblance; the principle of metonym is accidental connection of some sort, accidental but yet distinctive, so that the circumstance named suggests the thing or person intended. It is an accident that the residence of the President is known as the White House; nevertheless, the Chief of the White House is a sufficient description. Similarly, any distinctive peculiarity of dress, such as a white tie, a shovel-hat, a smock-frock, a red coat; or if implement, such as pen, sword, trowel, baton, paste and scissors; or of residence, cottage, villa, palace; in short, any significant part, property, adjunct, or collateral, may be made the basis of an allusive name.

All such allusive substitute-names are loosely known as metaphors. There is no reason against this in the etymology of the word; both metaphor and metonym imply the idea of transference of meaning or allusive suggestion. It was only for scientific convenience that the old rhetoricians applied the one word to cases where the suggestion is through a link of likeness, and the other to cases where it is through an accidental connection. Scientifically, the distinction has some value, because a writer may be rich in metaphor and weak in metonym, and conversely, wealth in the two means of expression depending upon different faculties, the one upon a keen and quick sense for resemblance, the other upon a strong memory for details and collateral circumstances.

Practically, however, the distinction is of less consequence; that is to say, a knowledge of the distinction will not help a writer much in allusive description. He may use either tool or both freely without being able to name them with accurate precision.

Some thirty varieties of metonym, as we have defined it, have been distinguished by rhetoricians. The number will not appear at all surprising when you remember that the principle of metonymy is simply to substitute for the plain name of a thing a name or phrase based on something connected with it. Many of the figures classified by rhetoricians are really so common that they can hardly be called figurative; they are part of the common speech. Thus to describe a rich man as a man "with a long purse," or to say that "New York was thrown into a state of great excitement," when we mean the inhabitants

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of New York, is technically to use the metonym of putting "the container for the thing contained." But such artifices are so common that it takes some thought to see wherein they depart from plain speech.

Instead of enumerating the varieties of metonym, it is more to our purpose to distinguish the objects with which they are used. One obvious object is picturesqueness, vividness, animation, color. A "redcoat" is a more picturesque word than a soldier; it calls up a picturesque circumstance to the mind's eye. Whether the intention is contemptuous or respectful it is more effective to indicate a thing by some striking circumstances than by a plain name: an "oil king," a "cotton lord," a "carpet-bagger," a "quill-driver," "the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle,"* "the seer of Chelsea,"† "the glorious dreamer of Highgate." ‡

Another object is to make the expression more vague and dignified. The plain name for disagreeable things is apt to become too suggestive, and sometimes cannot be used without harshness or coarseness. Our meaning must then be delicately hinted at, decorously presented under a veil to hide its repulsive features. This is technically called Euphemism.

Undoubtedly the most prevailing motive for the use of metonymies, as for all figures of speech, is the mere love of variety. To call a spade a spade is a good enough rule, useful to remember when you are tempted to over-elaborate and superfine allusiveness, but too close an observance of it would result in a very bald and poverty-stricken diction. A newspaper editor who consults the popular taste is obliged to proceed on an opposite principle. You may call a spade a spade once or twice or three times in the course of an article, but if you have to refer to it oftener, you must find some metonym for the humble instrument, even if it is nothing better than "this oblong implement of manual husbandry." An agricultural laborer may be introduced as such, but as the article proceeds the changes are rung on plain synonyms such as husbandman and peasant, and familiar metonyms such as Hodge,‖ son of the soil, smock-frock, chawbacon, clodhopper.

* Homer. † Carlyle. ‡ Coleridge.

‖ The use of this word for countryman arose from the fact that "most country districts in England have one or more families of the name of Hodge. . . . . It is said to be simply an abbreviation of Roger."——The synonym "chawbacon" was derived from the popular idea that a rustic lives entirely on bread and bacon.

It is the craving for variety that fosters the periphrastic fine English at which critics have often directed their laughter. It is under this influence that the barrister becomes a "gentleman of the long robe," the doctor "a disciple of Æsculapius,"* the angler a "follower of Izaak Walton" or "a brother of the gentle craft," a smoker "a lover of the Nicotian weed."

To seek to banish such variations in plain language is a foolish enterprise on the part of criticism. They are founded on a natural instinct. The critic may pitch out some that have become, in Dr. Johnson's words, "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting," but others will come in their stead. The merit of a metonym as of other figures lies in its originality, or comparative novelty; when they have reached a certain pitch of commonness, they are dropped by all writers with any self-respect. You must make your *index expurgatorius*† for yourself, remembering that the fear of vulgarity is a very cramping sentiment, and that straining after originality has its own dangers. If the coining of new metonyms does not come easy to you, you are better not to attempt it.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I began by quoting the opinion that the best way to acquire a good style is to think as little about it as possible. I do not altogether agree with this, but perhaps some of my readers do, after following me thus far and observing how many contradictory considerations arise when we begin to think on any of the means of expression. Better never begin thinking about expression at all if it is so difficult to hit the right use of the various instruments.

The study of rhetorical principles in the abstract, probably does paralyze rather than help the judgment. They should be thought out in connection with the practice of good writers, and then they should help you, if they are sound principles, in deciding for yourself whether what you read is good writing or not. If it impresses you, interests you, enlightens you, it is good writing for you. My object is to help you in analyzing the effect produced on yourself, and studying how

* [Es-ku-lā'pi-us.] In Greek mythology the god of medicine.

† [Ex-pur ga-tō'ri-us.] The expression is the Latin one for "a list of prohibited books."

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it is done as a guide to your own practice.

Nothing is to be gained by studying style out of relation to the subject and the persons addressed, if you really wish to use words as a means of communication. Some people say that it is enough to be full of your subject and in earnest about it. They are so far right that this is indispensable; you cannot have effective writing without knowledge and earnestness. The most effective speaker is the man who is in earnest. But what does earnestness mean? It means that the speaker is determined to get a certain conviction home, to pass it from his own mind to another. But is this enough? Are we to suppose that the powerful orator never thought for a moment beforehand what he was going to say and how he was to say it? That there was no premeditation, no previous preparation? If he did pause to think before he spoke, then he thought about style, only it was in the right way, about style in connection with the subject and the persons addressed.

I may quote from a great master of popular style, Mr. Spurgeon, some sensible remarks which have a bearing on this:

I know a good minister who prepared very elaborately. He told me he got tired of the hard work, and one day preached a simple sermon, such as he would have preached in his shirt sleeves if he had been wakened up in the middle of the night. The people were far more impressed than by his usual discourses. I said, "I'd give them some more of that." But I should not say so to you, young man. This was an elderly man, full of matter. Whatever he said in course of conversation was good.

The reason why speeches carefully studied and written out are often ineffective is that the writer in his study loses touch with his audience. A practised speaker who has learned by experiment what tells, who knows and is known to his audience, is often more effective offhand than when he has made elaborate preparation, because then he is apt to diverge into more abstruse trains of thought. To keep an audience before the mind's eye and follow its moods as if it were actually present needs a vivid imagination.

In writing, the nature of the subject and the audience have to be studied at least as much as the mere expression. They must be taken all together. What rhetoricians call the "intellectual qualities of style," such as impressiveness, simplicity, perspicuity, precision, are really decided from the effect produced on the reader by matter and manner together. It is this joint effect that we judge from when we call a composition impressive or simple or perspicuous.

A mistake often made by writers on style is to speak of simplicity as if it were something absolute, as if a particular form of expression were absolutely more simple than another. Simplicity is really a relative term. An expression is simple or abstruse according as it is familiar to the reader or the reverse.

We are often told that we should use the Saxon part of our vocabulary rather than the Latin, because it is simpler. The late Dean Alford raised the cry and it is often heard. "Latin," says Mr. Spurgeon, "is turf, Saxon is stone, good to pelt sinners with." But it all depends upon whether the Saxon words are in common use. We have retained in our speech the Saxon words for many common things and primitive feelings, but others have been superseded by Latin words, and a word may be of Saxon origin and yet be far from simple. "Gainsay" is not so simple a word as "contradict." "Yeasay" may be a prettier word than "assent," but it is not so readily understood. "Inwit" is a good Saxon word, but we have to explain it by the Latin "conscience." We may, if we like, use "forewords" instead of "preface," to gratify a sentiment or carry out a theory, but it is pedantic or affected and not simple English. The simplicity of a word depends entirely on whether or not it is in common use.

It is a mistake, again, to suppose that simplicity depends entirely on choice of words. It depends at least as much on structure. Take a passage in any old author, and you will find that though the words separately are simple enough you have often to read twice and think, because the syntax, the turn of phrase or sentence, is unfamiliar to you. Mr. Spurgeon's simplicity is due as much to the colloquial form of his sentences as to his homely diction. In a thoroughly simple style the words are familiar, the cast of sentence is familiar, and the illustrations are drawn from familiar sources. It must be added that the ideas also are familiar.

It is often impossible to express new ideas in simple language. When Burke was said to be a less simple speaker than Fox and this was charged against him as a defect, De

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Quincey repelled the charge on the ground that Fox was merely the mouthpiece of an accredited party policy whereas Burke was trying to connect the events of the moment with high general principles. "Who complains of a prophet," he asked, "for being a little darker of speech than a post-office directory?"

It would, doubtless, be a hard thing to insist that every thinker on every subject should strive to make himself level with the comprehension of the meanest capacity and the most indolent intelligence. The amount of effort that you require of your reader must be regulated by circumstances. You may purposely choose to address a limited audience. A treatise on the Appreciation of Gold or the Philosophical Presuppositions of Experience cannot be made as simple as Hints on Marriage or a story of the adventures of a cat. There are abstruse subjects that have something like a dialect of their own, and nobody can blame you if you write for those who have learned the dialect and shrink from the labor of trying to be intelligible in common speech. The same holds good to a certain extent of feelings; your language may be purposely veiled and mystical, addressed only to the initiated. It would be a waste of words to advise anybody not to adopt the oracular style. Carlyle says somewhere that no great writer was ever understood without difficulty. If a man takes this as an encouragement to be willfully obscure, he does so at his own risk. If he is not a genuine mystic, but a bogus mystificator, he may at least afford some amusement to those who have the patience to read him.

One of the things that the beginner is generally advised to aim at is perspicuity or lucidity. This is not quite the same thing as simplicity, which is attained by couching simple ideas in simple language. Perspicuity is more a matter of arrangement, of order and connection, and may be achieved when neither the ideas nor the language are simple. Herbert Spencer, for example, is a remarkably lucid writer. Most of the hints I submitted in connection with sentences and paragraphs have for their aim perspicuity. This virtue can seldom be attained without some sacrifice of simplicity. In order to be lucid you have to keep to a point, and connect your ideas clearly, and as the natural tendency of the simple man is to wonder, he is conscious of a certain effort under this process.

Precision, exactness, is another of the virtues to which the beginner is generally exhorted. To combine this with extreme simplicity is next to impossible, for a reason that is obvious upon a little consideration. The more simple a word is, that is to say the more frequently it is used, the more vague and inexact it tends to become. A much used word is like a much used coin: the superscription gets worn off. Try to define any common word such as "good," "wicked," "just," "crime," "health," "education," "culture," "progress," and you will find that the ideas you attach to such simple words are far from exact. Socrates amused himself by going about among the people of Athens and asking the meaning of such words, professing to be himself a very stupid person who could not understand them. Everybody was ready at first with an answer. "Not know what virtue means! Why, every fool knows that." But the most confident were brought to confess that though they knew the meaning perfectly well, it was not easy to put in precise words.

Precision is not a popular quality. Socrates fell a martyr to it. Other great propagators of new ideas have gone on a different plan, taking words in common use, employing them in a sense of their own, and leaving the reader to guess the meaning. This is often the cause of the difficulty of understanding great writers. It is so in the case of Carlyle himself, and Emerson. One often hears readers of Matthew Arnold ask what he meant by culture. The word is a common one, but he used it in a sense of his own; only it is fair to say that Arnold did attempt to give as exact a definition of his meaning as the subject admitted of.

I have not touched on the question of "purity" of style. It is a negative virtue; we say that a style is pure when it is strikingly free from foreign idioms, provincialisms, slang, obsolete words and phrases, new and affected expressions. Generally speaking when a style is such as to win the praise of being classical English, there is a something stiff and old-fashioned about it.

There is no point of style about which so much has been written; there is none on which people are so ready to dogmatize as this question of purity. The corruption of the Queen's or the King's English has been a common subject of lament among critics for the last three hundred years. At any time during that

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period there have been purists who thought the language complete and wished to shut the door on new words and phrases. Swift had a project for fixing the language, and to many of his contemporaries it appeared a most judicious proposal. But a good many words and idioms have become obsolete since the days of Queen Anne and a good many new ones have been added.

Most people now recognize that you can no more stop the growth of a language than you can stop the growth of a tree. Is there then no standard of good English? There is, but it is not a very definite one, and it is continually shifting. The standard is simply usage, the usage of the time.

But who fixes the usage? It is supposed to be the peculiar province of the grammarian and the lexicographer * to ascertain the usage, but nobody can be said to fix or settle what is essentially unstable. There is nothing constant in a language but its mutability. The grammarian is not a lawgiver; words and idioms often make good a place in the language in defiance of the law of all the grammarians.

Who coins new words? He would be a wise man who could answer that question. The parentage of very few words can be traced. Isaac Disraeli claimed the honor of being the first to use the word "fatherland," but Dr. Fitzedward Hall produced a quotation from Sir William Temple, more than a century earlier. Many similar claims have been similarly rebutted. Somebody must use a new word for the first time, but the child goes out into the world and its parentage is forgotten. If fathered at all, it is generally fathered wrong upon some eminent name. Words are children of the regiment. A new meaning is in the social air; somebody finds a word for it; and the word is caught up and becomes current because of its fitness to express the meaning.

A common advice to beginners is to follow the usage of the best speakers and writers. That is fairly safe advice. You are not likely to go far wrong if you follow it. But if a word exactly expresses your meaning, and if it is current among the people for whom you write, you have the best of justifications for using it. The meaning may be one that you should not express, but that is another consideration.

Of course grammarians are right to try to keep new formations within the analogies of the language. A word coined in defiance of analogy is a grammatical monster, and they are right to try to extinguish it. Often perhaps they might as well let it alone; it will die of itself if it is not fitted to survive. And some of them are apt to forget that present usage is the ultimate test for a living language, and that change of usage is not necessarily debasement and corruption. There is often a subtle reason in popular forms if we have the patience to trace it. Why, for example, do we so often see the irregular expression "*one-roomed* households"? As a mere descriptive epithet "*one-room*" would be more accurate; it is in accordance with analogy to use a noun as an adjective without any formative suffix; *-ed* is the termination of the past participle; there is no very to "one-room." Yet popular instinct has reason and grammatical analogy on its side; it has a verbal force to express in "one-roomed"; it prefers to say "one-roomed households" because it thinks of them as being made so, not merely existing as indifferent facts, but forced into a certain dimension by social pressure. But the casuistry of grammatical correctness is a wide and intricate field.

In concluding the remarks on style, I cannot but feel that I have only skimmed the surface of the subject. I have tried to keep to the main lines, and have resisted many temptations to diverge. My object has been to set the reader thinking for himself on principles.

One remark only it remains to add, but it is an important one. The old rhetoricians laid great stress upon the character of the speaker as an element in the effect of his words. This is no less so now than it was in the days of Aristotle and Quintilian. They gave precepts for the education of the orator from the cradle to manhood. The modern rhetorician would be going beyond his allotted province if he lectured you on character. It is none the less important. And I may be permitted to remind you that there is one useful character within every man's reach, a character for knowing what he is writing about.

(*The end.*)

* [Lex-i-cog'ra-pher.] Greek *lexikon*, dictionary, and *graphein*, to write. The author or compiler of a dictionary, or lexicon.

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LIFE IN MODERN ENGLAND.*

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.

III.

BUT a second religious revival in England was at hand, more potent in its influences and more lasting in its results than Puritanism itself. There was still a remnant of the old piety among the middle classes, in places remote from the evil influences of the town, and it was from this germ that the mighty tree of Methodism sprang, whose branches spread to the farthest corners of the kingdom. Three names stand out prominently in the history of this movement, George Whitefield and Charles and John Wesley. It was at Oxford, as young students, that they formed the society, very small and despised in its early days, which grew into the Methodist Church. Whitefield as a preacher was conspicuous above all the rest. Extraordinary stories are told of the wonderful effect of his exhortations. The passion and pathos in his oratory carried all his hearers with him on a wave of enthusiasm, in spite of his occasional extravagance. It is recorded of him that he once addressed a meeting of twenty thousand colliers in the open air, and that the tears made furrows through the coal dust upon hundreds of their cheeks. John Wesley was second to him as a preacher, but excelled him as an organizer, while Charles Wesley wrote hymns which stirred the hearts of the people into raptures of adoration.

These men and their followers, who seemed to be inspired by their enthusiasm, preached the Gospel to all kinds of men in all kinds of places, in the slums of London, in all centers of industry, among the sailors and dock-laborers of the great shipping ports and in the most secluded villages. The excitement at some of these meetings was prodigious. Women shrieked hysterically and fainted, strong men fell in convulsions, others were stricken senseless and lay as if dead. Sometimes the preachers were stoned, beaten, or thrown into horseponds, but such persecution only kindled in them a new ardor. Each year the sect grew stronger in numbers, in material prosperity, and in organization. Converts were made by thousands. There were indeed more than one hundred thousand of them at the date of Wesley's death (1791), and now, as every body knows, the Methodists are numbered by millions and flourish in every quarter of the globe.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the effects, direct and indirect, of this tremendous religious awakening upon English society and morals. In the first place it startled the clergy of the established church from their lethargy. John Wesley, indeed, always proclaimed himself an ally of the Church of England, but the ministers of the latter, or many of them, thought their very organization imperiled by the revolution in sentiment which he and his associates were creating. The rules of the straitest Puritanism were no more ascetic than those enforced by Whitefield and Wesley. They forbade women to wear gold ornaments, or gaily colored dresses, and they held it sinful for a man to lay by any part of his income. Whitefield called love a foolish passion. The theater was denounced as a sink of iniquity. Dancing was rigorously forbidden and all forms of recreation, considered simply as recreation, were pronounced sinful. In a school which Wesley founded, the pupils were to rise at 4 o'clock every morning and neither holiday nor play-time was allowed. "He that plays as a child," said he, "will play when he is a man." It was said of Whitefield that when he entered a town he put an end to every pleasant thing in it.

Contemporary reports prove conclusively that this revival, which was deeply emotional in its character, was accompanied by a great increase of superstition, but this fact did not greatly lessen its wholesome influence upon the community at large. The clergy of the Church of England, spurred into energy by the example set them and the fear of losing what little authority they still had over their flocks, devoted themselves with a new energy to their pastoral duties, and presently there arose throughout the nation a new spirit of devotion and philanthropy. The eyes of the prosperous were opened to the misery and degradation by which they were surrounded,

*Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

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and it was seen, for the first time, that systematic and organized effort was necessary for the relief of the wretched and the reform of the criminal poor. Popular education had its origin in the Sunday-schools which were established, at the close of the century, by Mr. Raikes of Gloucester. Hannah More excited pity and horror by her revelations of the shocking condition of agricultural laborers. On all sides churches and hospitals were built, charities were endowed, and money was poured out for the despatch of missionaries to the heathen.

In the long lists of reformers and philanthropists, like a planet among lesser stars, stands out the name of John Howard, who attacked with indefatigable ardor and industry the hideous abuses existent in the prisons. Each jail in the country was a festering social sore, a den in which decency, cleanliness, or discipline was unknown and in which every abomination was practiced. He visited them all, collected evidence of the extortion, cruelty, favoritism, and vice which marked their management, and startled the public conscience by the terrors of his story. He did not see the results of the labors which cost him his life, but his fame will always be associated with the great work of social reformation in England, which began more than a hundred years ago and can never cease until civilization itself is ended.

It was high time that some attention was paid to the spiritual and temporal condition of the masses, whom further neglect might have driven into a revolution similar to that which drenched France with blood. The population of the country was more than doubled during the eighteenth century, and the increase in wealth was phenomenal. But in this material prosperity the poor had very small share. There was an abundance of work, but prices were high and wages, owing to the amount of unemployed labor, were low. An enormous impetus was given to manufacture by the invention of the spinning machine by Arkwright, of the spinning jenny by Hargreaves, and of the "mule" by Cromptom. The centers of industry in Lancashire were developed with marvelous rapidity, and furnished employment to tens of thousands of operatives. The potteries of Wedgewood did as much for Staffordshire. Countrymen, then as now, flocked to the cities, and as the population swelled, the pinch of poverty was often bitterly felt. As the need of intercommunication became more urgent, the matchless roads which traverse England in all directions, were constructed and the canals which greatly facilitated commerce and still further consolidated the wealth and power of the mercantile or middle class. Next in order came the epoch-making inventions of James Watt, who completed the subjection of steam to the service of man just at the time when the rapid development of the English collieries provided an unlimited supply of fuel. About the same period the agricultural interests, which had long been languishing, were quickened by the reclamation of vast tracts of land, and the gradual adoption of improved methods of farming, in accordance with the teachings of Arthur Young, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and others.

In many departments of literature the eighteenth century was peculiarly rich. The stirring nature of events at home and abroad offered abundance of material to the students of fact and powerfully stimulated imagination, while the follies, extravagancies, and vices of the town were strong provocatives of satire and ridicule. Some of the most brilliant stars in the whole literary firmament shone during the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. Pope, Addison, Swift, Congreve, and De Foe form a shining society. In Pope keenness of intellect and richness and delicacy of fancy were allied to a biting wit, nice scholarship, admirable industry, and most artistic taste. His writings, both in prose and verse, are polished with the most exquisite care. His "Essay on Man," his "Rape of the Lock," his "Messiah," "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," his translations, and his satires, especially the savage "Dunciad," are monuments of the versatility of his powers. Joseph Addison was the greatest master of English prose in the golden age of the language, and has left behind him, in his letters and essays, the model of a style that has never been excelled for simplicity, clearness, flexibility, grace, vigor, and majesty. His tragedy of "Cato," although devoid of inspiration, is a remarkable example of scholarly and dignified blank verse. The name of Jonathan Swift, the terrible Dean, still stands for all that is scathing in satire, and his "Tale of a Tub" and his adventures of Gulliver in Lilliput and Brobdingnag will be standards for all time in spite of the coarseness with which they are disfigured. John Gay possessed a rare fund of gentle humor which won a long popu-

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larity for his fables, and Matthew Prior would have been assigned to higher rank in the poetic brotherhood if his light had not been dimmed by the glory of his contemporaries. Thomas Tickell, Ambrose Philips, and Allan Ramsay are entitled at least to a word of mention.

Turning to the dramatists the comedies of Congreve are pre-eminent for wit of the keenest and brightest type, but their indecency banished them long ago from the stage. They were not unfaithful studies, however, of the manners of the period. Farquhar and Vanbrugh [Van-broo′] were of inferior ability but equaled him in coarseness. Sir Richard Steele, as an essayist, was only second to Addison, and his partnership in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* insure his immortality. In respect of fertility Daniel De Foe surpassed them all. To the present generation he is known chiefly by his immortal masterpiece "Robinson Crusoe," but he was the author of more than two hundred books and pamphlets, and was famous as a political writer before he ever attempted fiction. Pope's friend, Arbuthnot, was a satirical and humorous writer of no mean powers, and the essays of Lord Bolingbroke are still read with pleasure. Among the metaphysicians Bishop Berkeley must be remembered, and among the critics, mathematicians, and theologians, Richard Bentley and William Whiston.

During the reign of George II. the poets were numerous but scarcely of the first rank. The leader of them was James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," the "Castle of Indolence," and "Rule Britannia," which has certainly proved its vitality. Edward Young's name is still familiar as the writer of the "Night Thoughts," but his readers are few and growing less. The unfortunate Collins had culture, imagination, and exquisite taste, but his career ended almost before it had begun. Akenside in "The Pleasures of Imagination," reached great poetic heights at intervals, but could not maintain a lofty flight, being skillful, rather than inspired. William Shenstone was the author of some graceful and pathetic pastorals, and Thomas Gray secured an eternal monument in his famous "Elegy." The list would be incomplete without some reference to the hymn-writer, Isaac Watts, and such lesser lights as Mallet, Dodsley, Glover, and Merrick. Among the dramatists we find the names of the mighty Samuel Johnson, whose "Irene," however, was not a success; Home, the author of "Douglas," in which Mrs. Siddons won some of her greatest triumphs; Fielding (the novelist), Samuel Foote, David Garrick, and Macklin, whose "Man of the World" has fallen into an oblivion which it does not deserve. Of novelists there was a mighty quartet, Samuel Richardson, over whose sentimental heroines, Clarissa, Pamela, and the rest, oceans of tears have been shed, and whose Lovelace is still the type of the polished profligate; Henry Fielding and Smollett, whose truth, freedom, and vigor afforded the widest possible contrast to Richardson's effective but artificial style, and Samuel Johnson, whose "Rasselas," considering the fact that it was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, is a wonderful achievement. Of Johnson's famous dictionary it can scarcely be needful to speak. To this same period belong the historian Middleton, the biographer of Cicero; David Hume, the metaphysician; Adam Smith, the political economist; Dr. Joseph Butler, Bishop Warburton, and a number of other eminent theologians.

In the last half of the eighteenth century the most prominent poets (leaving Burns out of the question as a Scotchman) were Oliver Goldsmith and William Cowper. This was the dull season in which the poetic field was lying fallow in preparation for the splendid harvest of the nineteenth century. Goldsmith's genius, at least, was of a very high order, although not employed in the loftiest subjects. His "Deserted Village" is a gem of pastoral poetry, while of "The Traveller" it has been said that it does not contain one bad line. The ballad of "Edwin and Angelina" is one of the most popular ever written. "She Stoops to Conquer" is not only a stage classic, but still preserves its freshness and vitality, while the literary charms of his "Vicar of Wakefield," his "Citizen of the World," and his historical and descriptive writings insure them a prominent place on all modern book-shelves. Cowper, nowadays, is remembered chiefly by the humor of his "John Gilpin," but the qualities of his master-piece, "The Task," are of a rare order. Many of his fugitive pieces, too, are exquisite in their simplicity and pathos. His popularity in his day was unbounded. Thomas Chatterton, the "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," was a phenomenon, but owes his fame more to his death than to his life.

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James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, William Falconer, Sir William Jones, Erasmus Darwin, and William Gifford are among the brightest of the lesser lights. Among the dramatists, the most prominent name after Goldsmith, is that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The School for Scandal" and "The Critic." George Coleman was also prominent as a humorous writer. Joanna Baillie is perhaps the best remembered of contemporary writers of tragedies. At the head of the novelists stands Laurence Sterne, whose "Tristram Shandy" gave him a place at once among the immortals. His chief contemporaries were Robert Pultock, Frances Burney, a great favorite for half a century, William Beckford, Mrs. Inchbald, Ann Radcliffe, and "Matt" Lewis, of "Monk" fame.* Edward Gibbon and David Hume stand out as giants among their fellow historians. The famous Dr. Paley was chief among the theologians of the time. There are other names which must not be passed without mention, such as Boswell, Johnson's famous biographer; Chesterfield, the arbiter of manners; Edmund Burke, the great orator; Horace Walpole and Hannah More, the last of whom lived long enough to enjoy the first fruits of the rich and abundant literary harvest of the nineteenth century.

The gradual disappearance of coarseness from the imaginative literature in the last half of the eighteenth century marks the reformation that was gradually taking place in English social manners. Hard drinking, hard swearing, and loose living still prevailed in high places, and especially in the circles of the Court. The scandals of the Georgian era will not be forgotten so long as Thackeray is read. No worse example of brutal and selfish profligacy was ever known than that of George IV., both as Prince of Wales and Regent, and he was called the "first gentleman in Europe." But even in his day a growing respect was exhibited for decency in externals. Brummel and the whole school of dandies, contemptible as they were in many respects, yet did good social service by encouraging refinement of address, by their scrupulous courtesy toward women and their condemnation of brawling on the ground of its vulgarity. The ignorant and drunken fox-hunting squires, of the types so vividly described by Fielding and others, gradually vanished from the scene, and were succeeded by their sons, who had been educated at one of the universities, or at least at one of the great public schools. The fox-hunting was pursued with as much ardor as ever, but the hunters no longer finished the evening under the table. Drunkenness was not considered reputable in the House of Commons long after the deaths of Sheridan and Fox. The race of three-bottle men indeed was not wholly extinct thirty or forty years ago, but the survivors were few and far between. They were to be found chiefly among the old warriors who had fought under Nelson or Wellington.

The enormous consumption of liquor by the well-to-do classes in the early years of this century was doubtless partly due to the extraordinary increase in the wealth of the country. This prosperity, however, was not shared at first by the laboring population, wages remaining low on account of the remarkable growth of the population. Every thing tended to the development of that middle class, whose rapid advance in number, wealth, and influence, has continued to the present day. The improvement in agricultural methods, in draining, manuring, and deep ploughing, and especially in the application of machinery to farm work gave an immense impetus to the cultivation of waste lands and largely increased the number of proprietors, while the social and political position of traders was vastly improved by the extraordinary extension of every kind of manufacturing enterprise. Great fortunes among merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen became commoner every year, and the sons of moneyed business men flocked to the public schools and universities, entered the learned professions, bought commissions in the army or navy, won high positions under the government, and at all points passed the barriers which had hitherto separated the workers from the hereditary aristocracy.

Meanwhile the development of machinery, in its earlier stages, wrought great misery to the workingmen, first by destroying many small trades, and secondly by throwing many hands out of employment. The country was crowded with paupers, and famine and plenty walked together side by side. In their desperation the sufferers, especially in the northern and midland counties, began rioting,

*A romantic tale entitled "The Monk," was written by Matthew Lewis when he was only nineteen years of age. It contains many of the author's most famous ballads, and won for him the cognomen, "Monk Lewis."

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burning rick-yards, and smashing the hated machinery. The disturbances were quelled by military force, but the destitution became more widespread and bitter than ever, and threatened to bring about a revolution. The smoldering discontent was fanned almost into flame by the flagrant abuses growing out of Parliamentary corruption, rotten boroughs, and the lack of proper local administration. The danger continued to grow more imminent until it compelled the passage of the reform bill of 1832, which largely extended the franchise and effected a much needed redistribution of Parliamentary seats. One of the results was the Poor Law Amendment act of 1834, which practically established the present system of poor law unions and has worked, upon the whole, very satisfactorily in spite of the opposition which it excited and the fierce criticism to which it has been exposed.

But before the completion of this legislation the laboring classes, both in the towns and the country districts, had begun to share, although in a limited degree, in the prosperity of the manufacturers and agriculturists, the demand for labor increasing as the more general use of machinery opened up new channels of trade. The labor market remained, as it still remains, overstocked, but it was not glutted, as had been the case a short time before. New factories sprang up, almost with the rapidity of mushrooms, and new hands were needed to run them. But the supply was always more than equal to the demand, as it has been ever since, and is to-day, a fact that accounts for the enormous social and financial gulf that exists between the English employer and his workman in spite of the abolition of the corn laws and other similar legislation in the latter's behalf.

Nevertheless the social condition of the English laborer has been bettered enormously during the last half century. He works fewer hours, is more comfortably housed, enjoys opportunities of free education, and receives seventy-five cents a day instead of twenty-five. Statistics show that he now eats plenty of white bread and meat, neither of which did he taste in the old days. He smokes more tobacco, drinks more beer, and yet has something to spare for his benefit fund or his savings bank. He has learned, moreover, the advantages of co-operation, both in buying and in working, and occasionally shows his power in a way that causes concern both to capitalists and politicians. The labor question is a vital one in all the large cities of England to-day, but the issue of some of the latest strikes there shows that unionism is a game at which capitalists can play as well as workmen.

As to the upper and middle classes of English society there can be no doubt that democratic habits, if not democratic principles, are making much progress among them. The railroad and the telegraph are great levelers. There are ancient Tories yet living who hold that the best society and the best manners vanished with the stagecoach. It is certain that fifty years ago there were different standards of breeding, polite conduct and polite speech in different parts of the kingdom, whereas to-day there is but one code of dress and manners, and a new fashion in a coat or a bonnet, a new phrase, or a new style of raising a hat or shaking hands is known at once from John O' Groat's to the Land's End. There are exclusive circles yet, but their diameter is ever narrowing, and the accident of birth, although still taken into account, is no longer a matter of paramount consideration. General culture and special ability are passports everywhere, and literature, science, and art are platforms upon which all ranks, from royalty to the humblest commoner, meet upon equal terms.

The nearest approach to the old exclusive aristocratic life is to be found in those secluded country seats which have remained in the possession of one family for many generations or even centuries. The owners of some of these are commoners who would consider any modern title a degradation to their name. In the houses of the great nobles the guests generally include men and women of all ranks and many varieties of occupation. Poets, historians, novelists, men of science, artists, a popular actor or two, clergymen, and diplomatists mingle with the representatives of hereditary rank or fortune and certainly do not feel themselves to be the least worthy members of the company. The sons of all sorts and conditions of men from all parts of the kingdom meet at the public schools and universities, and the friendships thus formed, together with intermarriages and a natural community of mental, social, political, and, possibly, business interests, all tend to destroy the distinctions

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which formerly separated what was known as the upper middle class—well to-do merchants, manufacturers, and professional men—from the titled class and to weld them into one great body. This is not meant to imply that the aristocracy as a class is likely soon to become extinct. The House of Lords is still an actuality, but the nobility are no longer considered as another and peculiar order of beings. It is acknowledged that they hold a degree of rank in the social army to which they belong, which entitles them to a certain respect, but only when they accept and fulfill the responsibilities which that rank imposes upon them.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the reformation wrought in the general tone of English society by Queen Victoria in the fifty years of her reign. The fierce light that beats about a throne has never been able to reveal a flaw in the purity of her personal character. All her life she has striven to promote public and private morality and decency, and the official example of the Court, which has been, openly at least, in the interests of cleanliness and decorum, has set a high standard for society in general, and has not been without its effect even upon the lower and more ignorant orders. Coarseness and profligacy are no longer regarded with admiration and the clergy may again enjoy the respect due to religion and the professed union of church and state. There can be no doubt that there are forces at work in England, as in Europe generally, that threaten the foundations of society as now constituted, but the consolidation of the educated and prosperous classes and the growth of what may be termed a conservative liberalism, afford a promise of security, and although it is difficult to foretell the result of the fermentation of discontent in the proletariat, it is always permissible to hope and believe that a danger which is recognized, may be avoided.

(*The end.*)

THE IRISHMAN AT HOME.

BY JOHN CODMAN.

THE description of a recent journey through the island, the characteristics of the people as well as of the scenery will be presented *currente calamo.* *

We land at Queenstown, a place at which one American stops for his breakfast while thousands of Irishmen leave it forever, and become the germs of millions of "free-born Americans." I remember listening to the address of General Corcoran when in New York he was welcomed home from the war. "Felly-citizens," he exclaimed, "it rejoices me heart to return once more to me native adopted city." And Irishmen do generally increase rather than lose their love of home in the process of becoming Americans. It is not to be denied that Paddy has had some grievances in his own country, but it would be better if, when he emigrates, he would leave his wrongs, real or imaginary, behind him, and consider America as the country that adopts him, instead of the country that he adopts. Several of our fellow passengers were Irishmen with their wives, of a class who frequently return for a visit to their old home. They left the same port, years ago, at which they now land, but not as they come back. Their uniforms then were ragged coats, corduroys, brogans, and remnants of shawls falling over green petticoats descending to bare ankles. They return as "gentlemen and ladies," elaborately dressed and sparkling with jewelry. They are rich, and the richest are the New York Irishmen who have fattened upon the spoils of the city government.

Their aim is not to visit galleries, paintings, and other wonders of the Old World; it is literally to "astonish the natives"—to drive in state to the inn of their native village where twenty years ago they were glad to earn a penny by holding a traveler's horse. During the entire passage, and especially as we drew near the land, this desire was clearly expressed in their countenances. As Mr. Maloney "got himself up" on the last morning, I did wish that I might see him on his arrival home.

Stepping upon the wharf we were greeted

* "With running or rapid pen."

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by a crowd of lace and bog-jewelry venders, urging their wares upon us in most persuasive, and honeyed accents. "You are a swate gintleman, you are. There's light in yer eyes and a purty spaking lip under yer moustache !"

You buy some lace, and such innumerable blessings are called down upon you from heaven that if granted there would be none left for the rest of the world. If you persistently refuse, you walk away followed by curses in equal abundance.

Keeping step to their discordant music we moved away toward the "Queen's Hotel" for our breakfast, followed by the usual crowd of beggars.

And so we are in Ireland—in the home of the genuine native. We shall expect to see him swigging his whisky, dancing his hornpipe, walloping his Biddy, swinging his shillalah indiscriminately, overrun by his "childers" and his pigs, living, like them, on buttermilk and potatoes, roosting on his rickety gate, meditating schemes of "liberty for ould Ireland" to be accomplished by Home Rule and by shooting landlords in the dark.

We are not given to complaining of what we generally find in the British Isles, especially of the conveniences of travel, yet it is quite natural to compare them with our own. Therefore, while doing the British railway system full justice in acknowledging its greater security and adaptation to personal comfort, we have no little fault to find with the careless treatment of luggage. A lady always travels with doubt and fear, for her mind embraces her clothing in her individuality. She realizes that a large constituent part of herself is stowed away in her trunks.

On few, if on any, of the English railways or boats, has the traveler any guarantee that he shall receive his effects at the termination of his journey. There is nothing approaching to the convenient American system of checks. It is true that one generally gets his luggage, but occasionally, as has happened to us and to others, he does not, and then there is endless trouble in the way of proof and often of law, before it is recovered, if it be recovered at all. The passenger never can give his check to a servant or a cabman, and then dispose of his own time. No, he or she—and for a lady the annoyance is excessive—must, with a hundred other people, any one of whom, if dishonest, may claim what does not belong to him, crowd around a pile of trunks and point out to a porter his own, if he can find them.

On board the steamer in which we afterward crossed over to Scotland, there was placarded this printed notice: "Passengers are requested to take charge of their own baggage, as the ship will not be responsible in any way for its safety." So our trunks remained on deck, requiring periodical supervision by day or night at every landing place to prevent their going ashore by mistake.

Although for a short journey there is unusual comfort in an English first-class carriage, there is not that luxury and requisite contentment which is to be found on long American routes.

Once seated in the car bound from New York to San Francisco you need not occupy your mind any more about yourself or your baggage. The ticket and checks are in your pocket. Persons and trunks are alike safe for a week, "the danger of the land only excepted," to vary slightly the phraseology of an ordinary bill of lading. By "the visitation of Providence," which generally means the carelessness of a switch-tender, or the irregularity of a conductor's watch, your life may come to an end, or you may crawl from a pile of smoking rubbish to witness the promiscuous distribution of your effects. But, however this may be at the end of your journey, at the outset you are comfortable and confident.

Alas, you are not so here ! There is scarcely a direct line of railroad in Europe. They seem to run around in short curves, stopping almost as soon as they begin. Every engine and train has a local affinity to its little circuit, and would rebel if switched off upon strange rails. Rather than force this practice upon them it is considered vastly more easy to dump the passengers every few minutes, when they rush pell-mell in crowds "to look after the boxes." It was thus that on this first trip I rescued from the top of an omnibus one of my packages, just in time to prevent its loss. It may be therefore readily understood that for a gentleman traveling in the United Kingdom in company with ladies, the responsibility and anxiety attached to the office of baggage-master make a partial balance to the pleasure of their society.

"How far is it to the cars ?"

"How far is it, yer honor ? Jist fornent the shed."

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Really that is quite handy and an economy withal, I thought, as I told a porter to take our luggage outside. Following his lead we discovered no railway station nor the semblance of one, but in lieu a long line of "jaunting-cars," either one of which was ready to transport us to the station. No better idea can be given of one of these vehicles than to say it is a cart upon which can be piled a great amount of trunks and humanity to the sorrow of a wretched horse.

This two-wheeled cart contains a seat for the driver in front, seats for five passengers if required, two upon each side, back to back, and one behind, with a box underneath for the sundries for which there is not room upon the seats or the foot-boards. On this machine, getting glimpses of the beautiful bay of Queenstown, we were driven rapidly to the station. In an hour we arrived at Cork, the road being along the banks of the Lee. Here we had two hours to spare.

Having stacked our baggage on the platform and established a youngster as sentry over them, we accepted the invitation of Terrence Balhagan to take seats on his jaunting car. On this we had ample room to hang our feet over the wheels, and thus we progressed through the streets of Cork, our way enlivened by the cheerful encouragement of our driver, who cautioned us to "hould on" as he whirled around the corners.

In all our conversation with him or with his countrymen I do not recollect a single instance of receiving the reply of "yes" or "no." The affirmative or negative is always expressed by a full sentence, not unfrequently in the form of a return interrogatory, for which our own people are somewhat noted.

"Take us to the market."

"To the market is it? I will, sir."

Off he went, with a name applicable to every large building on his line of march. For the churches he had the calendar of saints at his tongue's end. To the first public edifice attracting attention he gave the name of a court-house. The next was also a court-house. And so on until he had supposed he had exhausted our credulity on the subject of court-houses, and then his mind ran upon banks for the remainder of the trip. We drove along the boulevard that borders the public gardens, and through some of the front streets where are the most fashionable residences, then we went spattering through the slums among a dirty, hissing crowd of drunken poor, then crossing a bridge on the Lee we came once more into the pure air and ascended the hill whereon is built the fine university of Cork.

"Where will ye find the likes of it?" asked Mr. Balhagan. "Ivery stone in it spakes like a book, and whin a gintleman has walked his term here, divil a bit more in the wurruld is there fur him to larn!"

"Protestant or Catholic?"

"Both, yer honor. They goes in one and comes out the other, jist which way ye plazes, and they talk Greek and Latin like a Frinchman, they does. Och, it's the sate of larnin' sure!"

Of the interior we saw nothing, for it was the time of vacation, but if any judgment might be formed from the outside, Teddy's panegyric was merited. The architecture is costly and elaborate, the grounds tastefully laid out, and the view of the surrounding country, and especially of the river and bay, is superb. This was about all we saw of Cork, for the conscientious Mr. Balhagan, who had been engaged to return to the station in time for the train, arrived there a half hour in advance, for which promptness he demanded an extra shilling. Besides this, he wanted "something for a dhrop o' whisky, yer know," and then "for a dhrop o' buttermilk for the childer."

After compromising with him on these demands he suggested that we should contribute something for the "babby who come anint the death of his mammy"; but maintaining a callous indifference to his last plea of "divil a pinny have I for me rint," we took leave of Mr. Terrence Balhagan, his last words being, "Sure, yer honor'll take me car whin ye come back, for isn't it purloit I've been to ye?"

From Cork to Killarney we have the day before us, this long, lovely day in early June. So we take Blarney by the way—Blarney, that noun proper, now much used as one so very common that comparatively few people know the origin of the word. Blarney is a quiet little village, distant on the left a mile from the station at which we alight half an hour after leaving Cork.

Overlooking it from a slight eminence is a ruined castle built by McCarthy, "Prince of Desmond," in the early part of the fifteenth century. It must be remembered that princes were plenty as blackberries in the days when Ireland was cut up into little kingdoms, and small tyrants owned all the land, horses,

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estates, and people, body and soul. These were the days when Ireland was "independent," and for the return of which Home Rule sighs to-day. Prince McCarthy was a proud man, for as our guide informed us, "He was descended from Noah and came out of the arrack wid him."

On approaching the ivy-clad tower it was pronounced "lovely" by our young artist, who could not be induced to proceed farther until it was creditably reproduced on paper, the drawing including the figure of the old guide, whom it was difficult to keep quiet by such coaxing as this:

"Now do sit still, you darling old lady, or I can't make you as pretty as you are."

"Arrah now," she replied, "but ye've no occasion to kiss the stone!"

The old woman was pleased with this flattery, being the keeper of the stone supposed to breed it.

No one seems to know the exact origin of the Blarney stone, or how it derived its miraculous power. It may have been in the ark—ballast bequeathed to the prince by his great ancestor. In some way it found itself on the very pinnacle of the castle tower, with the date 1703 carved upon it. To kiss it has been the ambition of many generations, who have laboriously climbed up to its dangerous eminence. There have been many accidents from falling. The fashion is to kiss it on bended knees, expressing a wish at the same time, the theory being that a persuasiveness is communicated to the lips that shall be effectual, especially where love is the object.

Absurd as is the practice, the ceremony is almost invariably performed by all visitors. Sir Walter Scott did not find himself degraded by following the general example. Like the toe of that statue of Jupiter which stands for St. Peter in the Cathedral of Rome, worn to the quick—if images have feeling—by lip service, so the Blarney stone is being gradually kissed away. Then, some thousands of years hence, more or less, when the last atom disappears on the last pair of lips, the millennium will come, for as flattery brought sin into the world, so when flattery leaves it, sin may be no more.

Whenever we visit the ruins of old castles imagination tries to reproduce their former inhabitants—those armed warriors prancing about on fiery steeds, nobles and fair ladies feasting in the halls, harpers, retainers, and all the ancient crowd that history, softened into poetry, tells us of. But if we believe in progress, as we pretend, we must reflect that the men of that time were a set of rough men astride of ill-bred, badly harnessed nags, robbers of the poor and of each other. And the "fair ladies!" Think of women in homespun dresses made by themselves, busy in their kitchens, or stitching away without sewing-machines, going to no lectures, never arguing about high and low church, never reading novels or magazines, never going shopping or discussing woman's rights!

It all amounts to this: Since those days, to begin with the horses, they are better bred; the men may have lost something in physique, but they steal in a more refined manner; relatives are murdered in battle for the benefit of political demagogues instead of for such men as the Prince of Desmond; and the ladies are better dressed, more refined, more intellectual, more extravagant, more beautiful, and in every way more charming.

HUNGARY'S PROGRESS AND POSITION.

BY ALBERT SHAW, PH. D.

FOR five hundred years Hungary has occupied the pivotal position in the politics of Southeastern Europe; and it promises to be in the future a factor no less potent than at any time in the past. Race questions are at the root of the unsolved complications that vex those regions. If the Hungarians were Slavic or Germanic or Latinic, they might have been found a reducible quantity. But they have no affinity with any of the races that surround them. The Magyars, as the Hungarians call themselves, are of the same race as the Finns and Lapps of Northeastern Europe, and came from the highlands of the Altai Region into Southeastern Europe many centuries ago. With the aid of the Germans they replaced South Slavic tribes in the territory they have since occupied. They have been a race of marvelous vigor, energy, and high spirit, although

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during very much of their sojourn in Europe they have been held in abject political thraldom. Their environment for several centuries was that of Slavonic nationalities on the one hand and Germanic on the other.

But the situation was rendered triply precarious by the entrance of the Turks into Europe in the fifteenth century. The Hungarians had established a brilliant kingdom under native rulers. Upon one side of them was the old German Empire extending far west and north from Vienna. Upon the other side was the encroaching power of Turkey. The sultans had conquered Bulgaria and Servia and the Roumanian provinces, Constantinople had fallen and the Turkish power had replaced the effete Eastern Empire. The ambition and zeal of the conquerors knew no bounds, and they confidently proposed to overrun Europe. Vienna was their immediate objective point. But Hungary lay in the way. It is easily within bounds to say that the little Hungarian nation alone prevented the Turks from ravishing Austria, Germany, Italy, and France. It is not my purpose to review the wars of the Hungarians and Turks. History has no pages more thrilling or romantic. It was the misfortune of Hungary, early in this period, to lose its line of native kings and to come under the royal sway of the Austrian House of Hapsburg. This was the period of the Reformation; and the doctrines of Huss, Luther, and Calvin gained ground so rapidly in Hungary that a majority of the people soon became Protestant.

Thus while they were fighting the battles of all Europe in keeping back the Turks, the Christian popes and emperors were punishing them in every conceivable way for their religious heresies. Hungary was laid waste from opposite directions by the Catholic German Empire and by the armies of the Sultan. The Turks were the stronger, and they held practical sway in Hungary for a hundred and fifty years. The eighteenth century had opened when at last they were driven from the fortress at Budapest. But while they had finally worn out and conquered the Hungarians, their own military power had been so depleted in the Hungarian wars that they were never able to take Vienna or to proceed farther into Europe.

The nature of the Turkish occupation of European countries should be understood clearly by those who would have an intelligent idea of the Eastern Question. Except in the provinces about Constantinople, the Turks did not colonize largely, theirs was a military possession. During all their stay in Hungary, the country was considered an outlying part of the German Empire and had its sovereign in Vienna. The Turks held the fortresses, and exacted heavy tribute from the people. In the fortified towns there were Turkish colonies, made up of hangers-on of the garrisons; and the luxurious pashas* and officers built their baths, some of which remain to this day. But the original population remained, with something of its former social and political organization and life. Warfare against the Turks was renewed from time to time, and by the taking of particular fortresses, certain regions would for a time be liberated. The campaigns of Prince Eugene† at the beginning of the eighteenth century finally redeemed Hungary, leaving the Turks in possession of Belgrade and Servia.

Though under the Austrian House of monarchs, the Hungarians possessed an ancient constitution which made them a separate kingdom and guaranteed them certain rights and privileges; and no new sovereign has ever been regarded as ruling regularly and lawfully until he has proceeded from Vienna to Pressburg or Budapest [boo′da-pest] to be invested with the iron crown of St. Stephen ‡ and to take the oath of fidelity to the Hungarian constitution. But the royal Hapsburgs have not as a rule been careful to observe their promises; and the Hungarians have suffered bitterly, under some reigns, from Austrian tyranny. In 1848 the Hungarians rebelled, declared themselves independent, and organized a government of their own upon the republican model of the United States. Great and brilliant men participated in the movement, those best known abroad being Louis Kossuth and Count Széchenyi [sā′-chen-ye]. Against the Austrians single-handed the Hungarians were abundantly able to defend themselves. But Austria made an alliance with Russia under the terms of which a great Russian army invaded Hungary.

It would have been possible for the Hungarians at that moment to have made honor-

* Pronounced pä shä′ or pä′shä.

† (1663-1736.) A general of French lineage in the service of Austria. In the battle of Zenta he led the Austrians to complete victory over the Turks, which was followed by a re-apportionment of the subject provinces.

‡ St. Stephen (997-1038) was the first king of Hungary, and the expression, the crown of St. Stephen, is equivalent to the crown of Hungary.

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able and advantageous terms with Austria. But Kossuth and some of his associates were implacable. Their one idea was that of absolute independence and separation. They were conquered by overwhelming numbers and the leaders fled to escape execution as traitors. The Austrian yoke was made heavier than before; but the Hungarians had been wonderfully aroused and the revolution had been a valuable popular education to them.

Their opportunity came when, in 1866, Prussia defeated Austria in the campaign that ended with the decisive battle of Sadowa. Austria was not in condition to be unreasonable toward Hungary, and was willing enough to accept the arrangement that has existed since 1868. Under the terms of that arrangement, negotiated on Hungary's part by the distinguished statesman Francis Deàk [dā'äk], the kingdom of Hungary became absolutely self-governing. Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, became the King of Hungary; but the government of the country was placed in the hands of a responsible ministry, subject to the national parliament which sits at Budapest. Prior to that time the offices were largely filled by Austrian Germans, the university at Budapest had a complement of German professors, and the Austrian government was trying in every way in its power to Germanize the country. Under the new arrangement this was all promptly changed. The Hungarian language became the exclusive official tongue, and replaced the German as the language of the schools, although German has continued to be largely taught and used as a second language. For certain common objects, such as the military and diplomatic services, a sort of federal government is maintained between Austria and Hungary; but the Hungarians are quite as influential in it as the Austrians, and are more largely represented as a rule in the cabinet and in the diplomatic corps.

Since 1868 Hungary has developed and prospered remarkably. It had been left impoverished; but its natural resources are excellent, and they are opening up rapidly under the fostering care of an energetic government. The capital, Budapest, which was a town of few attractions twenty-five years ago, has been made one of the most beautiful cities of the entire world. It has grown in forty years from about one hundred and fifty thousand people to half a million; and it is a magnificent instance of modern city-making. The ambitious Hungarians, many of them returning in 1868 from an exile of twenty years, were determined to have a capital that would rival famed Vienna; and the success they have attained in little more than twenty years seems incredible.

Budapest lies on both sides of the Danube, and the river with its broad stone quays and magnificent retaining walls is the central attraction. It is lined with beautiful public buildings and with charming park-spaces. The present city was formed in 1872 by the consolidation of the ancient Buda on the west bank with the newer Pesth on the east bank. Pesth lies on the lower level ground beyond which, toward the east and south, stretches the broad and rich Hungarian plain; while on the Buda side rocky eminences rise abruptly from the Danube, and the receding landscape is one of highlands and vine clad slopes. On the fortress height is the great palace of Francis Joseph; and among the hills are many beautiful villas—the country residences of the prosperous people of the city. The newer or Pesth side is very much the more populous, and contains the business center. The great industry of Budapest is flour-milling; and it is surpassed only by Minneapolis in the quantity of the product of its mills. Modern processes for the making of flour were first developed in Budapest, though quickly adopted at Minneapolis. The Budapest flour has the highest rank in all the leading markets of Europe. Various other industries are developing, through the encouragement of the government and of the municipal authorities. The parks, boulevards, buildings, public statues, and general appointments of Budapest are of marvelous interest and beauty; and this now almost unknown European capital must soon attain the great fame it deserves so richly, and attract the stream of travelers that has hitherto neglected it.

A part of the program for the recuperation of Hungary was the construction of a series of railroads radiating from Budapest. There was lacking the private capital to carry out such enterprises, and the government itself owns and operates the roads. There has recently been adopted a novel scheme of passenger rates that may find imitation elsewhere. It is called the zone system. The rates are made equal, upon all roads, to every station within a certain belt, Budapest being

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the center. There are some fifteen of these belts in all. With this change of system, the average charge was also greatly reduced; and in consequence there has been an extraordinary increase of travel. This result is greatly aiding the government in its efforts to modernize the rural population. With improving farm methods, compulsory education, a wonderfully active press, and many especial incentives to progress, Hungary is entering upon a period of great growth and prosperity.

The cloud that overshadows Hungary is Russia. As Hungary stood in the breach some centuries ago and saved all Europe from the ravages of the Turk, so Hungary is now in reality the power that holds Russia back from an aggrandizement that would wholly destroy the European balance of power. Hungary does not, it is true, stand alone; but Hungary is the real soul and center of the anti-Russian league that sleeplessly watches the frontier. For, in these southeastern matters, the Austrian empire's influence is virtually that of its more concordant and aggressive Hungarian half. It is Hungary that sustains Bulgaria in that principality's glorious resistance of Russian tyranny and intrigue, and it was Hungary that for so many years upheld King Milan of Servia in his efforts to withstand those same malign forces. It is Hungary, moreover, that best of all European countries understands the Turk, appreciates his good qualities, and is most ready to fight with him against Russia. It is Hungary that best knows Roumania. And from the sympathy that similarly heroic struggles for liberty have engendered, it is the Hungarians who can best comprehend Poland.

Few people believe that the present Austro. Hungarian empire can exist for a long future. The Hungarians are taking thought for the time of dissolution. They have comparatively little liking either for the Czech* or for the German element of the provinces that pertain to the Vienna government. They deem it likely that the German provinces may gravitate to the powerful German empire on the north; and many of them hope for the ultimate realization of a great Danubian confederated power with Budapest as the capital, with Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria as members of the federal state, and with seaports on the Adriatic, Ægean, and Black Seas. All such projects are wholly speculative as yet; but that Hungary must play a very prominent rôle in the final adjustment of the southeast of Europe, is sufficiently obvious.

Hungary is essentially of the East. Its great rivers flow in that direction. Its people are wonderfully fitted to mediate between Occident and Orient, and to aid in the adaptation of modern ideas and methods to the best uses of the now awakening and rising peoples of Southeastern Europe and Western Asia. Precisely what position of authority or leadership they may attain, no man can foresee; but it must be admitted that their determined policy of self-improvement and of national advancement is the best possible plan of preparation for a great future that shall affect favorably the destinies of neighboring peoples and conduce to the peace and progress of the world.

*[Check.] Belonging to the Czechs, the most westerly branch of the great Slavic family, which includes the Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*June 7.*]

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

BERLIN, 16th July, 1848.—There is but one thing needful—to possess God. All our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, all our external resources, are so many ways of approaching the Divinity, so many modes of tasting and of adoring God. We must learn to detach ourselves from all that is capable of being lost, to bind ourselves absolutely only to what is absolute and eternal, and to enjoy the rest as a loan, a usufruct.* To adore, to understand, to receive, to feel, to give, to act; there is my law, my duty, my happiness, my heaven. Let come what come will—even death. Only be at peace with self, live in the presence of God, in communion

*[U'zu-fruct.] Latin, *usus*, use, and *fructus*, fruit. "The right of using and enjoying the profits of a thing belonging to another, without impairing the substance."

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with Him, and leave the guidance of existence to those universal powers against whom thou canst do nothing! If death gives me time, so much the better. If its summons is near, so much the better still; if a half-death overtake me, still so much the better, for so the path of success is closed to me only that I may find opening before me the path of heroism, of moral greatness, and resignation. Every life has its potentiality of greatness, and as it is impossible to be outside God, the best is consciously to dwell in Him.

Berlin, 20th July, 1848.—It gives liberty and breadth to thought, to learn to judge our own epoch from the point of view of universal history, history from the point of view of geological periods, geology from the point of view of astronomy. When the duration of a man's life or of a people's life appears to us as microscopic as that of a fly, and inversely, the life of a gnat as infinite as that of a celestial body, with all its dust of nations, we feel ourselves at once very small and very great, and we are able, as it were, to survey from the height of the spheres our own existence, and the little whirlwinds which agitate our little Europe.

At bottom there is but one subject of study: the forms and metamorphoses of mind. All other subjects may be reduced to that; all other studies bring us back to this study.

Geneva, 20th April, 1849.—It is six years to-day since I last left Geneva. How many journeys, how many impressions, observations, thoughts, how many forms of men and things, have since then passed before me and in me! The last seven years have been the most important of my life; they have been the novitiate of my intelligence, the initiation of my being into being.

Three snow storms this afternoon. Poor blossoming plum trees and peach trees! What a difference from six years ago, when the cherry trees, adorned in their green spring dress and laden with their bridal flowers, smiled at my departure along the Vaudois [vo-dwä'] fields, and the lilacs of Burgundy threw great gusts of perfume into my face!

Geneva, 3d May, 1849.—I have never felt any inward assurance of genius, or any presentiment of glory or of happiness. I have never seen myself in imagination great or famous, or even a husband, a father, an influential citizen. This indifference to the future, this absolute self-distrust, are, no doubt, to be taken as signs. What dreams I have are all vague and indefinite; I ought not to live, for I am now scarcely capable of living. Recognize your place; let the living live; and you gather together your thoughts; leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so. Renounce yourself, accept the cup given you, with its honey and its gall, as it comes. Bring God down into your heart. Embalm your soul in Him now, make within you a temple for the Holy Spirit; be diligent in good works, make others happier and better.

Put personal ambition away from you, and then you will find consolation in living or in dying, whatever may happen to you.

Geneva, 27th May, 1849.—To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand; it is the cruelest trial reserved for self-devotion; it is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man; and if God could suffer, it would be the wound we should be forever inflicting upon Him. He also—He above all—is the great misunderstood, the least comprehended. Alas! alas! Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always,—this is duty.

[*June 14.*]

Geneva, 6th April, 1851.—I am distrustful of myself and of happiness because I know myself. The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possessions. Every thing which compromises the future or destroys my inner liberty, which enslaves me to things or obliges me to be other than I could and ought to be, all which injures my idea of the perfect man, hurts me mortally, degrades and wounds me in mind, even beforehand. I abhor useless regrets and repentances. The fatality of the consequences which follow upon every human act,—the leading idea of dramatic art and the most tragic element of life,—arrests me more certainly than the arm of the *Commandeur.* I only act with regret, and almost by force.

To be dependent is to me terrible; but to depend upon what is irreparable, arbitrary, and unforeseen, and above all to be so dependent by my own fault and through my own error—to give up liberty and hope, to slay

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sleep and happiness—this would be hell.

All that is necessary, providential—in short, *unimputable*—I could bear, I think, with some strength of mind. But responsibility mortally envenoms grief; and as an act is essentially voluntary, therefore I act as little as possible.

Last outbreak of a rebellious and deceitful self-will,—craving for repose, for satisfaction, for independence!—is there not some relic of selfishness in such a disinterestedness, such a fear, such idle susceptibility?

I wish to fulfill my duty—but where is it, what is it? Here inclination comes in again and interprets the oracle. And the ultimate question is this: Does duty consist in obeying one's nature, even the best and most spiritual, or in conquering it?

Life, is it essentially the education of the mind and intelligence, or that of the will? And does will show itself in strength or in resignation? If the aim of life is to teach us renunciation, then welcome sickness, hindrances, sufferings of every kind! But if its aim is to produce the perfect man, then one must watch over one's integrity of mind and body. To court trial is to tempt God. At bottom, the God of justice veils from me the God of love. I tremble instead of trusting.

Whenever conscience speaks with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice, it is not yet the voice of God. Descend still deeper into yourself, until you hear nothing but a clear and undivided voice, a voice which does away with doubt and brings with it persuasion, light, and serenity. Happy, says the Apostle, are they who are at peace with themselves, and whose heart condemneth them not in the part they take. This inner identity, this unity of conviction, is all the more difficult the more the mind analyzes, discriminates, and foresees. It is difficult, indeed, for liberty to return to the frank unity of instinct.

Alas! we must then reclimb a thousand times the peaks already scaled, and reconquer the points of view already won,—we must *fight the fight!* The human heart, like kings, signs mere truces under a pretense of perpetual peace. The eternal life is eternally to be rewon. Alas, yes! peace itself is a struggle, or rather it is struggle and activity which are the law. We only find rest in effort, as the flame only finds existence in combustion. O Heraclitus!* the symbol of happiness is after all the same as that of grief; anxiety and hope, hell and heaven, are equally restless. The altar of Vesta* and the sacrifice of Beelzebub burn with the same fire. Ah, yes, there you have life—life double-faced and double-edged. The fire which enlightens is also the fire which consumes; the element of the gods may become that of the accursed.

[*June 21.*]

Geneva, 2d April, 1852.—What a lovely walk! Sky clear, sun rising, all the tints bright, all the outlines sharp, save for the soft and misty infinite of the lake. A pinch of white frost powdered the fields, lending a metallic relief to the hedges of green box, and to the whole landscape—still without leaves—an air of health and vigor, of youth and freshness. "Bathe, O disciple, thy thirsty soul in the dew of the dawn!" says Faust† to us, and he is right. The morning air breathes a new and laughing energy into veins and marrow. If every day is a repetition of life, every dawn signs, as it were, a new contract with existence. At dawn every thing is fresh, light, simple, as it is for children. At dawn spiritual truth, like the atmosphere, is more transparent, and our organs, like the young leaves, drink in the light more eagerly, breathe in more ether, and less of things earthly. If night and the starry sky speak to the meditative soul of God, of eternity and the infinite, the dawn is the time for projects, for resolutions, for the birth of action. While the silence and the "sad serenity of the azure vault" incline the soul to self-recollection, the vigor and gaiety of nature spread into the heart and make it eager for life and living.—Spring is upon us. Primroses and violets have already hailed her coming. Rash blooms are showing on the peach trees; the swollen buds of

*[Her-a-kli'tus.] A Greek philosopher who lived in the sixth century B. C., and who held that by the operation of a light fluid, which he called fire, "all things in the universe, animate and inanimate, material and immaterial, were created and shaped."

*The Greek goddess who presided over hearths. A sacred fire, tended by six virgin priestesses called Vestals, flamed in her temple, and was never allowed to go out.

†[Fowst.] A prominent character of the national and popular poetry of Germany. Tradition says that he was a famous necromancer who lived in the fifteenth century, who made an agreement with the Evil One that the latter would serve him for twenty-four years, after which Faust's soul was to be delivered to the Evil One. Goethe, in his great drama named Faust, has given a poetical solution of the legend. The alchemists believed that dew possessed the power of restoring the charms of youth.

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the pear trees and the lilacs point to the blossoming that is to be; the honeysuckles are already green.

Geneva, 26th April, 1852.—This evening a feeling of emptiness took possession of me; and the solemn ideas of duty, the future, solitude, pressed themselves upon me. I gave myself to meditation—a very necessary defense against the dispersion and distraction brought about by the day's work and its detail. Read a part of Krause's book, *Urbild der Menschheit*, which answered marvelously to my thought and my need. This philosopher has always a beneficent effect upon me; his sweet religious serenity gains upon me and invades me. He inspires me with a sense of peace and infinity.

Still, I miss something—common worship, a positive religion, shared with other people. Ah! when will the church to which I belong in heart rise into being? I cannot, like Scherer,* content myself with being in the right all alone. I must have a less solitary Christianity. My religious needs are not satisfied any more than my social needs or my needs of affection. Generally I am able to forget them and lull them to sleep. But at times they wake up with a sort of painful bitterness. . . . I waver between languor and *ennui*, between frittering myself away on the infinitely little, and longing after what is unknown and distant. It is like the situation which French novelists are so fond of, the story of a *vie de province*†; only the province is all that is not the country of the soul, every place where the heart feels itself strange, dissatisfied, restless, and thirsty. Alas! well understood, this place is the earth, this country of one's dreams is heaven, and this suffering is the eternal home-sickness, the thirst for happiness.

[*June 28.*]

Lancy, 2d May, 1852.—This morning read the Epistle of St. James, the exegetical volume of Cellérier on this Epistle, and a great deal of Pascal, after having first of all passed more than an hour in the garden with the children. I made them closely examine the flowers, the shrubs, the grasshoppers, the snails, in order to practise them in observation, in wonder, in kindness.

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood! I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful word, are accomplishing a pontifical act and ought to perform it with religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work rightly understood is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season, is it not incalculable? What a mystery is speech! But we are blind to it because we are carnal and earthy. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses, all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.

Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Thus we have all a cure of souls. Every man is a center of perpetual radiation like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port. Every man is a priest, even involuntarily; his conduct is an unspoken sermon, which is forever preaching to others;—but there are priests of Baal, of Moloch, and of all the false gods. Such is the high importance of example. Thence comes the terrible responsibility which weighs upon us all. An evil example is a spiritual poison; it is the proclamation of a sacrilegious faith, of an impure God. Sin would be only an evil for him who commits it, were it not a crime toward the weak brethren, whom it corrupts. Therefore it has been said, "It were better for a man not to have been born than to offend one of these little ones."

Lancy, 27th September, 1852.—To-day I complete my thirty-first year. . . .

The most beautiful poem there is, is life—life which discerns its own story in the making, in which inspiration and self-consciousness go together and help each other, life which knows itself to be the world in little, a repetition in miniature of the divine

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* Edmond. (1815—1889.) A French author who wrote several books on religious subjects.

† Country life.

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universal poem. Yes, be man; that is to say, be nature, be spirit, be the image of God, be what is greatest, most beautiful, most lofty in all the spheres of being, be infinite will and idea, a reproduction of the great whole. And be every thing while being nothing, effacing thyself, letting God enter into thee as the air enters an empty space, reducing the *ego** to the mere vessel which contains the divine essence. Be humble, devout, silent, that so thou mayest hear in the depths of thyself the subtle and profound voice; be spiritual and pure, that so thou mayest have communion with the pure spirit. Withdraw thyself often into the sanctuary of thy inmost consciousness; become once more point and atom, that so thou mayest free thyself from space, time, matter, temptation, dispersion,—that thou mayest escape thy very organs themselves and thine own life. That is to say, die often, and examine thyself in the presence of this death, as a preparation for the last death. He who can without shuddering confront blindness, deafness, paralysis, disease, betrayal, poverty; he who can without terror appear before the sovereign justice, he alone can call himself prepared for partial or total death. How far am I from any thing of the sort, how far is my heart from any such stoicism! But at least we can try to detach ourselves from all that can be taken away from us, to accept every thing as a loan and a gift, and to cling only to the imperishable,—this at any rate we can attempt. To believe in a good and fatherly God, who educates us, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who punishes only when He must, and takes away only with regret; this thought, or rather this conviction, gives courage and security. Oh, what need we have of love, of tenderness, of affection, of kindness, and how vulnerable we are, we, the sons of God, we, immortal and sovereign beings! Strong as the universe or feeble as the worm, according as we represent God or only ourselves, as we lean upon infinite being, or as we stand alone.

The point of view of religion, of a religion at once active and moral, spiritual and profound, alone gives to life all the dignity and all the energy of which it is capable. Religion makes invulnerable and invincible. Earth can only be conquered in the name of heaven. All good things are given over and above to him who desires but righteousness. To be disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him whom it cannot tempt. Why? Because spirit is lord of matter, and the world belongs to God. "Be of good cheer," saith a heavenly voice, "I have overcome the world."

Lord, lend Thy strength to those who are weak in the flesh—but willing in the spirit! —*From the "Journal Intime" of Henri Frédéric Amiel.**

* The Latin for the pronoun I.

* For a sketch of the life of Amiel see "Classic French Course in English," page 313.

ENGLAND IN THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

BY PROFESSOR CALVIN THOMAS.

Of Michigan University.

OUR study of England's expansion would be incomplete without some attention to various islands of the sea which, for one reason and another, have been brought under the British flag. Of course we omit from consideration here those larger islands that have been dealt with in former articles upon the English domain. We have to do with a number of more or less isolated possessions that are, for the most part, of no very great commercial or political importance. Some of them, to be sure, are productive, but as sources of wealth, as theaters of civilization, they are quite insignificant in comparison with the continental expanses of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Still they have an interest of their own. They possess, perhaps, a strategic* importance. They are watch towers of the imperial system, way-stations on important lines of commerce, or points of vantage for the protection of British interests. The acquisition of them often has an interesting history behind it. Perhaps British occupa-

* [Stra-tē'jik.] Having an advantage over an opponent. It is a military word derived from the Greek *stratos*, an army, *agein*, to lead; the noun strategy being applied to the science of military command; generalship.

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tion puts an end to an era of savage internecine* warfare, and introduces stable, orderly government where chaos had reigned before. Perhaps it has a diplomatic interest as marking some new and significant British move on the chess board of international politics.

We will begin with England's possessions in the Mediterranean; but in so doing it will be only natural to linger a moment over the famous fortress that commands the strait by which one enters the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. The rock of Gibraltar has been in possession of the English since 1704—so long that the world has forgotten the dubiousness of the title by which it was originally secured. The capture of Gibraltar was an incident of the great War of the Spanish Succession. On the death of Charles II. of Spain, in 1700, there appeared two candidates for the Spanish crown. One, the Hapsburg claimant, was the Archduke Charles of Austria; the other, the Bourbon claimant, was Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., of France. England took the side of the Austrian candidate, and it was for the purpose of enforcing his claims that the Grand Alliance was formed by William III., of England, in 1701. In the war which followed, Gibraltar was taken by the allies, the actual captors being an English-Dutch fleet under Sir George Rooke, aided by a body of German troops under a German commander. As the place had belonged for centuries to Spain, and as England was ostensibly fighting not on her own account, but as a member of the Grand Alliance, the natural effect of the capture in good morals was to make Gibraltar belong to England's candidate for the Spanish crown. As a matter of fact, too, the Archduke's sovereignty over the rock was formally proclaimed by the captors in July, 1704. Subsequently, however, Sir George Rooke, having matters much in his own hands and seeing a chance to do a stroke of business on his own account, hoisted the English flag and took possession of the rock in the name of Queen Anne. The English government quietly accepted the stolen goods, though it daintily refrained from rewarding Sir George.

The foothold thus dubiously acquired was afterward maintained against all attacks, whether by assaulting columns on land, by bombarding fleets on the water, or by the wiles of diplomacy. The last great attack on Gibraltar was made in September, 1782, by the combined forces of France and Spain. It was hoped to carry the fortress by a joint assault on land and sea. An enormous fleet had been gathered and floating batteries, specially designed to resist the red-hot shot of the British, had been stationed in the waters at the foot of the rock. King Charles X. of France, at that time only the Count d'Artois [dar-twä], came from Paris to witness the dislodgment of the redcoats; but he witnessed only the destruction of the fleet under the deadly fire of the fortress. At present, equipped as it is with all the latest improvements in the enginery of death, the fortress is considered absolutely impregnable. There it stands frowning over the straits from a height of 1,400 feet, and saying to the world, in a language not to be misunderstood, that England holds, and intends to keep, the key to the Mediterranean.

Gibraltar has a population of nearly 25,000, one-fifth of whom are soldiers. Its commerce is chiefly a transit trade in African products. It is a crown colony ruled by a military governor who enforces strict regulations to keep out telltale visitors.

Passing eastward over the Mediterranean we first have occasion to stop at Malta, a station of great importance for the control of the ocean highway between Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. Malta and Gozo [got'so], the two largest of the four islands composing the Maltese group, all of which are subject to Great Britain, have together an area of about 115 square miles, Malta being nearly five times the larger of the two. The soil of Malta is thin but fertile, and is carefully cultivated for grain, potatoes, and cotton. Although in the latitude of Nashville, Tennessee, Malta has a very mild winter climate, snow being quite unknown. In the winter season, however, it is subject to furious and long-continued winds from the northeast. It was one of these gales, called by the writer of Acts (xxvii, 14) "Euroclydon" [u-rok'li-don], or as the revised version has it, "Euraquilo" [u-rak'wi-lo], which, in 58 A. D., drove St. Paul upon the rocky northern coast of the island and led to that enforced sojourn of three months during which the apostle was "shown no little kindness," and taken for a god by the "barbarians" of the place. The summer climate of Malta is hot and often

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*[In-ter-nē'sin.] Latin, *inter*, between, and *necare*, to kill. Mutually destructive; deadly.

rendered oppressive by the prevalence of the African sirocco.

English occupancy of Malta dates from the year 1800. Two years before that, Napoleon, on his way to Egypt, had taken the island and, after a sojourn of a few days, had left matters in charge of Vaubois [vō-bwä] at Valetta, the capital. But the Maltese soon revolted against French tyranny and laid siege to Valetta, being aided in their enterprise by Portuguese, Neapolitan, and English allies. After a siege of two years Vaubois surrendered, whereupon the Maltese, having lost 20,000 men in recovering their capital, voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of England, an arrangement afterward confirmed (in 1814) by the Treaty of Paris. Since then the islands have prospered under British rule. In 1880 the population was 154,892, not including British soldiers or their families. Of this number 24,000 were English and other foreigners. On account of the gaiety of Valetta and its attractiveness in other ways, as a winter residence, the alien population has of late been rapidly increasing. The island has a good university, and lower schools modeled after those of England. In the schools until lately Italian was the prevailing language, though the population is rather of Arabic than of Italian stock. Lately, however, efforts have been made to extend the use of English, and no doubt the lapse of time will see the Maltese people pretty effectually Anglicized.

The value of Malta to Great Britain consists, of course, in its importance as a port of call,* a fortress, and a naval station. Valetta is so strongly fortified as to be hardly less impregnable than Gibraltar itself. Here are stationed 6,000 or 7,000 British troops, the largest garrison maintained by Great Britain in any of her colonies. Here, too, for six months of the year, is usually found the British Mediterranean fleet with naval forces amounting to about 5,000 men. As a depot of coal and other naval and military stores, Valetta is one of the most important places in the empire. According to Miss L. T. Smith in the Encyclopædia Britannica, there was imported and sold at Valetta, in 1880, the prodigious quantity of 384,272 tons of coal.

Politically, the Maltese Islands constitute a crown colony. The Governor is a British officer (with a salary of £5,000) who is assisted by an Executive Council of seventeen members, of whom eight are elected by the people, and nine nominated by the crown. The revenue, derived chiefly from duties on imports and tonnage dues, is in excess of expenditures; so that the colony, instead of being a drain upon the imperial treasury, actually contributes a surplus toward the maintenance of the military and naval establishments located there.

Pursuing our eastward course from Malta, we pause next at one of Britain's most recent acquisitions, the island of Cyprus. The annexation of Cyprus was effected by an arrangement with Turkey in 1878. To explain the grounds and the bearings of this particular move on the part of British statesmanship, we must devote a few words to a retrospective glance at that tangled maze of conflicting interests known as the Eastern Question. After Russia had beaten Turkey in the war of 1877-8, a preliminary peace was signed at Constantinople, by which Turkey was to be greatly weakened and humiliated, and Russia correspondingly aggrandized. England refused assent to the treaty and at once began to prepare for war, by sending her fleet to the Dardanelles and bringing Indian troops in large numbers to Malta. The British government did not propose to leave Russia free to occupy Constantinople, absorb Asiastic Turkey at will, and so in time threaten India from the northwest. Under these circumstances Russia, weakened by war, consented to submit the questions involved to a congress of European statesmen.

What policy was England to adopt in this emergency? There were many of the Liberal party who would not have been loath to let matters take their course. The Turk had just been permitting a wholesale murder of Christians in Bulgaria, and there was a widespread feeling that he deserved any fate that might befall him at the hands of Russia. The Liberals argued, too, that the advance of the Russians in Asia was in the interest of civilization; that they would never think of attacking India, and that, if they did, they could be fought to best advantage near the borders of India itself. These views, however, found no favor with the Tory government of Lord Beaconsfield, who preferred to checkmate Russia by befriending the "unspeakable Turk." Accordingly, on the 4th of June, 1878, just before the Congress of

* "A port at which vessels are in the habit of touching for repairs, stores, coal, etc."

Berlin convened, England made an agreement with Turkey to guarantee Asia Minor against the Russians and take Cyprus for her own by way of compensation.

When this agreement was made known it fairly took away the breath of the English Liberals. A writer spoke of it as "the most startling surprise ever recorded in history." What in the world, it was asked, is England to do with Cyprus, an unhealthy island utterly devoid of harbors? Nothing short of an enormous expenditure would ever be able to create a good naval station at any point on its coast. To this it was replied that it might become a useful point of vantage against a possible Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, and that it would be opposite the terminus of a possible railway from the Syrian coast toward India. And there the matter may be said to rest to-day. It is at least debatable whether the acquisition of Cyprus, under the circumstances, was not a grave mistake. Only the future can settle the question.

But for the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey involved, one might, perhaps, contend that the island is worth having for its own sake; for, in ancient times, Cyprus was celebrated for its beauty, its fertility, its mineral wealth, and its timber. After Sicily and Sardinia, it is the largest of the Mediterranean islands, having a maximum length of 145 miles and a maximum breadth of nearly 60 miles. Its population is estimated at about 135,000, the Greeks preponderating over the Turks by two to one. A large part of the island is mountainous and unsuited to cultivation, though this part may prove, when thoroughly explored, to be valuable for its minerals. Ancient writers speak of silver being mined at Cyprus and its copper mines were famous,—a fact attested by our very word copper, which is derived from the Latin *(aes) Cuprium*, or "Cyprian metal," as the Romans called it. The great plain of Messaria, which was anciently covered with valuable timber, is now quite bare, but could, no doubt, be brought under cultivation and made to yield all the characteristic products of the Mediterranean region. We must at least admit a possibility that English civilization will in time redeem the island from the unthriftiness into which its shiftless inhabitants have brought it, and make it a valuable possession of the British crown.

Our way now takes us through the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean to Ceylon. Of itself Ceylon might appear better deserving of our prolonged attention than either Malta or Cyprus. It is much larger than either, being about half as large, in both area and population, as the state of Pennsylvania. But since the island, though a separate government, is for practical purposes, a part of British India, we may properly speak of it somewhat briefly. Ceylon is in the main fertile, and its population are industrious tillers of the soil. The great obstacle to be overcome is the lack of water. The island formerly possessed an extensive system of irrigating canals, but most of these had fallen into disuse, and the fertile rice-fields of former times had grown up to swamp and jungle. The British government has of late been restoring the old canals and improving upon them. The staple product is rice, the most valuable, coffee. Cinnamon and tobacco are also produced extensively.

Ceylon was taken by England from the Dutch in 1796, and was at first turned over to the East India Company. In 1802, however, it became a crown colony, though it was not until 1815 that the last refractory native prince was subjugated. The colony is ruled by a governor, who is aided by an executive council, or cabinet, of five. There is no popular assembly. Laws are made by a legislative council in which the natives have a small representation, and the governor an absolute veto. The government is thus a paternal despotism—a form no doubt best for the population, in which only one in four hundred is a European. The Christians of Ceylon outnumber the Mohammedans slightly, but the bulk of the population—say 80 per cent—are either Buddhists or Hindoos, the Buddhists exceeding the Hindoos by four to one. A highly prosperous railway leads from Colombo, on the western coast, to the central highlands, and other shorter lines have lately come into operation. On the eastern coast, in the fine harbor of Trincomalee [trink′o-mä-lē], is the chief naval station of the Indian Ocean.

Between Ceylon and New Guinea there is nothing to detain us. English civilization has, to be sure, acquired a foothold right under the equator in Borneo, but that island must be classed as a Dutch, rather than a British, possession. As to New Guinea itself—the second largest island in the world, with an area one and a half times as great as that of the German Empire—it may be described

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as a huge unknown wilderness which has been slightly encroached upon by the Dutch on the west and by the English on the east. Should future explorations show that the interior is desirable property, we may assume that English rather than Dutch authority will ultimately preponderate.

We have now arrived within that great and promising sphere of British influence called Australia ; but this, with the islands of Tasmania, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land, have been discussed by Mr. Powers under the prophetic title of "The United States of the Pacific." Continuing, therefore, upon our southeastward voyage, we halt next at the Fiji Islands.

A generation ago the name Fiji was a common symbol for the grossest and most repulsive savagery. The natives were not simply cannibals,* but their cannibalism was an everyday affair, forming a necessary element in every festivity.

The sovereignty of the islands was first offered to England, after a distressing history of internal feuds, in 1858, but the commissioner sent out to investigate reported adversely. Meanwhile the influx of English and other European settlers increased, and a stable government became a necessity. In 1869, accordingly, the protectorate was again offered to England and likewise to the United States, but neither power cared to undertake the dubious responsibility. Two years later a brief experiment of constitutional government under a native prince was tried, but this failed and Great Britain finally came to the rescue of the civilized settlers by accepting the sovereignty of the islands, thus securing, at the same time, a wished-for port of call on the route from Australia to Panama.

The administrative forms introduced among the Fijis are not peculiar enough to call for any long discussion. Here, as elsewhere, the policy has been, while doing away with savagery, to treat native usages as gently as possible. The governor of Fiji is "High Commissioner of the Western Pacific," and as such has been a potent factor in checking the cannibalistic and slave-trading barbarities for which the South Sea was until lately notorious.

Taking, now, a far flight to the southeast, with only a glance at Pitcairn Island, where a few persons, descended from the mutineers of the "Bounty," and their native wives, still live and glory in their English blood (see Lord Byron's poem "The Island"), we round Cape Horn and find ourselves at the Falkland Islands, as far south of the equator as Vancouver's Island is north of it. An unpromising group of rocks this, so one would think, where a drizzling rain falls two hundred and fifty days in the year, but even here British enterprise has planted the Union Jack* and found means to enjoy life and make money. The colony numbers, according to the latest figures at hand, about 1,250. The principal occupation is sheep-farming.

Another far flight from the Falkland Islands, this time northeastward, brings us to St. Helena, ever memorable as the scene of Napoleon's exile and death. Up to the building of the Suez Canal, St. Helena was an important port of call on the route from England to India, but since then its population and its commerce have been decreasing rapidly. At the time of Napoleon's residence on the island, St. Helena belonged to the East India Company, but in 1834 it became a crown colony.

Our tour of inspection around the world is now nearly ended. Pursuing our way northward off the coast of Africa, and leaving far to the left the British West Indies, which were treated by Professor Coleman under the head of "British America," we find ourselves presently at the Pillars of Hercules, whence we set out. Having endeavored not so much to be exhaustive as to dwell upon that which is especially instructive and characteristic, we have, perhaps, told but imperfectly the story of "England in the Islands of the Sea." But even as here imperfectly presented, is it not, when taken in connection with what has been said by others upon the greater British colonies, and when taken in connection with the development of our own country—is it not a wonderful history?

*Trench in writing on the use of new words says, "Cannibal as a designation of man-eating savages came first into use with the great discoveries in the western world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; no certain explanation of it has yet been offered." Humboldt has made it probable "that it is a Latin corruption of Caribales, a form under which Columbus designated the inhabitants of the Caribbean Islands."

*The national flag of Great Britain, which is charged with, or bears as its emblem, the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the respective saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The word jack is derived by some from the jacque or surcoat charged with St. George's cross, worn in the crusades by the English soldiers, which name became in time transferred to the cross itself and finally to the flag bearing the cross.

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STUDIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

VII.—THE MAJOR PLANETS.

JUPITER.—Next beyond the orbits of the asteroids we find the largest member of the solar system, excepting only the sun itself—Jupiter. Jupiter's mean distance from the sun is 483,300,000 miles. The period of its revolution in its orbit, or the length of its year, is 11.86 years. The time of its axial rotation, or the length of its day, is 9 hours and 55 minutes. The mean diameter of the globe of Jupiter is 86,500 miles, its polar diameter being 83,000, and its equatorial diameter 88,200. It is not easy for us to comprehend the meaning of such figures when applied to the measurement of the dimensions of a planet. We see that Jupiter's diameter is, in round numbers, eleven times as great as that of the earth. Since the surfaces of spheres vary as the squares of their diameters, the superficial extent of Jupiter exceeds that of the earth about 120 times; while its volume, or cubical content, which is measured by the cube of the diameter, exceeds that of the earth over 1,300 times! But, as we have before remarked, the density of Jupiter is so much less than that of the earth that its weight does not correspond with its enormous magnitude. Its mean density being to the earth's as .24 to 1, its weight is only 316 times as great as the earth's. The force of gravity on its surface is 2.64 times greater than that to which we are subjected, so that if a man weighing 150 pounds could visit Jupiter, he would there weigh no less than 396 pounds.

An explanation of the low density of Jupiter seems to be furnished by the appearance of the planet's surface when viewed with powerful telescopes. We saw in the case of Mars that the whole disk is covered with permanent markings which are taken to be seas and oceans, and that it is only occasionally that part of its surface is obscured by what appear to be clouds in its atmosphere. The principal spots and shades on Mars are so definite in outline and unchangeable in position that it has been possible for astronomers to make very accurate charts of that planet. A very different condition of things is presented by Jupiter. It is true that charts or sketches of Jupiter's surface have also been made, but they represent only the appearance of the planet at the particular time when they were drawn. Some of the main features, such as the great dark belts on either side of the equator, are always to be seen, but their details are continually changing, while the smaller features vary in such a way, and to such an extent, that we can compare them to nothing except enormous masses of clouds filling an atmosphere that is never clear, and drifting, whirling, and tossing under the operation of ceaseless disturbing forces. How variable these phenomena on Jupiter are is well illustrated by Fig. 1, in which the aspect of the great planet is shown in successive years from 1871 to 1882 inclusive. The drawings are copied from a series made by M. Flammarion. But not only do the features of Jupiter's surface vary from year to year, or from month to month, but from day to day, and even from hour to hour. Of course the changes that take place in these shorter periods do not affect the general appearance of the planet except after the lapse of a long time, but they are perfectly evident to the observer with a powerful telescope.

The depth of the shifting clouds that cover Jupiter is evidently enormous, and it is very doubtful if any part of the real surface of the planet is ever visible to us. In fact, it is doubtful if Jupiter has, as yet, any surface in the sense in which we speak of the surface of the earth. The planet is not much heavier, bulk for bulk, than water, and if we suppose it to be still in a fluid or semi-fluid condition we can thus account not only for its low density, but also for the chaotic condition of all that part of the planet which is visible to us. According to this view, Jupiter must be regarded as being in a transitional state between the solar, or sun-like, stage and the true planetary, or terrestrial, stage of cosmical existence. It is probably still very hot, and in the vast envelopes of clouds that we see around it are suspended in steam or vapor the oceans that in the fullness of time may be deposited upon its surface. A huge oblong spot, some 30,000 miles in length

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that made its appearance upon Jupiter in 1878 and has remained visible ever since, and that has a curious reddish color, has been thought by some to be a portion of the partially formed crust of the planet rendered visible either by being thrust up through the cloudy envelope, or by becoming, in some unexplained way, perhaps through the effects of heat, denuded of clouds. A similar reddish hue is sometimes exhibited by the great belts on either side of Jupiter's equator, and which, notwithstanding their continual changes of detail, are always the most conspicuous phenomena on the disk. The "Great Red Spot," as it is called, is represented in two of the sketches in Fig. 1, in the years 1880 and 1882. It would be visible in all the views subsequent to and including 1878, but for the fact that different sides of the planet have been sketched.

We have remarked that Jupiter's time of rotation on its axis is only 9 hours and 55 minutes, and this notwithstanding its enormous size. The earth, whose circumference is only one-eleventh as great as that of Jupiter, requires 24 hours to perform a rotation. Accordingly, while a point on the equator of the earth moves around at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour a similar point on Jupiter flies with the great velocity of 28,000 miles an hour. The belt-like forms assumed by the clouds on Jupiter are no doubt owing to this swift rotation. Careful observations of the red spot and other notable spots on Jupiter have established the exceedingly interesting fact that all parts of the apparent surface of the planet do not rotate with the same velocity. It is found that, generally speaking, the farther a spot is from the equator the longer it takes to go around, so that half way between the equator and the poles the time of rotation is several minutes longer than it is at the equator. This fact alone is sufficient to convince us that Jupiter does not present a solid surface to us, for the angular velocity of the solid surface of a rotating sphere must be the same at all points.

Jupiter has four satellites, and I know of few scenes in the celestial spaces more captivating at once to the eye and the imagination than a telescopic view of the great belted planet with its four circling moons. Any kind of a telescope suffices to show them, so that they are peculiarly an object for amateur observation. Their motions are very rapid, and the changes in their relative positions may be readily descried in an hour or two of watching, while the passage of the round black shadow of one of them across the disk of Jupiter as seen with a three or four-inch telescope is a spectacle well calculated to make the observer who beholds it for the first time a confirmed star-gazer ever after.

These satellites are not the insignificant bodies that they appear to be when seen contrasted with the giant bulk of Jupiter. The smallest of them is of almost exactly the same size as our moon, while the other three are considerably larger. They are numbered I., II., III., and IV., counting outward from Jupiter, and their diameters, distances from the center of Jupiter, and times of revolution around the planet are given in this little table:

Satellite.	*Diameter.*	*Distance.*	*Time of Revolution.*
I.	2,400 m.	261,000 m.	42½ hrs.
II.	2,100 "	415,000 "	3 d. 13¼ "
III.	3,500 "	664,000 "	7 d. 3¾ "
IV.	2,900 "	1,167,000 "	16 d. 16½ "

It will be observed that while the innermost of Jupiter's satellites is about 22,000 miles farther from its primary than our moon is from the earth, the distance of the outermost satellite is five times as great as that of the moon from the earth. And yet, notwithstanding its great distance, it requires not very much more than half as long a time to complete a revolution as the earth's moon takes. This is owing to the great mass of Jupiter, and the reader can find an interesting and valuable exercise in applying the third law of Kepler, given in the first of this series of papers, to the motions of Jupiter's satellites, using the earth and the moon as terms of comparison.

SATURN.—Far beyond Jupiter, and revolving around the sun at a mean distance of 886,000,000 miles, in a period of 29½ years, we find the wonderful ringed planet Saturn. In describing the dimensions of Saturn we have to distinguish between the ball and the rings. The ball of the planet has a mean diameter of 73,000 miles, being 75,000 miles through the equator and 68,000 through the poles. The system of rings, which is suspended concentrically over the equator of the planet, has an outside diameter of 168,000 miles and an inside diameter of 94,000 miles. There are three principal rings, two of which are bright, and one, the innermost, dusky.

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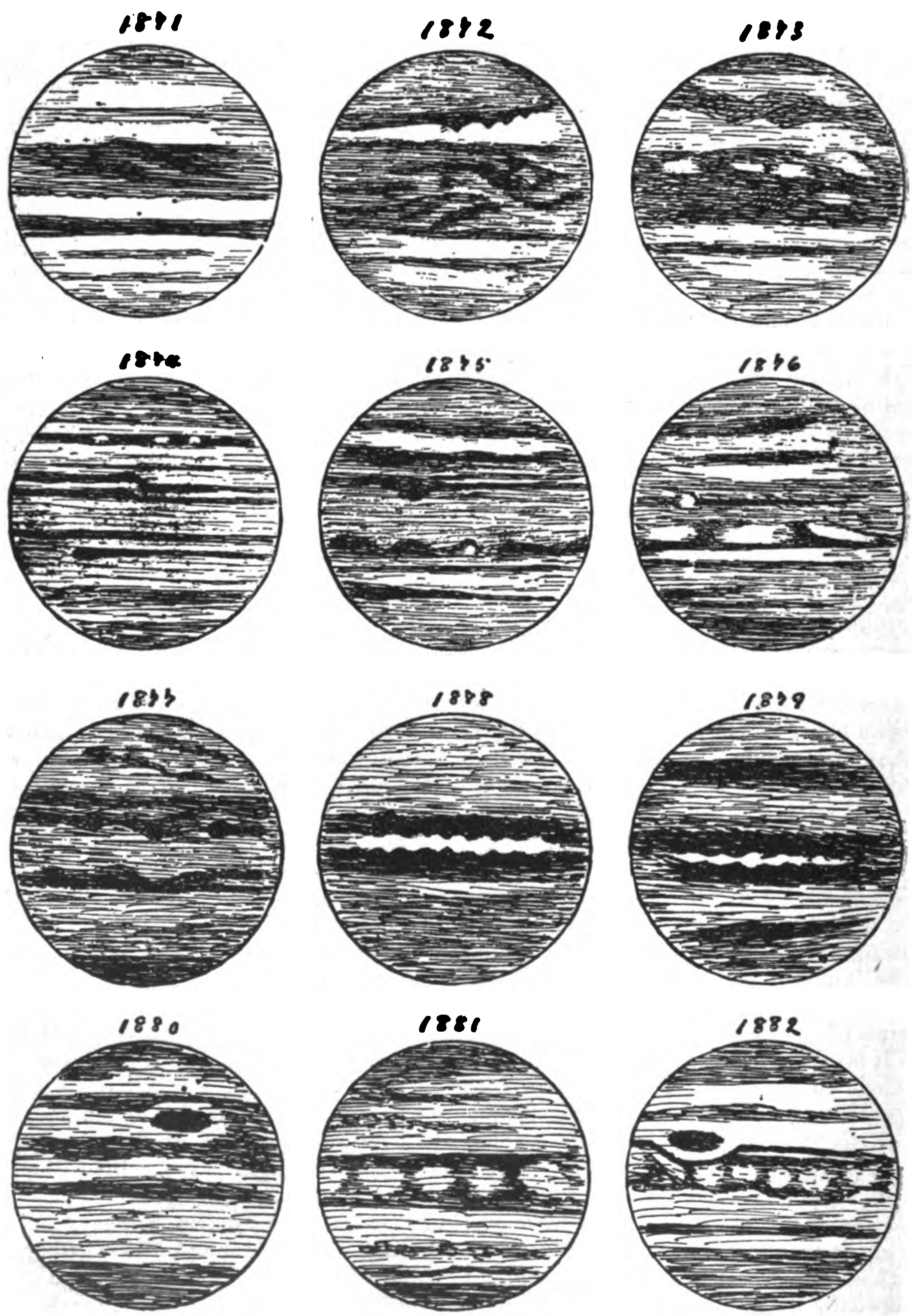

FIG. 1.

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The latter is sometimes called the crape or gauze ring, as it is partially transparent. The outermost ring, known by the letter A, is about 10,000 miles broad. A gap 1,600 miles across separates it from the middle ring B, which is 16,500 miles broad. This ring passes by insensible gradation into the dark or gauze ring, which is 10,000 miles broad and reaches within about 9,500 miles of the surface of the ball of the planet. Notwithstanding the immense breadth of the rings they are amazingly thin, their average thickness being probably less than 100 miles and perhaps not more than 50 miles. The rings are suspended with their thin edges toward the planet. From the earth we always see the rings more or less inclined to the line of sight so that they present an oval outline. Twice in every revolution of Saturn around the sun the plane of the rings is presented edgewise toward the earth, and then, owing to their extreme thinness, the rings look like a narrow line of light, the general aspect of the planet resembling that of a silvery ball with a long needle thrust through its center and projecting far out on either side. During the coming autumn the rings of Saturn will present this appearance. Only the most powerful telescopes are able to reveal the line of the rings when they are thus seen edgewise. It was at one time supposed that Saturn's rings were solid, but it has been proved mathematically that solid rings placed as they are would inevitably be broken to pieces, and astronomers have arrived at the conclusion that they must consist of an enormous number of little bodies or satellites revolving around Saturn, all nearly in the same plane, and so numerous and crowded that, as seen from the immense distance of the earth, they present the appearance of solid rings. In the crape ring these little bodies are evidently more thinly distributed.

Besides its cincture of rings Saturn has no less than eight satellites. This little table contains the principal facts known about them, arranged in the same order as in the case of Jupiter's satellites. In this case the satellites are indicated by names instead of by Roman numeral letters:

Satellite.	*Diameter.*	*Distance.*	*Time of Revolution.*
Mimas,	600 m.	117,000 m.	22 hrs. 37 min.
Enceladus,	800 "	157,000 "	1 da. 8 " 53 "
Tethys,	1,100 "	186,000 "	1 " 21 " 18 "
Dione,	1,200 "	238,000 "	2 " 17 " 41 "
Rhea,	1,500 "	332,000 "	4 " 12 " 25 "
Titan,	3,5co "	771,000 "	15 " 22 " 41 "
Hyperion,	500 "	934,000 "	21 " 6 " 39 "
Iapetus,	2,000 "	2,225,000 "	79 " 7 " 54 "

The diameters are quite uncertain, except for Titan and Iapetus, on account of the difficulty of seeing bodies so small at a distance so great as that which separates Saturn from the earth. It will be observed that, as in the case of Jupiter, one of the satellites is very nearly of the same size as our moon, and one is very much larger than the moon. The remaining six of Saturn's satellites, however, are comparatively small bodies.

Like Jupiter, Saturn possesses a remarkably small density. As compared with that of the earth Saturn's density is only one-eighth, so that although it exceeds the earth 720 times in size it weighs only 95 times as much. The force of gravity on the surface of Saturn is only two-tenths greater than upon the surface of the earth, so that as far as gravitation is concerned a man could live comfortably enough on Saturn, enjoying the amazing scenes that the great rings suspended in his sky would present. But there are the same reasons that we have pointed out in the case of Jupiter for believing that Saturn is yet a hot and vaporous globe, which has not yet become encrusted with a solid rind like that of the earth. Saturn rotates on its axis in 10 hours 14 minutes.

URANUS.—It was the discovery in 1781 of this planet, which for a long time bore his name, that first made Sir William Herschel famous. He supposed, at first, that he had discovered a comet and so announced, but subsequently it was found that the stranger was a planet. This was the first discovery of a new planet with the telescope. No astronomer up to Herschel's time knew that there were any planets revolving around the sun beyond the orbit of Saturn. Uranus' mean

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distance from the sun is 1,782,000,000 miles; its time of revolution is 84 years; its rotation period is not known with certainty, but some observers think that it is in the neighborhood of ten hours, closely resembling the periods of Jupiter and Saturn. Uranus has four satellites whose elements are given in the accompanying table:

Satellite.	*Diameter.*	*Distance.*	*Time of Revolution.*
Ariel, . . .	500 m.	120,000 m.	2 days 12½ hrs.
Umbriel, . .	400 "	167,000 "	4 " 3½ "
Titania, . .	1000 "	273,000 "	8 " 17 "
Oberon, . .	800 "	365,000 "	13 " 11 "

Uranus resembles Jupiter and Saturn in its slight degree of density. Although the planet is 32,000 miles in diameter, and consequently 65 times as large as the earth, its weight exceeds the earth's only 14¾ times, and its density is only one quarter greater than that of water. Very little has been learned by telescopic inspection of the surface of Uranus. With ordinary telescopes no features whatever can be detected on its disk, but Professor Young with the great Princeton telescope has seen very faint belts upon it resembling the belts of Jupiter. The outline of the planet is decidedly elliptical like that of Jupiter or Saturn, and

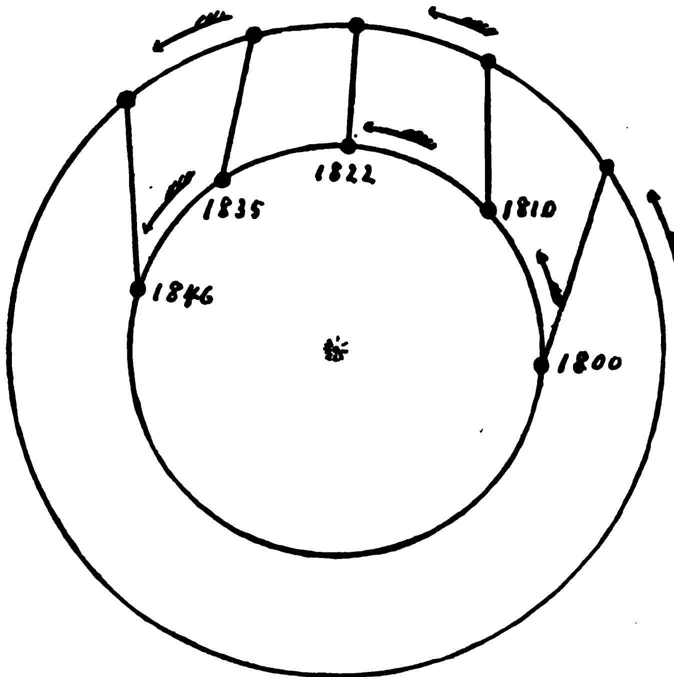

FIG. 2.

As with Saturn's satellites, the diameters given are mere estimates. It will be observed, however, that all of the Uranian satellites are much smaller than our moon. A very remarkable fact about the satellites of Uranus is that the plane of their revolution is so situated with reference to the ecliptic that they revolve nearly at right angles to the plane in which the planet revolves around the sun. Consequently they never cause eclipses of the sun on Uranus, and are themselves never eclipsed by the shadow of Uranus.

this fact indicates that its rotation period must be short, since the effect of rapid rotation is to bulge out a planet in the equatorial regions.

NEPTUNE.—The most distant known member of the solar system was discovered in 1846 under circumstances that were almost dramatic in their interest. It had been noticed by astronomers that there were irregularities in the motion of Uranus which seemed to indicate that the planet was subject to the disturbing influence of some massive body revolving around the sun at a still greater

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distance. Leverrier, a French astronomer, and Adams, an English mathematical student, set to work independently to calculate the probable orbit and other elements of a suppositious planet whose attraction would produce the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus. The nature of the problem is indicated in Fig. 2, where the inner circle represents the orbit of Uranus and the outer that of Neptune. In the year 1800 Uranus was at the place indicated in the figure, and Neptune (then unknown of course) at the extremity of the straight line drawn from Uranus to the orbit of Neptune. It will be observed that the effect of the attraction of Neptune would be to hasten Uranus in its orbital motion. The same effect was produced in 1810, and in fact all the time though in a varying degree, up to 1822. After that date, as the figure indicates, the effect of Neptune's attraction was different, and it began to retard Uranus in its orbit.

These irregularities could not escape the notice of the astronomers, but it was a very difficult thing to calculate the exact elements of the unseen and undiscovered planet that produced them. Leverrier and Adams, working unknown to each other, produced remarkably similar results, and results moreover remarkably near the actual fact. Leverrier was the first to reap the reward of his labor. In September, 1846, he wrote to Dr. Galle at Berlin to direct his telescope to a particular spot in the constellation of Aquarius and he would see a new planet there. Remember that Leverrier had never seen Neptune, nor had anybody else; but he had complete confidence in the accuracy of his calculations. The Berlin astronomers looked in the prescribed place and lo! the planet was there, within 52 minutes of arc of the precise spot indicated by Leverrier. Fifty-two minutes of arc is about one and two-thirds times the apparent diameter of the moon.

Neptune's mean diameter is 35,000 miles; its distance from the sun is 2,791,500,000 miles, and its time of revolution is 164½ years. Its density also is small, and thus we find no exception to the rule that all of the large planets beyond the orbit of Mars are of low density, and consequently are probably either in a vaporous or liquid condition. Neptune has only one known satellite, situated at a distance of 225,000 miles, revolving in a period of 5 days and 21 hours, and possessing a probable diameter of about 2,000 miles. The noteworthy thing about this satellite of Neptune is that the plane of its orbit is inclined in such a way that it revolves from east to west instead of from west to east. The explanation of this anomaly, like that of the revolution of the satellites of Uranus, which revolve about at right angles to the plane of the ecliptic, involves the question of the origin of the solar system, and the perturbations to which different members of it may have been subjected.

We have now completed a hasty review of all the known members of the solar system with the exception of the comets and meteors. Many of the bodies with which we have had to deal are of enormous magnitude, and the distances separating them have seemed almost too stupendous for the human mind to grasp; yet we have but put our feet on the threshold of the universe. Greater suns than ours glitter all around us, grander systems abound in every quarter of the firmament of heaven. We cannot study the other solar systems that throng infinite space as we can that one in the midst of which we dwell, and it would be the height of presumption for us to assume that our own system is in any sense a model for others. One of the greatest lessons we learn from the study of so much of the universe as lies within the reach of our powers, is that the variety of God's creations is as infinite as their number and their extent. The man or woman who comes back from an excursion like that which we have tried to make among the celestial orbs, with any lurking suspicion that after all the Supreme Governor of all these illimitable estates is only a myth, has failed to grasp the true significance of the solar system and of the universe.

(*The end.*)

End of Required Reading for June.

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BLOSSOM TIME.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ONE were a miracle, for which to rear
A temple, where a white-robed priest might say,
"Lo! the creative Spirit moves to-day,
And, at his touch, fair shapes of life appear."
Yet their soft, changeful beauty, year by year,
Poured from the lavish bosom of the May,
Decks the brown meadows, and the orchards gray,
And we but smile to note that spring is here.
Delicate odors to the warm air cling,
And fine, tumultuous crowds of bees that speak
In elfin tongues, of Hybla's honeyed stream.
The busy oriole cannot wait to sing,
But tosses upward, from his restless beak,
Bubbles of music, breaking as they gleam.

THE AMERICAN PATENT SYSTEM.

BY WALTER HOUGH.

AMONG the portraits of the world's notable inventors which adorn the Patent Office is a picture of George Washington. As promoter and signer of the act of 1791, he is entitled to the honor of starting the machinery of a wonderful progress in invention, by protecting the rights of inventors, and he stands at the head of the list as a patron of good enterprise.

The meeting in Washington in April was a unique one of its character in the history of any nation. The recognition of the inventor to be a benefactor had never been practically realized and avowed before. The thread that ran through all that was said and done, was the benefit of invention to the race and respect for the man who works with both the brain and hands; whose very unrest has moved the world forward. Over five hundred representative inventors, including names familiar to every one, attended these meetings.

President Harrison opened the Congress with a short address, in which he remarked upon the great step in the progress of civilization, when the law takes notice of property in the fruit of the mind and that nothing more stimulates effort than security in the results of effort.

Appropriately, the first paper on the program was by the present Commissioner of Patents, the Hon. Charles Eliot Mitchell, of Connecticut. His topic was "The Birth and Growth of the American Patent System." He began with the statement that the patent system had its origin in a statute against monopolies, caused by royal grants which were the first patents. This was in England in the days of James I., 1623. Early inventors had to encounter much hostility. Powerful infringers sought to trample on the rights of patentees, and lawsuits followed that were fierce as battlefields. Judges at last began to treat inventors as public benefactors, instead of recipients of royal favor, and from that time the relationship of the inventor to the public has been better understood, and the foundation and framework of the patent law were constructed.

Early patents were few. Among the colonial patents was one in 1646 to Joseph Jenks for a new scythe, after which all modern scythes are fashioned; a most important invention by a forgotten inventor. Commissioner Mitchell detailed the history of early patents and the passage of the first patent law on April 10, 1791, and said that the act of 1836 which established the Patent Office,

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was pronounced by an eminent statesman to have been the most important event in the history of the country, from the Constitution to the Civil War. The patent system has stimulated men to inventive thought, to transform their thinking into things, has encouraged them to disclose their inventions, has enabled inventors to make their efforts fruitful, and has saved them from the folly of misdirected labor. The first patent issued under the act of 1791 was that of Samuel Hopkins for pot and pearl ashes; the number of patents has reached 460,000 now. "Inventors have made it possible for the constitution to overspread the continent and for our flag to bear forty-four stars," said Mr. Mitchell.

Senator H. O. Platt, of Connecticut, made a bright speech, full of epigrammatic sentences on invention and advancement. He painted in vivid colors the contrasts of progress and said that the spirit of invention had accomplished this. "This is a machine age. Neither philosopher nor madman could have predicted it. Invention has enabled men to know more and do more." He discussed the indirect influence of invention on man and then took up the wants of man. He asserted that there was more comfort and less want in the world than ever before, and predicted the near approach of that time when man shall subjugate all the forces of nature, making them subservient to his use. Of the seven wonders of the ancient world only one, the lighthouse of Pharos, was for human good. The seven wonders of the modern world, the cotton gin, adaptation of steam to methods of transportation, appliances of electricity in business pursuits, harvesters, the modern printing press, the Biglow loom, and the sewing machine are all for the benefit of mankind. "Such has been the effect of inventions that the term of human life has been lengthened, we have more pleasure and less pain, more ease and less hardship than any people who now exist. If there is a man who does not believe this, let him emigrate to a country where inventions are not known."

The relation of invention to labor was the theme of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor. He said that invention had acted on labor both economically and sociologically. Modern machines, he asserts, have made more labor than they have displaced, as witness the immense number of people employed by railroads, telegraph, and telephone lines, and electrical engineering. Inventors have also improved man morally, for "poverty and pure religion cannot coexist as they did once." Inventors have also improved man's social and sanitary surroundings, and the length of human life is ten per cent higher than ever before. "Brain is king and machinery his prime minister." Mr. Wright expressed as his opinion that strikes are not evidence of retrogression, but are crude attempts toward the adjustment between capital and labor and do not aim to destroy the results of inventors. "That the workman, however, does not receive full justice as the result of the use of inventions, must be the conclusion of every student."

Justice Blatchford of the Supreme Court introduced the legal side of invention by a paper entitled "A Century of Patent Law." The venerable and learned judge reviewed the history of royal monopolies and patent law in England, dwelling on the litigation following James Watts' invention, to show its effect in establishing this law. The act of Congress of April 10, 1791, entitled "an act to promote the progress of useful arts," was commented upon, and its stipulations were explained. In conclusion he stated that "the principle on which the patent laws are based is to give to an inventor an exclusive right, for a limited time, in consideration of his fully disclosing his invention, so that it may be made and used by the public after the limited term shall have expired."

The subject, "Epoch-making Inventions of America," was treated in a most interesting way by the Hon. Robert S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, Indiana. In a clear and witty, mainly extempore, speech, he maintained that the real and enduring wealth of the world is in its thoughts. It is the capacity to originate, consummate, and preserve thoughts that makes civilization possible. The cotton gin and the sewing machine have given the human body a new skin. The steam engine is the breath and muscles, the telegraph the nervous system of the body politic. In the production of the electric light, man has come nearer to creation than anywhere else. The epoch of news came in with the Hoe press, a new dimension for cities by the vertical railway—the elevator—and the era of cheap food with McCormick's reaper. The typewriter is the sewing machine of thought

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and introduces an era of legible manuscript. "Archimedes has found his fulcrum, the brain of the inventor. The patent system of the United States rests on twenty-two words in the Constitution. What other twenty-two words ever spoken or penned have borne such fruits of blessing to mankind?"

Senator John W. Daniel delivered an address upon "The New South as an Outgrowth of Invention and the American Patent Law." He reviewed the natural conditions that led the South to agricultural pursuits and the North to manufacturing. "If I am asked the cause of the Northern victory in the late struggle, I look beyond the noise of battle to the Northern inventors, mechanics, and manufacturers." The South is improving in invention, as the 3,000 patents issued in 1890 witness. The Senator traced the part taken by the South in inventions of all kinds and spoke of the prophecy of the future development of its minerals.

"The farmer is not benefited so much by machinery as men in other occupations," said Assistant Secretary Edwin Willets, of the Department of Agriculture. This seemed rather a bombshell to throw into the inventor's camp, but Mr. Willets showed that small farmers could use expensive machinery only part of the year. "I believe labor-saving tools cause the mortgages. I am glad there is no economical steam plow and hope there never will be," said the speaker. "There is fertility at the end of the spade, but there is sterility at the end of the steam plow. A man can dig and care for 100 acres, until he leaves it better than he found it, but when a man undertakes to farm the whole country, his posterity will pay the penalty for the wholesale spoliation of all there is in the soil." Mr. Willets then spoke of the benefits farmers had received from inventions, such as the plow, etc.

Octave Chanute, of Illinois, read a paper entitled "The Effect of Invention upon the Railroad and other Means of Intercommunication." After the defeat at Moscow, Napoleon returned to France, a distance of 1,000 miles in 5 days. Now any one can do it in one day and need not be an emperor in order to accomplish it. Mr. Chanute gave a clear and succinct history of the railroad. He stated that the tubular boiler and the exhaust of steam in the smokestack for draught, were the great improvements in steam engines by Stephenson. From the familiar way in which he spoke of speeds of one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles per hour, by air and railway, one felt encouraged at the prospects.

"Any thing that can be drawn, or written with a pen, can be transmitted by the telegraph," said Professor Thomas Gray, of Terre Haute, Indiana, who spoke upon "The Inventors of the Telegraph and Telephone." This is the highest advance of the telegraph. The telegraph, like many other inventions, cannot be said to be the work of any one man, but is the product of several minds working in the same direction. It is really astonishing how near inventors came to the solution of the telegraph problem before Morse and Henry. The invention and improvement of the telephone were also described and criticised.

Colonel F. A. Seely, of Pennsylvania, principal examiner in the Patent Office, spoke upon "International Protection of Industrial Property." This is a new and interesting subject. Colonel Seely said that the difficulty in securing protection, exists by reason of systems of law in many countries, under which an alien inventor is debarred from protection by reason of having first complied with the law in his own country. The difficulty would vanish, he said, if the nations of the world would enact that publication, when official and in connection with the grant of a patent in any country, should not affect the inventor's right in any other.

A paper upon "The Origin and Growth of the Copyright System of the United States," was read by the Librarian of Congress, the Hon. A. B. Spofford. The United States was the first nation to embody the rights of authors in its fundamental laws. This system built up a truly national library, in which the collection of copyright books would be complete, if it had not been for the division of copyright authority. The first book issued was "The Philadelphia Spelling Book," on June 9, 1790, by John Barry, its author. In the period between 1870 and 1890 there were 476,000 books copyrighted. Mr. Spofford said that the international copyright law is an experiment that should be carefully tried and the result waited for with patience.

Dr. Edward Atkinson, of Massachusetts, read a paper entitled "Invention in its Effect upon Household Economy." The theory advanced by this distinguished au-

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thority on food, was that we pay many penalties for the progress of inventions, but these penalties are being gradually removed. Dr. Atkinson expressed a decided preference for colonial houses, and condemned the "buzz-saw" ornamentation and the "crazy-roof style" of houses.

Professor S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was the central figure of the fourth session, and in opening the meeting made a few well-chosen remarks on progress.

The address of Professor William Trowbridge, of Columbia College, New York, treated of "The Effect of Technological Schools upon the Progress of Invention." He showed that these schools reduced theory to practice, that from them had resulted a scientific press for the spread of knowledge, and that the legal training in the curriculum taught the inventor how to protect his rights. Then, they bring about a decrease of the foolish investment of money in impossibilities, such as the perpetual motion craze.

Professor Robert H. Thurston, of Cornell, most ably treated the subject of "The Invention of the Steam Engine." He began with the toy engine of Hero of Alexandria, observing that it was no more than a toy till the eighteenth century. Newcomen, he said, was the greatest man in the history of applied steam, and that to him, if to any one, must be given credit for the existence of the modern steam engine. One man with the aid of steam can do what would have kept 250 men busy at the beginning of the century.

"The Effect of Invention upon the Progress of Electrical Science," was elucidated by Professor Cyrus F. Bracket, of Princeton. The growth of electrical invention beginning with the labors of Dr. Gilbert before 1600, was clearly traced down through the two hundred years in which men experimented with what is called static electricity, and through the later years of the voltaic battery and magnetizing helix, the one allowing a continuous current and the other its application in many ways.

Major Clarence E. Dutton, of the Ordnance Department U. S. A., presented a paper upon "The Influence of Invention upon the Implements and Munitions of Modern Warfare." The improvement in fire-arms and the recent nitro compounds, which are succeeding gunpowder, were discussed. The breech-loading rifle was praised and the prediction offered that it would be inevitably succeeded by the magazine gun. In conclusion, he said that in a few years the armament of our army and navy would be more than equal to any other armament in the world.

"The Relations of Abstract Scientific Research to Practical Invention," were expounded by Professor F. W. Clarke, of the United States Geological Survey. Professor Clarke cited many cases to prove that applied science always has its roots in researches of a purely abstract nature. The agencies which develop research are individual enterprise, schools and universities, scientific societies and government aid. Of these the university is the chief, since it is a producer, as well as a distributer of knowledge. Pure research should be more cultivated in American schools, where now the so-called "practical view" prevails. There should be established laboratories for research, for which some of the wealth reaped by the inventor from applications of science, might go back as seed.

In the shadow of that Mecca of patriots—Mount Vernon—in the presence of the visible results of Washington's labors, Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, delivered a masterly address upon "Washington as an Inventor and Promoter of Improvements." Dr. Toner reviewed Washington's connection with the first patent law and gave accounts from original documents of his experiments in agriculture and other branches. Washington as an inventor was entertainingly portrayed by an account of his struggles to improve the plow, three successive adaptations being described. He made and successfully employed a combination plow and seed sower, which he called the "barrel plow."

Ex-Representative Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, told of "The Effect of the Patent System on the Material Development of the United States." Mr. Butterworth said that there is a feeling that the inventor has no rights which the public is bound to respect, but he insisted that that which a man used he could afford to pay for, and that if a manufacturer saved so many dollars a day by the use of an invention, he ought to be made to share with the inventor some portion of his gains.

The Commissioner of Education, the Hon. Wm. T. Harris, read a scholarly paper upon "The Relation of Invention to the Communication of Intelligence and the Diffusion of

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Knowledge by Newspaper and Book." He spoke of the rapid growth in invention and of the beneficent effect of the press upon the advancement of the world, placing the newspaper foremost in the rank of the great influences that secure the world's advancement. "By reason of the printed page," he said, "the humblest citizen has access to the wisest of mankind, so that he can become wise like him."

Professor Otis T. Mason, of the National Museum, spoke upon the "Birth of Invention." He said that man became the first inventive animal and by this trait puts to shame his early and equal rivals. By the most painful and laborious series of efforts, each great industry has come to its present state and we may trace back our complicated machinery to the simple savage devices. No statues are erected to the inventors, but rather the destroyers of mankind. The most appropriate monument to an inventor is his machine; though his name may be forgotten and we cannot find his grave, we may erect a worthy memorial in the National Museum at Washington to the unknown dead and give them tardy thanks for all we enjoy.

The last paper on the program was upon "American Inventions and Discoveries in Medicine and Practical Sanitation," by Dr. J. S. Billings, of the United States Army. Patent medicines came in for a full share of the doctor's keen satire, as having furnished a great deal of work for the medical profession. The most important improvements in practical medicine made in the United States have been in surgery in its various branches. The greatest progress in medical science during the next few years will be in the direction of prevention and to this end mechanical and chemical invention and discovery must go hand in hand with increased biological and medical knowledge. Neither can afford to despise the other, and both are working for the common good.

The practical outcome of this congress is the establishment of a National Association of inventors and manufacturers for mutual protection and "to effect any interest of a national character," which shows that these men are awake to their interests and believe in organization.

The National Museum placed in the Lecture Hall a number of original, epoch-making inventions in the keeping of that institution, which excited great interest. The original model of the cotton gin, the Morse telegraph instrument, a series showing the development of the electric light, the telephone, and photography, were a few of the many historic exhibits.

DR. SCHLIEMANN—THE EXCAVATOR OF ANCIENT TROY.

BY THOMAS D. SEYMOUR, M. A.

DR. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, our fellow-countryman by adoption, who died in Naples just at the close of last year, had a more romantic life than is granted to most men. Starting from a discouraging beginning, he made his name familiar to all by his excavations on Homeric sites. His personality was so closely bound up with his work that the two cannot be considered apart. Only such a man as he, with unusual nature and extraordinary experiences, would have accomplished what he did and in the same way. He was born January 6, 1822, at Neu Buckow in the Prussian province of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, where his father was pastor of the little church. In the next year, the father was called to Ankershagen where the boy's early years were passed. The father told the child stories of Herculaneum and Pompeii, brought to the light of day by excavations, after being buried in lava and ashes for nearly eighteen centuries; and also of Troy, near the Hellespont on the northwest corner of Asia Minor, which (according to Homer's story) the Greeks under the leadership of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, besieged for ten years and then sacked, three thousand years or so ago.

When the boy was seven years old, he received a present of Jerrer's Universal History, which contained a wood-cut of blazing Troy. The child was convinced that such walls as were shown in the illustration could not have been utterly destroyed. These, too, like the ruins of Pompeii must be waiting for the spade, and he resolved to search for them at some future day. At this same tender age he fell in love with a little maiden whom he

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inspired with his fine Trojan frenzy, and they agreed to marry and excavate Troy together. About twenty years afterward, after a long separation, he desired to carry out the first part of this arrangement, but found that he was just too late: Minna had married another!

Schliemann's mother died when he was nine years old, and he was sent to the care of an uncle, also a country pastor, with whom he studied and under whose guidance he prepared a Latin essay on the Trojan War as a Christmas present for his father, in 1832, before he was eleven years old. When he was fourteen, he left school and became a grocer's apprentice. In that occupation he continued for nearly four years, on duty from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night. How small the business was can be seen from his statement that the sales did not aggregate $2,500 a year. His interest in antiquity was stimulated by the visits to the grocery of a drunken miller who had received some education, and whom he hired for brandy to repeat verses of Homer and Virgil. Before he was eighteen, he overstrained himself in lifting a cask, and lost his position. He went to Hamburg, but failed to secure permanent employment because of his weak chest, and so shipped as cabin-boy on a small brig bound for Venezuela, but was wrecked on the coast of Holland, in November, 1841. With no means for his support, he feigned illness in order to secure admission to a hospital, but the story of his misfortunes not only excited pity, but brought him a contribution of one hundred dollars, and a position in a commercial house in Amsterdam.

The new situation was not altogether cheerful. Schliemann's duties were not instructive and his wages were only $160 a year. Half of his income was devoted to his studies. His lodging cost him only $1.60 a month. "My breakfast consisted of rye-meal porridge, and my dinner never cost more than four cents." He set to work at learning languages and began with the English. His views of the methods to be pursued in the study of languages have been often quoted, but are always interesting because of his own success in this matter. Naturally, he did not attribute his success as a linguist to his excellent memory, but rather called his memory naturally poor and gave all the credit to his method. "Necessity taught me a method which greatly facilitates the study of a language. This method consists in reading a great deal aloud without making a translation, taking a lesson every day, constantly writing essays upon subjects of interest, correcting these under the supervision of a teacher, learning them by heart, and repeating in the next lesson what was learned on the previous day." Much of his success in acquiring a free use of foreign languages, lay in the same qualities which gave him eminence as a man of affairs and as an explorer,—his intense enthusiasm, great concentration of energy, undaunted perseverance, and the ability to work hard (almost violently) during twenty hours of each twenty-four.

In his pursuit of English, Schliemann went regularly twice a Sunday to the English church for the acquisition of a good pronunciation and for practise in understanding the spoken language. He kept an English book by him constantly, and read and committed to memory when he was going on errands or while he was waiting at the post-office. In this way he gained a good knowledge of English in six months. In the next six months he mastered French. The easier languages, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, did not occupy him so long. He tells us that in six weeks he learned "to write and speak each of these languages fluently." This proved in the sequel to have been a very useful occupation for him, but it was not the work for which he was hired, and we cannot wonder that he did not receive promotion in the establishment in which he was employed. But in 1844 he found a place in another office at $400 per year. Then he began the study of the Russian language, that he might be more useful to his employers, who had Russian connections. This new acquisition he found occasion to use in 1846 when he was sent to St. Petersburg as agent. He was successful in Russia from the first, and established a business of his own in the following year.

Schliemann was already in comfortable circumstances in the spring of 1850, when he went to California in search of his brother who went thither as an "Argonaut of Forty-nine," but who had died before his arrival. The settlement of the estate, as we are informed, required some time, but added to his wealth. When California was admitted to the Union, July 4, 1850, every male of the legal age within her borders became an

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American citizen, if he so chose,—and thus without any formalities Schliemann became a citizen of the United States, and maintained that relationship, with pride, to his death. The Crimean War helped to make his fortune. He had already $100,000, which he invested in indigo, and doubled his wealth at once. He was successful as a business man, and tells us that he averaged $50,000 a year profit in his indigo trade, in addition to interest on his invested capital. He says half apologetically that he was too busy to learn the Swedish and Polish languages until 1854, and that he did not allow himself to begin Greek until the close of the Crimean War, fearing that the charm of that study would withdraw his attention unduly from his business. But he took up Greek in 1856, and devoted his leisure hours for two years to that language and literature. He learned Latin in 1858.

In 1858 Schliemann, only thirty-six years old, made an effort to retire from business, with a fortune of $400,000. He traveled in Scandinavia, Egypt, the Holy Land, and went to Athens in the summer of 1859. Hence he was recalled to Russia by a lawsuit which drew him again into business, but in 1863 he finally abandoned commercial cares. In 1864, he made a journey around the world, and published in French a work on China and Japan. He spent most of 1866 and '67 in Paris, studying archæology, though he was in America part of the time. In 1868, he visited Greece, and published in the next year his book on "Ithaca, Peloponnesus, and Troy." This work is not very different from what many another business man would have written. It is not profound and shows uncommon credulity—the author believing that the people of Ithaca had received from their ancestors an account of Ulysses and his family, entirely independent of the Homeric poems; but in this first visit to the places which were destined to be the scene of much of his future labor, he announces distinctly his belief of the two principal facts which his excavations have proved: (1) that the site of the Homeric Troy was not Bunarbashi, as scholars generally believed, but Hissarlik; and (2) that the graves of the ancient sovereigns of Mycenæ were to be sought within the wall of the fortress, and not without as was generally assumed. He even hired five laborers in the hope of making explorations on the hill of Hissarlik, but the weather was too hot for such work. From that time he never wavered in the belief that he had found Homer's Troy. His excavations were to persuade others, rather than himself, and he was often impatient that scholars were so slow to accept his evidence.

The year 1869 Dr. Schliemann spent in this country,—in Indiana, if the truth is told, securing a divorce from his first wife, who would not leave Russia, her native country, while he was resolved not to live there on any terms. About a year afterward he married the talented and attractive Greek lady who proved a true help-meet for him, sharing not only his archæological enthusiasm but also the hardships of his campaigns of excavation. After this marriage, Athens was their home.

In April, 1870, Schliemann began excavations at Hissarlik. This is not a village, but a low hill, not a thousand feet in length and four hundred feet in breadth (somewhat larger than the Acropolis of Athens), only about seventy feet above the plain, which lies eighty feet above the sea. This hill is three miles from the Hellespont, and about as far from the Ægean Sea, on the west; and eight leagues from the Dardanelles. The rival claimant for the honor of being the site of Homer's Troy, Bunarbashi, lies nearly three times as far from the Hellespont.

The Turkish owners of the property refused to allow Schliemann to dig on reasonable conditions, and the work in 1870 was speedily abandoned, but negotiations conducted through the United States embassy, secured formal permission, and work was begun in earnest in October, 1871. Even then, the extent of the task was not comprehended. The excavations began with eight workmen and eight wheelbarrows, imported from France. The number of laborers was speedily increased ten fold, but no more barrows were to be had in the region, and the dirt had to be carried in baskets—which involved loss of time. Schliemann hoped to conclude the excavations that autumn, but found only enough to whet his curiosity, and began again in April, 1872, with 100 men and better tools, including a full supply of English barrows. The daily expenses amounted to one hundred dollars. Toward the close of that season, 150 men were employed, and six dump-carts. In 1873, the season's excavations began earlier than before, and with a still larger number of workmen. One morn-

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ing in June, Schliemann caught sight of a glimmer which caused him to send his men off to lunch (though it was not yet time), that they might be out of the way. His highest hopes were realized: he had found a great treasure of gold cups and ornaments, which with his wife's help he secured and concealed in her shawl. The excavations were not continued long after that. He was convinced that he had found the "Treasure of Priam," hidden safely and abandoned in the sack of the city by the Greeks, and he wanted to bring this to a safe place as soon as possible, and out of Turkey, where according to the original agreement half of the finds were to go to the Turkish government. The Turks had proved so annoying and, as he believed, so untrue to their promises, that he had no scruples in keeping this treasure from them. The Turkish government afterward sued him for its share of the finds and secured some damages, while he sent $10,000 as a gift to the museum at Constantinople.

In 1874, Schliemann published "Troy and its Remains," with an atlas of 218 photographs. The scholarly world did not receive this work with hearty respect. The photographs were poor, and showed merely a labyrinth of walls, with a mass of rude vases and whorls such as never had been seen before, with a treasure of gold ornaments. Nothing had been found which proved a connection with Homer's story, and the author's confidence in naming the "Scæan Gate," "Priam's Palace," "Priam's Treasure," etc., excited distrust of his scientific caution. The excavations had been in the form of a railroad "cut" across the hill. No accurate note had been made of the depth below the surface at which most objects had been found. Some things which were marked as found deep below the surface might have rolled down the side of the cut. The general verdict of scholars was that the case was not proven.

In 1875, explorative excavations were made by Schliemann at various points in Italy and Sicily. In 1876, he began work at Mycenæ, the ancient fortress in a recess of Argolis, where once ruled Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks against Troy. There he found a still greater treasure of gold than he had found in Troy—justifying Homer's epithet, "Mycenæ rich-in-gold"—in tombs just within the Lion's Gate, which seems to be the oldest bit of sculpture on Greek soil. He also excavated some suburban "bee hive" tombs or so-called Treasuries. Here, too, he was aided by Mrs. Schliemann.

In 1877, the composition and publication of "Mycenæ," in German and English editions, furnished full occupation. In 1878 the French edition of "Mycenæ" was published, and excavations made on Ithaca which determined the site of the ancient city. Early in 1879, Schliemann resumed work at Hissarlik, accompanied by Virchow, the distinguished German man of science, who did much to secure for him and his work the recognition of German scholars. In 1880, the results of these later excavations were elaborated, and were published in "Ilios" in 1881. In 1880, excavations were conducted also on the site of Orchomenus in Bœotia, where work was resumed in 1881 and again in 1886.

The excavations of 1879 were thought to have settled the Trojan question forever, but doubts arose as to the extent of the city, and once more Schliemann undertook work at Hissarlik in 1882. This time he had the great good fortune to secure as his assistant Dr. Dörpfeldt who had been engaged for four years in the German excavations at Olympia, who is now the First Secretary of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, and the highest living authority on questions of Greek architecture. The plateau to the east, south, and west, of the Acropolis was explored more carefully, and was found to have been occupied by a city, while on the Acropolis were found the ruins of an ancient palace which coincided well in plan with the palaces afterwards found at Tiryns, at Mycenæ, and on the Acropolis at Athens. The results of the last digging were published in 1884, in "Troja," which is a supplement to "Ilios."

In 1884, Schliemann dug with seventy men for nearly three months at Tiryns, the massive walls near Argos, and discovered the ruins of an elaborate palace. This work was continued by Dörpfeldt in 1885, and the results published immediately in "Tiryns."

The theory had been propounded that Hissarlik had not been the site of a city for the living, but that it had been a necropolis for the dead. In order to disprove this assertion Schliemann called an International Conference of Archæologists to meet at Hissarlik in March, 1890, that they might examine his methods and see the objects brought from the earth be-

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fore they had been manipulated in any way. These archæologists were unanimous in their judgment that no traces were found of the incineration of the dead, and no one seemed to doubt that if there were a Homeric Troy, it stood on the site of Hissarlik. That the Homeric poet was a contemporary of the Trojan War is very improbable. Doubtless he never saw the city which he represents Agamemnon as besieging. His poem cannot have been intended as a literal history of the war. But the discovery that at about the same time Mycenæ and Tiryns in Greece and a city in Asia Minor, within a couple of miles of the place where Homer places Troy, were wealthy and powerful cities, gives incomparably greater probability to the belief that Homer's story was "founded on fact."

Schliemann had two small railroads constructed to carry away the debris, and intended to remove the entire great mass of earth, more than thirty feet deep, which covered the ruins of the second city from below (for the site has never remained long unoccupied, and the ruins of five or six successive settlements form layers, which are distinguished with greater or less ease), of which the ruins contain the most marks of wealth and culture, and bear the clearest resemblance to those of Tiryns and Mycenæ;—all being from about the fourteenth to the tenth centuries B. C.

But last December, Schliemann was taken suddenly ill when alone in the streets of Naples, and died within a few hours. His remains were conveyed to Athens, and interred on January 4. The American Minister and the Director of the American School of Classical Studies made addresses at the funeral, which was largely attended,—by the King and Queen of Greece as well as by many men of science, learning, and public life.

Schliemann's services to science consist rather in the material which he furnished than in the use which he himself made of that material. His inferences were often hasty, and his methods unsatisfactory. But his work of a score of years ago must not be judged as if it were of to-day. We must remember that he was a pioneer in excavating, and that what has now become a science was then in its very infancy. He was quick to learn from his critics, and no one has done more than he to establish fixed rules for the conduct of excavations. He had no divining rod for the discovery of treasure. He often erred. He undertook excavations which yielded no results, and several times stopped digging just too soon. Thus he hastily concluded that the mound on the battlefield of Marathon contained nothing of interest, but renewed digging by the Greek Archæological Society, a year ago, found many interesting indications that this was the tomb of the Athenians who fell in the battle with the Persians. He had his little weaknesses, like most men. He wanted his attendants to have ancient Greek names. Even his overseers were asked to take the name of *Ilus* instead of Gregory, and *Laomedon* instead of George. His personal attendants in 1882 were Œdipus and Jocasta, who we may be sure were not thus baptized. He named his oldest son Agamemnon and his oldest daughter Andromache.

Schliemann was by nature a man of affairs rather than a scholar. He desired the excitement of making brilliant discoveries. But that a man of business should be ready to give his money and his time to such work, is worthy of all praise. The occupation must have been much more wearisome than that by which he gained $50,000 a year. The inconveniences and hardships of life at Hissarlik were enough to discourage most men. The weather was generally either too cold or too hot. No material comforts or society were to be found in the neighborhood. A squad of soldiers was needed for personal safety. Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann themselves had to be on guard all the time, to watch the workmen who might ignorantly destroy what was of archæological value or appropriate any treasures which might be found. Only the most lively enthusiasm could continue the work of excavation against such obstacles.

Professor Sayce's words may form a fit conclusion to this sketch: "Schliemann has introduced a new era into the study of classical antiquity and has given the impulse to that 'research with the spade' which is producing such marvelous results through the Orient, and nowhere more than in Greece itself. The light has broken over the peak of Ida, and the long-forgotten ages of prehistoric Hellas and Asia Minor are bathed in it before us. We now begin to know how Greece came to have the strength and will for that mission of culture to which we of this modern world are still indebted. We can penetrate into a past of which Greek tradition had forgotten the very existence."

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AMERICAN GLASS WORKERS.

BY F. M. GESSNER.

IN 1877 Mr. Henry Fountaine, of France, published an elaborate statistical computation of the extent and value of the glass manufacture of the world, in which he arrived at the conclusion that the annual production of glass in the preceding twenty years, had almost doubled; and he estimated the value of the world's annual product at about six hundred million francs.

Marvelous as such industrial growth appears, it has been surpassed in the United States during the last ten years. The glass industry of this country at present embraces almost every variety of manufacture, and is especially remarkable in the production of pressed tableware, in which, for many years past, we have surpassed every other glass-producing country of the earth.

In the manufacture of flint glassware there were 163 furnaces, with 1,559 pots, in operation during the census year of 1880. According to the annual report of Mr. Wm. J. Smith, President of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, June, 1890, there were in operation 273 furnaces, with 2,905 pots, showing an increase of 86.3% in the number of pots during the past ten years. This branch of the industry embraces the manufacture of tableware, medicine vials, globes and shades, flint bottles, lamp chimneys, fine blown flint and colored glass articles, etc.; and taking into consideration the enlarged size of the pots now used, and the faster melting capacity of improved furnaces, largely operated with natural gas, the increased production will closely approach 100%.

A similar expansion has taken place in the manufacture of window glass. Ten years ago there were in operation 88 furnaces, with 768 pots; at present there are 158 furnaces, with a capacity of over 1,400 pots.

The manufacture of green glass bottles and druggist's ware has grown from 88 furnaces in 1880, to 132 furnaces in 1890.

The manufacture of cathedral, architectural, and rough plate glass was confined to two small furnaces in 1880; at present there are 16 furnaces of much larger capacity in successful operation.

Plate glass was manufactured in only ten furnaces, with 116 pots, in 1880; there are at present 48 furnaces, with 922 pots. The production of plate glass amounted to 1,700,227 square feet in 1880; the present product, according to the statement of Mr. James A. Chambers, President of the Standard Plate Glass Company, Butler, Pennsylvania, is 12,000,000 square feet per annum, and the new works, now being built at Irwin, Ford City, and Charleroi, Pennsylvania, will increase the annual production to fully 15,000,000 square feet. The following comparative statement shows at a glance the remarkable development of the American glass industry during the past ten years.

	Furnaces.		*Employees.*	
	1880.	1890.	1880.	1890.
Flint,	162	273	12,640	31,326
Window,	88	158	6,691	9,771
Green,	88	123	3,790	12,203
Plate,	10	48	956	4,625
Cathedral, etc.,	2	16	83	1,200
Total,	350	618	24,160	59,125

Glass workers (or more properly, the skilled workmen directly employed at the most important manipulatory processes of manufacture) are firmly organized in the different branches of the industry, and their trades unions regulate the number of apprentices, the rules for working, the hours of work, the number of articles to be made in a specified time, and the wages to be paid, and all, except the plate glass workers, enforce a summer vacation of from six weeks to two months, during the months of July and August, annually. The number of organized skilled workmen in the window glass industry is about 4,000; in the flint glass branch, 6,700; in the green glass division, 3,200; and in plate glass manufacture, 1,200.

By compact and well-disciplined organization, wages in most branches have been kept above the average paid to skilled mechanics in other industries.

A fair statement of the weekly wages earned by flint glass workers is as follows: pressers, $16 to $25; finishers, $16 to $22; gatherers, $12 to $16; chimney blowers, $20

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to $25; shade makers, $20 to $30, and mold makers, $16 to $24.

Green glass bottle blowers earn from $4.50 to $8 per day; druggist's ware blowers, from $3.50 to $6, according to the class of work.

Plate glass grinders earn from $15 to $24 per week; polishers, from $16 to $24; cutters, $12 to $15; and glass examiners, $18 to $20.

Window glass blowers, on account of the skill and extraordinary strength required in handling large cylinders of double strength glass, aided, also, by a powerful organization which embraces every window glass blower, gatherer, flattener, and cutter in the United States directly employed at the factories, and by vigilantly guarding and restricting the number of apprentices, earn by far the largest wages paid in any branch of the glass industry. The Statistics of Wages, comprising Vol. XX., Tenth Census United States, compiled by Mr. Joseph D. Weeks, from data furnished by R. C. Schmertz and Co., Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, show that the average wages earned by the boss blower (working large sizes of double strength glass) was $14.54 per day in 1882. A statement furnished the writer by Mr. William Loeffler, of R. C. Schmertz and Co., shows that for the settlement of four weeks ending October 16, 1890, the boss blower earned $617 in twenty blowings of eight hours, or $154.25 per week, or $30.85 per each day's work of eight hours, or $3.85 per hour. The average wages of forty blowers at the same works, during the same time, was $208 per four weeks, or $52 for forty hours' work.

Of course it is not fair to assume that this average holds good throughout all the factories, because window glass workers receive 10% less wages in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and Massachusetts, than is paid in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the West. The Window Glass Workers' Union allows this difference in wages, to make up for the cost of fuel, difference in markets, and increased cost of manufacture. Blowers, besides, make the highest wages. Gatherers earn from $80 to $120 per month; flatteners from $90 to $130; cutters, from $80 to $120 per month.

Regarding the social and economic condition of glass workers, it is painful to be forced to admit that, in view of the high wages they earn, the majority of them do not improve their opportunities to secure intellectual or material advancement. One of their number, still in the prime of life, who diligently saved and judiciously invested his earnings, so that at the age of forty years he secured an interest in one of the finest factories in this country, writing of this phase of the subject, says: "I am sorry to say that the number of our people who have risen from the ranks to higher positions, is indeed very small, considering their opportunities. This may be largely due to the high wages earned by glass workers. There are but few professions that offer the same return with as limited education as one finds among the members of our craft."

In spite of this pessimistic view, it is a pleasure to record that a considerable number make the best use of their earnings, and embrace the opportunities thereby afforded for intellectual improvement. A very fair proportion own their homes, and take pride in making them all that the homes of American workmen should be. Many of them possess fine libraries; are extensive readers of the best literature; their homes are elegantly furnished, and adorned with etchings, engravings, and paintings of the better class, and their children are provided with all the educational and religious advantages that parental ability can procure. Their wives and daughters are largely interested in social and industrial reforms; many take a leading part in Christian work; others are valiant laborers in the cause of temperance, and still others, as in Pittsburgh, have opened schools for the free training, education, and advancement of the working girls of that crowded, enterprising, and busy city.

During July and August of each year, on account of the excessive heat, no work is done in any of the glass factories under control of the workers' unions. This annual cessation of work acts as a trade tonic, a regulator of prices, and allows demand to gain on supply. During these months their conventions assemble, and, guided by another year's experience, they proceed to alter, amend, enact, and repeal laws in conformity with the changed conditions of trade. Wage committees are appointed to confer with like committees of the manufacturers, wages are agreed on for the following year; new articles of manufacture are listed, and the number to be made per day and wages to be paid therefor, are mutually agreed upon.

During these two months the great majority hie away from the hot furnaces before

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which for ten months they have exhaled the breath that formed the multifarious products of the glass blower, and fly to the mountains, or beside tree-fringed stream or restless ocean, surrounded by their wives and children, they inhale the pure, health-giving air of the open country, recuperate their wasted energies, lay themselves close to nature's pulse, and, like school-weary children during vacation, forget the world and laugh at care.

But all of them do not forget the serious business of life. Some of them, following the idea that a change of work is also a rest, attend college and fit themselves to serve society in avocations and professions more congenial to their tastes, and in closer accord with their aspirations and ambitions.

As a result of such a course, Thomas M. Farrell was selected to represent the people of New Jersey in the State Legislature; Andrew Burtt stepped from the foot-bench of a window glass factory into a professor's chair, became the author of an excellent grammar, published a splendid primer, and dedicated the largest part of his life to the cause of education in Western Pennsylvania. His family closely followed his example. Several daughters became enthusiastic and successful educators; one of his sons left the bottle blower's stand and became one of Pittsburgh's successful business men; another son left the mold shop and represented the people of Wheeling in the West Virginia House of Delegates. Charles Gleason and John Corcoran, members of the West Virginia Legislature, were flint glass workers, and John A. Howard, who studied law while working at a Wheeling glass factory, is at present Prosecuting Attorney of West Virginia. Andrew C. Robertson, formerly a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and now a successful Pittsburgh lawyer, was once a bottle blower.

Indeed, the number of those who have risen from the ranks and won honor and distinction in what the world chooses to call "higher spheres of usefulness," would make a "roll of honor" of which any class of mechanics should justly feel proud. Some are in the pulpits preaching the Word of Life; others are leading little children up the steps of letters to the light-flooded heights of literature and knowledge, expanding their mental vision and flooding souls with the light and love of God.

Most of the glass manufacturers of to-day, who, by years of patient research, sacrifice, and toil, have succeeded in accomplishing the industrial independence of the United States, and made their country the most formidable competitor of the century-old glass-producing nations of the Old World, until from a glass-importing, we are rapidly (far more rapidly than history has ever recorded of any other nation) changing into a great glass-exporting nation—most of these manufacturers were formerly glass workers, and learned their trades in American factories. L. L. Pierce, stockholder in, and superintendent of, the immense American Plate Glass Works of the W. C. De Pauw Co., New Albany, Indiana, was formerly a window glass blower. Alexander Chambers, father of James A. Chambers, the largest window glass manufacturer in the United States, was a window glass blower, and afterward a large manufacturer; Terrence Campbell, whose descendants still operate a works in Pittsburgh, was a window glass blower before he became a manufacturer; so were Joseph S. Stewart and Harrison Estep, proprietors of a large works at Marion, Indiana; the Hirshes and Elys, of Covington and Blossburg, Pennsylvania, sprang from families of glass workers; Charles Hurrle, of Toledo, and Samuel J. Tappan, of Findlay, Ohio, worked at the trade before they invested their earnings in glass manufacture.

In flint glass manufacture the above list can be duplicated, without even making a fair beginning: the Bakewells, Pears, Bryces, Adamses, Atterburys, Ripleys, Wards, David and Thomas Evans, and Jenkin Jones, of Pittsburgh; the Leightons, of Wheeling; James Dalzell, Wm. Patterson, and David Jenkins, of Findlay, Ohio, all rose, by slow gradations, from the glass blower's bench, the finisher's chair, or the presser's stand.

Just a little below these are the managers and metal makers, the designers of forms and shapes, and the inventors of new processes and improved machinery. They take care of the producing end of the business, avoid waste, oversee and direct, regulate and adjust, properly apportion the work, attend to details, and keep things straight generally. As a rule they are those who once were "glass house boys," who, by dint of application and intelligence, merited a place above the common average. Many of these men were formerly members or officers of glass workers' unions.

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The influence of these unions on the whole has been good. They increase in power as they grow older, and experience begets conservatism. There is the best of feeling between employers and workmen. They meet in conference on trade matters on perfect equality, and mutually discuss existing differences in the spirit which ever marks the intercourse of gentlemen. During the recent tariff tinkering, committees of manufacturers and workmen went to Washington and jointly enlightened our statesmen as to the amount of protection their industry required. The character of their statistical data and the arguments advanced may be inferred from the fact that they succeeded in securing tariff advances on many glass products.

Human progress has ever been slow, and slowest of all along those lines on which moral gains must be accomplished by changing deeply-rooted habits and customs.

There are before us, as we write, two ledgers in which Jeremiah Fox, who manufactured window glass at Nassau, Rensselaer County, New York, from 1801 to 1806, kept the accounts of the workmen. There was a company store in connection with the works from which goods were furnished the employees. These old ledgers show that a "quart of spirits" cost 2 shillings, 9 pence, and a quart of rum 2 shillings, 6 pence. The frequency of these charges for "spirits" and "rum" is sufficient to cast suspicion on the reputation for sobriety and temperance of those pioneers of the American window glass industry.

Since that day the cause of sobriety and total abstinence has made considerable progress, not only among workmen but among manufacturers. We do not believe that there is a single glass manufacturer in the United States to-day who would sell his workmen liquor. More than that, they all prohibit the use of intoxicating drink in their works, and most of them peremptorily discharge all violators of this rule.

Some go even further than that. Some years ago a workman at Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, got drunk, and while in that condition quarrelled with and beat his wife. One of the proprietors immediately discharged him. A few days later the offender penitently confessed his error, apologized, and begged for re-instatement. Mr. Schmertz turned squarely on him and said, "You know that I never tolerate a drunkard in my works. But that is not your only offense. I want you to understand that no man, drunk or sober, who is mean enough to beat his wife, can ever work for me."

All glass workers' unions take advanced ground on the liquor question. The window glass workers impose heavy fines on all members who carry intoxicating liquors into the works, and allow summary discharge for drunkenness. The flint glass workers, green glass blowers, and plate glass workers enforce similar prohibitive laws, and the results have been marked and gratifying. As a whole, the influence of these organizations, officered almost exclusively by native Americans, is thrown in favor of sobriety, temperance, and social purity; and among officers and members there are thousands who daily strive and materially aid in hastening the dawn of the day in which, though our race may not all be "pure and good," it shall yet steadily move toward grander heights and vaster issues than ever occupied its attention in the past.

THE COUNTRY BOY WHO GOES TO A GREAT CITY.

BY THEODORE TEMPLE.

A FARM may seem a lonely place, when the nearest neighbors are miles away; but it is not so lonely as a great city to an utter and solitary stranger unused to city life. The very multitude of people, among whom to him there is no familiar face, makes his loneliness the more oppressive. The crowd streams by him as if careless of his very existence. He feels that he is nobody in this mass. His heart fails as he sees all these people apparently so indifferent to his happiness or his misery. They pass into homes from which he is barred, and he can only imagine what goes on within. He is surrounded with men and women, and yet for the first time in his life he feels that he is altogether shut out from human sympathy.

Young or old, a man grows homesick under such circumstances; he longs for companionship and for some manifestation of

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friendliness, for some recognition of him as a fellow-being. And it is when he gets into that state of depression that he is most in danger as a stranger in a great city. Then, unless he is on his guard, he is most likely to make acquaintances who will bring him into trouble; for it is easier to pick up bad companions than good. The bad are lying in wait for him, while the good may be as cautious about forming intimacies with strangers as he ought to be himself. He can find men enough who will be glad to drink with him and to return the favor by introducing him to the wickedness of the town, and perhaps leaving him in the end to pass a night at the police station. Such men are always about hotels, and there are drinking places on almost every corner.

Therefore when a boy starts out from his country home to try his fortune in a great city, he needs most of all to take a good stock of principles with him. He must brace up his courage as if he were going into battle, for he is sure to have a fight of it, and he will need all his moral fortitude to stand out against the temptations which will wreck his career beyond peradventure if he yields to them. What he seeks he cannot get except in the fierce competition which results from the struggle of many thousands to obtain the same prize. If he slips, there are multitudes around him to take advantage of his mischance and to leave him far behind in the chase. He must keep himself always in training, both moral and physical, and waste none of his resources. He will require every bit of his energy and every atom of principle in him will be put to the test. He must be prepared to help himself, for he will get very little help from anybody else.

Yet a strong and self-reliant boy may stand the ordeal, bitter as it is, if he is willing to work and to control himself, if he has a place for his labors secured in advance, and if he begins his city career aright. He should never come until he has found such a place by previous exploration either on his own account or through his friends. Hunting for work in a great city is a terrible experience for a stranger unaccustomed to its ways. One may see columns of advertisements of "Help Wanted" in the newspapers, and therefore think that the opportunities are abundant; but the fact is that for every place advertised there are scores of applicants; sometimes there are hundreds. Let a man advertise once only for a clerk or an office boy, and it will take almost a meal sack to hold the answers he will get. If he has told the applicants to call in person, a village schoolhouse would hardly hold them all; and people passing by will wonder what has brought so great a collection of boys together, boys of all sorts, sizes, and conditions, every one eager and expectant. Let a country lad see the crowd once and he will get some notion of the competition he must be prepared for when he comes to town to make his way. Therefore the true course for him is not to leave home finally until he has secured a foothold in the strange place.

One reason why the number of these lads looking for work is so great, is that so many of them are of poor quality. When they get places they do not remain in them long, either because their employers are dissatisfied with them or because they themselves do not like the work. They are not steadfast, patient, and willing, but are fickle, easily dissatisfied, self-indulgent, and capricious. They want to do as little as they can for the pay. They are more interested in their pleasures than their work, and they like change and novelty. Moreover, their training and habits are bad. They do not husband their strength, but expend it in dissipation, and therefore turn up in the morning already exhausted. They smoke cigarettes in great quantities, and in the evening they are wandering about the streets, or are found in drinking places and pool rooms. If they can raise the money they go to the theater. They do not look ahead and save their capital of energy for a long pull. They do not increase their stock of knowledge by study. They prefer to have fun, and they pay heavily for it in the loss of capacity for the labor they must do to get the means to obtain the fun.

Every great city has thousands of lads and young men of that sort, and from their ranks are recruited the hoodlums, the petty thieves, the bar-room loafers, and the criminal driftwood of society in general. The most of them may not get down so low as that; but they do not rise in the world. They are subordinates always. They are incapable of competing with the wiser youth who are provident of their strength and their money, and who create a demand for their services by making themselves really useful.

Hence a country boy who comes to town

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must come prepared to work fully as hard as he has worked at home on the farm, and to exercise no less, but even greater, self-restraint amid the temptations to indulgence so infinite in their variety. He need not fear that his worth will go undiscovered, for it is sure to be found out in due time. He will be gauged according to his merits, and every good quality, high ability, and sound principle in him will tell in the result. Even if his conscientious devotion to duty does not seem to be recognized at first, it will win its reward in the end. It is a quality not so frequent as to have lost any of its value, no matter how great the city in which it is displayed. It is never a drug in the market, but is always in demand. Once let a lad win a reputation for entire trustworthiness, and he has secured the foundation of success. If to that he adds industry, if he is never afraid of work, and is not too fastidious as to what the work shall be, putting his hand to any honest employment that offers rather than remain idle, he can build on such a foundation to good purpose, as the measure of his abilities is. He cannot tell whether a particular business will lead him to fortune. The humblest occupations may have in them the richest rewards; but he may be sure that with health, strength, prudence, good habits, good associations, constant effort for improvement, and careful regard for the interests of his employers, he will never have to beg for his bread, and the chances of his elevation will be more than the chances of his failure.

The first thing for a boy coming to a great city to do, is to take pains to start with right associations. In every such town there are innumerable circles of society. The community is too large for everybody to know each other, and therefore it divides up into many circles of common acquaintances, and in each of these the members are as well known to one another as are the inhabitants of a village. They are good and bad, evil in their influences and injurious in their tone and spirit, or salutary and helpful. The idle and the luxurious, the rich and the prosperous and the fashionable make up a society of their own; but it is not the society for a young man who has his fortune to make as a stranger. It is self-indulgent, and he must be self-restrained. It makes a pastime of life, and he must make of it a struggle. There is also a vicious society, with many ramifications, which he cannot enter without going down to destruction. He must also avoid association with the frivolous and pleasure-seeking people who make light of sacrifice to duty and estimate a man according to his superficial quality only. They keep a young fellow down, instead of stimulating his ambition to rise, and they are his enemies and not his friends. Yet that is the society into which he is most likely to fall if he chooses his companions among those who pose as "good fellows." Really they are very bad fellows as associates for any one who has the serious work of life to do, and who needs to preserve all his faculties and all his moral equilibrium to do it.

Where, then, shall the country boy go for society? The best place is to a church. In these days a city church is the center of many social no less than religious activities. It is a life of industry in which men and women engage, so that something is going on ceaselessly, something to interest and to give scope for the ability of a young fellow and to satisfy his social instincts and demands. It is a community in itself, and nobody can belong to it for any considerable length of time and exhibit sympathy with its ambitions and projects without fitting into some place where he can display his capacities and win due consideration because of them. He will make friends and useful friends. He will have the social life and the social surroundings necessary for him. He should go to church from the first and regularly; make himself known to the pastor, and then without putting himself forward take a hand in all the undertakings of the parish. If he is patient the reward will come.

Even apart from merely religious profit, such association will be of inestimable advantage to a youth who goes to town a stranger. There is much talk in these days about "rings" and "combines" for evil purposes; but there is one ring which is always good and beneficent in its objects, and it is the circle of the church. Inside it a young man forms the intimacies which most contribute to his practical success, to say nothing of his spiritual health. He enjoys the advantage of belonging to a fraternity. "Your grand mistake," said an old and distinguished lawyer to a brilliant member of the New York bar, whose talents had not won him the secure place to which they seemed to entitle him, "was in not allying

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yourself with some church when you came to New York. You are admired for your genius, but you are not respected for your character. You have squandered your time on useless associates, you have got no strong foothold in the public confidence, and men of inferior natural capacity have gone ahead of you." That may not have been a high view to take of the benefits conferred by a church, but so far as it went, it was true. Everybody in a great city needs a social backing; and its character is likely to determine the estimate of the man and to mold his development. Hence it is of prime importance to a boy from the country that he should start right in his associations, so hard is it to throw off associations once formed and to escape from their influence. A man is known by the company he keeps the world over, as the almost universal proverb so truly tells us.

Another essential to the success of a country boy in a great city is to let drinking alone and absolutely. He does not need the stimulus, and the habit of drinking is responsible for most of the personal and business failures in both country and town. It is a bad sign when a young man's breath smells of alcohol. Confidence in him is impaired, and oftentimes more among those who drink themselves than among those who abstain. The drinkers know what it means. They know by experience that the first effect of alcohol is to weaken the judgment. They know that when the habit of drinking is once formed it usually becomes more and more fixed and demands greater and greater quantities of the stimulant, so that habitual drinkers are never in their real sober senses. You never can tell when it is safe to trust them. Drinking by a young man, too, suggests the possibility of dangerous companionship, of which employers are always fearful.

In Wall Street, the great financial and speculative center, there is a vast amount of drinking. Brokers will rush out of the Stock Exchange on a day of excitement to gulp down cocktails to bolster up their nerves and to give them "whisky courage." But they are the small fellows, who come and go, make money one day and lose it the next, and by the time they are middle-aged men, and even before, they pass away burned out and broken down in nerve, if not in mind. The great leaders, the permanently successful men of Wall Street, are not found among them. These, almost invariably, are sober and abstemious men; for they want all their wits about them at all times. They are afraid of "whisky courage," and leave it to the fools whose folly contributes to their wealth. Jay Gould does not drink cocktails; neither does John D. Rockefeller, the President of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the very richest men in the world, himself at the start a poor country boy. They are too wise, and they have seen too many examples of ruin through drinking. The boy who has his way to make should likewise let alcohol alone as too expensive and too dangerous an indulgence for him.

It is not hard to do it. Everybody respects a young man who refuses a drink; and in these days sensible men, even those who are not opposed to drinking on principle, are giving up the consumption of alcohol as a bad practice. They know by experience that it is one of the most serious of the obstacles to material success. Hunt out the real cause of half the bankruptcies and you would find it in drinking. Discover the true cause of the inability of young men to get ahead, and in the majority of cases it would be drinking. The country boy who tries his fortune in the city cannot afford to take that risk. He must be in fighting trim always, with every power at his full command.

He cannot expect to have an easy time of it. People who are not kin to him will not bear with his shortcomings as his own father and mother have done. He must stand erect and of himself, and be prepared to face difficulties even though he have no support of sympathy. He must keep his eyes upon the future while he is doing the best he can in the present. He must be content with little at the beginning, and perhaps for many years, if he is to win the prize of success in the end. But youth is the time in which hardship is best withstood. There is a spring of vitality which is always full. The very obstacles to success heighten the zest of its pursuit. It is not bad for a young fellow to encounter difficulties if he has the real stuff in him; and country boys ought to bring to town a fund of moral and physical health and endurance not easily exhausted. Without it they should not go into the battle with the crowd.

From such boys have come the great majority of the successful men of all professions and all departments of business. Their early training has been under the sharp discipline

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of the hard work and enforced self-denial of farm life. That discipline they have needed even more in town than they did at home in the country. Instead of relaxing it, temptations to self-indulgence have rather steeled them to the more heroic restraint. They have found that it is easy to fail and fall by the way, and that it is hard to conquer, and hardest of all to conquer themselves. The crowd are moving along the tempting paths, and it seems pleasant to go with them until the end of folly to which they tend begins to appear.

If a boy who comes to town can begin by paying his way in the most economical manner, he will do remarkably well. The chances are against his doing as much as that, so great is the demand for places. Some men even pay to have their sons taken into great mercantile establishments, though the general experience of merchants is that the boys who come from poorer homes and have been brought up to hard work are more likely to push ahead. Natives and foreigners who have learned frugality and have known hardship from their boyhood, are getting ahead of those brought up more tenderly. Yet, as I said before, a country boy who must earn his own support from the very beginning should not risk his fortune in a great city until he has found an actual opening there. It is better for him to compel fortune where he is; to improve the chance nearest to his hand; this country is increasing so rapidly in population and in the variety of its industries and their demands that throughout its extent new opportunities for a career are constantly arising. Probably the United States will contain at least 200,000,000 of people by the time boys who read this paper have reached middle life, and are in the prime of their manly power. New cities will grow up by the hundred and new outlets for energy and enterprise will rise. The twentieth century is at hand and it will bring abundance of work and plentiful opportunities for every boy of to-day who lives to enjoy its light and participate in its progress. The chances of fortune in the future will be as great as they have been in the past, and the facilities which a young man can obtain will be more numerous. With very few exceptions—you could count them on the fingers of one hand—the great fortunes of the Union have been accumulated within the last fifty years. All the greatest of them have been made within that period, and they have been made by country boys. But there is something more, better, and higher than a fortune to make. It is character; and there is acquirement more valuable than the acquirement of money, and it is the knowledge which enables a man to get the most out of life and to make himself of the most use, whatever his circumstances, whether he lives among the crowd of a great city or in the solitude of a country farm.

PERIODIC CHANGES IN CLIMATE.

BY E. RICHTER.

Translated from the "Deutsche Rundschau" for "The Chautauquan."

IN the realm of climatology some very broad and important discoveries have been made, which deserve attention. Through the instrumentality of a multitude of particulars, never before brought together in this way, Professor E. Brückner has shown that the climate of all parts of the earth is subject to a certain rhythmical change; that at intervals of about thirty-five years, wetter and cooler periods alternate with the warmer and dryer.

One does not begin to comprehend the wide influence that a solution of this problem would exert, until he considers how extensive the literature is on the question of the invariability or the variability of climate, and how grave an interest it has for practitioners, for farmers, engineers of hydraulics, and navigators.

For a long time it has not been doubted that climatic changes have taken place on the earth. This knowledge is as old as geology; for it was noticed that the animal and vegetable remains found in the deposits of earlier periods, almost absolutely indicated a warmer climate than at present prevails in those locations where they were found. It seems naturally to follow that the earth is in the process of cooling. Besides, physics has a wholly acceptable elucidation

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for this conclusion, in that radiation of the heated interior from the earth's surface is just as easy to comprehend and explain as the diminution of the sun's heat.

Soon invincible objections arose to this lucid explanation.

One, a lesser one, was that in nowise could a uniform cooling have continued through all ages, because, to all appearances, earlier periods of uniform tropical climate have been preceded by a diminution of heat. The chief objection is the ice age or better said, the discontinuation of it. It was in a comparatively very recent geological period, our mountains standing as now, the rivers following their present channels, the divisions of land and sea the same as now, that the Alpine glaciers extended to Munich, Verona, and Lyons. The great Canadian lakes were glacier channels, on the mountains of middle Germany and France lived a polar flora and fauna, and the moving ice extended from Norway's mountains to the Harz Mountains and Reisengebirge, and into the interior of Russia. This forms one of our most valid geological facts. This ice period, however, discontinued; it has come back once, twice perhaps, but the earth has become warm again and free from ice, and new flora and fauna have entered the freed lands. Therefore all explanations are weak which take a general cooling of the earth as the cause of geological and historical climatic changes,—for it is easy to account for the earth's growing colder, but there is no generally accepted explanation why it has become warm again.

It is the popular inclination to conclude that climatic changes have occurred. There are not a few highly educated men who are firmly convinced that in their youth the weather was much better. There is no more spring! Meteorological reckoning can shake as little as an opposing experience those witnesses which have for their foundation a strong subjective sense. Besides they do not lack strong points of support. The most impressive group of facts appears in the Mediterranean coast region, and especially in the southern coast lands. There is no doubt that in the course of ages, a very extensive change has taken place in the vegetation of Italy, Greece, and the islands. Two thousand years ago Italy resembled the middle European countries much more than now; more wooded, more humid, possessing northern varieties of vegetation, also cooler.

In the border lands of the great African Desert, or in the desert itself, indications multiply that formerly the climate was more humid and less desert-like. There are numerous Roman monuments which stand in utterly waste parts of the desert, wells and water conduits without a drop of water.

Another very striking proof has been brought forth for the constancy of climate. There is no nicer indicator of climate than a lake with no outlet. Every increase of rain and likewise decrease of temperature is immediately noticeable, so that the effect is, in a certain sense, doubled. An increased water ratio would supply more evaporation; but an increase of rainy weather is connected simultaneously with a retrenchment of sunshine, so that the evaporation will be less, instead of greater. Thus the directory for the course of a ship must reckon for the most trifling weather-changes. Now, as it seems, observations on the bogs having prospered, with the help of a French leveling it is finally shown that one of the chotts, or salt lakes without outlet, which are found in the south of Tunis, could not have had a higher water level than at present. The attempts of the French officer Roudaire to connect the chotts with the sea, have lead to a positive admission that the elevation of ancient ruins and the old water levels could be determined.

No doubt the assertion of 1770 that the level of most European waters was rapidly sinking attracted the greatest attention. Internal navigation and the technical application of water-power were seriously endangered. Progressive congresses and assemblies, even parliaments, considered the question; they hit upon that explanation, which, it seems, always is ready, i. e., the increasing destruction of forests, and required an effectual forest protection by law. But this is a mooted question. Technical authorities deny the usefulness of the data employed. Finally the debates ceased, because complaints of water failure ceased; no further sinking has taken place.

Similar accounts of variations in water levels, often contradictory, of course, have been reported from other parts of the earth. Thus Utah has grown larger; in central North America, especially, the climate has become moister with the increase of tillage.

Thus we have the facts that an important

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number of climate changes have been noted, that a decision from them must be based upon meteorological principles—not on human exertion alone,—indeed even on most weighty questions, such as the influence of forests, contrary views are expressed—also that changes in climate are not always alike every time.

This last consideration suggests an explanation by cyclic changes. But hitherto this also has been vain. In particular the earth's connection with the eleven-year cycle of the sun's spots, which is perceptible in its effect on the northern lights and magnetic forces, fails utterly. It is easily understood, too, when one reflects, that the only preliminary question not yet solved is, Does the sun radiate more heat when with or without spots?

Yet if there were no meteorological tables to substantiate the assertion, there can be no doubt that quantities of heat and showers vary in cycles. This fact is demonstrated by glaciers. Every glacier and every lake without outlet is a close indicator of climate. The glacier's position must change according to the quantity of snow feeding it, and the power of heat dissolving it. The changing cold and warm, wet and dry years, must play a part in the changing condition of the glacier's length and thickness. It is for this reason that glaciers advance and retreat in very long periods instead of in single years. The position of a glacier at any time is not the result of the preceding year, but of the average properties of a whole succession of years,—in a certain measure, a highly complicated, but validly authorized mean. It is known that the height and depth of glaciers have changed in the last century, that in 1770, 1820, and 1850 glaciers were large, in 1800, 1830, and since 1860 small, until 1880, when another period of increase began. The levels are known for 1600, 1680, and 1718; and a reporter has been able recently to point out those for 1630 and 1740.

The next thing to do was to investigate whether any meteorological notes revealed traces of inconstancy of climate, which thus necessarily must be inferred. Indeed there are so few of the lists which reach back far enough, that the discovery of rainy and dry seasons, as determining the prosperity of the lang and trout, which correspond to these glacier changes, would offer an explanation only for mountainous circumstances.

It is Brückner's great advantage that he has made his investigations universal. The water levels of lakes with no outlet, and of lakes with outlets, records of rain and heat, of air pressure, finally the historical accounts of good and poor years, and the beginning of the trees' dropping, were ascertained for an area of the whole world as far as practical; they gave the surprising result, that changes of heat and moisture actually take place, and in the same periodical succession as for glaciers.

Brückner first examined lakes, beginning with the Caspian Sea, whose condition could be traced into the preceding century by the aid of several watermarks. Still better results were yielded by accounts of the Sea's reaching the walls of Baku and of the vanishing of several flat islands. The maximum of water level was reached in 1743, 1780, 1809, 1847, and 1879; the minimum in 1715, 1766, 1845, and 1856 to 1860. A variation in rainfall in the river basins, is indicated by the meteorological notes for the last fifty years, for which time we have sufficient material; but simultaneously there was a change of temperature. Indeed, these changes can be traced back much further from accounts of the endurance of ice on the Russian rivers. Here, too, the periods of longer and shorter durations vary, and in accordance with the water level of the Caspian Sea, and the glaciers. Many other lakes in different continents were examined, and with few exceptions show the last great change to be a universal phenomena, that is the change from the high-water level of 1850 to the low level of 1860 and 1865, and back again to the high level of 1880.

That varying of streams and bodies of water is caused by a variation in the quantity of rain, is the result deduced by three hundred and twenty-one stations distributed throughout the earth. The observations of only four stations reach as far as the beginning of the eighteenth century; the great majority begin in 1831 or yet later. The result is: Everywhere on the earth, the quantity of rain varies in comparatively long periods; there are groups of ten or fifteen years when everywhere it falls below the average and again above it. In four-fifths of the observations the variations repeatedly corresponded to the lake and glacier variations. The exceptional regions in which they did not correspond, lie on the shores of the

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ocean; but farther in the interior of continents the differences are greater in the quantity of rain through the wet and dry periods, therefore also the times agree better. In Europe an average of the variations for many years gave ten per cent; whereas in the interior of Siberia at the time of maximum there was more than double the amount of rain which fell at the time of minimum. In the interior of America the difference was just as much; thus for the plains of the earth collectively, the variation is uniform and certainly highly significant.

It now would seem that the temperature must follow a like variation, for rainy weather is always cooler than fair, for the simple reason that clouds shut out the sunshine. Fortunately this assumption stands the test. The observations of numerous stations report a periodical variation of temperature, in the same manner as of the other element. Since also these observations did not extend over a sufficient length of time, Brückner finally resorted to another climate indicator, the beginning of the vine harvests, accounts of which in a number of French and Swiss localities date back to 1391. During the last century this element has kept pace so exactly with the other, that he made it a point of support for the progress of climate variation through five centuries,—a late vintage always signifying a cool and rainy period, an early one, a warm and dry period.

By these means the fact of climate changes seems to be fully demonstrated. The same character of weather certainly is repeated in periods whose length varies between twenty-five and forty years. On an average the periods equal about thirty-five years. It must not be understood that in humid periods there are only wet and cold years, in dry periods only dry and warm ones. It is only a preponderance of such years in the respective periods, with which we are concerned, and which does not exclude the interposition of dry years in a wet period nor *vice versâ*. Were it not so, the circumstances would not have remained so long hidden. However, our diligent investigator has extended his supports a step further. As is well known, the incidental weather depends upon the distribution of air pressure, and a certain kind of weather change prevails through a corresponding change of air pressure. Although every newspaper reader is accustomed to hear of the state of air pressure, maximum and minimum, and to acknowledge the deducted predictions with more or less superstition, yet the attendant circumstances are so complicated that a detailed explanation must be omitted; perhaps it will be enough to say that also the air pressure, as ascertained at a great number of stations, agrees with the discovered pace of the periods. The difference of air pressure between the sea and land is greater in warm and dry periods than in damp; hence when the influx of the sea on the land is reduced, the climate becomes more continental.

Therefore we have arrived at these conclusions. The climate changes, and with it, harvests, rivers, seas, and glaciers. The periods are from about thirty-five to thirty-six years long; the result is by no means inconsiderable. Of this there can be no further doubt. But what is the cause? Air pressure itself is not primary, it is only a result. But of what? There is nothing left unless to think of that force which everywhere in the play of nature's forces on the earth represents the active principle, the motor, i. e., the sun's rays. If the intensity of the sun's rays varies periodically, then the difference of air pressure is explainable, and with it, variations in the character of the weather, which modify rivers, seas, and glaciers. Physical and astronomical observations have not been taken on the corresponding inequality of the sun's radiation; but that cannot weaken the evidence of Brückner's comparisons. Only one thing is certain, it is not the sun-spot periods which bring back the climate changes.

Not many more words need be said on the consequences of the discovery. Above all, observations on so-called climate changes have been given a new turn: A statistic comparison yields the cheering result, that the prospects, whether the earth's climate will be dryer or more humid, varies as the climate varies. In 1870, after the experience of a very distinctly marked dry period, the common cry was that the earth was in the process of desiccation. Twenty years from that time the opposite was the case; it was commonly believed that the earth was cooling. Thus, at present, when the Swiss glaciers are advancing again, and a series of cool and rainy summers has annoyed the traveling public, it will be no hap if some scholars should be of the opinion that the ice time is coming again; although this has never been said

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to my knowledge by any competent person.

There are areas for which the changes of climate are very serious affairs. In the interior of Siberia as in the Great Basin, the dry part of North America, a dry period certainly brings bad harvests, failure of brooks, and with it a considerably lessened area of useful land. On the contrary, a wet period, in many parts of Europe, causes a poor crop of grapes and other useful plants requiring heat.

But the evidences of the former climate changes must be subjected to further proof. Surely many inferences can be differently made from appearances formerly seeming excessive, if one conceives them not as witnesses of a different climatic condition, but of a climate change. Many traces of great waters in the desert, riverbeds, and appearances of erosion will be intelligible if one keeps in mind that the few recent changes, which we know accurately, differed very much in proportion, so that without hesitation we may accept as practicable a result exceeding a degree known to us; for instance, water or glacier conditions which materially surpass the present. It is no fantastic representation to picture these inequalities arranged in a cycle so that the earth's climate changes not only in periods of thirty-five years, but, in yet greater periods besides, according to the intensity of the shorter periods. With that we have actually reached, if not an explanation, yet a conception of such great climate changes, as the geological ages, especially the ice periods.

NEW YORK AS AN ART CENTER.

BY C. M. FAIRBANKS.

IF you will hold up a black hat against the summer landscape, you will see how hopelessly beyond the power of pigments to express appear the splendid light and color of the view, and so you will perceive, by means of this simple experiment, just what the problem is that confronts and invites the out-of-door painter of to-day. It is a fascinating thing, this quest of the unattainable; and no wonder that the ambitious painter yields himself, with half closed eyes, to the contemplation of the splendid sunlit view, and yearns for power to fix it upon his canvas.

And this, in a word, is the purpose and aim of the newest movement in painting, as followed in New York by the disciples of its Parisian founders. Monet is their Moses, and their promised land is all that lies out in sunshine. Monet is the recognized leader of the impressionists; but impressionism as exemplified in his works is a very literal and matter-of-fact thing as compared with some of the shadowy and visionary achievements of the affected extremists of his cult, whose eccentricities have reflected little credit upon their avowed master.

The modern school, which now engages the attention of the painters of this metropolis, is the progressive school so-called, and it has attracted to itself all the younger men of cleverness. It aims to paint nature as she appears to the eye trained to the perception of her subtler qualities of color and tone and atmospheric vibration and the light of heaven, and all this upon a foundation of strong and accurate drawing. It is a revolt against the art that is literal and photographic, the art that records the grain of wood, the individual spear of grass, and the known color of objects instead of the apparent tints and tone as affected by conditions of light and atmosphere and reflection.

The public—and by the term I mean, of course, the unpracticed and inexpert observer—appears to have found some difficulty in comprehending the aims of some of the modern painters of this French fashion. It is not easy, perhaps, for the untutored to see things as they really appear to the eye educated to scrutinize the works of nature. One is apt to fancy that the long, luminous, purple shadows of the afternoon sun that fall across the yellow wheat field in the picture, for instance, should have been gray—it is the common idea of the color of shadows—or that the sunlit lawn should appear to be of the definite color of the familiar blade of grass, rather than as painted in the diluted golden green of bleached celery tops. It is a simple trick, but if one will but gaze for a long moment at a summer landscape, under half

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closed eyelids he will realize in effect the picture as it presents itself to the vision of the painter of the modern French school.

That the extreme exponents of this school are somewhat in advance of the popular taste and understanding, has been indicated by two recent exhibitions of pictures in New York. Mr. J. H. Twachtman, one of the most progressive and most capable of the instructors in the Art Students' League, presented a beautiful collection of works in oil, water color, and pastel, attractively arranged in the Wunderlich gallery, but they were caviare to the general. Mr. Twachtman has loved to paint in a minor key and in lovely silver grays, but in this last display of his works he has bloomed out in full sunlight; and while the decorative beauty of his compositions in respect of tone, harmony, and color is apparent to every eye that is at all susceptible to pictorial charm, as faithful transcripts of phases of natural scenes, his pictures are apt to be over the head of the casual spectator. Another young artist, Aug. Franzèn, a Swede, but lately come to New York, fresh from the enthusiasm of study in Paris, recently showed a hundred examples of his work in water color, for the most part done in the most daring and glaring of midsummer sunlight effects. They were admired by the artist for their technical qualities and for the sincerity with which difficult problems had been undertaken, if not solved, but the prices obtained for them at auction showed how little the public had appreciated the motives of the painter. Some of his gray November effects were more readily understood, and yet his sunlight effects were undeniably clever, and undeniably beautiful. But the question of their truthfulness to nature, which may have been open to some debate, was settled by the picture buyers, apparently to their satisfaction, in the negative.

But it is some comfort to the honest and earnest painter to believe, as he has a good deal of reason for believing, that the picture buyer is sometimes wrong in his judgment. The commercial value of a picture is too often accepted as the standard of taste, and commercial value is very much a matter of fashion. Corot and Daubigny have long been popular idols, and good examples of Corot and Daubigny are of course as good as they ever were, and that is very good indeed; but their earlier and inferior paintings and studies, for which their studios and the shops were ransacked after their death, pass current now for the works of masters and are squabbled over at well advertised auction sales, not for their merits, but for the distinguished names they bear. In the popular taste, as stimulated by the dealer in works of art, the name's the thing. That won, by whatever chance, and the market may be flooded, to the dealer's advantage, with hack work for which the fashionable collectors of means will fall over one another in their eagerness to buy.

And what of an American movement in painting? I think it will be admitted that we have no school of recognized characteristics as yet. We may have in time, as we may even hope to have a recognized type of American some day who shall be neither British, French, German, Asiatic, or African. And in art as in literature we surely have some examples of hopeful promise. We are not without clever native painters, men of originality, ability, and high purpose, but there is yet lacking a something—perhaps it is an atmosphere or environment calculated to produce and to foster a native movement of consequence.

Two instances may be cited of young Americans who have won recognition on independent lines, and quite apart from the influences of Paris or Munich. They are not all, by any means, but they serve to show in a measure what may be done on native soil and with native materials and inspiration. Mr. F. S. Church and Frederic Remington may be regarded as aborigines in our present art. Neither has studied abroad, and yet one has achieved distinction, both at home and abroad, and the other has given great promise with every prospect of due fulfillment, when he shall have lived through his present period of crudity and overproduction. Mr. Church first attracted public attention by his black and white drawings for the illustrated papers of the drolleries of the Central Park Menagerie. He found a knack of imbuing the animals there with almost human traits and has painted the patient majesty of the captive king of the beasts, the complacence of the stork, the mock wisdom of the owl and the buffoonery of the monkey; but best of all he has created a new type of American girl and in his poetic fantasies has made her, in simple, unaffected beauty, the mistress of the lawless creatures at her feet, holding them subdued in a leash of roses.

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Mr. Remington "has come out of the West" with whirling lariat and clanking of spurs and trappings. He dreams none of Mr. Church's charming fancies. His art is wide awake and shouting. Mr. Church has given us an original type of young womanhood. Mr. Remington's contribution is of a broncho, flying through a cloud of dust thrown up by his own inspired heels as he tears across the plain like a tornado. Mr. Remington is still known chiefly as an illustrator, and so, too, was Mr. Church for a long time, but Remington has done serious and hopeful work with a brush, though it is as unconventional as one of his own subjects taken from the frontier.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is another artist who might have been included with the two whom I have mentioned to illustrate what art may spring from our native soil. His first work was done here, but the fulfillment of that early promise has come during his later residence in England, where, still claimed as an American, he ranks as our leading illustrator. His rank as a painter is second to that as a draftsman in black and white.

I have cited these popular instances. But there is a very earnest band of young men in New York, few of them so widely known as these whose pictures have been carried into every home through the illustrated magazines, who are working with all their hearts and in the right direction. But they are beset with discouragements, and it is only the brave heart that wins. There is, first of all, the more or less unreasoning preference for pictures signed, no matter by whom, in Paris; and then there is the fashionable demand for pictures, no matter how bad, by men of some name. The picture dealers, of course, cater to both these demands of the picture-buying public, and the man of ambition, yet unrequited, who knows he has painted an honest picture, may find that no one will look at it. And then when some rich man has paid a fabulous price for an enormous canvas because it has been exhibited with theatrical surroundings and advertised like a baking powder or a circus, true ideals of art are unsettled, and the young painter is apt to fancy in his gloomier moments that he must put an exorbitant price upon his picture or it will never appeal to the heart of Midas. Figure painters, too, have a special difficulty in procuring suitable models. In the first place models are scarce, and such as are available hold themselves at prices that often put them beyond the free reach of the painter who has not yet achieved the popularity that passes for success.

Many Americans have proved themselves abroad—J. S. Sargent may be named as such a one—who very likely would never have found the same encouragement at home. Prof. Hubert Herkomer, Whistler, George Hitchcock, Melchers, and Boughton are some of these who have achieved recognition in foreign galleries.

Of the means of art study in New York much might be said. There are many studios here where pupils of ability may find such instruction as they would receive abroad, and the surrounding atmosphere and influences that go so far to the developing and forming of the artistic temperament are to be found here in increasing degree all the time. The treasures of foreign galleries are lacking, of course, though the Metropolitan Museum of Art is rich in Old Masters and modern works of value to art students. It is the great educator in esthetics in this country and it is an institution of which the artists in New York are proud. The Art School of the Metropolitan Museum is an excellent organization enlisting as instructors the assistance of some of the cleverest of the New York artists.

The Academy of Design is the oldest and best known of the art schools of the country and just now it is pleasant to record the fact that it is enjoying an awakening. Not for ten years has so much spirit been displayed as is indicated by the increased attendance in its various classes.

The escape from the rut of old-fogyism in which the Academy has been running for some years is due largely to the young men who have been spurred on by the competition of that lively and progressive rival, the Art Students' League, which was organized some fifteen years ago at a time when the Academy was obliged, for want of funds, to close its doors for a while. Professor Wilmarth from the Academy and later Walter Shirlaw and William M. Chase were its earlier instructors. The League represents the modern idea in art and its methods are in line with those of the best art schools of Paris. Its instructors are among the best of the younger men, who add to natural fitness for their duties the attainments acquired by study in Paris,

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Munich, and Florence. William M. Chase, H. Siddons Mowbray, J. H. Twachtman, J. Carroll Beckwith, B. R. Fitz, W. L. Metcalf, Walter Shirlaw, and Kenyon Cox are names that will give some idea of the spirit and advantages of the League.

Then there are the excellent elementary and technical schools of the Cooper Union and besides some twenty-five such smaller classes as the Sharp Art School, for instance (the successor of the Gotham Art Students), where the student in the metropolis who must do "bread and butter work" in some other direction while studying art, may work from the nude or draped model for a small fee, in the leisure permitted him from a regular occupation. These schools often receive aid from some of the clever painters, and many an artist of talent and pluck has by means of them been able to fit himself to enter the advanced classes of the larger schools.

The public exhibitions of pictures have been unusnally numerous this season and there have been several interesting sales, including that of the much-talked-of Seney collection, in which were a few really great works. The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design excited the widest diversity of opinion. Something like 1,300 pictures were submitted of which room could be found on the walls for but 400. That left at least 900 unfriendly critics, and many of the works admitted provoked almost as many more. But while a lot of uninteresting and unworthy stuff was hung, some of it hung on the line and signed by the respectable Ancients of the academy whose "N. A." gives them certain privileges that their merits do not always warrant, there was still much that was praiseworthy, good, strong work and done in the right spirit. Mr. Hovenden's "Breaking the Home Ties" was one of these, and among others might be worthily mentioned Mr. Tarbell's "Three Sisters," Sargent's admirable "Portrait of a Young Girl," and the contributions of Mr. Curran and Irving Wiles. Curiously enough, when the exhibitors were called together to award the prizes for the best paintings, landscape and figure, there were not present the necessary fifty artists to bestow the Hallgarten prize and so for the second time it was not awarded.

The leading picture show of the year, in the estimation of the artists of the town, is that of the Society of American Artists. It is an interesting exhibition because the best works of the artists are always reserved for it. The Society was organized solely for exhibition purposes by the younger artists who have rebelled against the methods of the Academy that permit preference to be given, in the hanging of the pictures, to the old-fashioned men who fancy that they are "the people" and all artistic wisdom is doomed to die with them. The exhibition of the society opened on April 27. It was a good indication of the work that has been done and the progress made by the most advanced and modern of the painters of the new school.

The small exhibitions of the black and white work of the members of the Salmagundi Club, the charming effects of the Society of Painters in Pastel, of which Robert Blum, who chances just now to be in Japan, is president, and the show of the Architectural League are among the things well worth seeing during the season.

Among the picture exhibitions that have attracted much public attention is that of the Russian traveler, soldier, and lecturer, Verestchagin. His pictures are imposing by reason of their great size and the subjects represented; but M. Verestchagin appears rather as a showman, whose paintings strung together would make a magnificent panorama and illustrate powerfully the thrilling tales he might tell on the lecture platform, of his adventures in the Russian army. His small pictures are not well painted, and the power of his colossal works must be attributed to the life-like realism in scenes of carnage and torture represented in the size of life, rather than to any imaginative qualities or technical felicities.

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TENNYSON'S QUOTABLENESS.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

SOME poets are not easily quotable. They do not abound in short sayings which can stand alone. Shelley suffers from quotation. Tennyson frequently gains by it. Like Wordsworth, he is poetical only in random flashes. He is pre-eminently a phrase-maker. In this respect he resembles Pope, whom he excels as poet and literary artist. He polishes his verses with a skill and taste that amount to genius. This gift is comparable to that of the old gem-engravers. His compact, felicitous utterances are indeed entitled to be called gems—a name commonly misused. His turns of speech are as clear-cut and neatly wrought as an antique cameo or medallion.

Tennyson is not a creator like Phidias or Dante. His art is to be distinguished from theirs. It is decorative rather than creative, but for grace and delicate beauty it is unsurpassed. The effect of his workmanship is like that of chiseled volutes on a column, or the rich tracery of a stained window. It is something harmonious and delightful.

Tennyson's artistic faculty was developed in early life. His quotableness is seen in some of the poems written when he was only nineteen or twenty. "The Lover's Tale," a remarkable composition for a boy to write, contains verses that sound like echoes of his later strains, such as

> The Present is the vassal of the Past,

or

> Nothing in nature is unbeautiful.

Herbert Spencer, in his essay on the "Philosophy of Style," illustrates the power of suggestiveness in words with these lines from "Mariana":

> All day within the dreamy house,
> The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
> The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
> Behind the moldering wainscot shriek'd,
> Or from the crevice peer'd about.

Here the youthful poet proves himself to be a master of rhetorical effects. Several other pieces published in the edition of 1830 have supplied quotable passages, viz.:

> They never learned to love who never knew to weep. —*Love and Sorrow.*

> For it was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid.
> —*Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

> Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. —*The Poet.*

> Kings have no such couch as thine,
> As the green that folds thy grave.
> —*A Dirge.*

> So runs the round of life from hour to hour.
> —*Circumstance.*

> I have not lack'd thy mild reproof,
> Nor golden largess of thy praise.
> —"*My life is full of weary days.*"

In the handbooks and dictionaries of quotations, Tennyson does not occupy so much space as Byron, Wordsworth, and other poets. But the probability is that living writers quote him more than some of the older singers. Those who keep abreast of the literature of the day will bear me out in saying that single lines and short extracts from his works occur with increasing frequency in newspapers, magazines, and recent books. In future compilations Tennyson will undoubtedly be more largely represented.

No other writer has characterized so aptly certain phases of the thought and life of the nineteenth century. The spirit of the age finds in him its best exponent, though not in all respects an adequate exponent. While not a poet of great originality, his personality is so strongly marked that it determines his manner and colors his diction. His instinct for style is surely superior to that of Pope, Wordsworth, or Byron, Keats being his only rival. Although his language is sometimes marred by diffuseness, when at his best Tennyson almost matches Shakspere in conciseness.

Matthew Arnold, in his discriminative lecture on Emerson says, "What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation? Such a phrase, surely, as the 'Patience on a monument' of Shakspere; as the 'Darkness visible' of Milton; as the 'Where ignorance is bliss' of Gray."

It seems to me that Tennyson has furnished several quotations of this kind, if not

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a large number. Among living authors he stands supreme in his ability to coin pithy, telling expressions. One finds many a closely packed, exquisitely worded sentiment of his adorning the printed page, or rising spontaneously to the lips of orators.

Some of the things most often used on account of their consummate brevity and expressiveness are the phrases:

Honest doubt, joyful scorn, graceful tact, solemn gladness, mellow music, barren commonplaces, glorious insufficiencies, a flying smile, the breezy blue, the wizard lightnings, the larger hope, the sacred dust, across the storm, faint Homeric echoes, pretty maiden fancies, one increasing purpose, sweet girl-graduates, rivers of melodies, flash of joy, the dust of change, the falsehood of extremes, breathing of the sea, slender shade of doubt, claims of long descent, in offices of tenderness, argosies of magic sails, the Parliament of man, deep as first love, eager-hearted as a boy, the boyhood of the year, the mystery of folded sleep, the specters of the mind, the tinsel clink of compliment, the roll of the ages, the Vision of the world, the fairy tales of science, the long result of time, the jingling of the guinea, the heir of all the ages, the daughter of a hundred earls, all the current of my being, this gray pre-eminence of man, that jewel'd mass of millinery, fading legend of the past, short swallow-flights of song, echoes out of weaker times, a tide of fierce invective, the sullen Lethe rolling down, one far-off divine event, half-views of men and things, with the process of the suns, beyond the second birth of Death, the herald of a higher race, the perfect flower of human time, the mimic picture's breathing grace, these mortal lullabies of pain, to burst all links of habit, to fool the crowd with glorious lies, portions and parcels of the dreadful past, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

And Tennyson is equally successful in the rare art of making epigrams. He can fashion a truth or develop an idea in a couplet or stanza. Sometimes a single line is sufficient to state a point with perfect clearness and completeness. Hundreds of such quotations have been turned to account by writers and public speakers, many of whom are not aware that they originated with Tennyson. There is room here for only those passages most frequently cited, viz.:

The night comes on that knows not morn.
—*Mariana in the South.*

There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
—*The Miller's Daughter.*

Love is hurt with jar and fret. —*Ibid.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
—*Œnone.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

The spacious times of great Elizabeth.
—*A Dream of Fair Women.*

Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay. —*To J. S.*

A truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.
—*The Epic.*

The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.
—*St. Simeon Stylites.*

The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil.
—*Love and Duty.*

I am a part of all that I have met. —*Ulysses.*

Beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars. —*Ibid.*

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. —*Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight. —*Ibid.*

Woman is the lesser man. —*Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. —*Ibid.*

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.
—*The Two Voices.*

And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.
—*Will Waterproof.*

Till mellow Death, like some late guest.
—*Ibid.*

Name and fame! to fly sublime
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Bandied by the hands of fools.
—*The Vision of Sin.*

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
—*Break, break, break.*

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This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base.
—*To the Queen.*

That man 's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
—*Hands All Round.*

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
—*Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. —*The Brook.*

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world. —*The Princess. II.*

O hard, when love and duty clash! —*Ibid. II.*

What every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness. —*Ibid. III.*

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them
—*Ibid. III.*

Dear as remember'd kisses after death.
—*Ibid. IV.*

Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm. —*Ibid. VII.*

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be.
—*In Memoriam.*

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—*Ibid. I.*

For words, like Nature, half reveal,
And half conceal the Soul within.
—*Ibid. V.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
—*Ibid. XXVII.*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
—*Ibid. XXXII.*

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
—*Ibid. XXXVI.*

To lull with song an aching heart.
—*Ibid. XXXVII.*

Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.
—*Ibid. LIII.*

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
—*Ibid. LV.*

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.
—*Ibid. LVI.*

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
—*Ibid. LXIV.*

What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
—*Ibid. LXXIII.*

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.
—*Ibid. LXXXII.*

God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.
—*Ibid. LXXXV.*

The mighty hopes that make us men.
—*Ibid. LXXXV.*

I cannot understand: I love. —*Ibid. XCVII.*

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved.
—*Ibid. CV.*

For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?
—*Ibid. CV.*

Ring out the old, ring in the new, . . .
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
—*Ibid. CVI.*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor.
Ring in redress to all mankind.
—*Ibid. CVI.*

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
—*Ibid. CVI.*

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.
—*Ibid. CXI.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.
—*Ibid. CXI.*

Move upward, working out the beast.
—*Ibid. CXVIII.*

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men?
—*Ibid. CXX.*

Love is and was my Lord and King.
—*Ibid. CXXVI.*

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I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end.
—*Ibid.* *CXXVIII.*

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.
—*Ibid.* *Conclusion.*

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.
—*Maud.* *II.*

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill. —*Ibid.* *Last stanza.*

These and other quotations from Tennyson are, with slight verbal variations, to be heard and seen everywhere. They are recited from the pulpit and the lecture-platform, in judicial chambers and legislative halls. They are utilized by authors and journalists. They have become a part, not only of the literature of the period, but of the everyday vocabulary of cultivated people. Letters and conversation would be poorer without them.

The illustrations given prove Tennyson to be a poet in touch with his times. But as the fashions of the times change, so the poetry that reflects them ceases to be in favor. Tennyson has been a mirror to his own age. Thus his popularity has been insured during his lifetime. But some of the characteristics of the Victorian epoch are peculiar and transitory. The poet who would live must voice what is permanent. The phraseology of one age becomes obsolete in another—except what is stamped in the mint of genius.

No doubt much of Tennyson's most admired verse will not be in vogue by and by. Perhaps this will be the fate of the favorite line with Englishmen, from "The Defence of Lucknow":

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

There is a difference between such a line and

It is hard to wive and thrive both in a year.

The force of this homely saying will never diminish. The one is local, the other general. If the oft-quoted "kind hearts are more than coronets" is not already a hackneyed truism, it will become so long before aristocracies are no more. And a number of his phrases may grow out of date,—such as "the riddle of the painful earth," "the faithless coldness of the times," "by blood a king, at heart a clown," "broad-based upon her people's will,"—if, in some distant era, pessimism and monarchy shall have passed away. These quotations are not so universally applicable as Pope's "Vice is a monster," Burns' "O wad some power," or Campbell's "Distance lends enchantment."

Possibly the time is coming when the right relations of the sexes will be better understood, and the passage, "For woman is not undeveloped man," will become superfluous commonplace, but that time is as far off as "the golden year." And some of the Laureate's crisp reflections on the controversies of the last few decades may become trite, but they will continue to be used by champions of the arena until dies away the noise of theological and scientific shocks.

Enough examples have been given to show that Tennyson's poetry possesses in a considerable degree the quality of human interest. This makes it perennially valuable. Whatever changes may take place in politics, in the moral world the same laws and forces will be in operation a hundred years hence as now. Sin will be present, jealousy, malice, friction, strife, suffering, remorse, repentance, redemption. The spirit will feel the same cravings; religion will have the same power to uplift and bless.

There is a great deal in Tennyson that appeals to man as man, that ministers to the higher life. The best things that he has written will and must remain "a joy forever." Whatever historical developments the future may bring forth, they are not likely to be outgrown. He has said them so well, it may be assumed that they will never be improved. We can hardly look for a literary artist who shall surpass him. Not a few of his terse expressions are

Jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.

If they do not confer immortality upon him, they will go a long way toward it.

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FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND OTHER POLITICAL PARTIES.

BY H. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

THERE is a cloud much bigger than a man's hand above the political horizon, which the leaders of both the great parties are watching with an anxiety such as no threatened storm of the last quarter of a century has aroused. The cyclone has not reached Washington, but the news of its devastation in the South and West has come to the Capital and it justifies the apprehensions which Republicans and Democrats all feel who are good judges of the situation. The danger, if it be a danger, has not been recognized or acknowledged until within a few weeks, although it has been a long time impending. It has sprung whence it was least expected, from the most conservative element in American citizenship. Its growth has been a marvel. Its present strength, if organized, is sufficient to insure triumphant victory to either of the old parties to which it might ally itself.

But what is the farmers' movement which is suddenly gaining such prominence in the public prints? The newspapers have chronicled its overthrow of the Democracy in the South Carolina stronghold, and its routing of the Republicans in Kansas, where the party was relatively stronger than in any state in the Union. But what is the secret of the uprising and what is the mainspring of its power? In searching for the answer to the double question, the first inquiry which logically presents itself is, Have the farmers of the land a grievance and what is it? The abandoned farms of New England and the foreclosed mortgages of Kansas suggest the answer. Agriculture in America to-day is in some sense less profitable than ever before. Certainly the uneducated farmer never had a harder time. Fifteen years ago the farmer's problem was how to make two spears of grass grow where one grew before. He solved that. Now he is struggling hopelessly with the question how to get as much for two spears of grass as he used to get for one. But that is only one of his difficulties. It costs the Western farmer one bushel of corn to send another bushel of corn to market. Hence his antagonism to the present system of railroad management. The speculator buys grain at an abnormally low price when the producer is compelled to sell and holds it for a profit of one hundred to three hundred per cent. Hence the farmer's vague hatred of Wall Street and its ways.

These and other grievances the farmer has long cherished. When the opportunity came for revolt, what wonder that he embraced it? It is not surprising that the movement takes the form of a political revolution. The farmer believes he sees in legislation possible relief from many of his troubles. Party ties never bound him so lightly as now. The stock political issues of the last decade interest him but little, compared with the condition which confronts him. He has become day by day less and less a Democrat or a Republican until finally the chief reliance of each of the great parties, the agricultural vote, has been swept away. The breaking up first attracted national attention last November, when it was almost universally misunderstood. It took the form of an overwhelming Democratic victory, but who was more surprised by the measure of their success than the Democrats themselves? Another time it is as likely to manifest itself in a Republican tidal wave.

The form of union of which the farmers have availed themselves is interesting and significant. They have organized no political party as yet. They have sedulously avoided partisanship in their doctrines and methods. Neither have they confined themselves to one organization, although they are rapidly amalgamating their various unions. In fact the movement is truly a spontaneous one. The Farmers' Alliance has come to be regarded as the embodiment of the farmers' movement and the exponent of their political creed. Such it is in large measure, though it by no means represents the unanimous sentiments of the farmers of the whole country. The brief but remarkable history of the Alliance may be outlined in a short paragraph.

The organization had its birth in Texas in 1873, and it was chartered as a benevolent association in that state in 1880. It began to grow rapidly three years later and in 1887 it

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had one hundred thousand members in that state. Then it united with the Farmers' Union of Louisiana under the name of the National Farmers' Alliance and Coöperative Union. Two years later it was consolidated with the National Agricultural Wheel and the present corporate name, the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, was adopted. It is a secret organization and its membership is not strictly limited to farmers. It admits both sexes with sixteen as the minimum age, and most of the rural population are eligible. Its membership when the national convention was held at Ocala, Florida, last December, was estimated between 1,600,000 and 2,000,000. At that convention, arrangements were made for union during the year with the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, having 500,000 members in Illinois, Indiana, and neighboring states, and the National Colored Farmers' Alliance, which has a membership of nearly 1,200,000 in the South. The officers of the Alliance say that the growth of the order since December, principally in the Northern states, has been rapid, so that the aggregated membership of the combined organizations is now about 4,000,000.

In its declaration of purposes, the Alliance is essentially a non-political organization. These are its declared purposes:

To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economic government in a strictly non-partisan spirit. To endorse the motto, "In things essential, unity; and in all things, charity." To develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially, and financially. To create a better understanding for sustaining civil officers in maintaining law and order. To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good-will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves. To suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, and selfish ambition. To assuage the sufferings of a brother or sister, bury the dead, care for the widows, and educate the orphans; to exercise charity toward offenders; to construe words and deeds in their most favorable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the Alliance unto death.

The political declarations of the Alliance in its constitution are peculiar. While affirming the non-partisan character of the order, its purpose to compel the adoption of the reforms which it advocates is distinctly declared. This is all the constitution contains about the political methods of the Alliance:

Our political methods are strictly non-partisan and must ever remain so, because every candidate, before taking the pledge, is assured that it will in no way conflict with his political or religious views. All political parties are represented in our ranks, and all are expected to work in their respective parties to secure a just recognition of the rights of the farmer. All questions in political economy will be thoroughly discussed, and when the order can agree on a reform as necessary they will demand it of the Government and of every political party, and if the demand goes unheeded they will devise ways to enforce it. The most essential reforms must come from legislation, but that does not necessarily compel the responsibility of choosing candidates and filling the offices. Such a course may become necessary, but will not be resorted to under any other circumstances.

It so happens that the most important features of the political demands of the Alliance are so radical that they can find no place in the platform of either of the old parties in the 1892 conventions. This fact is fully realized by the Alliance itself, and it is now no secret that a third party, based upon the Alliance platform, will be in the field in the next national campaign. The planks in the Alliance platform are few and simple. They are:

The abolition of national banks.

Government loans upon land and upon non-perishable farm products.

The free coinage of silver.

A graduated income tax.

The prohibition of alien ownership of land.

Government control and supervision of railroads and telegraphs, with government ownership in case control does not remove existing abuses.

An increase of the circulating medium to not less than $50 per capita.

Radical propositions these and of incalculable importance in their bearing upon our financial, commercial, and political systems. Only one of them needs any explanation and that is the so-called subtreasury plan of the Alliance. This is the one pet project of the organization and it is made the test of Alliance allegiance on every possible occasion. It is a very simple proposition although the bill which embodies it is a long and prosaic document. The Alliance asks the Government to establish subtreasuries or ware-

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houses in districts where the production of grain, cotton, and other non-perishable products is large. It requests that upon deposit of such products in warehouse, the Government shall loan to the depositor eighty per cent of their market value in legal tender notes at one per cent interest. A negotiable warehouse receipt is also to be issued.

The merits of this unique bill I do not propose to discuss in detail. It will probably never become the law of the land in its present shape. When first introduced at the Capitol it was ridiculed. Then it was attacked on the ground that it would be unconstitutional for the Government to loan money to the people. Its friends brought forward decisions by the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of Government loans to the New Orleans Exposition and other enterprises. Then it was condemned as class legislation of the rankest description and it was pointed out that the margin of twenty per cent security allowed the Government on its loans did not cover even the average annual fluctuations in the price of grain, etc. The friends of the bill quote a precedent in reply to the cry of class legislation, which most people will find exceedingly interesting. They say they ask the Government to do no more for the farmers than it has been doing for years for the distillers. The Government takes the distiller's whisky, houses it for him free for three years in a bonded warehouse, and it grows in value all the time. It issues to the distiller its warehouse receipts which are as freely negotiable at a bank as Government bonds and also gives him complete protection against illicit competition by suppressing the moonshiners. The result is that the Government tax when collected falls entirely upon the consumer. No business in the country comes so generously under the fostering care of the Government as that of distilling spirituous liquors and nobody would so strenuously oppose the removal of the internal revenue tax upon whisky as the distillers themselves.

The only plank in the Alliance platform which upon reflection seems a strange one for the farmers to adopt is that regarding silver. The Alliance believes in greenbacks and that the present volume of currency is far too small. The leaders say they favor free silver as one step toward securing more money. But they do not explain why they favor the unlimited coinage of the present silver dollar for the profit of the few who own the silver bullion. I have asked many Alliance men for an explanation of their position on the subject and they always beg the question. They say they favor the coinage of seventy-five cents, bullion value, in silver as a legal tender dollar for the same reason that they believe the Government should when necessary relieve stringency by issuing paper currency of no intrinsic value. But ask them why they would deal with the present practical question by paying one hundred cents for each seventy-five cents' worth of bullion held by the silver barons, when the owners of the bullion would coin it as quickly for a smaller profit if they could not get a big one, and the Alliance people have no direct reply to make. In other words, the Alliance has not been shrewd enough to enlist general popular support by heading a movement for the free coinage of a silver dollar of greater bullion value than the present one.

The question of independent political action by the Alliance was practically settled at Ocala last December. The subject was not directly acted upon in the convention but it was tested in various ways. The decision to retain the subtreasury plan as the chief battle ground of the Alliance was enough to make co-operation with either of the old parties no longer probable and it was so understood. This was the secret of a long struggle over the measure in the convention. Such of the delegates as were more Democrats than Alliance men opposed the subtreasury plank vigorously. Delegates who had been Republicans felt that, with the subtreasury plan eliminated, a combination with the Democrats in 1892 might possibly be effected. Hence they were all the more emphatic in desiring the plank retained. It was kept in the platform by a large majority vote, but it is true nevertheless that it does not command the unanimous support of the order. A recent revolt in Mississippi on account of the subtreasury bill has made a serious break in the Alliance ranks, and there is opposition in Missouri and other states.

The reason that no overt third party action was taken at Ocala was because the leaders of the Alliance felt that the sentiment of their constituents would not warrant it at that time. They were right in this. A majority of members had been scarcely more than a year in the organization. Many of them, a majority perhaps, had not given up hope of

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gaining the principal reforms demanded by bringing pressure to bear upon existing parties. The Southern members had in many cases found their influence potent enough to accomplish this in local and state issues. The Western delegates were the only ones who demanded the raising of a new political stand and complete withdrawal from former associations. The shrewd conservatism of the officers of the Alliance held the premature movement in check and at the same time satisfied the enthusiasm of the Western hotheads by a plan for future action. It was determined to keep the Alliance as an organization out of the third party movement if possible, and to enable its members to act if they desired through the Citizens' Alliance, an avowedly political organization which had sprung up in the West for precisely the needed purpose. Arrangements for political co-operation with the Knights of Labor and other industrial organizations were agreed upon and then efforts were made to postpone the actual revolt until the masses within the order could be educated in its support. A convention called to meet in Cincinnati in February to organize a National Union party was postponed until May. In the meantime, the Farmers' Alliance, the Citizens' Alliance, and the Knights of Labor withdrew from all official connection with the proposed conference and announced that a convention under the direct auspices of these and other organizations would be held in February, 1892. It is tacitly understood that that convention will launch a new party and nominate a national ticket. In the meantime a systematic campaign of education, as it is called, has been undertaken by the Alliance. A call for funds has been issued and an army of "lecturers" under direction of a "national propaganda committee" will preach Alliance doctrines throughout the land. The expectation is that when the reform convention meets it will represent a mighty army of industrial and agricultural suffragists who will be ready to wage desperate battle against their former political associates in either party.

The question of the effects of such a struggle opens an interesting field of speculation. Thus far one party has been about as hard hit as the other. A new party which was strong enough by its first blows to strike down Democratic supremacy in South Carolina and to capture the seemingly impregnable Republican stronghold in Kansas must be credited with a mighty power in a national election, coming after a period of additional growth. The Alliance has had no opportunity yet to show its aggregate strength. The farmers have been working many minor political miracles of which the country at large has heard little. Through the work of the Farmers' Political League the Massachusetts Senate last November changed from a body four-fifths Republican to one evenly divided between the parties. Resistance to the farmers' demand for honest butter legislation led to the revolution. He would be generally regarded as a foolish political prophet who put the tight little state of Vermont in the doubtful column, but I shall be surprised if the usual 20,000 Republican majority in the Green Mountain State does not disappear the next time the farmers go to the polls. The farmers demanded that the Government bounty be transferred from the University of Vermont to a new and genuine agricultural college. They were almost unanimous in the matter and they became more deeply aroused over the issue when it was before the Legislature than they have been for years. They were defeated and they are outspoken in their threats of political vengeance. The situation in Massachusetts and Vermont, where the Alliance is scarcely represented yet and where some of its measures would not find much support, is significant of the spirit of absolute political independence and unrest which prevails among the most conservative class of our fellow citizens. Senator Edmunds in a recent interview ascribes this rampant spirit "to the intrinsic qualities of the human mind, which has its periods of rest and then of excitement." Be that as it may, the existing political and commercial situation seems to furnish the average agriculturist ample excuse for exercising his right of suffrage independent of past allegiance.

Prophecy regarding the strength of the farmers' movement in the next national campaign would be vain. With its present resources, I have no doubt the Alliance could carry Kansas, the Dakotas, South Carolina, and perhaps half a dozen more Southern and Western states, but that is no indication of what it may do next year. An organization which has gained its present magnitude in scarcely more than two years may achieve victorious power or it may collapse in an additional sixteen months. In one respect, the

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Republican party stands in far greater danger than the Democratic. So impartially has the Alliance drawn from the Republican and the Democratic ranks that the indications are that it will succeed in preventing either party from securing a majority in the Electoral College. The election would then be thrown into the present House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, both by states and at large. Of course, in that event, the Democratic candidate for president would be sent to the White House. This danger the Republican leaders fully recognize and admit. Senator Edmunds says frankly that he sees no danger to the Democratic party from the Alliance. Perhaps there is none in the present outlook, but there is nothing more uncertain in the uncertain field of politics than this revolt of the farmers.

The control of the House of Representatives furnishes the Democrats with a vast strategical advantage. If the Alliance does not gain overwhelming strength they can afford to allow it to carry a few Southern states, secure in the election of their candidate at Washington if there is failure of a choice by the people. The methods of practical politics would of course suggest Democratic support of Alliance candidates in states usually Republican and the field would thus be narrowed and the effect of an Alliance-Democratic combination would be gained. But speculation now is vain. The political outlook on the whole was never more befogged. It is many years since the country has seen a three-cornered political battle, and the one now impending will be second in interest to none in our history. To my mind, the struggle threatens no serious danger to our institutions or to our national welfare. It should be welcomed and fought out with good American common sense.

THE LATEST PHASES OF ELECTRICITY.

BY ROBERT W. PRENTISS.

Of Columbian University.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century bid fair to unfold a most brilliant record of electrical discovery and invention. The perfection of the dynamo-electric machine, both as generator of electricity and as motor, the improvement of storage batteries in lightness and cheapness, the utilization of natural forces by the transmission of electrical power to great distances, the electric welding process and the production of aluminium by the electric furnace, are indications of substantial and unusual progress on the practical side. In the development of the industrial applications alone there is sufficient to awaken great expectations; while the advance of pure science, without which applied science is impossible, is secured by a recent discovery effecting an entire transition in our views of electricity and opening a wide and new field of investigation. Indeed, in giving a full and timely account, were such an account possible, of the everyday achievements of the amber sprite one is apt to be regarded more as an enterprising journalist than as a careful writer of sober facts.

As illustrations of the general movement in which all electrical appliances are participating, consider for a moment the extended use of only two of them: the dynamo and the telephone.

In Germany a line is in process of construction which is designed to transmit 300 horse-power a distance of one hundred miles. This power derived from nature's rich store is furnished by one of the picturesque cataracts of the Neckar River at Lauffen. Here through the medium of a turbine water-wheel a dynamo is actuated generating a large current of electricity at the low pressure of 100 volts. This current, before it sets out on its long journey, is changed by a well-known process to much greater tension varying from 25,000 to 33,000 volts. In this state it is carried to the grounds of the electrical exhibition to be held at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here it experiences a second transformation adapting it to run lathes, sewing-machines, small motors, and to feed incandescent lamps. The success of this new experiment on a scale never before attempted is already demonstrated. Think of a slender wire conveying from Niagara Falls to Chautauqua Lake enough energy to run a large printing

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establishment or to furnish light to a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and the importance of this step will be appreciated. It shows how the forces of nature may be used in the service of man. It suggests the great change our civilization will experience when our light, heat, and mechanical power are obtained directly from waterfalls, the wind and ceaseless energy of the ocean, and the heat and light of the sun, instead of through the costly mediation of coal and the steam engine.

The telephone is steadily enlarging its powers by the establishment of long-distance lines for the transmission of speech and music. Indeed, it does not seem unlikely that Europe and America will soon be within speaking range of each other. A telephonic cable has just been laid across the English Channel, connecting conversationally Paris and London with very satisfactory results. Musical tones have been sent more or less distinctly through the Atlantic cable; but the best results in this department have been achieved through systematic efforts to convey orchestral music over long-distance wires.

Not long since a band of musicians playing in New York City entertained an audience of more than one thousand persons in Newton, Massachusetts, some 250 miles away; the musicians conscientiously executing their parts in full view of the large if not inspiring funnels of the separate transmitters for each instrument in one room; the delighted listeners, in another state, hearing the sweet sounds as they came from six loud-speaking receivers dependent from the chandeliers; an unpoetic telephone wire many miles long the only bond of harmony between them. Similar results have been obtained over a distance of 450 miles. These interesting experiments assign an important part to the telephone in our future entertainment both public and private.

The attention of the scientific world, however, is absorbed at present in the most important discovery of recent years. The experiments of Henri Hertz, a young German physicist and mathematician, have shown that light is identical with electricity or, scientifically speaking, that light is an electrical phenomenon.

One highly interesting conclusion drawn from his work is that all the energy radiated from the sun is really electrical energy; as such it is transmitted to the earth and there transmuted into all the forms of power and motion that go to make up the activity of our globe. The vitality of growing plants, the muscular power in animals derived from vegetable food, the heat and light stored in coal, the mechanical power of the steam-engine, and the capacity for work in wind-mills and waterfalls, originally existed as electric waves quivering along the beams of solar light.

The most famous physical laboratories of the world are now entering the new domain opened by Hertz and it is not too much to say that every day brings new additions to our knowledge of the real nature of electricity.

These simple experiments so valuable, so fruitful, grow naturally out of our previous knowledge of light and electricity. They involve the greater part of what is characteristic of the present state of electrical science. Their full significance can be appreciated only when examined by the help of the researches of Faraday and the complete theory constructed by Maxwell out of their results.

In 1831, while pursuing his investigations of the relations between electricity and magnetism, Faraday discovered that a current of electricity was produced in a wire made to move in the neighborhood of a magnet. Although he fully realized the practical value of this principle, the principle of the modern dynamo, he nevertheless regarded its discovery as only a step in his progress toward establishing definite relations between electricity, magnetism, and light. Undiverted from his main purpose of unraveling the mystery of electricity, he concluded a remarkable paper before the Royal Society of London, giving a full account of his discovery with these words: "I have rather, however, been desirous of discovering new facts and new relations dependent on electro-magnetic induction than of exalting the force of those already obtained; being assured the latter would find their full development hereafter." The full development industrially of his principles by others gave to the world the dynamo and the telephone. Faraday's steadfast devotion to experimental electricity made him, as a most eminent authority* says, the origin of nearly all we now know. Faraday next sought to connect the phenomena of electricity and light. Indeed, some of his very

* Sir William Thomson.

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first experiments were directed to this end and the last years of his long life found him still engaged upon the same problem. His only result, a most important one, was to effect a change in the character of a ray of light by the influence of a powerful magnet, to rotate the plane of polarization of light by magnetism. This experiment constituted the basis of Maxwell's theory.

In order to understand the place of this experiment in present views of electricity let us study briefly the undulatory theory of light, accepted in Faraday's time, and the properties of the luminiferous ether.

Light is known to be a form of energy and to consist of exceedingly rapid vibrations of some kind or other. These vibrations are propagated in the form of waves or undulations with a certain definite velocity which has been measured experimentally and found to be 186,330 miles per second. The motions constituting light are very similar to the disturbances set up in a flexible, extended cord when one end is shaken rapidly and steadily up and down. The wave-form is sent onward while each part of the cord swings in the same place up and down across the length of the line. The more rapid the shake, the shorter are the waves. In the case of light the simple cord is replaced by a continuous medium called the luminiferous ether and the vibrations are not simply up and down but in all directions transverse to the ray. Some crystals possess the property of suppressing the vibrations in one direction allowing only the vibrations at right angles to them to pass through; the light is then said to be polarized in a plane. Faraday's experiment changed the position of this plane by electro-magnetism, showing some connection between electricity and light. The motions constituting radiant heat, light of different colors, and the chemical rays are all of the same kind, differing only in rate of vibrations or wave-length and are now included in the term radiant energy.

The ether, the most important factor in modern electrical theory, was proposed by Huygens originally to explain light only. It is now regarded as a material substance many billion times lighter than hydrogen but not so rare as our own atmosphere would be at a height of 250 miles. This ether fills all space not occupied by grosser matter—the interstellar and interplanetary spaces—and surrounds the molecules of bodies as the air does the earth. The best vacuum science can obtain is full of it. Its properties are derived from the undulatory theory of light, which requires it to be highly elastic, continuous, and possessed of some degree of rigidity, although it allows the planets to move through it undisturbed. A globe, the size of the earth, filled with this ether cannot weigh less than 250 pounds. It has been compared to "an impalpable and all-pervading jelly, through which light and heat waves are constantly throbbing, which is constantly being set in local strains and released from them, and being whirled in local vortices, thus producing the various phenomena of electricity and magnetism." Although its existence is as well established as the law of gravitation, its nature and constitution are somewhat of a mystery and many scientists are engaged in devising mechanical models illustrating its action in conveying light and electricity. Positive and negative electricity are *almost* regarded as opposite phases of this ether and a somewhat speculative tendency is manifest to make it not only the seat of all the known forces of light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, but of gravitation as well.

Faraday's discovery of the change in light due to magnetism diverted his attention from the magnet and electrified bodies to the spaces surrounding them. The old views of electricity, whose forms of expression we still retain, regarded electricity as a fluid contained in conductors and flowing through wires. Faraday's chief contribution to our present knowledge was in showing that the forces of attraction and repulsion were the real things and that they were external. He overturned the idea, derived possibly from the heavenly bodies, of action at a distance and believed that the attractions were exerted through the intervening space. The magnet did not act at a distance on its armature but by means of something in the space between them, which space he invested with what he called lines of force. In the case of a current, the electricity did not flow through the wire, but some motion or state of the medium surrounding was propagated outside the wire—the wire being the only place where the electricity was not. And he showed the current to be different in the cases where the wire was surrounded by air, sulphur, or glass. He was led to conjecture that the ether in the air, the glass, or the sulphur, in the space ex-

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ternal to the magnet and electric charge, was the medium of transmission, but whether the effect was instantaneous or took time for its propagation he was unable to say.

Maxwell entering into the labors of Faraday boldly assumed that the luminiferous ether was the seat of all electrical and magnetic forces. On this hypothesis, with Faraday's experiment as a basis, he formulated a complete and elaborate theory of electrical waves, expressing in mathematical language a large group of hypothetical facts, which for subtlety and ingenuity have never been surpassed. Even now his work on Electricity and Magnetism is a magnificent hieroglyph only partially deciphered, awaiting the advent of some Champollion to unfold its implicit record of unknown electrical facts. He showed that if electrical waves were conveyed through the ether they would behave like light waves and travel with a certain velocity depending on electrical considerations alone. This velocity he measured experimentally and found nearly equal to the velocity of light.* He therefore not only declared the ether to be the medium that conveyed electrical forces but advanced the very original proposition that light itself is an electro-magnetic phenomenon; the proofs of this hypothesis being the identity of the velocities and the agreement of another relation depending on both the optical and electrical properties of all substances. These proofs although they gained a considerable degree of acceptance for his theory were nevertheless indirect.

Hertz's method is to produce electrical waves and show that they are practically identical with those of light, thus affording a direct proof of Maxwell's theory. To do this he takes advantage of a principle discovered in 1842 by our own Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution: that the discharge of a Leyden jar is oscillatory. The discharge of a Leyden jar and the passage of a spark between the knobs of an electrical machine are familiar experiments of school-days. The bright spark and loud snap would lead us to suppose that the discharge was single and instantaneous; but this is not the case. It really consists of a series of discharges back and forth, executed so rapidly as to appear like one. The rapidity of these oscillations depends on the size of the jar and on one or two other considerations. By proper changes, the discharges may be made as slow as from 500 to 2,000 a second, giving rise to musical notes. Instead of a Leyden jar, Hertz uses what he calls a vibrator,—a circuit of wire with a break in it. Across this small break he sends alternate discharges of electricity, every spark giving rise as in the case of the Leyden jar, to a series of oscillations about 500,000,000 a second. These oscillations, rapid as they are, set the ether all around in vibration, forming, according to Maxwell's theory, electrical waves in it that travel from the point of discharge in every direction, just as the vibrations of a tuning-fork set the air about it in motion sending forth waves of sound. If these electrical vibrations were much more rapid the break in the vibrator would become luminous and the waves would be light-waves. As, however, they are not rapid enough to affect the eye, Hertz most ingeniously adopted a second circuit called the receiver, similar to the first, to make them apparent. This receiver vibrates sympathetically with the vibrator and when it is at certain distances a microscopic spark appears across the break. Hertz measured the intervals and found them equal to the length of the wave, which varied in his experiments from several inches to several miles. He measured the velocity of these waves and found it equal to the velocity of light.

By means of the receiver he showed they could be reflected and brought to a focus just like light. He sent waves through a large pitch prism whose face was over a yard square and found they were refracted just as light is when sent through a glass prism. In short he established conclusively that they were in all respects similar to light-waves except in the matter of wave-length. The undulatory theory of light thus receives a new and unexpected confirmation; and the labors of Faraday and Maxwell through half a century are crowned with a success that completes in our own time an important period in the history of electricity.

Several interesting developments depend more or less on Hertz's discovery:

It would hardly be supposed that the firefly and the glow-worm could give points to the electrician in the matter of illumination. The fitful light of the one and the modest glow of the other do not appear to excel in any respect the brilliancy of the arc-light or the

* A new determination of this velocity made in 1890 agrees more exactly with the known velocity of light.

brightness of the incandescent lamp. Professor Langley has shown, however, that our best sources of light are surpassed by nature in one very important respect: the production of light unaccompanied by heat. Of the energy supplied by gas and oil for lighting purposes much more than 99 per cent is given out as heat. That is, for every dollar expended for light in lamp or burner, ninety-nine cents goes for heat we do not want in order to get a penny's worth of light we do want. Even in the electric arc-light the waste is 90 per cent and in the incandescent lamp 94 per cent. The insect world is much more economical. The most careful measures made with the delicate bolometer * fail to show any sensible heat in the light of the firefly. There is no reason why nature should not be successfully imitated in this respect, and Professor Hertz hopes to make a practical application of his discovery in a method of obtaining better results than we now do from our present ordinary means in getting electrical vibrations similar in every respect to those of light but of greater wave-length. By modifying his original apparatus and making use of the rapidly alternating currents now available in later experiments he has some prospect of producing waves so much shorter that all of them will be luminous; in other words, of developing a new source of light without heat. The result if successful will be an entirely new method of illumination differing as widely from the electric lights as they do from gas light and lamp light, and surpassing them all in economy and comfort.

The diurnal and annual variations of the compass have been observed for many years. These minute changes in the pointings of the needle were supposed to be due to the mutual action of the sun and earth; but in what way nobody knew. Professor F. H. Bigelow, of Washington, has advanced the theory that they are due to electricity and magnetism induced in the earth by the sun. The theory is the more important becauses it embraces at the same time an explanation of the solar corona and the terrestrial aurora borealis, those companion mysteries of our planet and its luminary. Starting with Maxwell's principle, corroborated by Hertz's experiments, that light is electrical vibrations radiated from the sun along straight lines, Professor Bigelow supposes that the corona, too, sends along its streamers waves of magnetic energy, electrical messengers which ultimately find a home in the earth. They are drawn in by the earth, so to say, along the lines sometimes so beautifully indicated by the aurora when it is visible.

The result of these two radiations, the one direct, the other coming by curved lines, is to constitute a double field of magnetic force within which the earth revolves on its axis and swings around the sun. In other words the earth and sun together form a large dynamo machine in which the sun is the field magnet and the earth is the revolving armature. The currents of electricity thus set up varying in intensity at different points in the earth's orbit and according to the parts of the sun and earth brought face to face by their rotations, give rise to the periodic changes in the needle's position.

*The bolometer is an instrument devised by Professor Langley to measure small changes of temperature. It will measure accurately to less than one ten-thousandth of a degree Fahrenheit.

CHRISTIANITY AS A FACTOR IN JAPANESE POLITICS.

BY W. C. KITCHIN, PH. D.

IT is now three hundred and forty years since Francis Xavier, the great missionary apostle of the sixteenth century, organized the first Christian church in Japan; and from his day until the present time Christianity has been a potent factor in Japanese politics. It was the well-grounded fear of the government that the early missionaries were nothing less than the emissaries of a foreign power seeking to establish, in the name of religion, a European sovereignty over Japan, that brought on the merciless persecution that terminated only with the utter destruction of the native church in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was to prevent the re-introduction of the hated Western religion that Japan, in 1640, excluded all European nations from her shores excepting only the Dutch, whom she confined to a little artificial island in Nagasaki Bay, for-

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bidding them to hold religious services, to have Bibles or other Christian books in their houses, to make public use of the Christian calendar, or to import coins, jewelry, or any thing that bore the figure of the cross or any written or pictorial reference to the forbidden faith.

This condition of things continued down to the opening of the country in 1853. During the interval of more than two centuries that had elapsed since the expulsion of Europeans, a few foreign priests had dared to venture to Japan, but they were, without a single exception, seized and either put to death or imprisoned for life, and their converts, if they had made any, were crucified or burned at the stake. It was only when coerced into doing so, that Japan again admitted the foreigner to her shores, and her chief objection to his coming was the fear that he would bring his religion with him. "Our country is now open to foreigners," said the governor of Nagasaki, in 1857, to the officers of the American man-of-war *Powhatan*, "and we shall be glad of whatever you may bring us with the exception of two things,—opium and Christianity." Two years later three missionary societies had laborers in Japan. For the first ten years no progress was made.

The government looked upon the presence of the increasing missionary force with the utmost alarm and hostility. The old edict against the foreign religion, making conversion to its teachings a capital crime upon the part of a Japanese subject, was revived, and, in 1868, a new enactment was promulgated. It ran thus: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspected persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." A year later many hundreds of Roman Catholic Christians, descendants of the martyrs of the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, who had maintained a secret allegiance to the faith of their fathers, were discovered and torn from their homes near Nagasaki and were then closely confined in prisons in different parts of the empire.

It was at this juncture that Christianity became an important factor in Japan's political relations with foreign powers. The ministers and consuls of Western nations united in a protest against this unmerited persecution of native Christians. The Japanese government was made to understand that so long as it cherished such bitter, unreasoning animosity toward the religion of civilized nations, the people of those nations would regard Japan as a barbarous country whose inhabitants were no whit superior to the man-eaters of Fiji or the bushmen of Africa. Such were the arguments with which the representatives of the several treaty powers backed their appeals to have the edict against Christianity revoked and the persecution of native Christians forbidden. For a time these remonstrances were treated with a show of contempt. The government held that these were matters of internal policy with which strangers had no right to interfere. The foreign ministers nevertheless persevered in their undertaking and finally triumphed. In a decree bearing the date of February 24, 1873, the edict against Christianity was ordered to be removed from the public notice-boards throughout the empire.

That this important step was the result of the continued efforts of the foreign ministers and consuls there can be no doubt. That the Japanese government was led by purely political considerations to make the desired revocation is equally clear. The Japanese had long before awakened to a knowledge of the fact that the foreign powers had taken advantage of their ignorance when the treaties were made to impose restrictions upon their government that must be removed before Japan could assert herself as an independent and sovereign state. The extra-territoriality clause by which foreign residents were considered as being under the laws of their own respective governments was particularly offensive. Yet they fully realized that they were bound hand and foot. To appeal to arms against a score of powerful nations was not to be thought of. The only possible hope of redress was to convince foreigners of their fitness to receive more rights in the great family of nations and, by winning the good-will of Western people generally, thus to bring a pressure to bear upon the governments of the several countries that would lead to a revision of the treaties. But, if their attitude toward Christianity was calculated to make Europe and America regard them as barbarians, clearly it was incumbent upon them to take steps that would remove that impression. It took some time for this view to prevail, but prevail it finally did, with the result above noted.

The decree of February 24, 1873, brought liberty of conscience in religious matters; thenceforward the missionaries were virtually

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free to preach and teach wheresoever they wished. Yet the action of the government by no means carried with it the unqualified assent of all of Japan's leading statesmen to the freedom it gave to religious teaching. Many still regarded Christianity with feelings of the bitterest hatred, and looked upon the rapidly growing native church as a moral cancer that would yet endanger the life of the body-politic.

Notably, among such thinkers, Mr. Fukuzawa, editor of the *Jiji Shimpo* (News of the Day), the ablest newspaper in Japan, fought with voice and pen what he regarded as a deadly peril to the state. Mr. Fukuzawa is one of Japan's foremost thinkers, a political leader who looks at all questions from the standpoint of the patriot, and who values a movement in proportion as it promises to benefit his country. He had long been known as one of the ablest opponents of the religion of the West, and his little pamphlet, *Yaso-kyo Koku-gai* (Christianity an Injury to the Country), had been widely read and had exerted a great influence. In 1881, Mr. Fukuzawa published another book, *Jiji Shogen* (A Brief Survey of Present Questions), in which he spoke of Christianity as an unmixed evil, full of future peril to the safety of the national life; and urged upon the authorities their duty of suppressing it while it was still weak and its destruction was easy. A believer in no system of religion whatsoever himself, the writer, as a patriotic Japanese, viewing the matter from a merely political-expediency standpoint, decided that the adoption of Christianity by a large number of his countrymen would be fraught with dangers of the most serious character to the empire. Adherence to a foreign religion, he argued, would sap the patriotism of the Japanese, create an undue fondness for foreign manners and customs, and, as their numbers increased, a powerful Christian political party would be formed, which might, at foreign instigation, rise in arms against the government, and, calling upon their Christian brethren of Europe and America, barter away forever the sovereignty and independence of Japan.

Such was Mr. Fukuzawa's belief in 1881. During the next three years, the all-absorbing topic of discussion in the venacular press and in foreign and native official circles was the proposed revision of the existing treaties with the various Western powers. The government exerted itself to the utmost to have some of the odiously rigorous clauses cancelled, but all to no purpose. Some of the foreign representatives, influenced by the cupidity of traders, refused to consider the matter. Others from conscientious scruples hesitated to take any steps toward placing foreigners under Japanese law. Thus all of them temporized and Japanese statesmen were at their wits' end. Had they not done all that they could be reasonably asked? Had they not adopted the arts and sciences of the West? Were not their laws modeled upon those of the foreigners? Why then should the latter hesitate to accord them their undisputed rights as a nation? What needful condition was still left unfulfilled that made the foreigners hesitate?

It was Mr. Fukuzawa that proposed an answer to these questions. In the early summer of 1884 there appeared an editorial article in the *Jiji Shimpo* with the astonishing title, "The Adoption of the Foreign Religion Necessary." This new political creed of Mr. Fukuzawa's was the most remarkable utterance that Japan had heard for many a day. That so shrewd and sagacious a thinker should change his opinion so completely as to take a position directly opposite to the one he had held three years before caused a surprise that was equaled only by the admiration that was called forth by the man's straightforward honesty and his courage in boldly confessing himself to have been mistaken, in unhesitatingly renouncing what he had come to consider an untenable position, and in advocating a policy still unpopular with his countrymen.

Mr. Fukuzawa, himself an adherent of no religion, in 1881 had declared Christianity to be a dangerous thing and had urged its suppression. Mr. Fukuzawa, an unbeliever still by his own confession, in 1884 sees in Christianity a bond of union and sympathy among the Western nations, and, wishing to have Japan enjoy the friendship and confidence of these powerful governments, concludes that the quickest way to the attainment of this end is to encourage the people to adopt Christianity as the national religion of Japan.

Said Mr. Fukuzawa, "It is an undeniable fact that the civilized countries of Europe and America excel all other lands, not only in political institutions, but also in religion, customs, and manners. It is as natural, therefore, that they should be inclined to despise

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nations that differ from them in these particulars as that other nations should appreciate their superiority and strive to imitate their example. Thus these features of a superior civilization in Europe and America constitute a certain social distinctive color, world-wide in its character. Any nation, therefore, which lacks this distinctive badge of Western civilization stands in the position of an opponent and is not only unable to cope with the superiority of enlightened Americans and Europeans, but is directly exposed to their derision. Hence one of the disadvantages under which inferior nations labor when they present a different color from that of Western nations. The adoption of Western religion along with institutions and customs is the only means by which the social color can become so assimilated as to remove this bar to intercourse and this cause of opposition.

"Looked at from this point of view, it would appear that we ought to adopt the religion which in Europe and America exerts so considerable an influence over human affairs and social intercourse, so that our country may become a part of Christendom, presenting the same social appearance as the Western powers, and sharing with them the advantages and disadvantages of their civilization. We believe that the diplomatic adjustment of international intercourse with the outer world can be affected only by pursuing the course here suggested.

"As before stated, if we are not mistaken in our arguments, there is no alternative for our own country but to adopt the social color of civilized nations in order to maintain our independence on a footing of equality with the various powers of the West. As an absolutely necessary preliminary, however, the Christian religion must be introduced from Europe and America where it is propagated with the utmost enthusiasm. The adoption of this religion will not fail to bring the feelings of our people and the institutions of our land into harmony with those of the lands of the Occident. We earnestly desire, therefore, for the sake of our national administration, that steps be taken for the introduction of Christianity as the religion of Japan."

The past six years have witnessed a widespread acceptance of these sentiments by Japanese statesmen and thinking men generally. The constitution granted last year guarantees religious liberty to all. The propriety of the emperor's receiving Christian baptism has been seriously discussed, and the number of those in favor of making Christianity the established religion of the state is constantly increasing. The probability is that, before the beginning of the twentieth century, Japan, as far as an imperial edict can make it such, will be a Christian nation. At least the signs of the times are, at present, all pointing that way. Throughout the entire empire mission work has felt the influence of the new views with which Christian propagandism has come to be regarded by the government, and the difficulty is no longer in winning converts but in sifting the throngs of would-be communicants and selecting only those that are worthy.

Here lies the great danger of the Christian church of Japan. She has become popular. Government officials honor the commencements of her schools with their presence in the provinces, the mayors of cities and governors preside over mass-meetings for the discussion of Christianity, educators aud statesmen profess an earnest interest in her progress, the columns of the daily press are thrown open to her scholars and writers. As a result of all this political-expediency patronage the church is threatened by the most serious dangers. A people, like the Japanese, accepting the foreign creed in profession but retaining pagan hearts and minds, may injure Christianity by developing it in forms so palpably corrupt as to check its advance through Asia. Imperial edicts cannot convert the hearts of the people though they may make a certain belief the religion of the state. It required all the centuries between Constantine and Luther to teach the people of Europe that religion is a matter for the individual conscience alone; and it will be a sad thing if the East is fated to repeat the mistakes of the West. The tendency of the spirit of expediency everywhere is to neglect means and grasp after results. Yet the results of a great religious revolution which benefits no man's religious condition, which is unattended with any internal change in the minds of those who promulgate or obey it, which, viewed from a Christian stand-point, is only blasphemy and hypocrisy, must be useless to any country and injurious to the diffusion of truly religious ideas by checking the genuine conversion of the people and substituting therefor the mere acquiesence of unbelief.

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Woman's Council Table.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

By Margaret Maynard.

THE KITCHEN GIRL'S SIDE.

I HAVE not the gift—for I believe it to be a special endowment—for vernacular, *à la* that delightful writer whom the world knows as Charles Egbert Craddock, or with which Rose Terry Cooke is so especially endowed; so I shall tell the kitchen girl's side of the domestic story in my own dialect, so to speak.

Nellie is a very fair representative of her class, and when we come into a little personal sympathy with these working girls, and gain a clearer knowledge of their personal relationships and surroundings, we shall realize that human nature is primarily the same, whether in the untaught domestic or the college-bred girl, and that there are greater susceptibilities to influence in the girl in the kitchen than is commonly believed.

Nellie is of Irish parentage, but American born. Her parents live down "on the coast" in southeastern Massachusetts, where her father works in a neighboring mill and her mother in the summer adds to the family income by laundering for summer visitors to the village. She has a sister who is a chambermaid in a hotel and two brothers who divide their time between the school and "odd jobs." Nellie contributes to the family support.

Questioning her as to the satisfaction she finds in her domestic work she tells me she would much rather go to service in a hotel than in a private family, because in that there are regular hours and regular duties; she would know exactly what time she would "have to herself" and what hours would be required of her in service.

"Here, ma'am," said Nellie, "it's not so hard that I am complainin' of it; Mrs. Smith is a good woman, and Mr. Smith, he ivery now and then gives me tickets to the museum, an' I can see a play, and Miss Alice she tidies up me clothes a bit with a ribbon or a hat or a pretty dress she has left off a-wearin', and very good it is, too, an' I make it quite smart with a little brightenin' —it's not that I am complainin' of the fam'ly; but you know yourself, ma'am, that you wouldn't like niver to know just when you are to be called. I'd rather work more hours and thin have some as I know I'm niver wanted at all."

Now this, I fancy, touches the key-note of the servant question. Girls go into factories and stores, and have, on the whole, often harder work and less pay, considering their expenses in boarding; but it is this one feature of definite hours which appeals to them. There is a certain respect of individuality which the kitchen girl does not receive.

For instance Nellie tells me that the usual breakfast hour of the Smiths is at half-past seven. The family keep two servants, Nellie, the cook, and Mary, the parlor maid, who waits on the table. A man comes in for an hour a day to regulate the furnace and attend to the sidewalk. Nellie's duty is to rise at six, get her kitchen in order for the day and have her breakfast nicely cooked and ready to send up on the dumb-waiter at the appointed hour. Mary arranges the table and places on it the fruit—oranges, strawberries—whatever may be in season—while Nellie bakes the rolls and gems, broils the steak, makes the coffee, and after this frequently sends up a second course of hot cakes. In another hour the breakfast dishes come down, and the usual washing and arranging must be done. Luncheon is at one, and as Mr. Smith does not come up to that it is a light meal, and, except when there are guests, as not infrequently happens, for Mrs. Smith is extremely hospitable, it is easily served. But dinner is—dinner. The hour is six, and it requires the greater part of the afternoon to prepare each detail and complete the whole. By the time the soup goes up at six Nellie is often, in her own phrasé, "ready to drop down." It is half-past seven before the repast is fairly and entirely over. It is nine before order is finally restored to the culinary regions.

Nellie and Mary room together in a small apartment under the Mansard roof. The

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running water is not on this floor. They must bring up their own in pitchers. Mary is frequently needed down stairs till a later hour, and if Nellie goes to sleep she is sure to be wakened by Mary's coming.

But this is outlining merely one of the easiest days. There are mornings when some of the family desire to take an early train, and the breakfast must be served half an hour or an hour earlier. There are evenings when some guest or some member of the family comes in at a late hour and must have something in the way of food served, often necessitating the revival of the kitchen fire and some minor cooking. When Nellie is called upon to do this she is expected to count it all joy. Is she not the cook? Is she not engaged for the family service and convenience, and if John, the son and heir apparent of the house of Smith, arrives at eleven p. m. with his college chum, and their very unascetic appetites demand an oyster stew and a broiled steak, is Nellie to demur at the hour? By no means. She must be facile to the general family interests. In return, do they not do much for her? They mean to. They are not oppressive, and at Christmas, John will remember her with a new gown; but the one thing they do not remember is that Nellie has an individuality, and is not a machine. Nellie in all her rudimentary state, has the same inalienable dislike to be called upon at any hour, without ever feeling free, save in her one "afternoon out" and Sunday evening, that far more highly organized and complex beings would feel.

To my mind this point is the one root of evil regarding the servant question. If the cook were given to understand that from six till half-past two o'clock she will be expected to respond to any reasonable demand, and again from the time necessary to prepare dinner till it is over, but that on no account is she to be summoned outside of her hours—these hours to be determined beforehand, by mutual agreement when she enters into service—one of the greatest sources of friction would be avoided. The hours of service must inevitably differ somewhat in each family. They depend on many things. Where there is a midday dinner and only tea at night, the domestic régime is much more simple. In city life this is usually impracticable, as business and professional men cannot return to their homes at that hour. Then, too, conditions are largely modified by the number of servants kept. I have taken, as my unit, an average city household, not rich, not poor; not especially elaborate in its appointments, but still one that lives and entertains on rather a liberal margin, and whose mistress is as considerate as will often be found. For when Mrs. Smith is to give a dinner party she orders all the sweets and ices and *entrées* from the caterers, thus giving Nellie scarcely more trouble than for the ordinary family dinner. If Nellie is ill she is attended to with cheerful kindness. Mrs. Smith is not tyrannical nor hard-hearted; but she is thoughtless. It has never occurred to her that the constant liability to be called on at any minute is more wearing on a girl's nerves than an even greater amount of work, in definite hours, would be.

Is not this the initial reform needed in domestic service, that, on engaging a servant, be she cook, laundress, or parlor maid, definite hours shall be assigned for her definite duties, and that outside those hours she is to be the supreme mistress of her time? The saleswoman works from eight to six, with a little intermission; the factory girl still longer; the teacher from nine till two, besides all the vast educative work that overflows the prescribed hours. Let domestic service be placed on the same definite basis, and it will attract more intelligent and efficient workers. Let it be remembered that the cook, or the waitress, is not a body-servant, but is engaged to do a certain definite line of work, and that only.

Then, too, there is a saving grace of life in remembering that we are each, in one way or another, our brother's keeper; that we are responsible for the development and advancement of those with whom we have to do, and whose lives, in the providence of God, touch our own.

By Helen Campbell.

A VOICE FROM THE SILENT SIDE.

"TELL us what the servant thinks," writes the editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to this second factor in the symposium; a field whose sides include the seed of even more wrath than has already been my portion. To claim that the servant has a side, is to arouse on the instant the sense of wrong and the memory of fruitless efforts toward betterment, that lie in the breast of most housekeepers.

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Letters by the hundred, appeals public and private, even within the last year, have come in on this subject. It is impossible to mention the sufferings of needlewomen, without the instant cry from matrons of all orders, "Why don't they go into domestic service then?" No statement of real conditions avails to end this cry or bring any conviction of the reason that may lie on the silent side.

From the Philistine one does not look for reason or justice. From women who have watched the course of American progress and the gradual conquest of our kitchens by the lowest order of foreign labor, comprehension might be expected. The intelligent American is hardly likely to stand in the lot with the frowzy Biddy fresh from her native bogs, or even with Swede or German. Let it be understood at once that there is intended no onslaught on any nationality. I have had life-long experience of Irish devotedness and affection in the person of an old nurse, in the family for forty years, and know other cases hardly less genuine. I speak simply for the question as a whole and beg that every reader will try to look at it in the same manner.

It is doubtful if even this appeal will have much weight, for always in making it, there rises the picture of the matron already referred to, one of our popular authorities in cookery, etc., who wrote a year or two ago:

Fifty thousand victims of the seller's greed and the buyer's selfish thoughtlessness could to-morrow make breathing room and better wages for sister women, if they would accept for themselves easy work and good pay in villages and rural districts. It is not the consciousness of incompetency that holds them back from household service, for there is no competitive examination to make rusty the hinges of kitchen doors. Still less is it the dread of unkind treatment from their employers. Caste prejudice, contemptible in quality and mighty in its grip upon mind and soul, condemns them to the woes graphically depicted by their champions. Now and then one will boldly aver that she prefers liberty and a crust to servitude and plenty. Let her, then, stand bravely in her chosen lot and make no drain upon sympathies and alms that were better directed to the alleviation of unavoidable suffering.

Here lies one portion of our text. If a woman who has knowledge sums up the situation in words absolutely devoid of comprehension of any other side, what shall be said of women who do not think; who simply feel the burden of care and perplexity imposed by inefficient and untrained service, and who learn no lessons of tolerance from any personal experience? Not one means injustice. Not one fails to mete it out to every soul who comes under her direction.

These are not lightly spoken words, nor do they touch the numbers who work patiently and most often silently toward better ideals and a truer comprehension of what is the groundwork of the rooted objection to domestic service. They are the words of long experience; the summary of many testimonies from servants of all orders, as well as from wise mistresses, many of whom have trained and kept for years women who in the beginning were apparently hopeless specimens of the worst their individual countries had to offer.

First among these testimonies comes a group of over a hundred, gathered in the "New Century Guild for Working Women," one of the best of the many good things in Philadelphia. Its president, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, who handles her nearly twelve hundred members as if they were a dozen only, has year after year taken testimony on this point. Quaker by training and mental habit, she has desired to bring domestic service into the foreground and has quietly labored to this end. Retaining my own connection with the Guild I have also asked questions and recorded answers. They are from every grade of worker, from the book-keeper in the great bazars of Philadelphia, to the girl in the bag factory or jute mill, and all alike include much the same objections. Add to this mass the testimonies of many representative orders of girl already in service, and we have some material for deduction. Let us see what the summary is like, though in the space alloted here, only briefest outline is possible.

Taking the Philadelphia Guild as typical of workers everywhere, I find in my own collection of testimony and as strongly in the general evidence, these counts against the usual order of mistress.

1. That mistresses do not know what a day's work means and will seldom if ever guarantee any payment for over time or give any portion of the day absolutely free to the worker, especially in the position of child's nurse.

2. That a comfortably warm and decently furnished room with separate beds if two must occupy it, is almost unknown, and de-

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cent appointments for meals equally so.

3. That even where the servant is willing to take less wages, the mistress is seldom willing to have the heaviest work arranged for; this meaning carrying coal up many flights of stairs, scrubbing pavements, washing, etc.

4. That often a livery is required, thus setting the servant apart and forcing her to take a social position which most regard as degrading.

5. That there is seldom any place but the kitchen for receiving visitors nor any security from espionage, whether they are male or female.

6. The servant is often treated by the mistress as if her place and work were contemptible and children are allowed to take the same attitude.

These points give the reasons of reasonable and thoughtful girls, many of whom have had personal experience of precisely the difficulties embodied here, and who earnestly wish to see domestic service elevated and made possible. Precisely the same order of objection is found in another collection of statements made chiefly by Irish domestics with a few German and Swedish testimonies added. Nearly fifty of these are before me, representing all grades of intelligence for this class. They are often pathetic, often full of humor, and as often quite unconscious summaries of the evils encountered, but there is no space for them in detail.

I turn now to a source of information which even the most carping critic cannot question; that of one of the Reports of State Bureaus of Labor, notably that of Colorado for 1889, issued late in 1890. California has also done work in this direction, but the Colorado report devotes more space. Here are the statistics of this form of work and the official statement of the wrongs and abuses endured by many a servant who did her day's work without complaint. To the many who question what side the servant can have, I suggest an immediate turning to this report as the surest testimony yet given on the silent side, and end this mere hint of what might be said, with two representative statements, in which both sides of the case find presentation.

"I know all about it," said an energetic, capable woman of forty, an Irish-American who had left household service for a shirt factory. "Nobody need tell me about poor servants. Don't I know the way the hussies will do, comin' out of a bog maybe, and not knowin' the names even, let alone how to use half the things in the kitchen, and askin' their fourteen dollars a month? Don't I know it well and the shame it is to 'em? But then I know plenty of decent, hard-working girls, too, that give good satisfaction, an' this is what I mean to say. They say the main trouble is the mistresses don't know, no more than babies, what a day's work really is. A smart girl keeps on her feet all the time to prove she isn't lazy, for if the mistress finds her sittin' down she thinks there can't be much to do and that she doesn't earn her wages. Then if a girl tries to save herself, or is deliberate like, they call her slow. They want girls on tap from six in the morning till ten or eleven at night. Women make hard mistresses, and I say again, I'd rather be under a man that knows what he wants. That's the way with most."

The other statement is from an American girl:

"I was in a place, a big water-cure, where the man that ran it believed in bein' all one family. He called the girls 'helpers,' and he fixed things so that each one had some time to herself every day, and he tried to teach 'em all sorts of things. The patients were cranky to wait on, but you felt you was a human bein', anyhow, and had a chance. I was there nine months, an' I learned better'n ever I knew before, how folks ought to live on this earth, an' I said to myself, the fault wasn't so much in the girls that hadn't been taught ever; it was in them that didn't know enough to teach 'em. A girl thought it was rather pretty an' independent, an' showed she was somebody, to sling dishes on the table, and never say 'ma'am' nor 'sir,' and dress up afternoons an' make believe they hadn't a responsibility on earth. They hadn't sense enough to do any thing first-rate, for nobody had ever put any decent ambition into 'em. It isn't to do work well you see. It's to get somehow to a place where there won't be any more work. So I say that it's the way of livin' and thinkin' that's all wrong, an' that as soon as you git it ciphered out an' plain before you, that any woman, high or low, is a mean sneak that doesn't try to help everybody to feel just so. Why, things would stop bein' crooked an' folks would get along well enough. Don't you think so?"

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THE NEW SPECIMEN: COLLEGE GIRLS.

BY MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

THIS new subdivision among women must now be counted as a factor in social development. Yet we query if there is as much difference between college-bred women and those otherwise educated as the words suggest. Surely certain tendencies are to be regretted in this classification, though caste founded upon education is less to be deplored than the aristocracy of wealth.

The assumption that non-college women lack the discipline or the benefits of education is gratuitous. We constantly hear that college graduates best understand, not alone the various techniques of special education, but are best qualified to meet the emergencies of daily life, to superintend charitable and penal work, and to adjust the claims of sociology. The old question of the relative worth of book and life education is revived under this new form. No one doubts that such graduates comprehend specific subjects better than the uneducated, but a college course does not necessarily give broad insight into the causes and results of to-day's social and philanthropic activities or produce human sympathy and democratic co-operation. Graduates are apt to view every thing in relation to themselves; they are not interested in people who do not care for their pursuits. They have studied books, not newspapers. They do not fit into home-niches. If they become teachers, they crave the zest which comes from working in the same lines with others, and though they like the home monotony for their vacations, they could not endure it as a steady occupation. Home is seldom the same pleasant place that it once was to a college girl, who fancies she has outgrown it. Many a graduate says, "I must teach, I can't stay at home. I miss my comrades and their stimulus."

Girls go to college from various motives, and on the motive for going depends largely the result. Many are actuated by a general desire for education, others by the necessity of acquiring training for self-support (however, knowledge of subjects is not pedagogy). Some go for the "fun of it," others from a desire to escape from home. The reason for going is the shadow which will accompany the graduate throughout her life. College is a wretched place when it is an offset from home. If the study of Greek and mathematics ends in depreciation of home affection, be it ever so trying or commonplace, the girl would better never have left the narrow quarters which sheltered her. The love of tiresome parents and the cheer which daughters can give them, are not to be forgotten for the sake of college education. The graduate who studied because she did not want to make bread, will find her selfishness acts as a boomerang upon her own (intellectual?) enjoyment. The girl who takes college as a social incubating process, will find that it no more attains her object than will other social stepladders, which are always too short to reach the social height to which she aspires. On the other hand, when a college course is chosen because of the strength it gives for future noble service there is no doubt of its great worth. Still we question whether it is the only way of obtaining such training.

It is, however, more than possible that the friendships, common purposes, and natural excitements of a girl's college career do make the pleasures of home pall. When a girl graduates she is too old—even if she cares for society—to be a belle. She is too young to be a leader in philanthropy, and middle-aged women will not elect her as their guide, for she lacks experience; yet sometimes it is droll to see their modesty before the self-assurance of a girl graduate, who, notwithstanding her delight in the homage offered her as a superior young woman, still misses the college *esprit de corps*. Home is an unrelated incident in her path. She longs for a career either in marriage or as a leader somehow, somewhere, and soon her aging parents reconcile themselves by turning to each other for the enjoyment they had hoped to find in their daughter, whose expenses of education they have paid.

It goes without saying that the educated know more than the uneducated, that there is cause for rejoicing in the large number of girls' colleges and that their graduates are doing good work everywhere; but we object

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to the limitation of education as a process of absorption through colleges alone. Those who have gained knowledge through a fixed curriculum often know least about adaptation of means to ends. Common sense, Yankee grit, keen sympathy, the wisdom that comes from experience, places many a middle-aged woman, whose school training ceased at eighteen, on an equality with a college graduate. A knowledge of chemistry is a useful adjunct to cooking, but economical and appetizing food can be prepared by observation and practice. Coffee may be deleterious to the human system, but the scientist who advises a poor woman to roast acorns instead of the Mocha berry, should first find out whether or not the woman lives in the vicinity of acorns and has a five-cent car-fare so that she can go to the oaks, or whether she works all day and is too tired to gather acorns by moonlight.

Again, college education is now regarded as so valuable that those who cannot obtain it regret such inability all their lives. The sorrow is needless, for those who really care for knowledge can obtain it through such organizations as the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. These put the burden of work which must be done, upon the pupil, not upon the teacher. The teacher may be inadequate compared with a professor, but the pupil can be what she pleases. As average people rise in intellectual power, the exceptional still stand pre-eminent, so that any fear that partial knowledge may cheapen its own worth, is groundless. The education which comes through home study has an ennobling effect upon the individual character (and through that upon the community) which is fully equal to the special value of a college graduate. Moreover, home study in virtue of its very name, does not detract from the charm of home as a place of abode. The books and specimens sent to the one student are seen by all the family, the little cluster of houses on the hill-top or the village street is interested. Here is something which each one can learn while doing the cooking and sewing. One does not *go* to this education; it *comes* to one's door. It needs scarcely any money. There is no painful sacrifice of another's life to provide the wherewithal for a daughter's or sister's college course. It is the quiet fitting of one's self for the "ever womanly." With such education are trained at the same time all the domestic, social, and charitable faculties of the home-student. Knowledge is seen in reference to its immediate application. Life education keeps pace with information through books, which later may develop into specialties of learning and occupation. Education is valued for its own sake rather than as an opportunity for ambition. There is little of the adventitious excitements of a graduation day when knowledge is gained at home, while on the other hand the more a college partakes of a home atmosphere and the freer it is from publicity the more enduring is its work. There are many such colleges in the United States. Perhaps there are enough!

Only by education can the final solution of the social problem be obtained, but even when all the various extensions of knowledge are welcomed, the belief deepens,—that education must be gained by the individual for herself from innate love of study, that all the claims of family life must be fulfilled, and that sweetness of spirit, personal dignity, and painstaking sympathy can give results which are fully equal in national importance to the technical worth of college education. Both are needed, but if only the former can be obtained, there need not be cause for individual despair.

The maternal quality, which is not necessarily related to the birth of one's own children, is the factor through which a woman can do most good in this world. College life need not interfere with the development of this faculty, yet practically it does, when its graduates use their abilities for the benefit of others in an authoritative manner or in a philosophic spirit which lacks the element of maternal persuasiveness that should belong to all women who long to shelter others. To be a home in one's self is the ideal of motherliness. That ideal is fostered by constant, progressive education. The method by which it is gained does not constitute in itself a mark of superiority.

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SHALL WOMEN WORK FOR PAY?

BY MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY.

II. (CONCLUDED)

MONEY is a very simple thing, but it has varied powers, and it is not always easy to see how it represents the simple principle of a convenient medium of exchange.

This is its first value, which enables men to practice a division of labor so that each man may do what he can do best, and get what he needs most, without a laborious material exchange of goods. But money has also the convenient power of accumulation. Your excess of potatoes will be worthless next year, but turned into money to supply the needs of another, perhaps distant, community, it will avail you to buy clothing at any time you may want it. It is this accumulation of power by means of money, or capitalizing, as the political economists call it, that enables money to command labor, and produces the difficulties and heart-burnings which so trouble our social life. Yet on this power all great advance in civilization depends.

Another very important function of money is as a measure of value. What a thing will sell for, is a sign of what the world wants, or rather what it is conscious that it wants, for there are values not measurable in gold. When Socrates told the Athenians that his reward ought to be "maintenance in the Prytaneum" they did not know their needs, and were not willing to pay the petty price which would have saved them their most precious possession.

Now what difference does it make to the community whether a woman paints a picture and sells it for money, or does it as a gift or a contribution to charity? In either case, she adds so much to the work done in the world, and if there is already too much of that work, she may cause over-production, and so force others by lower prices to seek different work. But if she sells her work in open market, there is this gain that she produces something that somebody wants, for people rarely buy what they have no desire for, and so it is secured that her work has some utility. But you say the amateur, not obliged to earn her bread, takes the money which the poor girl needs. But money, like work, is not a fixed dead amount of which what one has, another lacks; its power is in its circulation, it travels from hand to hand, leaving its value wherever it passes. The amateur receives a hundred dollars for her picture. What does she do with the money? She buys books and so pays the author and the printer and the bookbinder, or the girls who fold the sheets, or she pays the milliner and the dressmaker, and all goes to keep work active in supplying her various wants, while her picture delights many eyes. The author cannot eat her own books, she must spend her profits on every one who will contribute to her food and clothing.

Another important consideration in regard to paid work is that it widens the opportunity of the people to possess the highest results of intelligent work. If the product is really valuable it is desired by many who could not receive it as a gift from the immediate producer.

Take an illustration from fruit, that delight of life, whose enlarged use depends so immediately on its cheapness. It used to be considered very mean to sell fruit, everybody must raise it for himself, and give the surplus to his friends. One old gentleman who had an abundance of fine fruit, but who could not command the service to send it about to his neighbors, was still unwilling to sell a pear or an apple, but his wiser wife arranged with a restaurant keeper to take all their superfluous fruit at a fair price, and so the child who could command a penny had his pear or his plums, and she could buy the nourishing meats and warm clothing which their failing strength required. Think of the pleasure to thousands of families when by skillful culture strawberries can be sold for five cents less the quart! Is it better that the rich horticulturist should let them rot upon the vines? I shall never forget the shock it gave me when a rich woman showing me beautiful wall fruit, said, "The peaches rot upon the ground." She was near a city where her gardener could easily have sold them all, and I thought of a hard-working girl who would gladly have worked a half-hour longer, to have bought one of those luscious peaches for which a dying sister longed. Doubtless

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the cultivator gladly would have given the peach had she known the need, but that is just the blessing of the open sale,—it aims to meet the want.

It is as a test or measure of value that working for money is especially important to women. Friends are always ready to praise extravagantly work for which they would not pay a penny. Dilettantism, superficial aimless work, is the curse of women's lives. Let the "light of the public square test the statue" not the rose-colored hue of the boudoir. Better a thousand honest failures, than one make-believe success. This is a frequent vice of kindergarten training; the child makes something which has no merit but as an exercise, and it is given as a Christmas gift to a doting friend who praises it as a precious thing of beauty and use. The richest women who paint, do not now dare to call themselves artists until they have sold a picture.

Another reason for working for money is, that unpaid work tends to render the price of labor vacillating. To produce a useful commodity by better methods, so that it can be sold at a lower price to all who need, is a general benefit, but to make the price uncertain by irregular production embarrasses the market, overstocking it at one time so that the laborer is not fairly paid, and leaving it unsupplied at another, when the consumer must pay a higher price than he expected, or go without. A gradual rise or fall in prices is regulated by natural laws of supply and demand, but interference with the market embarrasses trade.

Individual relations may call for departures from the strict principles of social economy. For instance, two girls one of whom is rich and the other poor may desire the same situation as teacher. The rich girl may be the better teacher, and she will help the whole body of teachers by raising the standard of education, and improving the social status of workers.

I would say to the rich girl who feels her privileged position a burden, that she has no right to throw away the advantage of her position, when she may by adding to it thought and conscience, make it a help to herself and others.

Use the opportunity to get the highest education, to do the best work. Art, literature, science, invention, need capitalized power. Those who might advance them are often hampered by the need of winning daily bread. At present, private means must often provide what to many seems indispensable for the public good. It may lead the way to a broad establishment of benefit to all. Whether you have this power by inheritance, or win it by your own skillful work, the responsibility for its use remains the same.

Look upon money not as dross, but as a power to help and bless others, accept it as a measure of value, and willingly submit your work to its test. It is a test of work of that which is done to supply the wants of others. Yet do not forget that there are priceless values in life, services that money cannot buy or pay, but be sure that it is a higher not a lower standard that you are choosing, if you reject this one.

The sweetness of money earned will help you to understand the workman better, will put you into truer relations with your fellow-men and women, and make you realize how entirely its value is in its noble use.

WOMEN IN THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

BY CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED.

IN Conservative eyes, the great governing body of the English metropolis has committed most of the sins in the calendar and stands pledged to as many other iniquities as wicked Radical brains backed by ungodly Liberal votes can invent and achieve. A Tory lady unaffected as yet by leveling or socialistic ideas, her husband belonging to one of the oldest noble families in the kingdom, was deploring that degenerate public sentiment which idolizes Gladstone and makes John Burns a hero. "The County Council!" exclaimed this stanch aristocrat. "*They* are his Satanic Majesty personified!"—not impiously said, but with fervent unction and repugnance, the recollection of which occasioned much amusement when afterward I beheld that seemingly harmless company without the least diabolic air, presided over by a

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fat, ruddy, innocent-faced, boyish looking man in a sky-blue suit adorned with a huge rose *boutonnière*, and not even a sulphurous figure of speech to bear out her comparison.

To term the Council a municipal body is, however, a misnomer. The City proper—a small district a square mile in area extending from the Tower to Temple Bar within limits once inclosed by walls with gates—has its separate police in special uniform, its venerable privileges, its own mayor and aldermen, altogether independent of the enormous straggling composite entity known as London, throwing out tentacles in every direction and grasping new boroughs in its rapacious arms. In the County Council—a governing agency borrowed from the French by many English towns—the district known as the City is represented by such men as Rosebery and Lubbock. London itself was a mere "geographical expression," without autonomy or definite boundaries until, out of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, the county of that name was recently carved. The Council, voted for directly by the people, is really an elective committee of the enfranchised from the fifty-eight districts composing the county, with power to add to their number by designating aldermen, one of these aldermen so chosen from the City being a woman. In its make-up, all shades of political, religious, and economic faith are embraced, reflecting truthfully the constituencies delegating authority.

Not a moss-grown institution like parliament or the mayoralty is this remarkable legislative assemblage, but the outcome of recent changes demanded by lack of central agencies and need for better administrative regulations to cope with increasingly difficult problems of municipal government. The trend of its action has been somewhat determined by the enormous socialistic pressure of the last few years. While succeeding to the functions of various hoary, anomalous executive bodies which it supersedes, the Council itself, barely having reached its second birthday, is essentially new. Every thing connected with it is new, even its smart assembly hall near Trafalgar Square, large and light, half encircled by a gallery, and brilliant in red plush upholstery.

For each session, a printed list of bills or measures to be acted on, forming a considerable volume, is with true English thoroughness prepared and placed on every member's desk. Thoroughness, patient application to details, characterizes the busiest man or woman in the whirl of London political and social life. An introduction to a member of Parliament elicits a reply in person or from his own hand; and when you meet, he has made memoranda about people who, he thinks, may be useful to you, has provided letters to them or brings about an interview, and even troubles himself to write and ask notables in your line of work or thought to call on you—in sharp contrast with the ready promises but halting fulfillment of most of us Americans.

The Council convenes about half past two o'clock, and often sits four and five hours, disintegrated at intervals by the slipping away of all the men for that indispensable adjunct of every English ceremony whether pertaining to birth, life, or the grave,—afternoon tea. The chairman—Lord Rosebery at that time—flanked by two vice-chairmen, one of them the venerable scientist, Sir John Lubbock, occupies a spacious platform raised a few feet above the floor level. Lord Rosebery is an ideal presiding officer, fair, courteous, quick, logical, and business-like. The vote is taken by holding up hands instead of standing, the chairman slowly counting the number of hands raised for the ayes and then for the noes, announcing the totals. If a division is called for, members file into opposite lobbies and walk between tellers, who inform the chairman, on reassembling, of the result. At this particular session the first measure discussed pertained to assuming charge of some of the parks and gardens opened for the people by the Council's predecessor, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and since the extinction of that body, closed for want of funds. The motion was carried, a victory for Lord Heath and his coadjutors, who are providing, for the poor, playgrounds and open spaces in the most crowded and wretched quarters, taxing landed proprietors more heavily for the purpose. Indeed, the radical dealings of the Council—although between two fires of opposing criticism, not extreme enough for the socialist and too revolutionary for the steady-going citizen—have effected as many improvements in two years as were heretofore wrought in as many decades. Rates have been levied on the rich to build decent artisans' dwellings; inequitable ground-rent contracts have been readjusted; the population has been dispersed from the

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lowest haunts where crowding had reached the saturation point, and settled in model blocks; pestilential rookeries have been demolished, infamous resorts closed, dark streets lighted.

In keeping with such progressive spirit is the youthful character of this assemblage, the Council being largely composed of men scarcely yet in the prime of life. A few clerical black coats besprinkle the room where, in June, light business suits prevail, set off by the invariable blossom in the coat lapel. At least two Israelites, sleek and irreproachable, are prominent in the proceedings.

A tall blond man enters, serious, earnest, that young Charington, once a rich brewer, who, converted by Moody, gave up his brewery, pledged his private fortune toward a people's mission hall in the Mile End, and devotes his life to religious and charitable ministrations. The best military "coach" in England wabbles about, a fat figure clad in white flannels as if just shot over in a pneumatic tube from India. Among the socialists present are several peers; other noblemen are, or rather were, Home Rulers in politics, being members of the Council in virtue of their broad advaneed policy more than as protectors of the ancient privileged orders. Lord Monkwell is conspicuous, his clear, penetrating gaze and shrewd face framed by a close clipped beard; and the aristocratic personage with blue black hair, dark eyes, and immaculate vestments is Lord Compton, married to the daughter of the celebrated Lady Ashburton who was the friend of Carlyle and is still, at advanced age, a marked celebrity in the English world of fashion.

As the chairman enters with an old man on his arm, there is a round of unwonted applause and the distinguished guest is shown to Sir John Lubbock's vacant seat where, his hand curved behind his ear and just parting his gray locks, he listens with head bent forward to every word of the debate, approval or dissent painted on his speaking face. It is Mr. Gladstone. His retirement an hour later becomes the signal for a second outburst. The round of business is presently broken by a few terse words in a deep, rich, musical voice, proceeding from among the pillars supporting the gallery. Every head is craned toward a nervous, wiry figure in a shabby coat, swarthy and pale, but so slight that one is puzzled to decide where can be packed away that noble, sonorous organ of speech. I recognize at once the original of a masterly portrait in the Academy painted by Collier, Huxley's son-in-law, and representing John Burns.

The leader of the dock laborers' strike is a useful member of the Council, an unpaid office he was unable to assume until his constituents forced his acceptance of a sum equivalent to what he earned at his trade of engineer, two guineas a week. Even of this small amount, postage demanded for his heavy correspondence absorbs the third; and his intimates describe him trudging miles with his wife to the scenes of the labor agitations he controls, being too poor to pay tram fare. Enemies charge that Burns made money by the dockers' movement. No unbiased person believes such an accusation; for, though there was a deficit notwithstanding the vast sums flowing in for relief, it would have been a marvel and equally an impossibility to account for every dollar distributed in such need and stress. John Burns is to-day the idol of the workingmen of London; and in case of an early appeal to the country, the champion of the dock laborers will surely be elected to Parliament.

To a woman, the most interesting figures in any life drama are those, not of men, but of her own sex who embody noble, effective effort. Joan of Arc has upon the schoolgirl imagination a hold which Richard the Lion-hearted never secures; in female annals, Mary Somerville is equally honored with Laplace; and a tender reverence enwraps Elizabeth Browning's memory which all the gifts of her immortal husband fail to inspire.

With a thrill of pride, an almost personal though vicarious sense of fruition, one beholds two women installed among the lawmakers for the greatest city on the globe. Masculine activities and accomplishment seem but a frame, a luminous background to throw out more strongly the worth and dignity of those feminine faculties which command such recognition. Isolation as well as prominence and advancement make the female members of the County Council noteworthy. In London, widows and unmarried women who are householders or property owners being allowed to vote for councilors, and any one possessing this franchise being eligible for election to that body, women insisted on the right to sit in the Council, and two candidates were triumphantly chosen. This claim was bitterly disputed, the first at-

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tack having been made on Lady Sandhurst, the result being that she had to vacate her seat. Her colleague, Miss Cobden, and also Miss Cons, who had been named alderman to represent the City, retained their places longer by feminine stratagem or rather by quick-witted foresight; for a clause in the law asserting that no seat in the Council shall be contested after the lapse of a twelvemonth, these imperiled members quietly staid at home, going their womanly way, their irate opponents forgetting their existence or congratulating themselves that the fight was ingloriously abandoned. When the year had expired, the two ladies promptly reappeared, took part in the proceedings, and for a while controlled the situation. But the movement to unseat Miss Cobden was so far successful that the court of Queen's Bench has lately decided against her, with penalties and costs. In behalf of the principle which English women leaders consider to be at stake, she will appeal—with what issue remains to be seen.

The name of Miss Constance Cons is synonymous in London with devotion to the working classes. By her own unaided effort she secured subscriptions of £30,000 to build in dreary, indigent Southwark a great theater for the pleasure of the poor. At Victoria Hall every night she and her sister are to be found; and there this alderman standing for the powerful rich City enters as a friend into the troubles of working girls and provides wholesome recreation for their joyless parents.

The solitary woman councilor, whose seat has been declared untenable, modestly claims to have been put forward as standard-bearer for her sex because of the influence attaching to her father's name. She is well dressed, femininely handsome, with a brilliant pink and white skin and brown eyes, an aureole of golden gray hair surmounting an intellectual brow. Fluent and forcible, her gentleness overlying both will and spirit, wise in leadership, unselfish in victory, and unmoved by defeat, if woman's cause can be furthered politically, Jane Cobden will help to drive the aggressive wedge.

THE KITCHEN SCRAP-BOOK.

BY MINNIE A. BARNEY.

YOUNG Mrs. Martin tripped across the lawn to the side door of her next-door neighbor's house and found the little woman busy sprinkling a layer of fine salt upon a small engraving which was fastened smoothly on a board.

"What do you think you're doing, Ella?" was the laughing inquiry. "Ulysses sowed salt on the seashore. Are you too feigning madness by sowing it on this marine view, and if so, why?"

"I'm only testing a recipe for cleaning engravings before I put it into my Kitchen Scrap-book. Sit down and watch the experiment. The directions say that lemon juice must be squeezed on the salt until nearly all is dissolved, and that after every part of the picture has been covered the board must be tipped to an angle of forty-five degrees and boiling water poured over it to wash off the mixture. There now, we'll leave it to dry slowly so that it will not turn yellow. If this is a success I have a large engraving that I shall clean in the same way."

The two young housewives settled themselves for a cozy chat. They were very fond of comparing notes on the subject of domestic economy.

"Do tell me what your Kitchen Scrap-book is. I have seen your portrait book, and your collection of noted places, and your scrap-books of poetry and prose, and thought that as a compiler you were a worthy successor to the late lamented Griswold; but what is this new compilation?"

"The name doesn't signify much," replied Ella, "only the book stands on a shelf in the kitchen, and I usually paste in the scraps when I am waiting for an angels' food to bake, or bread to rise, or salad dressing to cool. You see, what troubled me most at the beginning of my housekeeping was ignorance of the little things that come with experience. Cooking and baking weren't hard because there were plenty of practical recipe books, but just what could be found in none of them I often wanted to know. For instance, how could I tell a fresh egg? I re-

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membered faintly something about putting it in water and seeing which end came to the top, but which end indicated which state of freshness? Then I knew that flatirons could be kept from sticking to starched surfaces; was it by using beeswax or resin? Unfortunately I experimented with the latter first. The oxidizing was fast disappearing from our pretty wedding teaspoons; how could I keep that and yet make the remaining surface bright? What would take fruit stains out of silk? Was it possible to remove drops of sperm from a carpet? If canned fruit is beginning to 'work' must it be thrown away or is there a way to stop the fermentation? These and similar questions came with provoking frequency.

"One morning I burned my finger on the oven door, and my German washerwoman told me to put my finger on my ear. To my surprise, just as she had said it would, the cool surface of the ear seemed to draw all the fire from the burn. That was too valuable to be forgotten and as I wrote it on the margin of a recipe book the idea of my Kitchen Scrap-book originated.

"In my first leisure I searched all the Home Department columns of the papers stored in the attic, cut out every paragraph that seemed to promise to be valuable, and have since kept a systematic outlook for such items, testing every thing before pasting it in. It was funny how any thing I watched for was sure to appear, and soon, too. We had some andirons stored away that had been in my husband's family for years, and I could have used them in our parlor fireplace, only they had been neglected until they were as dull as lead. I began to look for directions to clean old brass, and in almost the first mail came a sample copy of a story paper, worthless in itself, but having a paragraph to the effect that old brass could be made to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and then scrubbing with a coarse brush. It worked like a charm, and the andirons when rinsed in cold water and carefully dried looked as you see now," and Ella pointed with pride to their shining surfaces.

Her listener's face wore a sufficiently interested look to encourage the little enthusiast to proceed, and she chattered on.

"My palette knife, which hadn't been out of my sketch box since I painted those ridiculous panels before I was married, has at last found a sphere of usefulness, for among my clippings was the hint that it would be good for scraping porridge or mush from the sides of bowls and pots. For my pretty mahogany center table which I thought ruined because some ink had been overturned on it (from a patent inkstand, by the way, warranted not to spill when upset), I found a remedy, and that was to brush the spots with a feather dipped in diluted niter. The stains faded as if by magic, and the polish was kept by rubbing at once with cold water."

"Let me take your book and see if there is any thing practical for me," said Mrs. Martin. "'Flowers can be kept fresh for a long time if a pinch of soda is added to the water.' I knew that before. 'If an article has been scorched in the ironing lay it at once in the bright sunshine.' Well, my washerwoman doesn't even iron the clothes dry, so there is no danger of her ever scorching them. 'Clean carved ivory,' ah! that's what I want, 'with a paste of dampened saw-dust and a few drops of lemon juice. Lay it on thick, let it dry, and then remove with a nail brush.' I'll try that this very day on that pretty carved paper knife I bought in Paris."

She turned over the neatly pasted leaves. "What are these initials on the margins of some of the slips? 'T. M.' makes me think of the old lady who marked all her pies T. M. for *'tis mince*, and T. M. for *'taint mince*, and then complained that she couldn't tell them apart after all."

Ella laughed merrily. "Oh, those are the initials of the friend who recommended the items, others are to show from what papers they were cut. Notice this recipe; it has saved my buying new rubber overshoes for nearly a year. It is a quickly made cement for mending a break in rubber. 'Get five cents' worth of red rubber from the dentist's, cut it into small bits, put it into a bottle and dissolve it with chloroform. Apply quickly with a brush and it will harden at once.' The next clipping has saved me several dollars on my ice bill this summer; it says that an ice cream freezer packed three-quarters full of ice and salt and the other quarter with newspapers, will freeze cream as quickly as if packed full of ice."

When young Mrs. Martin tripped back across the lawn to her own door, she had her friend's Kitchen Scrap-book under her arm, and in her head a plan for copying all its bits of advice and beginning a similar compilation of her own.

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THE HOME OF SUSAN HAYES WARD.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

A CULTIVATED home is like a good harbor, a delightful place to anchor in. If one is tired of the rush of New York, Newark is not far away, and in one home there, at least, one can find cordial welcome, esthetic surroundings, affection, rest, and culture.

Not that the family are not all workers, along the highest and best lines, but those only know how to enjoy the rest which comes from congenial friendship, who know how to work.

You walk up a broad street in Newark till you come to a brownstone house, the rocks hewn from the quarry near by. It is two stories high, besides attic, with broad piazza covered with English and Japanese ivies. The latter vines are more luxuriant, it is said, than any except those at Hampton, Virginia. Wistarias, blossoming in profusion, it would seem from the sheer love of blooming in the mellow sunshine, hang their purple clusters among the various tints of green. The grounds are full of flowers, ferns, foxgloves, blood-root; old-fashioned flowers and new, wild, and cultivated. It would not be difficult to see that there is somebody in the lovely house who finds great enjoyment in these gifts of nature.

Two sisters and a brother live in this home. The brother, the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., the editor of *The Independent* for more than twenty years, is well known by his writings and his antiquarian research. In 1884 he took charge of the expedition to Babylonia, and spent about a year in the ruins south of Bagdad. Miss Catharine Wolfe, of New York, furnished the means for these investigations.

He is an unusually fine linguist, especially in the ancient languages, and is president of the Oriental Society. I doubt if in any other home in this country, when they gather at morning prayers, one person reads the Bible in Hebrew or Greek or Latin, another in German, and another in French or Italian; none in English, save perchance a visitor.

The other members of this scholarly household are Susan Hayes Ward, her sister Hetta Hayes Ward, and formerly—his picture, life-size, hangs on the wall—the Rev. Herbert D. Ward, the son of Dr. Ward, who, with his literary wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, well sustains the reputation of the family.

Dr. Ward, like his sisters, has a passion for flowers, stopping each morning as he goes to his New York office to pick a pansy or other favorite. Joaquin Miller calls him "the man with a blossom." His pet flower-bed on the lawn has a big castor-oil plant and other luxuriant vegetation. "When these are growing," says a friend, "he goes out morning and night, and walks around them like a Chaldean worshiper before his god, hands aloft and full of delight at their marvelous daily growth." A rustic well-house on the boundary line between the Ward home and that of their neighbors, adds to the beauty of the lawn.

The home within is just what the home of artists and authors would naturally be, full of color, pictures, books, and things of interest gathered from all over the world. Mary Clemmer used to describe it as "a house with a door in the middle and rooms each side." At the right, as you enter, is the "painting-room"—I should call it the studio. Here any friends who wish suggestions in decorative work are cordially welcomed. Here, for years, the sisters have had art classes each week. Here the young ladies of the church of which the Wards are members, prepare art work for the Mission Band, Crewel Club, and other societies. Here, Miss Hetta Ward, attractive and capable, just at present is writing poetry.

Each week Miss Susan Ward prepares the Fine Arts columns of *The Independent*—both sisters have written several Sunday-school books and made a collection of religious verse and hymns for Christmas use—writes articles for THE CHAUTAUQUAN and other journals, does not forget or neglect her church work or the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, is president of the Philadelphia Branch of the Woman's Board, yet always has time to read new books, to welcome friends as a charming, cordial hostess, and to do good in a thousand ways, not the least of

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which is making the Ward home a delight. Of course it was known long ago that if one wishes work to be done, one must go to the busiest persons. They only have leisure.

Opposite the studio is the parlor. The walls are of rough plaster, tinted in fawn gray, hung with water colors, copies of Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, mostly gifts of artists. Turkish rugs are on the floors, portières at the doors, and books, books everywhere. In the hall is a large bookcase, and hanging shelves are full to overflowing with books.

The study is a place where one could linger for days. It is a museum of things which a student loves; Assyrian in color, full of valuable books, many on Assyriology, French books with red backs, English with green, German with brown. Many are filled with choice illustrations, in looking at which one forgets Newark and New York, and lives in bygone centuries. In each Oriental book one finds a unique bookplate, drawn by Miss Susan Ward for her brother. The real impression represents the sun god going up over the mountains through the gates of day. Dr. Ward discovered the significance of this. The bay window is full of growing plants; the tall lamp with red shade, and the red rugs give a cheerful air to a room flooded with sunlight. What a place in which to write, and think, and plan, and dream!

The dining-room with its family portraits on the walls, and oil paintings of fruits and flowers, the choice old sideboard which used to belong to the Rev. Nathaniel Niles, the predecessor of the father of the present Wards, who filled the pulpit in Abington, Massachusetts, the rare old china on the table, are all remembered by those who have been guests at the Newark home.

Upstairs the floors, as everywhere else, are bare, with pretty rugs and antique furniture. Having slept in the "spare-room" under the canopy, one does not forget the bed-spread woven by the great-grandmother of the Ward sisters, to which Miss Susan Ward has added her own delicate embroidery.

Everywhere the artistic handiwork of the sisters is seen; perfect in harmony of color, dainty in design, exquisite in execution.

The walls of the little eight by ten room where Miss Ward writes, are covered with books on art and literature. In this congenial room of a congenial home, she is one of the busiest members of the *Woman's Council Table*, and she is also one of the best and truest.

FÉNELON'S "EDUCATION OF GIRLS."

BY HARRIET CARTER.

THE most marked trait of character in Fénelon, the great French author, was his spirit of helpfulness. It was typical of his own nature that in "Télémaque," his leading literary production, he should have sent out as counselor to the young hero in his dangerous voyage, the goddess of wisdom under the assumed form of the sage old Mentor. To enact to the best of his ability in real life the rôle of a Mentor was the mission of Fénelon's choice and the one for which nature had especially adapted him. His strong personality and magnetic influence led others to seek him; his persuasive power induced them to follow his directions; his ability and his acquirements made him a safe and a wise leader.

Among the many appeals made to him for assistance there came one from a lady friend, a duchess, asking him to write out for her some directions which would aid her in the training of her daughters. As he was at that time engaged as teacher in the Convent of New Catholics, in Paris, an institution established for girls, he was a most fitting person of whom to make such a request. As his response, the world was put in possession of the "Education of Girls," a work justly described as "a masterpiece of delicacy and reason." Fénelon was able to make the book as useful and practical as it proved, because his quick ear caught echoing through this mother's question the more pathetic cry of all the girls of the period for help to lift their lives up to a higher plane. He answered his friend by enrolling himself as a champion for the cause of woman's advancement.

His book is written in a charming style; its spirit is liberal; its standard broad. But the modern reader is frequently astonished to

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find that a man who could propose so far in advance of his time such correct principles of education, should so often have stopped short in his scheme without unfolding the higher possibilities toward which it so plainly led. To understand this it is necessary to go back to the time and conditions under which it was written, and to obtain an insight into the temperament of the writer.

Fénelon was a man who accepted situations, and then at once set to work to make things move harmoniously within their fixed environments. He lacked the one essential element of a reformer—defiance of an arbitrary established order of things; but, for attaining the highest permissible good, he possessed an enthusiasm which led him to the very verge of reform.

Unfortunately for him and the people by whom he was surrounded, the despotic Louis XIV. was on the throne of France. Fénelon, a devoted churchman, looked upon "the powers that be" as divinely appointed, and his deeply religious nature must needs bow in submission to royal authority. The peculiar bent of his conscience would not allow him to brave openly even the spirit of the age which had its birth in the wishes of the king. This age was averse to woman's higher education; Fénelon, plainly seeing its need, urged it to its furthest expediency, but dared go no further.

He begins his book by attacking the popular prejudice against learned women. As long as he is on safe grounds he fights valiantly, even using now and then little touches of sarcasm. But he shields himself behind such remarks as "True, we must be on our guard against making them ridiculous bluestockings." As a proof of the importance of their training he states the fact that upon women rests the fulfillment of duties which lie at the foundation of human life; the good management of homes, the right instruction of children. "Is it not women," he asks, "who ruin or uphold families?" And again, "Can men hope for any happiness for themselves if their most intimate companionship—that of marriage—be turned to bitterness?"

Then as if to curry favor with the sterner sex for what he is about to say, he makes the statement that "women as a rule have still weaker minds than men, therefore it is not expedient to engage them in studies that may turn their heads. . . . They may pass by certain extended fields of knowledge." Now, feeling again the courage of his convictions, he adds, "But . . . the weaker they are, the more important it is to strengthen them." Thus he vacillates, now pressing boldly up to the extreme limits of his liberty, and then recoiling; he ventures, retracts, trims, but always he pleads for progress.

The evils arising from the neglected state in which girls grew up, he showed to be, that it left them devoid of the power of application, fond of trifling amusements, self-indulgent, vain, frivolous, and possessed of a romantic imagination which made real life distasteful. The time to begin the remedy of these faults is in infancy. Then, after giving copious directions for laying the foundations of education, he proceeds to a detailed account of the matters in which girls should receive special training.

First in the list he places the precepts and doctrines of the church, that all mothers may be prepared to instruct their children in holy things. Next there should be thorough drill in domestic economy; and the leading principles of general business should be taught, which he even carries so far as to include a slight knowledge of the legal profession. One cannot help laughing now at the reason given for this: that this slight knowledge may show women "how incapable they are of penetrating the difficulties of the law," and that they will therefore be prevented from eagerly entering into lawsuits if left to manage for themselves. All girls should be taught to read and write correctly, and to be familiar enough with grammar to insure a proper use of language. A knowledge of the four rules of arithmetic is important. Some branches of literature should be open to women, such as history and biography, as in them they will find "examples of courage and of disinterestedness." Latin as the language of the church they may learn. Of poetry and music they may be permitted to know a little, provided the greatest caution be used in granting the privilege. Such arts are "poisonous delights." Painting is more useful, as it aids in the "planning of fine needlework."

Such is the general outline of Fénelon's system, which for those days of intolerance and absolutism was one of exceeding liberality. It contains the best things that the best man of his times could conscientiously say. It is only to be regretted that he did not say the best he knew.

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WHAT CONTRACTS A MARRIED WOMAN MAY MAKE.

BY LELIA ROBINSON SAWTELLE, LL. B.
Of the Boston Bar.

By the old common law a married woman could make no contract whatever that could bind her or her property, unless she had a separate equitable estate held for her by trustees, in which case her contracts concerning such separate estate were recognized and enforceable against the estate in the chancery court. Even for the necessaries of life she could not bind herself or her property, and if she attempted so to do the contract was absolutely void and could never be enforced against her or her property even after she became a widow. Hard as this rule of law appears, the intent was to protect a woman's property and to make her husband solely responsible for her maintenance; for though she could not bind herself or her own property by her contracts for necessaries, she could make such contracts on her husband's credit (unless he supplied her otherwise) and he would be obliged to pay her bills so contracted. This important subject of a wife's power to bind her husband by her contracts for necessaries will be considered somewhat at length in my next paper. It will be remembered that at marriage all personal property went immediately to the husband, that all personal property coming to her in any way during the marriage also became his, and that the income and use of her real property was his during the marriage. Therefore the wife had no money or property which she could handle during the continuance of the marriage, and if it had been possible for her to make contracts binding on her real estate after her widowhood, it was considered that she might be imposed upon by unscrupulous dealers, or even by a husband who should seek to evade his responsibilities. By this system of law also, the husband who came into possession of his wife's property at marriage became likewise responsible for her debts of all kinds contracted before marriage, which was some slight off-set to the counter fact that the wife's property could be taken by the husband's creditors immediately after marriage.

There are few if any states where the common law rule now prevails in its old time severity concerning married women's contracts, but in some the right of wives to contract is much more restricted than in others. In many states married women may now make all kinds of contracts with nearly or quite the same degree of responsibility that a married man or a single woman may do. There are slight restrictions on these powers in some of the states I shall name, but space will not allow of my going into minute particulars here. These states are Alabama, Arizona Territory, California, Colorado, both Dakotas, District of Columbia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah Territory, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

In a limited number of states husband and wife may make valid contracts with each other, namely, in Alabama, California, Colorado, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan (in cases where equity would sustain them), Mississippi, Nevada, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Washington, and Wisconsin. In other states, such contracts are not legal or binding. Thus in Massachusetts, although a wife may make any contract—of any kind and with any person—that her husband may, a contract or conveyance of any kind directly between husband and wife is absolutely invalid and cannot be made binding, and if a promissory note be given by one of a married pair to the other, it is utterly void and cannot be collected from the maker of the note or from his or her estate.

I will refer briefly to the states as yet unmentioned. A wife may make contracts relating to her separate estate, with more or less restriction (which differs from the broad power to make all and any contracts), in Connecticut, Delaware, Missouri, Texas, and Wisconsin. She may make binding contracts only after becoming, by authority of the court, a free trader or free dealer, in Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and North Carolina. In Tennessee she may bind her

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separate equitable estate by her contracts unless the power to do so is expressly withheld in the instrument creating the trust, but such a contract must clearly express the intention to bind her estate; also she may contract if her husband is judicially declared insane; and in Rhode Island a wife may make contracts concerning the sale of her personal property, except her household furniture, plate, jewels, stock, or shares in an incorporated company, debts secured by mortgage and money on deposit; concerning these enumerated classes of property and her real property, she can contract only by joint deed with her husband, unless he deserts her or fails to provide, when she may apply to the court for the powers of a single woman. So if she comes to the state alone and remains a year without him, she has the rights and powers of a widow, but only till he shall come into the state.

My next paper will be on the subject, What Support a Married Woman May Claim from her Husband.

WOMEN IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

BY ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

TWENTY-ONE years ago last fall the few ladies who had received appointments to the Patent Office were gathered together into the first division of that corps of women bread-winners who now permeate every corner of the stately building.

Colonel Samuel S. Fisher (of Connecticut by birth, but of Ohio by adoption) was at that time Commissioner of Patents, and he had discovered, in acquainting himself with the *personnel* of the bureau, that the several ladies who carried on the departmental rolls did their work at home, coming for it and returning it, personally or by messenger, as it was finished. This work—the copying of the specifications—forming as it did a vital part of the Secret Archives of the Office, he deemed too important, and too valuable to both inventor and public, to be scattered so widely and exposed to the dangers of transportation and loss or destruction by accident; and he therefore issued in the September of 1869 an order calling them into the building where they were consolidated into the "Copying Division," and Miss Mary Capen, of Boston, was transferred from the Bureau of Internal Revenue and put in charge of the new force.

The same year Colonel Fisher opened another door to ladies by introducing them on the Draughting roll as tracers of drawings. This resulted in a very valuable contribution to the Patent Archives, for the old drawings were so highly colored and so heavily shaded—the brush being used altogether—as entirely to obscure at times the working part of the machinery. Simple outlines and just enough line-shading to determine concaves, convexes, and spirals were introduced, and the photographs made from the same have become the models for the Patent Offices of the world.

Under Colonel Fisher's successor, General Leggett, the Examining Corps was thrown open to their competition, and in 1874, when the last-named sturdy soldier went back to his law practice in Ohio, women were not only an accepted fact, but were already working at the same salaries as the men of the three Corps named.

The number employed has gradually risen from ten to two hundred and twelve, and of this number nearly all the original appointees hold high places of trust and responsibility, changing administrations and parties having recognized their worth and continued to repose the same confidence in their loyalty and ability. Their promotions have been won in all cases by competitive examination or by such signal excellence in the special branch to which they have devoted themselves as to make such examination unnecessary.

Among them are Miss Shedd, of New York, the stenographer and trusted confidential clerk of the successive Commissioners who have held office since 1869; Mrs. M. J. Baxter, of Boston, who examines and passes upon every lithograph issued, and to whose fearlessness and impartiality in examining these same is due—more than to any one official—the present high standard the office has attained in photolithography; Miss Noyes, of Connecticut, Assistant Examiner of Electricity; Mrs. General Neagle, of the

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District, Assistant Examiner of Fine Arts; Miss Tyler, of Vermont, Assistant Examiner of Agricultural Implements; Mrs. Lybrand, the widow of a gallant young soldier, Assistant Examiner of Railroads and Civil Engineering; Mrs. Chapman, of Connecticut, Examiner of Trade-Marks; Miss Harwood, of Virginia, has entire charge of the time-rolls and leaves of absence; Miss Meikleham, a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, is a Reviser in the Assignment Division; and of those appointed a few years later Miss Hatch is the stenographer and private secretary of the Law Clerk, taking Miss Shedd's place in the Commissioner's Office when that lady goes on her leave; Miss Nash, of Georgia, assorts and enters all the mail, home and foreign, received in, and audits all of the accounts of, the Scientific Library, which is pronounced by competent judges to be the largest and finest purely technical library in the world; and finally, thirty especially chosen stenographers and typewriters are the Clerks of the Examining Corps.

These appointees of the first decade all have histories; for they have sustained losses and experienced vicissitudes so startling that only a Civil War and our extraordinary system of finance could account for them.

The older ones bear the ineffaceable marks of gentle birth and breeding, and there clings to them still the air of court and salon; historic names dot the pay-roll; culture and grace crop out in the pauses of official routine; while a nameless dignity convinces the most heedless that a woman's richest crown is independent of court jewelers and lapidaries, great fortunes and hereditary jewels.

There are also many picturesque figures among them and "survivals of the fittest"—delicate porcelains that have been jostled perilously near to iron necessity in the mad war-floods or the tidal waves of ruin following the "Black Fridays" of Wall Street.

If you glance down the line you see Mrs. Lafayette Guild, descended from Sir Thomas More and Surry of Flodden, and who counts on her mother's side a no less distinguished great-grandfather than Patrick Henry; Miss Walworth descended from New York's greatest Chancellor; Miss Ferry, through whose brave eyes looks the soul of some *voyageur* ancestor, who discovering the Ohio called it "La belle rivière"; Miss von Rodenstein, descended from the old Graf of song and story; Miss Schaeffer, sister of the well-known microscopist; Miss Julia Wilbur, who harbors the soul of a giant and the spirit of a Savonarola in her tiny frame, and is the friend and teacher of the Freedman, the lover and abetter of every movement that advances women; Mrs. Harriet Guest, whose war-service in the hospital at Annapolis secured her both pension and decoration; Mrs. Rex Van L. Brown, the widow of the gallant Confederate who held the Devil's Den at Gettysburg; Mrs. McKiggan, a grandniece of the Girards whose munificence founded colleges; Mrs. Upshur, the Florence Nightingale of the cholera plague that devastated Philadelphia years ago; Mrs. Talcott, a sister of the faithful court lady who followed the waning fortunes of Maximilian and Carlotta until the light of his star was quenched on the field of Queretaro, and hers set in mourning and tears among her royal kin whose love, whose power, whose thrones and principalities can give her only—keepers and a mad-house; Miss Stow, the Italian, French, and German translator in the Scientific Library, belongs to the famous race of that name, and on her mother's side is descended in unbroken line from King Ethelred; Miss Reading, a great-grandniece of Washington; Mrs. Bowles, a cousin of the lamented General Geo. H. Thomas; Miss Mechlin, whose head—poised like that of a stag at gaze—with its sad brown eyes and snowy hair has won its crown through reverses and losses that wring the heart to remember; Mrs. Fluellyn, widow of the late Judge; Mrs. Payne, the widow of Admiral Payne, U. S. N.; Miss Peabody, a cousin of the philanthropic millionaire; Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Parsons, and a score more.

Of our happier romances are those of Mlle. Berthe Guillaume, who left her drawing board to paint for the world, and is peculiarly successful with her large and ever increasing classes; Miss Lois Mygatt, who carried her exquisite voice to new triumphs when she married and went to Pittsburgh; Miss Sherwood, who married Mr. Esselmont, a few years ago the elected lord provost of Aberdeen, and now Member of Parliament; Miss Calvert, whose quaint old-world name, Araminta, seems to bring with it a whiff of lavender and rose-leaves, and who recently married a descendant of a Maryland colonist as well-born as her own ancestor; pretty Johnnie Melvin, of Arkansas, whose family have just won a great lawsuit that will give

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her "gowd and silk and siller fine," but cannot add one whit to her frank, fearless soul and honest young heart; Miss Capen, who married a general of the late Federal volunteer service; Miss Ellis, who, resigning, opened and successfully carries on the most satisfactory private school in Washington city; Miss Elwell, now the wife of a well-known Patent lawyer, to whose success she largely contributes; Miss Middleton, who, relieved of the care and education of several nieces and nephews, has opened an office and built up such a successful business that she is obliged to employ a number of clerks—all women—to dispose of the stenographic notes, foreign and English specifications, etc., that pour in upon her, the lawyers fully appreciating her accuracy and discretion.

We have our dead—a short list happily—and busy hands pause and anxious hearts spare a throb to the memory of those who have died in harness—Mrs. Freeman, who as Miss Nichols, was the first lady appointed to the Examining Corps; Mrs. Fitzhugh Ludlow, the widow of the poet; Miss Gilfillan, the sister of the Treasurer.

And we have our ghosts. But what community so small, so compact, that Sorrow cannot wedge to its core? There was one of South Carolina's proudest daughters, whose family could scarcely reckon its wealth and a part of whose patrimony lay in the Sea Islands. Under a fiery rain of bursting shells through fields plowed deep with bombs and sowed with the dead, she fled with her parents and little sisters and brothers back into the interior for safety; during the War, and for a few years after, they wandered poorer and poorer, living on what plate and jewels they had caught up in their flight, until Mrs. Hamilton Fish heard of their straits and told General Grant. He appointed her before the pitiful story had lain an hour in his great tender heart, but alas! the crystal vase of the brain was shattered by the very relief from the long tension, and for years she has contentedly wandered through the scenes of her childhood conjured back by a merciful form of insanity.

Another: Miss Haskell, of New England, a woman of rare talent and worth, who would have been great in the world of letters had she been able to write a tithe of the songs that welled up from her heart. Perhaps the few she wrote borrowed their pathos and sweetness from the fact that like the nightingale she sang with a thorn piercing her breast. The thorn was poverty, and to her dear dependent ones she gladly sacrificed youth, hope, love, genius, health—and then when she had closed the last eyes and folded the last hands over the quiet hearts she fell helpless and stricken, and lies now patiently waiting for death. She is supported by several departmental friends who manage out of their salaries and needs to spare enough to rent a small room and pay for a few comforts.

Another ghost—a happier one though—came wandering under the white façade of the great building the other day and whispered the most touching message of peace that the *post bellum* days can furnish, I think. The kinswoman of General Thomas, already mentioned, received from the dead soldier's sister a tiny box containing several acorns and the message, "Ask the Federal authorities to permit these to be planted in the Circle bearing his name and containing his statue. They are from the tree he played under as a child, dreamed under as a boy, and in whose shade he bade farewell to state and family."

It is the first time the proud lips have parted to his name since that farewell, that the heart has opened its gate to Love and Memory; for the doctrine of states rights set the seal on the one and cast away the key of the other. But the eyes that wept themselves dim in secret see clearer now, and across the narrow divide that separates us from the Happier Majority she catches the gleam—not of the three stars on the Blue she thought the wrong color—but the golden curls of the boy she loved, and so she asks permission to root this monument as worthy as the stone and bronze memorial his Government and soldiers have raised.

Within the last five years more appointments have been made than during the preceding fifteen. Those who are now coming into the office are the young high school graduates, who fresh from class-rooms and lecture halls pass brilliant examinations before the Civil Service Boards of the country. Their brisk business-like ways mark them as the new generation, and, while they lack the grace and suavity of the older women, the bloom of their youth is a grateful sight in the long corridors and at their desks, typewriters, and phonographs.

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DANGEROUS, THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

THE demoralizing and impoverishing tendencies of lotteries have become so plainly evident that to arrest the evil the law has interfered and suppressed the cause. But there is another curse almost as debasing, as hope and home destroying, as were lotteries, which is left to go unmolested. It is the "Installment Plan."

A young couple are about to set up housekeeping. The man is earning a fairly good salary and has a small bank account. The woman also has worked and laid by a little sum. Thus fortified the future promises them bright things. Their plan is to take a few rooms, furnish them modestly, and by industry and thrift gradually to pave the way to larger possessions.

They start out together to buy their plenishing, fully determined, as they suppose, upon the limits of their purchases. But, alas! unluckily for them, they come across and enter one of those traps of destruction called "Installment Furnishing Houses." Their own desire for beauty and brightness begins to encroach upon their predetermined plan of economy; the gilded bait of easy terms proves too tempting to be resisted; it seems so unreasonable to defer the enjoyment which can just as well be taken now, for they are assured that in the end it will be no more expensive to buy after this manner than to follow their original design; they hesitate, they yield, and spend three or four times more than their combined savings.

For a while all goes well, and they are very happy. It is quite easy to meet the required monthly payments, and they congratulate themselves upon their wise decision, and with growing recklessness keep adding to their belongings. The impetus gained by a good start carries them safely for quite a distance on their dangerous route. But by and by they become conscious that things are not running quite so easily. The friction, almost imperceptible at first, grows more and more apparent, and presently becomes a heavy drag. Time brings new demands upon their resources, and their cares are multiplied. It is weary pulling now and they become discouraged. But through all, the exacting installment demand must be punctually met.

The case becomes distressing. The husband begs for an increase of salary only to be refused. He tries to borrow, but he has been living beyond his means, his friends know it, and do not care to trust him.

At last there comes a day when a van stands at the door, and the furniture so dearly and so nearly paid for is carried off for the want of a few dollars. All their savings and earnings are lost to them forever, and there is no restitution.

One bitterly cold night last winter there was a sharp ring at the bell. On going to the door and peering into the darkness, I found what seemed to be a child huddled closely at one corner of the step. To my inquiry as to what was wanted there came the timid reply, "Something for my children to eat." I looked at her in blank amazement.

"Your children!" I exclaimed, "you are nothing but a child yourself. How many have you?"

"Three, and we are starving."

"How old are they?"

"The oldest four years, the baby ten weeks."

I must frankly acknowledge that I doubted her word; but as I drew her into the light there was no mistake regarding the misery and hunger that were depicted in her wan face. Giving her enough to satisfy their wants for the present, I took her address, and next day went to seek her. I found her story true. They had evidently seen better times, but were now miserably poor. Her husband had some time before lost his place and could not find new work. The neighbors said he had grown shiftless and did not want to find any. Driven to desperation by hunger, on the night before, she had resorted, for the first time in her life, to begging. A few friends helped all through the bitter winter to fight starvation from the door. She was obliged to accept charity, for nearly all the little money she was put in the way of earning had to go to keep their few remaining bits of furniture from falling back into the hands of the installment men.

And yet this curse, only secondary, if indeed it is secondary, to the lottery system, is allowed to exist, is legalized.

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

NEW HEIGHTS FOR THE C. L. S. C.

THE month of June brings the members of the Class of '91 to the verge of a great achievement. But all achievement has accomplished its true aim only when it is made to serve as a step from the top of which there may be obtained larger views of future work. To be done with any thing simply for the sake of being done, means not much more than failure; to be done for the sake of strength gained to do more, is success.

All members looking forward now to the near completion of the four years' course must be conscious of a strong impression that the wise thing is to resolve not to stop short of reading all the Seal Courses. To gain the inspiration which will change this impression if it is yet only an impression, to a decision, it is only necessary to attend some Assembly and take a personal part in the graduating exercises of the class. When under the influence of such a time there is placed in the hand the well-earned diploma, it will become a joy to commit one's self fully to the yet higher courses of reading marked out. And it is only by such commitments that one can ever realize in any measure the success which he will one day wish, in Shakspere's words, "might be found in the calendar of [his] past endeavors."

The C. L. S. C. members who are not yet ready to graduate will find the course of Required Readings for the coming year one of marked excellence. In addition to its own intrinsic merits, it possesses, for Americans, the advantage of dealing chiefly with the home land. Those who are already enrolled in some class and have been devoting themselves to Greece, Rome, England, will feel on contemplating it like travelers returning from foreign shores; while those who join the new class will be glad to start with the affairs of their own land.

The text-books are especially adapted to the requirements in this particular field of work. They deal with history, literature, sociology, science, and religion; and the salient points in each are brought out not only in a true and clear light, but in one that is agreeable and interesting as well. Wherever the nature of any topic is such as to tend in the least degree to make of it a heavy looking piece of literature, there have been deftly projected into it veins of attractive questionings and alluring suggestions which rob it entirely of any thing like a forbidding aspect. To make of study a pleasure seems to have been the concerted aim of all those engaged in the preparation of the work.

Especially will this be found true of the readings to appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which will constitute at least one-half of the course. The best writers in the special lines of work have been engaged to prepare the articles. The reader will be led in fancy back to the early days of American history, and will find himself the companion of his ancestors in their old-time ways of living. In this imaginary historic character he is then to pass from age to age, noting the growth of the nation, the developments of political life, and the fostering care given to education and science. He is to see as in a great cyclorama the most important battle-fields up to the time of the Civil War, not simply because they were great battle-fields, but on account of the influence they exerted on the destiny of the country. All other lines of reading—and they have a wide range and deal with current events as well as with those of past times—will be handled in as masterly a way as those having to do with history. A schedule of work so full of promise as is the one now awaiting all Chautauquans, must meet with hearty approbation, and strengthen the determination to press onward to the very end of the undertaking, where all the victory lies.

TREATIES WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

WITH the close of the century there has come a new spirit among the nations. All civilized nations are becoming more and more like "plain folks." The ease of communication has made it possible for a nation, through its representatives, to "go a visiting" just like individuals. We saw this when all the South American peoples ran over to take tea and spend the evening with our folks at home not long ago. International meetings of all kinds are becoming common and it is

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curious to notice that when these meetings take place, the visitors representing a foreign nation are always warmly welcomed by the people of the country where the meeting takes place. This is particularly true of meetings of representatives from sister republics like those of South America. Such meetings show that there is really "a brotherhood of man."

It is said that there is no friendship in trade, and that international interests are always at swords' points. The visit of the South American peoples seems to prove that this is not wholly true for already there is an actual business benefit to two of the nations present at the late tea party and family council. On the first of the month (April) the republic of Brazil admitted certain of our products to her ports free and reduced the duty on others. We, by proclamation of the President, under a clause of the McKinley bill, also agreed after the first of January next to admit free certain of the products of Brazil. In point of time our sister republic is clearly more generous than we are, as we wait nine months to do as we would be done by. It is not material what goods are to enter each country free or at reduced duties. The point is that the two nations agree, for the time, to have a fair deal and to try the effect of free and friendly trade.

We have gone on for some time in the old sword-point fashion, fearing each other and putting up walls and fences against trade, and it has not paid. Tariffs never do pay in either moral or business courage—for they make a people timid and distrustful. We imported from Brazil last year $70,000,000 worth of her products, but she only bought our things to the value of $9,000,000, and we had to settle the bill with gold. This identical gold went through her hands to pay for goods bought in Europe. It is hoped that by the new arrangement we shall take even more of her products and shall be able to pay for them in our own.

It must be noticed that one reason why we have done so little trade with Brazil before is the want of cheap and rapid communication. Last year only 15 steamships flying our flag entered the port of Rio, while 703 British, French, German, and Italian steamers anchored there. The new trade that we hope to see flow from the new treaty with Brazil must and will bring forth better means of communication. Already there are prospects that larger and faster steamships will ply between our ports and those of all the South American nations. Create facilities for trade, and trade appears. A telegraph line calls out messages, and a steamship line calls out its own freight. In like manner this friendly arrangement with Brazil will create trade, and trade means new knowledge of each other between peoples, and acquaintance creates mutual respect and friendship.

There is every prospect that this first treaty will be followed by others. The sister republics may all, in time, join hands with us in mutual agreements of friendship for trade and business. And with increased trade come new acquaintances, new discoveries of common human interests. Trade makes travel easy and travel educates peoples as well as men. The new opening for trade may not amount to much till we can compete with cheap European ships, yet it is a step in advance. It may lead to a drawing together of nations and to a wider extension of the brotherhood of men.

WHY SO MANY WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

A LADY asks us: "Why are there so many intelligent and attractive unmarried women in this country when there are more men than women?" She might have put the question in another way, and asked us how it is possible for so many men to remain single when the number of attractive unmarried women about them is so great.

In whichever form it is put, the answer is difficult, for the subject is full of complexity. Never before in the history of this country were women so well fitted for marriage as they are now,—so engaging, so capable of performing the duties of a wife and a mother, and so desirable in all respects as companions and helpmates for men. Yet marriages among people of intelligence, education, and refinement are reported as decreasing proportionately, perhaps more particularly in New England. A like, and perhaps an even greater, decline in the marriage rate appears in England, France, and Germany; and various explanations of its causes have been suggested by recent writers in our own and European reviews. The most striking of these was presented in the *Westminster Review* of London, and it is that modern refinement has made both men and women more

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sensitive and critical in their requirements, and has also created in them a stronger spirit of self-dependence. The argument is that the nicer cultivation of the taste and of the critical faculty has extended in our day far beyond the social limits within which it was confined even a generation ago. The standards by which it judges people are higher and severer, and accordingly the number of satisfactory and complementary mates for those who possess it is greatly reduced, since, wide as has been the extension of refinement, the circle of the cultivated and the delicately sensitive still excludes the great mass of society, with whom the finer minds and the choicer spirits find little congenial association. Their own intellectual and spiritual development also tends to make them self-sufficient, and it opens up to them occupations and brings to them distractions which make compensation for the loss of the support and companionship of marriage. In proof of this generalization, statistics are adduced to show that the decline in the marriage rate is among the more cultivated, and not among the humble and simple.

It is undoubtedly true, also, that in our day the spread of refinement and of intellectual cultivation, in this country more especially, has been greater among women than among men. Critical foreign visitors generally agree in the opinion that our American women are superior to the men in those particulars, probably because they have more leisure in which to gratify their ambition for such improvement. The vast majority of the readers of books are women, not merely of fiction, but of all literature which cultivates the taste and enlightens the spirit. The men, willingly or unwillingly, are engaged in a fight for material prizes; the women are accumulating intellectual and spiritual treasures by the reading and the thought for which they have greater opportunity, and thus are creating a gulf of separation between themselves and the men with whom they are brought into association.

Even if such be the case, it ought not to act unfavorably to marriage. There is something that is better than this cultivation, and it is manly strength, dignity, and integrity of character. It is a safer reliance for a woman and a better inheritance for the race. It is not the polish of the gold but its intrinsic quality that gives it value. Cultivation should broaden and enlarge the mind and not weaken it with hyper-sensitiveness. It should make its possessor all the keener to discover genuine worth, and it should extend the range of the sympathies. Some men have more in them naturally than a whole lifetime of cultivation can develop in others; and a good wife, herself refined and instructed, will find more to provoke lasting affection and command unvarying respect in genuineness and solidity than in any luster which may be produced by the friction of artificial cultivation alone. Companionship with her will also be for her husband a liberal education, a spur to improvement, and an incentive to advancement.

Undoubtedly, the tendency of increasing cultivation is to put off marriage until a somewhat later period of life. It makes people more thoughtful about taking a step so momentous. They want to feel safe that they are not sacrificing the future to the present and imperiling the happiness of others to secure their own gratification. They will not take a leap in the dark under the impulse of unreasoning sentiment merely, but as intelligent and sensible beings will wait to look ahead to see where they are going to land; and because they are not foolhardy slaves and victims of passion they are all the more deserving of confidence as husbands and wives. They think of their obligations and not of their desires wholly. The ignorant man may wed the ignorant woman without stopping to deliberate; but people of more delicately adjusted natures and temperaments, of nicer intellectual and spiritual requirements, of more complicated social relations, and of greater and more exacting demands must be more cautious. They must look at both the practical and the sentimental side of matrimony. They must stop to consider what such lifelong companionship involves. Hence cultivation tends to delay marriage. But that also is not unfortunate—if the delay is not too long. Men and women enter matrimony with maturer characters and sounder judgment.

It is true that in the total population of the United States the males exceed the females, but the difference is comparatively small. In 1880 there were 25,518,820 males and 24,636,963 females, and the difference in favor of the males was explained by foreign immigration, more men than women emigrating, as a matter of course. Between the ages of

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15 and 19 years, however, the time of life when girls become marriageable, the women were actually more numerous than the men, standing 2,535,327 to 2,476,088, the males more readily succumbing to the diseases of childhood than the females. A large part of the men also are engaged in employments which tend to discourage, if not to prevent marriage. They are soldiers, sailors, adventurers, travelers, pioneers, nomads seeking fortune. Multitudes, too, have not so far established themselves in business or in their professions that they are able to support wives. They all look forward to marriage, with exceptions proportionately few, but the day of their happiness may be distant.

Finally, so far as our observation goes, women were never before so attractive as now, and never before were the inducements to matrimony so hard to resist. Both men and women are as quick to fall in love as ever, and married life is the aim, the hope, the ambition of all the unmated; for the bachelors by choice do not deserve to be counted as completely developed human beings.

GREAT SOLDIERS IN LITERATURE.

FAMOUS men of action in modern times seldom drop into literature, so Americans must always wonder at the books which some of our distinguished generals have left us. The great trio of Union commanders during the Civil War wrote war records which must be read as long as the world remains interested in the men and the subject. Another prominent soldier, Logan, made politics instead of war his subject, and produced a book which became at once an authority on the topics treated; and many generals of less note have penned valuable histories of campaigns in which they were engaged.

Many men with whom literature is a profession mix some vexation with the wonder which these books inspire in them. They cannot deny that Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Logan wrote in admirable style, with good sense of proportion, and with firm literary grasp of their respective subjects. None of these soldier-authors had any assistance from the pens of men trained to literature, as did some prominent civilians who have ventured into literature. "Where did he get his style?" was a frequent question among makers of books when Sherman's "Memoirs" first appeared, about fifteen years ago. The answer finally accepted was that Sherman was a universal genius; this was very near the the truth, and, besides, Sherman was known to have been always a literary student and critic, although he had written nothing for print.

But how about Grant? Except the last half of his second volume when pain, sleeplessness, and lack of nourishment made it impossible for him to write more than a few moments at a time, his work elicited the heartiest commendation; it was dignified, modest, direct, comprehensive, graceful, and sometimes delicately humorous. No other historian of the war has equaled him at the difficult task of properly mentioning his many lieutenants and their achievements. Yet Grant had long been reputed a silent man; his enemies said he never read a book, nor even a magazine, and few of his friends took pains to remove the impression which these statements made. While president he had many opportunities to indulge in fine writing, had he been so disposed, but he did not avail himself of them. Yet, in spite of all this, many readers enjoyed Grant's volumes who had but little interest in the war or the writer—enjoyed them for their literary style.

As for Sheridan, some critics were unkind enough to laugh with scorn when the report came that he was writing a book. It was admitted that he was a spendid soldier and good fellow, but the last man in the world who should think of writing. Yet Sheridan made a capital book, and instead of suffering any pangs of authorship he heartily enjoyed the work and gleefully announced that he never would have imagined that writing was so ridiculously easy. Logan was better prepared, apparently, than his predecessors, and did creditable work, although his book necessarily lacked wide popularity because of its avowed political bias.

There is no mystery, however, about the sources of the literary ability of our great soldiers. It should not be forgotten that the West Point Academy, from which Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan graduated, is not merely a technical school; great attention is paid there to belles-lettres, and, of course, to the English language, its grammar and composition. The first requisite of good writing, which is to write distinctly and to the point, is compulsory in the mass of so-

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called "routine work" of which each officer of our army must do a great deal. The piano student who for five years has been faithful to "scales" and "exercises" with not even the ghost of a tune in them, is thereafter competent to play any music at sight; in like manner the officer who has penned many thousands of pages of orders, reports, etc., in which accuracy, point, and distinctness are absolutely necessary, is quite fit to write of any subject with which he is familiar. This brings us to a fact to which, after all else is considered, much of the literary success of our great generals is due;—it is that they fully understood their respective subjects. The greatness of the general topic of the war must of course be conceded, but it is not enough of itself to make a book great; otherwise some war histories which might be named—histories by civilians who have written able books on other subjects, would not now be neglected and forgotten. There is a large moral in this for men and women who want to write; whether the matter be great or small, lack of full knowledge of it cannot be atoned for by any degree of literary skill.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* will be published every morning for thirty days during the Chautauqua Assembly. By reading the announcement on page 259 in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, you will learn of its many attractions. THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the *Assembly Herald* together for the ensuing year will be $2.70. THE CHAUTAUQUAN alone, $2.00. *Assembly Herald* alone, $1.00.

THE extensive tour made by President Harrison through several of the Southern States to the Pacific Coast is a wise use of his time. The people should see the chief magistrate of the nation when practical. A Pullman train is a dignified and pleasant way for him to travel. Postmaster-general Wanamaker and Secretary Rusk of his Cabinet, Mrs. Harrison, and some other members of the President's family made up the party. At no points on his route was the President more cordially received than in the Southern States. His reception was enthusiastic all along the journey. It has been suggested that the trip has a political meaning, but how can a President elected by a party, perform any act that will not be interpreted by somebody as political? We look upon the President of the United States visiting the people after this fashion as discharging obligations he owes to them. It is quite as valuable to the country as some messages sent to Congress; more so than sitting in Washington permitting politicians to monopolize his time with their schemes for filling offices. The speeches made by the President were numerous, and without any traces of partisanship, replete with apt allusions to local history, useful lessons on social life and domestic customs, devotion to the laws of the country, and loyalty to the government; in a word, the President has done vastly more by his speeches on this trip to promote public order and good government, than he could do by six months in the White House hearing the tales of the politicians from all the states he visited.

THE Hon. William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, is the plaintiff in a suit brought by George F. Ormsby, an officer of the United States Navy, to recover $50,000 damages for false arrest and imprisonment. Ormsby claims that he was imprisoned at Mare Island from January 26 to March 7, 1889, by order of the Secretary without cause or authority. The path leading out of public office is liable to be as thorny as the one leading into it. A faithful public officer is obliged at times to enforce the law against subordinates; then the subordinate turns and arrests his superior officer, but when this is done after a man's term of office expires and he is engaged in other pursuits, it becomes a sort of persecution. Surely public office presents an increasing list of penalties.

THERE is a growing tendency among certain classes of people to ask for government aid in conducting certain business enterprises. Mr. Charles Francis Adams replied to an invitation to be present at the Western Commercial Congress with these wholesome words:

What our country needs most of all, in my

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judgment, is in matters legislative to be severely let alone, and that the industrious and thrifty people thereof be permitted to work out their and its salvation in their own way. If so left, they will work out that salvation a great deal quicker and a great deal more satisfactorily than they will ever succeed in doing while the government incessantly encumbers them with its well-meant but most ill-advised assistance.

Shall the people of a town or city offer inducements to manufacturers, in the form of money, land, or exemption from taxation for a series of years, if they will move into their midst? That may and may not be wise policy; but government aid to corporations or private business enterprises is of doubtful expediency.

THE State Department has recently been the center of discussion for several exciting international questions. The Bering Sea controversy, the reciprocity plan, and the Italian imbroglio, have given Secretary Blaine splendid opportunities to show his qualities in diplomatic statesmanship in treating with England, Italy, and South American countries. At this writing all three questions remain unsettled, though Mr. Blaine seems to be sustained in the positions he has taken by the press of his own party and indeed by the American press in general. On all such subjects American doctrine is plain, and a prudent officer of the government is not likely to make a serious blunder, particularly when public sentiment finds a voice every day in the public prints.

SENATOR EDMUNDS of Vermont and Senator John H. Reagan of Texas have resigned their seats in the United States Senate. Mr. Edmunds retires to private life, after serving twenty-five years in the Senate, and at a time when there are two years of his term yet to run. He has been a statesman of high rank, differed radically with some of the chief men in his party, and at the same time wielded great influence in shaping national legislation during the past twenty-five years. Mr. Reagan was Postmaster-general of the Southern Confederacy, and was serving his first term as Senator, and had not reached the same prominence in the Senate that he had won in the Lower House of Congress where he had served six successive terms. He becomes chairman of the Railway Commission of Texas. As the country grows richer and great business ventures prove successful, men of eminent abilities are offered flattering inducements to serve corporations and private interests, the government is likely to suffer a loss in the withdrawal of her great statesman from the public service to accept more lucrative positions in new fields. Franklin Pierce resigned a seat in the Senate to become a preacher of the Gospel but he was made President of the United States; Henry Clay resigned his place in the Senate on the plea that public office had lost its attractions for him, but two years later he became a candidate for president and was defeated. Senators Edmunds and Reagan have evidently retired from the Senate for reasons which lead them to new labors in their respective states.

THE *New York Tribune*, the first copy of which was issued April 10, 1841, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Horace Greeley's name became a tower of strength not as a member of Congress or a candidate for president of the United States, but as editor of *The Tribune*, a position which was not created by somebody else, but a place he made by his own genius, which he defined as "hard work." He was a great politician, and a good organizer, a man of fertile brain, remarkable talents, and great courage. A sagacious man in journalism and political affairs, he devoted his life to one line of things and established the work of his hands, which continues among us as one of the institutions of the country. *The Tribune* is a clean, high-toned, ably edited daily newspaper, and it is worthy of all the encomiums bestowed upon it at the recent anniversary by the speakers,—Charles A. Dana, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hoar, Clarence Stedman and George William Curtis.

FREE trade and protection have not formed a very large part of the discussion on reciprocity to which we have been treated in the public prints, till the recent question was raised, "Why is reciprocity moving southward only?" "The best markets for farm products are not to be found among agricultural, but among manufacturing, mining, and mercantile communities." It is claimed that if reciprocity with South America would open a market for $5,000,000 more of farm products that similar results, following from reciprocity with Europe, would increase our exports of farm products by $300,-

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000,000. Canada takes from us more than $15,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and provisions annually, while the southern countries take less than $10,000,00. It is possible that out of the agitation now going on, reciprocity will open doors north and south, east and west, for the produce of our American farms.

THE new commonwealth of Australia was organized amid great enthusiasm by the Federation Convention which met in the city of Sydney in New South Wales, April 9, 1891. The commonwealth is composed of six colonies: South Australia, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The area of country is 3,000,000 square miles, with a coast line of 8,000 miles and a population of 4,000,000 souls. There is an unbroken line of railroad for 2,600 miles from South Australia to Queensland, erected at a cost of $486,000,000. The chief export is wool, the American duty on which exceeds 100 per cent. This new commonwealth is up to the most advanced ideas of civilization in the world, in literature and art, churches and schools, and all the modern appointments of a flourishing nation.

FIELD-MARSHAL von Moltke died recently in his ninetieth year. He played a prominent part as a staff officer and general in the armies of Prussia and Germany. "March apart, fight together," has been the popular expression of Moltke's strategy. The bombardment and capture of Paris was his last victory. When the troops returned to Berlin an adjutant-general of Emperor William rode up to Moltke and handed him his appointment to be General Field-marshal. For seventeen years he served as Field-marshal, then early on an August morning he sent this message to his young sovereign, "I have become too old, your Majesty, to mount a horse," and requested his retirement. The great work of his life was done after he reached the age of sixty-six. His great military victories were won in his seventy-first year. His death removes the greatest general in the German Empire. Soon after he passed away Bismarck was elected to the Reichstag by a ballot in the Geestemünde district; the returns from 55 polling places give the following figures: Bismarck 6,678, Schmelfeld 4,718. This was the second ballot cast, but it puts the iron man to the front again in German politics.

BY the recent death of Dr. de Pressensé, French Protestants have lost one of their ablest advocates and boldest defenders. His whole life was a plea for the largest liberty. As pastor of the Taitbout Church, Paris, he defended the rights of all Free Churches, and pleaded in favor of entire separation of church and state. As a member of the French Senate, he contended in all national questions on the side of liberty of conscience. As an author his numerous books and articles on various subjects, rang always to the same key-note. As a philanthropist his aim was to remove the galling restrictions which narrow down the lives of the poor. In his notable warfare against the circulation of vicious literature he took the ground that he was simply trying to restrain the hands of those who sought to bind the people with the basest chains of depravity.

THE old Roman philosophers would doubtless have recognized in misfortunes such as those to which Dr. Talmage and his people have been subjected in the repeated destruction of their church edifice, "the protractive trials of great Jove to find persistive constancy in men." And certainly no group of people have ever shown themselves possessed of a more dauntless spirit. The first large church built by them was burned in 1872; and the larger one which replaced it, met the same fate in 1889. But the third and largest of all was dedicated on the 26th of last April. This new Brooklyn Tabernacle occupies an entire block and has a seating capacity of five thousand. The Sunday-school room attached will hold half as many more. The material of which the building is constructed is red mottled brick, and the trimmings are of red sandstone. The style is mediæval Gothic, with a great corner tower rising to the height of one hundred and sixty feet.

THE Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks of Boston was elected Bishop for Massachusetts by the Protestant Episcopal Convention on April 30. The vote of the clergy was, whole number, 154; necessary to choice, 78. Phillips Brooks, D.D., 92; Henry Y. Satterlee, 58; A. C. A. Hall, 3; Geo. S. Converse, 1. Vote of lay delegates: number of parishes, 109; necessary for a choice, 55. Phillips Brooks, 55; Henry Y. Satterlee, 32; Edward Abbott, 1; divided, 5. This election marks the rapid growth of a liberal spirit in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Brooks is one of

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the most distinguished preachers in America—he is a broad churchman and a reformer whose individuality has lifted him above the conventionalities of his church. He has a strong following which asserted itself by placing him in the episcopacy. The office of bishop will not be likely to increase his influence as a preacher. Instead of his preaching to an immense congregation in Trinity Church, Boston, and operating from this center where he has made himself felt for good in a hundred ways, his relation is severed; he will have no church or congregation of his own through which to work; he will travel here and there preaching to small congregations and scattering his fire. We shall study Bishop Phillips Brooks in the diocese of Massachusetts carefully as compared with the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, rector of Trinity Church. May it not be possible when we think of doing good to men, that he has left the greater for the lesser throne of power?

OUR readers will remember an article on "Tremont Temple—A Baptist Church in Boston," which appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in October of the preceding volume. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Emory J. Haynes, the pastor at that time. It appears that Dr. Haynes several years ago entered the Methodist ministry, where he had marked success as a preacher and pastor. After a time his views of baptism changed, and he could not serve at Methodist altars with a good conscience; then he resigned his place among the Methodists and went to the Baptist Church, was immersed and served with distinction in Tremont Temple, as the successor to such men, as Drs. Fulton, Lorimer, and others; finally he became unsettled in his views and turned back to the Methodist fold, and in March last he asked to be received into the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The preachers appointed a committee who recommended that Dr. Haynes be elected a member of that body and it was done. When ministers can go back and forth among the churches after this fashion with good cheer, the churches are becoming one in faith.

WE notice an attempt in the press to decide who are our greatest preachers. Henry Ward Beecher and Bishop Simpson ranked as the foremost pulpit orators of their time, but the anti-slavery movement and the Civil War gave them their best opportunity to be heard and known outside of their ecclesiastical organizations. In the absence of a great reform, in times of peace, nearly every preacher's reputation is confined to his own people; no swelling move of reform or popular uprising in a common cause to-day makes a preacher known in all the land. Frederic Robertson was one of the greatest sermonizers of the age, and that means preacher—because through the press he now preaches to tens of thousands—yet he was not known outside of his own parish till he was dead and his sermons were put into print. Some of the greatest and most powerful preachers in the United States are in the pulpits of small churches in rural districts, unseen and unknown except by the people of their own communities.

THE prizes offered by the American Economic Association for the best essays on the subject of women wage-earners were awarded in April. There were about thirty competitors. The first prize of $300 was given to Miss Clare de Graffenried, of Washington, D. C. The essay written by Mrs. Helen Campbell, of New York, received the second prize of $200. Miss de Graffenried is a descendant of Baron de Graffenried, one of the eminent companions of General Oglethorpe, who planted a colony in Georgia. She was appointed in 1886 to the position in the United States Department of Labor which she at present holds. In this impression of this magazine is an article on "Women in the London County Council" from the pen of Miss de Graffenried, which shows that she is active in the cause of woman's advancement. Mrs. Helen Campbell is a native of Lockport, N. Y., and now resides in Orange, New Jersey. Her article in *The Woman's Council Table* in this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is on her specialty, where her sympathies are most active: "A Voice from the Silent Side," an article in the interests of working-girls.

IN a recent issue of Edward Bellamy's *Nationalist Weekly* this head-line appeared: "Forms of crime, fatality, and suffering, which the adoption of Nationalism would render impossible." Under this sweeping title no less than twelve news items were placed, among which was the following: "Robbers broke into the house of Mr. Richards at Porter's Bridge, near Colora, Maryland, last week. Mr. and Mrs. Richards were aroused by the noise. The robbers shot Mrs.

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Richards dead, and having filled Mr. Richards with bullets, beat him to death with a poker." It may be reasonably inferred from the above that conjecture is the means by which the conclusion is reached in the Nationalist syllogism. It would seem that the Bellamy school has provided for a violation of God's commandments to its own satisfaction by the construction of a scheme in which the Christian religion holds only a minor place.

IT is estimated that there were, on May 1, nearly 200,000 miners involved in the strikes in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and other coal-producing states. The demands of the strikers were about equally divided between those asking for a reduction of the working day to eight hours and those praying for a re-adjustment of wages, either to provide a reduction or to get an increase. The matter of competition is important in the consideration of the wage system and, indeed, in so far as the length of the working hour is concerned, it being said by an operator of northern Illinois that in order to do business profitably, they must reduce their rate of wages per ton for coal passed over a one and one-fourth inch screen, from $.625 to $.50, the rate paid by operators in southern Illinois. The destruction of property seems to have been confined to a narrow limit and it is to be hoped that no serious complications will arise.

C. L. S. C. COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1891-1892.

FOR the members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle we give a general outline of the work for the coming year:

The books to be used by Chautauqua students are, "Main Facts of American History" (illustrated), by D. H. Montgomery; "The Story of the Constitution," by Francis N. Thorpe; "Initial Studies in American Letters," by Prof. H. A. Beers; "The Social Institutions of America," by James Bryce; "German Course in English," by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson; "Two Old Faiths—Hinduism and Mohammedanism."

THE CHAUTAUQUAN will publish particularly interesting papers on American History, the salient features of which will be a series of papers on the Battles for American Liberty; picturesque descriptions on Colonial Life, describing houses, amusements, dress, manners; papers on the Town Meeting, the Shire System, Grants made by the King, Trading Companies, early Presidents of the United States, States made out of Colonies and States made out of Territories, Land Tenure in America; Anti-slavery and the North in the War, Slavery and the Southern Confederacy, and other papers making as complete a historical study as possible.

There will be short, pleasantly written, practical papers on Physiology, Physical Culture, and Botany.

For scientific research in the United States several million dollars are annually appropriated, and many men engaged in this work, and to show what is being done in this line, THE CHAUTAUQUAN will have a series of five finely written articles, popular in style, by Major J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey.

During the coming year there will appear studies of the History of Political Parties in America; the Growth and Distribution of Population of the United States; the Financial System of the United States; Our Educational System; American Morals; the Organization and Personnel of the Patent Office; papers especially valuable will be presented on Science, the Handmaid of Agriculture; Scientific Use of Food; Adulterations of Food; Animal Industry.

All the readers of the magazine will be pleased to know that Bishop Vincent will continue to select for them the Sunday Readings.

For post-graduates there will be as fine a line of study as heretofore. English Literature is the special subject: (1) Fiction, the General Theory, Realism and Idealism in Fiction, the First Novels in English, Modern Tendencies; (2) English Poetry from Cowper to Keats, the Classical and Romantic Movements in English Poetry, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, etc.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN is justly proud to be able to present to its readers such a complete course of study, and it promises them a large number of discriminating, thoughtful, and polished writers on the subjects in the course.

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C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 8).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XL.-XLIII.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XVI.-XVII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Intellectual Development of the English People."

"Life in Modern England."

Sunday Reading for June 7.

Second week (ending June 15).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XLIV.-XLVII.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XVIII.-XXI.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

"Hungary's Progress and Position."

Sunday Reading for June 14.

Third week (ending June 22).

"Walks and Talks," chapters XLVIII.-LI.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XXII.-XXIII.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Irishman at Home."

"England in the Islands of the Sea."

Sunday Reading for June 21.

Fourth week (ending June 30).

"Walks and Talks," chapters LII.-LIV.

"Classic French Course in English," chapters XXIV.-XXV.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Studies in Astronomy."

Sunday Reading for June 28.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Table-Talk—Is the "Aristocratic Life" in England as exclusive now as formerly?
2. Paper—The Influence of the Second Religious Movement in England.
3. Lecture—How the Coal Beds were Formed.
4. Voltaire as a man, as a writer, as a "liberalizer of thought" (talks or short papers).
5. Book-Talk—"Paul and Virginia."

SECOND WEEK.

1. Reporters' Items—Interesting Public Events.
2. The members of the class should bring all the metonymies they have used or read in the last week and subject them to analysis.
3. Essay—Subject: New Words.
4. Biographical Sketch—Subject: Amiel.
5. Paper—The song writer Beranger.

THIRD WEEK.

A REVIEW OF "WALKS AND TALKS."

1. The difficult names in geology will make the following game interesting. Select words from the text-book, write them on slips of paper, and place them on a table so that the writing cannot be read. The starter of the game draws at random one of the papers, and pronounces the word to the player seated next to him, who is to spell it and give some fact called to mind by the word. If the spelling and the fact are correct the one who answers takes the paper, draws another, and propounds it to the one seated next him; but if he misses, the questioner takes the paper and places it by itself. The one holding the largest number of slips is the winner.

2. For the principal work of the evening have a review, which can be conducted in various ways; for instance, each member may give a talk or a short paper on something in this subject which has particularly engaged his attention; he may illustrate it by charts, views, or original drawings; or the leader may prepare a series of questions on the entire book and hold all the class responsible for the answers.

3. Round-Table—Experience Meeting: What I have gained from the study of Geology.

FOURTH WEEK.

Do you remember the salons which are still regarded with so much veneration, where people of merit and quality assembled who composed a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation?—*Fléchier.*

Give this evening to the study of the French Salons: the leaders of the salons, their wit, beauty, attainments, and influence; the *habitués* of the salons, their discussions and amusements.

HUGO DAY—JUNE 21.

Whoso cannot taste Victor Hugo is shut out from one of the fullest and most intense of literary pleasures.—*The Critic.*

After a sketch of Hugo's life it would make an excellent program to devote the rest of the evening to his works. A fine paper could be made on "Apothegms from Hugo's Works." Have as many character sketches as possible. The "Good Bishop," Jean Valjean, Cosette, etc., would be wonderfully interesting subjects.

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C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

P. 236. "Elasmobranchs" [e-las′mo-branks]. "Placoderms" [plak′o-derms]. "Cestracion" [ses-tra′si-on].

P. 237. "Po-lyg′o-nal." Shaped like a pol′y-gon, having many sides and angles. Greek, *polus*, many, and *gonia*, angle.

"Sūt′ūres." The seams or joints which unite the bones of the skull. In surgery the name is applied to the uniting of the parts of a wound by sewing. It is derived from the Latin word *suere*, to sew.

"Stellate." Resembling a star.

P. 238. "Trit′u-rāt-ed." Latin, *triturare*, to thrash, which is formed from *terere*, to rub, to rub to pieces. Pulverized, ground, or worn to powder.

P. 240. "Mē′nēs." An ancient Egyptian king; the founder of the first dynasty. Authorities vary as to the time of his reign, some placing it in the fourth, others in the fifth, and still others in the sixth century B. C.

"Anachronism" [an-ak′ro-nism]. An error in respect to dates; the misplacing of persons or events in time. "Thus Shakspere makes Hector quote Aristotle who lived many centuries after the assumed date of Hector." See "Troilus and Cressida," Act II., Scene 2. The word is in almost the exact form of the Greek word of the same meaning, and that is compounded of *ana*, against, and *chronos*, time.

P. 241. "Sigillaria" [sij-il-lā′ri-a].

P. 247. "Archegosaurus" [ar-ke-go-sau′rus].

"Sā′crum." The bone which forms the posterior part of the pelvis.

P. 251. "Ichthyosaur." The first syllable is pronounced ik.

P. 254. "Pentadactyl" [pen-ta-dak′til]. Having five fingers or toes. Greek *pente*, five, and *dactulos*, finger or toe.

P. 258. "Concavo-convex." Concave on one side and convex on the other. Any thing which is concave is hollow and curved or rounded, like the inner side of a watch crystal; convex means rounded out to a spherical form, like the outer side of a watch crystal.—"Bi-concave," concave on both sides.

P. 259. "Vesicular" [ve-sik′u-lar]. Latin *vesicula*, diminutive of *vesica*, bladder. Full of little bladders or glands or cells.

"Ichthyc" [ik′thik]. Fishlike; the Greek word for fish being *ichthus*.

"Branchial" [brank′i-al]. Pertaining to branchiæ or gills, the breathing organs of fishes.

"Occipital" [ok-sip′i-tal]. Belonging to the occiput, or the back part of the head, or skull.—"Condyls." Protuberances rounded on one side and flat on the other; such as are found especially in the hinge joints of the skeleton.

"Septum." See note on septa on page 244 of the May issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

"Orbits." In anatomy the word is restricted to the cavities in which the eyes are placed.

"Ventricle." A small cavity.

P. 260. "Thō′rax." "The portion of the trunk between the neck and abdomen; the cavity of which, bounded by the spinal column, the ribs with their cartilages, the sternum [breast bone], and below, by the diaphragm, is occupied mainly by the lungs and heart; the chest." The diaphragm is the muscle or membrane separating the chest from the abdomen.

"Tar′sus." That part of the foot to which the leg is articulated.

"Coracoid" [kor′a-koid]. A small bone firmly articulated to the scapula [shoulder blade] on one side and to the sternum on the other. It gives attachment to certain muscles used in flying. It took its name from the Greek word for crow, *korax*, and *eidos*, form or resemblance, from its slight similarity to a crow's beak.

P. 261. "Met-a-car′pals." The separate bones of the metacarpus, which is the second segment of the terminal division of the fore limb of a vertebrate. "In man the metacarpus corresponds to the part of the hand between the wrist and the fingers." Greek, *meta*, beyond, and *karpos*, wrist.

"Dor′sal." Pertaining to the back; Latin, *dorsum*, back.—"Spinous processes." Sharp, spine-like protuberances.—"Uncinate" [ŭn′si-nate]. Hooked at the end. Latin, *uncus*, a hook.

"Mongrel." From the Anglo-Saxon word *mengan*, to mix. Of a mixed breed, hybrid.

P. 262. "Bī′ped-al." Having two feet.—"Phalanges" [pha-lan′jes]. The separate bones which are contained in the finger or toe.—"Ischiac" [is′ki-ak]—ischial or ischiatic. Pertaining to the hip; derived from the Greek

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word for hip-joint.—"Post-pubic." A name given to a part of the bones of the pelvis.—"As-trag'a-lus." The ankle bone.—"Man'di-bles." The lower jaws; in birds applied to both jaws.—"Pre-max'il-la-ries." The front part of the maxillary, or the jaw-bones. The upper jaw alone is commonly designated as the maxilla.

P. 263. "Mō'lars." The large grinding teeth, back of the eye-teeth.—"Ul'na." The larger of the two bones in the lower part of the arm or fore leg, the smaller being the "rā'-dius."—"Fib'u-la." The outer and smaller bone of the lower part of the leg; the larger being the "tib'i-a."

P. 272. "I-so-therm'al." Greek *isos*, equal and *therme*, heat. This is a fine example of a comprehensive word, one which says singly what else would take many words to express. It is quite a modern invention. Isothermal lines, or isotherms, are imaginary lines passing over the earth's surface through all places having the same temperature. These lines differ widely from the parallels of latitude. The line, for instance, marking the mean annual temperature of 59° F. passes along latitude 42° in Europe, but descends to 35° in America.

"*Névé*." Recall definition given on page 22 of the text-book.

P. 273. "Con-sen-tā'ne-ous." Consistent with, agreeable or accordant to.

P. 284. "Pā-læ-o-lith'-ic." Greek, *palaios*, ancient, *lithos*, stone.—"Ne-o-lith'ic." Greek, *neos*, new.

P. 285. "Proboscidians" [pro-bo-sid'i-ans]. A name given to an order of mammals having a long proboscis or trunk; it includes elephants, mammoths, and mastodons.

"Con-tem-po-ra-nē'i-ty." State of being contemporaneous, living at the same time. Latin *tempus*, time, *con*, together.

P. 286. "Par-a-pher-nā'li-a." Greek, *para*, beside, beyond, and *pherein*, to bring. The Greek compound was applied to the things which a bride brought, over and above her dower. Hence ornaments.

"Mongoloids." Same as the Mongolians, the race which includes the Chinese, Turks, Tartars, Esquimaux, etc.

P. 287. "Pre-ad'am-ites." For further reference to this book see page 322 of the text-book.

"Eth-nog'ra-phy." Greek, *ethnos*, nation, and *graphein*, to write. That branch of knowledge which treats of the different races of men.

P. 296. "Vas'cu-lar." Latin, *vasculum*, a small vessel, diminutive from *vas*, a vessel. The vascular system includes the arteries, veins, lacteals, etc.

P. 301. "Potentiality" [po-ten-shi-al'i-ty]. Possibility, not actuality; the state of being capable to develop into actual existence. A Latin derivation, from *potis*, able, powerful, and *esse*, to be.

"Pec'to-ral." Pertaining to the breast, the Latin word for breast being *pectus*.

"Carpal." Belonging to the carpus, the wrist. The carpal bones are the eight small bones which form the wrist.

P. 304. "Trog'-lo-dytes." Cave dwellers. Greek, *trogole*, cavern, and *duein*, to enter.

P. 307. "Lē'sion." Latin, *læsio*, from *lædere*, to hurt. A hurt, an injury.

P. 310. "Syn-o'vi-al." Pertaining to the synovia, which is the name of the clear fluid secreted within a membranous sac, for the purpose of lubricating the joints. Greek, *sun*, with, Latin, *ovum*, egg.

P. 313. "*Rā'di-i vec-to'rēs*." Plural of *radius vector*, a Latin expression meaning a radius bearer. It is the mathematical term applied to a straight line which "connects any point, as of a curve, to a fixed point or pole round which it revolves. . . . In astronomy it is an ideal straight line joining the center of an attracting body with that of a body revolving round it, as a line joining the sun and a planet."

"Sĭr'i-us." "Al-deb'a-ran." "Po-lăr'is." "Bo-ō'tēs." "Ca-pel'la."

P. 314. "Cat-a-clysm." A Greek derivation meaning a deluge. It is composed of *kata*, down, and *kluzein*, to wash or dash over.

P. 316. "Psychical" [sī'kik-al]. Relating to the soul. The word describes "the human soul in its relation to sense, appetite, and the outer visible world as distinguished from spiritual or rational faculties which have to do with the supersensible world."

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

P. 204. "Apples of Sodom." A fruit said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea, which resembles the orange in size and color, but is found to be full of ashes or dust. It explodes when lightly touched, like a puff-ball. Byron in "Childe Harold" makes the following allusion:

> Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
> All ashes to the taste.

P. 205. "En-cō'mi-ums." Formal praises, laudations. The root of the word is found in the Greek, *komos*, revelry, banquet; from which come also the words, comedy, comic. In the revels of antiquity, the victor in the games was led home in procession with music and dancing and high praises, hence *en*, in, *komos*, revelry, came to be used for praises. In later

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antiquity, Comus was the name of the god of festive mirth.

"Opera." Latin, *opus*, work; Italian, *opera*, work, composition, especially in music. A musical drama; the house in which the drama is given.

P. 207. "Chimerical" [kī-mĕr'ik-al]. Fantastic, wild, imaginary. The word is another monument erected in the English language to mythical antiquity. The Chimera was "a fire-breathing monster, the fore part of whose body was that of a lion, the hind part that of a dragon, and the middle that of a goat. She made great havoc in Lycia and the surrounding countries, and was at length killed by Bellerophon, a Grecian hero, who, mounting Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses, soared into the air and attacked the monster from above. The origin of this monster must probably be sought for in the volcano of the name of Chimera in Lycia."

P. 210. "*Écrasez l'Infâme*" [ā-krä-sā lăng-fäm].—"Écrasons" [ā-krä-song].

P. 211. "Jean Calas" [zhong kä-lä].

P. 212. "*Coup de théâtre*" [koo-dĕ tā-ä-tr]. French for "a theatrical effect."

P. 215. "Agesilaus" [a-jes-i-lā'us]. "A-ris-ti'dēs."

P. 217. Saunter." This word obtained its meaning when it was the fashion to go on pilgrimages to the Holy Land. "In French the Holy Land is called Saint Terre [the pronunciation of which is much like the word saunter], and a man who was roaming aimlessly about and did not wish to confess that he really had nothing in view was accustomed to say that he was making a pilgrimage, that he was sauntering toward Saint Terre or roaming toward Rome."—*Gilman's "Short Stories from the Dictionary."*

P. 218. "Catechumens" [kat-e-kū'mens]. Derived from a Greek word meaning to instruct. The word is applied to those receiving rudimentary instruction in the doctrines of Christianity.

P. 220. "Petit" [pā-tē].

P. 221. "*Pieces de six blancs*" [pē-āse de sē blänk]. Small coins.

P. 227. "Sophroniscus" [sof-ro-nis'kus].

P. 228. "Bucolic" [bū-kol'ik]. Greek, *bukolos*, a herdsman. Relating to rural affairs, rustic, pastoral.

P. 229. "Eu-phe-mis'tic-al-ly." Greek, *eu*, well, *phami*, I speak. In a softened manner. Euphemism is a figure of speech in which a delicate word or expression is used for a harsh or indelicate one.

P. 235. "Cenotaph" [sen'o-taph]. Greek, *kenos*, empty, *taphos*, tomb.

P. 237. "Stan'is-las."

P. 238. "At-lan'te-an." Atlas-like. Atlas was a mythological character, one of the Titans, a race of giants. When Jupiter in a war against these Titans, who were seeking to gain for themselves the highest power, had conquered them, he compelled Atlas to bear up the pillars of heaven on his head and hands.

P. 242. "Sieyès" [sē-yace].

P. 245. "Sar-don'ic." Derisive, ironic. Several curious legends are connected with this word. One is, "The *Herba Sardonia* (a plant growing in the island of Sardinia) is so acrid that it produces a convulsive movement of the nerves of the face, resembling a painful grin." A stronger description of the effect of this plant says that it threw the eater into violent convulsions, which often proved fatal; and during these the face was so distorted as literally to give the sufferer the appearance of dying from laughter. Another account of the Sardinian laugh explains it as follows: "Laughing on the wrong side of one's mouth. The *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1849 says, 'The ancient Sardinians used to get rid of their old relations by throwing them into deep pits and the sufferers were expected to feel delighted at this attention to their well-being.'"

P. 248. "Mountain of Light." The Koh-i-noor, the famous diamond in possession of Queen Victoria.

P. 249. "Syn'chro-nism." The opposite of anachronism. The concurrence of two or more events in time.

P. 251. "René" [rā-nā].

P. 255. "Syl-lo-gis'tic" [the g is soft like j]. "Of the form of reasoning by syllogisms. A syllogism is the regular logical form of every argument, consisting of three propositions, of which the first two are called premises, and the last the conclusion. The conclusion necessarily follows from the premises." The extract given is composed of two syllogisms, the one depending in a measure on the other; in each the statement containing the word "therefore" is the conclusion, and the two preceding statements are the premises.

P. 255. "Po-lem'ic." A controversy, a controversial argument. It is derived from the Greek word for war, *polemos*.

P. 264. "Girondists" [ji-rond'ists]. Members of the moderate party during the French Revolution; so called from the department of France, La Gironde, from which the deputies forming the party, came.

P. 266. "Pseudo" [sū'do]. A prefix meaning false, counterfeit. From the Greek word for lying, false, *pseudes*.

P. 267. "Iridescent" [ir-i-des'sent]. Latin, *iris*, the rainbow. Having the colors of the rainbow.

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"Deliquescent" [del-i-ques'sent]. Latin, *de*, from, and *liquescere*, to become fluid, to melt. The adjective liquid.

P. 268. "Hautboy" [ho-boy]. French, *haut* [ho], and *bois* [bwa], the former meaning high and the latter wood, so called on account of the high tone the instrument makes. A wind instrument, sounded through a reed, and somewhat similar to a clarionet.

P. 275. "Achilles" [a-kil'lēs]. The hero of Homer's Iliad; the one on whom the success of the Trojan War depended.

P. 276. "Sobriquet" [so-brē-kā]. A French word for an assumed name or nickname.

P. 277. "Diatribes." Greek, *dia*, through, and *tribein*, to rub. A continued discourse, especially one of a reviling nature.

P. 278. "*Im-pri-mä'tur.*" Latin. A license to print a book.

"Les Miserables" [lā mĭ-sā-rä-bl].

P. 282. "*Hoc erat in fatis.*" Latin. This was fate. This was in accordance with the decrees of destiny.

P. 284. "Ap-o-the'o-sis." Greek *apo*, from, and *theon*, a god, the verb *theoun*, to deify. The act of elevating a mortal to the rank of the gods.

P. 285. "*Mort*" [mŏr]. Death.

P. 289. "Chrysostom" [kris'os-tom]. (347–407.) A Father and saint of the early Eastern church.

P. 298. "*Rediviva.*" Latin. Revived.

P. 305. "Qua-ter'ni-on." A group of four.

P. 311. "Fra An-gel'i-co." (1387–1455.) One of the most celebrated of the early Italian painters. On entering the monastery near Fiesole he took the name of Giovanni da Fiesole. He painted only sacred subjects, and the beauty of his angels and glorified saints caused his countrymen to call him the angelic (Angelico).

P. 317. "Sakyamouni" [säk-yä-moo'ne].

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

1. Q. Give the key-words to the physical history of the world. A. Uplift, erosion, sedimentation.

2. Q. What more fundamental action preceded these? A. Cooling.

3. Q. When the Palæozoic Æon began what three outcrops of land had appeared in the Western world? A. The Great Northern Land, the Seaboard Land, the Cordilleran Land.

4. Q. In the two epochs separated by this upheaval of land what marked contrast was presented in the ocean? A. In the remoter period it seemed destitute of animal life; in the nearer one it was teeming with a variety of types.

5. Q. If there were tenants of the sea in the early Eozoic days, why is there no means of proving their existence? A. The conditions were such as to have completely dissolved their calcareous remains.

6. Q. Of what theory is this sudden advent of hordes of diversified creatures taken as evidence? A. That the Palæozoic fauna did not originate by descent from the Eozoic.

7. Q. Give the first argument brought to bear against this theory? A. The cycles of the Cambrian and Silurian Ages showed no departure from the fundamental types with which they began.

8. Q. When was the first form differing from them observed? A. In the Devonian Age when the vertebrate animal appeared.

9. Q. What three types of these archaic fishes could be distinguished? A. Elasmobranchs, placoderms, and ganoids.

10. Q. Which one of these ancient families disappeared with the Devonian Age? A. The placoderms.

11. Q. What fishes exist to-day as representatives of the other two types? A. Sharks, of the first named class; sturgeons and gar-pikes of the ganoids.

12. Q. What argument is advanced against the theory that vertebrates originated as a new creation? A. Recent science has found far back in the Silurian epoch traces of fishlike creatures.

13. Q. If the line could be carried back still further what would it probably reveal? A. Animals less and less fishlike and more and more allied to crustaceans.

14. Q. What great purpose was served by the luxurious vegetable growths of the Carboniferous Age? A. The atmosphere was purified of its carbonic acid and made fit for air-breathing animals.

15. Q. Why was not some other disposition made of the harmful gas? A. Packed away in coal beds it could be saved for use in future ages.

16. Q. During the Carboniferous period what

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type of life prevailed? A. Amphibians, which formed a link between water animals and land animals.

17. Q. How was the end of the long Palæozoic era proclaimed? A. By the birth of the Appalachian Mountains.

18. Q. What transitional form of life appeared in the reptilian dynasty near the close of the Mesozoic era? A. A birdlike reptile.

19. Q. What entirely new form discovered then, became the type of the next age? A. Mammals.

20. Q. What fact tends to strengthen the theory that there are lost links which connected these mammals to previously existing forms of life? A. There must be links connecting them to the later mammals—for it cannot be thought that the same type would be created twice—but these links are lost.

21. Q. What general truth is observed in the nature of the succession of organic types? A. That there have been in every age creatures uniting in themselves characters belonging to past, and present, and future dynasties.

22. Q. Give some examples of these mongrel creatures. A. The ancient ganoids possessed reptilian vertebræ; amphibians belonged to two dynasties; certain reptiles, possessing the teeth of fishes, pointed backward, and others were prophetic of birds and mammals.

23. Q. To what did these comprehensive types lead? A. They were finally resolved into different organisms which embodied each separate group of characters by itself.

24. Q. As the great plan of organic life was unfolding itself, what changes had been taking place in the earth? A. Renovations which fitted it for the higher use of each successive dynasty.

25. Q. By what agent was the last preparation before the advent of man accomplished? A. Ice.

26. Q. When did man first make his appearance? A. At some time during the Glacial epoch.

27. Q. What is known regarding the animals contemporary with the first men? A. That they belonged to species long since extinct.

28. Q. From the traces left behind what estimate may be formed of these geological men? A. That as far as known they were the equal of existing races.

29. Q. What does this stupendous system of things, whose two extremes are fire-mist and man, imply? A. Matter, energy, law.

30. Q. What is the only question to be considered in this connection concerning them? A. The nature of the law by which energy shapes matter and determines successions of forms and events.

31. Q. What is nature's fundamental method? A. A procedure through continuity from the general to the particular.

32. Q. What is meant by continuity as applied to matter? A. That nature retains the same matter in bringing into existence many successive forms.

33. Q. Trace this continuity through the inorganic world. A. From the same atoms which floated as cosmical dust were formed the fire-mist, then the molten globe, and all the subsequent changes which brought the earth down to its present form.

34. Q. Stated in a different manner, how was each separate condition of the earth produced? A. By development from some previously existing form.

35. Q. In the realm of organic life where is a fine exemplification of nature's method of continuity shown? A. In the history of individual existence.

36. Q. How is the inference of a common genealogical descent in the same sub-kingdom of animals justified? A. By their similarity of structure.

37. Q. What evidence upholds the theory that there is a genealogical connection between the graduated successions of life? A. The same, or strongly analogous, series of gradations is presented by successions of extinct animals, by different classes of living animals, and by the embryonic stages of every individual animal.

38. Q. What is argued from this fact? A. Continuity in method, the same plan being used over and over, as the same matter has been.

39. Q. Looking backward over the field of geological history what is learned concerning man? A. That he is the fulfillment of the prophecies of the ages.

40. Q. Trace from man downward the successive modifications of the vertebrate skeleton. A. Quadruped, bird, reptile, amphibian, to the oldest fish, the onchus.

41. Q. What still more striking series of modifications is to be seen? A. The fin of the fish, the limb of the reptile, the wing of the bird, the foot of the quadruped, the hand of man, are all modeled after one plan.

42. Q. In what other way is it shown that Nature through the ages was working toward the one end, the advent of man? A. In the transformations of the land, the clearing of the atmosphere, the storing up of coal and of the minerals.

43. Q. On what grounds is the conclusion reached that man is the final term in the series of developments? A. His erect attitude limits

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further improvement in structure; his ability to roam over the whole earth leaves no place for a successor.

44. Q. In this chain of evidence what is lacking which could change the theory of evolution to an established fact? A. Links supplying the great gap between man and his highest mammalian predecessor.

45. Q. How does man arrive at a knowledge of something superior to matter? A. By the fact that he can discover and in a measure understand the laws governing matter.

46. Q. In his interpretation of nature what leads him to a knowledge of an Omnipresent Being? A. The control which develops different organizations and different parts in the same organization out of the same cell elements; the operation of laws throughout the universe; the prevalence of plans, with one great plan underlying all the others.

47. Q. What facts go to show that this unity of plan pervades other worlds than this? A. The spectrum shows that they are composed of the same atoms of matter; their orbits reveal the action of the same law of gravitation.

48. Q. How do the relations between inorganic and organic nature prove a unity of plan? A. They respond exactly one to another; as soon as the world was ready for it, each successive form of life appeared.

49. Q. How do the relations between the world and intelligence prove a unity of plan? A. The instincts of all animals are true to something which is real.

50. Q. As the highest step of all what besides this demonstrated unity of nature implies one original Planner and Ruler? A. The universal consciousness of man.

"CLASSIC FRENCH COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. Name some of the features which won for Voltaire's writings their renown. A. Vivacity, versatility, variety, voluminousness.

2. Q. What counterbalances the fact that there is not a great thought in the whole collection? A. That there is not a vapid expression in it.

3. Q. In what style of writing does he come nearest being dull? A. Epic verse.

4. Q. What design is set forth in mocking vein in his story of "Candide"? A. The portrayal of the vanity and misery of mankind.

5. Q. The benefit of what doubt should be vouchsafed to Voltaire's memorable motto? A. That though its blows fell upon Christianity, they may have been aimed at the superstition and despotism of the religious system of his times.

6. Q. For what is the infidel writer entitled to a high meed of praise? A. His valiant championship of the oppressed.

7. Q. In turning from Voltaire to Rousseau what violent contrast is noted? A. That between a fairly high level standard of achievement and one passing abruptly from the heights of splendor to the depths of squalor.

8. Q. Of which of Rousseau's books is it said that it is at once his best and worst? A. The "Confessions."

9. Q. How is Rousseau described? A. As a paradox of inconsistencies and self-contradictions.

10. Q. What is said of the "Curate's Confession of Faith," found in "Emile"? A. That it is perhaps the most seductively eloquent argument against Christianity ever written.

11. Q. Who is called Rousseau's foster-child in literature? A. St. Pierre.

12. Q. What is St. Pierre's famous book? A. "Paul and Virginia."

13. Q. What authors continue the succession in the same style of writing after Rousseau and St. Pierre? A. Chateaubriand and Lamartine, Madame de Staël and George Sand.

14. Q. What are the distinguishing touches in the romances of these writers? A. Naturalism and sentimentalism.

15. Q. In what respect is "Paul and Virginia" most severely criticized? A. Its lack of genuineness.

16. Q. What was the threefold aim of the French Encyclopædists? A. To advance human knowledge, to undermine Christianity, to revolutionize politics.

17. Q. Who was the leader in this movement of insurrectionary thought? A. Diderot.

18. Q. Who appeared openly as the editorial partner of Diderot? A. D'Alembert.

19. Q. How did the influence of these atheistical writers, reacting against the political and ecclesiastical oppressions of ages, terminate? A. In the French Revolution.

20. Q. To what is Madame de Staël indebted for her fame? A. The twofold power she exercised as talker and as writer.

21. Q. How was the influence of her conversational power always manifested? A. Wherever she was, there was the center.

22. Q. Why was she exiled from France? A. On account of her prejudice against Napoleon.

23. Q. As the author of what book did she gain a European renown? A. "Corinne."

24. Q. Which of her productions is esteemed her masterpiece? A. "Germany."

25. Q. Of whom was Madame de Staël alone

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the rival and peer in the literature of her day? A. Chateaubriand.

26. Q. To what happy coincidence did the "Genius of Christianity" owe much of its renown? A. Its appearance at the time of the reaction against the former infidel writers, which made it seem to create that movement.

27. Q. In the publication of what other book did a favorable opportunity again serve Chateaubriand? A. "Bonaparte and the Bourbons."

28. Q. In what book did he give idealized descriptions of the American Indians? A. "René."

29. Q. Why did not the splendor of his fame continue? A. On account of the vein of falseness running through all of his writings.

30. Q. Give the two quotations from Béranger which describe his devotion and explain his inspiration. A. "My songs, they are myself." "My muse is the people."

31. Q. How did he account for his own popularity? A. By saying, "The people wanted a man to speak to them the language they love. I have been that man."

32. Q. In what does the glory of Béranger's achievement lie? A. He elevated song-writing to the rank of acknowledged literature.

33. Q. After a brilliant career what pathetic phase of literary fame did Lamartine reach? A. That of being important in the history of literature rather than in literature itself.

34. Q. Which one of his works is said to have been a European event in literary history? A. His poem "Jocelyn."

35. Q. Under how many different characters did he win distinction? A. As poet, orator, historian, statesman.

36. Q. To what position did Lamartine's eloquence and bravery raise him after the abdication of Louis Philippe? A. For three months he may be said to have ruled France.

37. Q. In the group of French romanticists who is the central figure? A. Victor Hugo.

38. Q. In what did he make his near approach to the illimitable in power? A. His ability to do equally great things and small.

39. Q. In what does his glory as a novelist lie? A. In his climaxes of agony.

40. Q. Which is generally considered his greatest work? A. "Les Miserables."

41. Q. How is Saint-Beuve ranked in French literature? A. As a critic without peers.

42. Q. What was Balzac's attempt in literature? A. To represent in fiction all the manifold phases of human life and character.

43. Q. With what English novelist is he often paralleled? A. Dickens.

44. Q. Who, by choosing the sentiment of ideal life as the motive of her literary work, made herself a social force? A. George Sand.

45. Q. What was the marked feature in her style of writing? A. Easy improvisation.

46. Q. In what line of literary work did De Musset accomplish his greatest work? A. Poetry.

47. Q. Who form the group of nineteenth century *pensée* writers? A. Joubert, Madame Swetchine, and Amiel.

48. Q. What singular instance is presented by the published work and the fame of Joubert? A. That they are wholly posthumous.

49. Q. Amiel's "Journal" exhibits its author in what character? A. As a man who always thought and felt and wrote and spoke on the side of what was true and good.

50. Q. How does Joseph Roux describe Madame Swetchine? A. As gentle, contemplative, mournful.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are requested to send any question on family life, social life, manners or customs, or the relations young people sustain to each other in society, that they may wish answered in a thoughtful and suggestive way.

—

WORLD OF TO DAY—HUNGARY.

1. What was the "Golden Bull"?

2. In imitation of what was the "Golden Bull" said to have been framed?

3. Who was known as Corvinus (little raven)?

4. What popular Hungarian proverb commemorates the reign of King Matthias?

4. With the name of what Hungarian king were Turkish mothers formerly accustomed to frighten their children?

6. Why was Stephen, the first king of Hungary, created a saint?

7. Coming down from the time of Stephen I., what has been the title of all Hungarian kings?

8. Into what two houses is the legislative authority divided in Hungary?

9. In the dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary, what are the common points of government for the two states?

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10. The Kingdom of Hungary is also called the Transleithan Monarchy; give the origin of the word Transleithan.

THE STARS OF JUNE.

1. To what is due the importance of Epsilon Lyra, a small star east of Vega?

2. With what mythological interest is Lyra invested?

3. What causes the luminous spot between the stars Beta and Gamma of Lyra?

4. What is the brilliant steel-blue star below Vega?

5. Where is "Job's Coffin"?

6. How may Cygnus (the Swan) be described?

7. Where is the star known as No. 61?

8. For what is it noted?

9. What does the constellation Virgo represent?

10. What characterizes the space two-thirds of the way between, and a little above, a line connecting Delta and Eta in Virgo?

11. Euripides (480–407 B. C.) makes the chorus in one of his comedies ask the time thus:

> What is the star now passing?

The answer is:

> The Pleiades show themselves in the East,
> The Eagle soars in the summit of heaven.

The first week of June the Eagle rises about 9:00 p. m.; at what hour will the couplet be appropriate? How may this be determined?

12. What constellation is in the mid-heavens toward the southeast? How represented?

13. Whose memory does it perpetuate in mythology?

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—IX.

1. Use the word "nice" with discrimination. "This word is now applied to a sermon, to a jam tart, to a young man—in short to every thing."

2. Remember that "compounds ending in *ful* and all those in which the principal word is put last, form the plural in the same manner as other nouns." Basketfuls, spoonfuls, etc.

3. It is annoying to hear such pronunciations as *attackted* for attacked; *govermunt* for government; *wisper* for whisper; *talkin* for talking; *heighth* for height.

4. Distinguish between radish and reddish; eminent and imminent; relic and relict; statue and statute: discernment and discretion; and all other words similar in pronunciation and spelling.

5. Gent and pants.—Let these words go together, like the things they signify.—*Richard Grant White.*

6. Do not use "expect" for "suspect"; "funny" for "odd."

7. Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap;
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad;
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bŏat.
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst,
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
To hear a teacher call a rōōt a rŏot.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

8. Correct the following sentences and understand clearly why they are wrong:

1. Julia is the handsomest of the two.
2. Cut it in half.
3. She done the best she could.
4. Who does she look like?
5. Without you can behave you may leave.

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—IX.

1. In "The Legend of Good Women," what does Chaucer name as his favorite flower?

2.
> The purple pride
> Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
> In my love's veins too grossly thou hast dyed.

Shakspere referred to what flower in the above?

3. The sudden opening of the buds of what night-bloomer had Keats observed when he wrote,

> O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes,
> O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
> But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
> Of buds into ripe flowers?

4. Shakspere's lines,

> Goes to bed with the sun
> And with him rises weeping,

describe the habit of what flower?

5. What poet gave to the mignonette the now common name of "the Frenchman's darling"?

6. Hood condemns what blossom as,

> But a wanton witch
> In too much haste to wed,
> And clasps her rings on every hand?

7. What is "that sanguine flower inscribed with woe" of which Milton speaks in "Lycidas"?

8. Of what "plant that wakes while others sleep" did Moore sing in the lines,

> Buds that keep
> Their odor to themselves all day,
> But when the sunlight dies away
> Let the delicious secret out
> To every breeze that roams about?

9. To what flower does Wordsworth refer when he says,

> Myriads . . . have shone forth in flower
> Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
> Have passed away; less happy than the one

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That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love?

10. In what poem of Cowley's occur the lines,

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR MAY.

THE WORLD OF TO-DAY.—TURKEY.

1. Byzantium. 2. Solyman the Magnificent. (1495–1566.) 3. Emperor Nicholas of Russia. 4. It refused the demands of Austria and Russia to surrender him and his followers, when as refugees they fled to Turkey for an asylum. 5. That of making it a free, neutral port under the guaranty of the European powers. 6. Practically it is. 7. Turkey was pronounced by the sultan a constitutional monarchy. 8. He desired to gain favor with the leading powers; it was an expedient political act. 9. The Turkish constitution at the end of three months became a dead letter. 10. Mehemet Ali. 11. Robert College. 12. Turkey in Europe, Greece, Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, Rumania, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, the Crimea, and a part of southern Russia; Asia Minor to the borders of Persia; Egypt, Syria, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, numerous islands in the Mediterranean, and Arabia.

THE STARS OF MAY.

1. The transit of Mercury. It will not pass off the edge of the sun until after sunset. If the sky is perfectly clear the transit will be visible through smoked glass; it may be viewed distinctly through good field-glasses and small telescopes. 2. Of Vulcan. Leverrier concluded that the perihelion of Mercury's orbit is moving faster than can be accounted for by the perturbations of known planets; therefore he suggested the existence of intra-Mercurial bodies. 3. It equals 11.86 of our years. 4. Jupiter's four satellites: Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto. 5. Römer, a Danish astronomer; in 1675. 6. He noticed that the *observed* and the *computed* times of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites did not correspond: the *observed times* were *earlier* than the *computed times* when Jupiter was nearest the earth and *later* when he was farthest; therefore he concluded that the motion of light was *progressive* instead of *instantaneous*. 7. Neither has any decided marking, both supposed to be surrounded by layers of cloud floating in dense atmosphere, neither has any satellites. 8. Neither the largest nor the smallest of the fixed stars, so that if he were removed to a distance from us equal to that of the other stars, he would appear no brighter than they. 9. A star of second magnitude, at the bend in the handle of the Big Dipper; it has a minute companion, Alcor, which now may readily be seen by a person with good eyesight. Humboldt says it could rarely be seen in Europe. 10. Rising balefully in the southeast. The head is marked by several stars arranged in a slightly curving line; the tail by a series of stars winding around through the Milky Way in a beautiful manner. 11. Antares (a), fiery red, of first magnitude, and marking the heart of Scorpio. 12. They are so placed among the constellations that they never appear in the heavens together. 13. Vega, the beautiful steel-blue star in Lyra, beneath the feet of Hercules. It is at the vertex of a large and nearly right-angled triangle, whose hypotenuse is a line joining Arcturus and Polaris.

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—VIII.

1. Either from the German word *lollen*, to sing, from their habit of singing hymns, or the old English word *loller*, an idler. Several other words claim the distinction of originating the name. 2. The reformation of the calendar to make the solar and lunar years coincide. 3. From the time of Edward VI. 4. Because, after he lost his popularity with the members, so many rose to leave when he began to speak. 5. From Praise-God Barbon or Barebones, who took a prominent part in the assembly. 6. Burning 10,000 tons of shipping in the port of Cadiz shortly before the defeat of the Armada. 7. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 8. Jenkins, the master of a trading sloop from Jamaica, asserted that his ship had been boarded by a Spanish *guarda costa*, and that, although no proof of smuggling had been found on the vessel, one of his ears had been torn off. He carried the ear about in cotton and exhibited it to his hearers. It was asserted that he had lost his ear in the pillory; but the end aimed at (war with Spain) was attained, for the indignation of the people and the strenuous efforts of his party became uncontrollable. 9. It was a Norman innovation introduced into England by William the Conqueror and provided that "a man charged with an offence by a private individual, had the right to plead not guilty and declare his readiness to defend his innocence with his body. If the challenge was accepted by the accuser, the two proceeded to fight on a certain day; if the defendant was defeated he was convicted and punished, and *vice versâ*. 10. Pope.

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THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. R. Palmer, New York City; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Guernsey, Independence, Kan.; Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt, Ontario, Canada.

Secretary—Mrs. James S. Ostrander.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Miss Clara L. Sargent.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT.—The scrap-book is to the general reader and writer what a lumber room is to the mechanic. The carpenter has a large number of odds and ends that he cannot use for a particular piece of work on which he may be engaged, yet he knows that at some time nearly every thing he has put into the clutter corner will be useful. To save valuable material and to put it where one can lay his hand on it and use it when needed, is an art. There are several plans for filing away excerpts from the public press. Scrap cabinets in which the clippings are arranged by topics, each topic having an envelope, properly marked, are very convenient. Those who cannot afford ten dollars for such an article may make a very good substitute by purchasing a number of manilla envelopes, assigning an envelope to a topic, and then tying them together in alphabetic order with a piece of wide tape; a new topic means a new envelope. For the use of many, however, the common scrap-book answers all purposes. The volumes of the Congressional Globe that are frequently found at second-hand book stores, and can be purchased for fifty cents each, are just the books needed. Date the clipping with a red pencil, and with the name of the paper or magazine from which it has been cut. This will enable you to give the authority for a statement when the time comes to use it. Do not feel obliged to save a piece because it may be good; select only the best.

CLASS OF '91, attention! Note carefully the following: During the month of May a "Report Blank" and "Final Address" to the Class of 1891 will be sent out from the Central Office. These two communications are of the greatest importance, as they give particular information concerning all requirements for graduation, lists of Assemblies, Recognition Days, etc. Any member of '91 who does not receive the "Report Blank" by June 1 should at once notify the Central Office, in order that a duplicate may be sent. Much inconvenience is caused at the Central Office by the failure of graduates to note instructions sent them; therefore every member of '91 is urged to see to it that a copy of the "Report Blank" is secured.

MANY members of '91 will probably begin next year a review of the four years' course with undergraduate members. This plan is heartily commended, as the review of a book is usually of more value to the student than its first reading. There will be others, however, who will desire to do more thorough work in special lines. Those whose interest in the study of English history and literature has been aroused by the studies of '90–91 will find the three years' special course in this subject an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth; while to the students who turn with especial longing to the study of American topics, a series of special courses to be announced during the summer and early fall will offer tempting opportunities.

AT Lake View Assembly, Framingham, Massachusetts, last year a small sum was raised for purchasing a class banner for '91 to be used at the graduation this summer. The committee need more funds and an appeal is made to the '91's scattered throughout New England to help a little in this object. All subscriptions may be sent to Andrew Howes, 49 Hancock St., Boston.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.

First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.

Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.

District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. Ernest P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.

Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

AN unusually earnest and touching testimony comes from a member of '92 who has been sadly

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afflicted by the loss of a dear sister, she writes: "The course of reading has been very beneficial to me, especially during these last sad and lonely months, turning my too sad thoughts into other and more wholesome channels. Although I have never seen Chautauqua and hardly expect to, I love the very name of the place. The C. L. S. C. has made my life so much broader and deeper and opened so many delightful avenues of learning that I thought were closed to me that I have every reason for loving the work in all its branches."

THE Ray Palmer Circle of Newark, N. J., has contributed twenty-five dollars toward the Class Building Fund. The money was raised by giving an entertainment. This is a good example for other '92's.

THE Class of '92 is still in need of more funds to pay its quota toward the Union Class Building. Loyal '92's are urged to send contributions to Mr. Lewis E. Snow, 415 Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; the Rev. Russell Conwell, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. T. F. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; Mrs. E. C. Chapman, Oakland, Cal.; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; J. C. Burke, Waterville, Kan.; the Rev. M. D. Lichleter, Allegheny, Pa.

General Secretary—Miss Ella M. Warren, 342 W. Walnut, Louisville, Ky.

Prison Secretary—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.

District Secretaries—Miss A. M. Coit, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; the Rev. E. S. Porter, Bridgewater, Mass.; Miss Anna C. Brockman, St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. Chas. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.

Treasurer—Welford P. Hulse, 112 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee Union Class Building—Geo. E. Vincent.

Building Committee—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

A CIRCULAR recently sent out from the Central Office to lagging members of '93 brings the following encouraging response: "Had it not been for the Chancellor's letter I fear I should hardly have rallied to join the class. I began the reading but sickness in my family and then of myself has greatly retarded my progress. I am determined to try again. I can tell no one how much this course is to me. The books seem almost like members of my family."

A MEMBER of '93 who lives in an early rising community writes: "I have at last finished my memoranda and send it to you with fifty cents for this year. I have already begun the required reading. I am so glad I commenced and hope I shall be able to read the whole four years' course. I can only read with any degree of satisfaction by getting up at four o'clock in the morning, an hour before the rest are astir. Of course I cannot always do that, but I enjoy the readings so much that it is no task to me."

A PENNSYLVANIA '93 writes: "I cannot tell how helpful the course is to me. I am reading alone; but trust that I have not alone been benefited, brightened, strengthened, and uplifted, for I have tried to enrich others, and to stir impulses in weary brains, by showing them how a world of interest and pleasure may be reached through good books. We mothers need something to stimulate us, to develop a large, comprehensive, and noble life, in which our domestic affairs shall have their appropriate department, but shall not be permitted to absorb our whole strength, time, and thought. God has placed us on a throne in our families; and to administer and govern, demands knowledge, judgment, culture, and resolution. The mother generally brings the children up to her own level. Ruskin says, 'No man ever lived a right life, who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.' We, on account of our indoor life, demand a variety of interests outside of our daily duties. This is just what the C. L. S. C. provides for us, by enabling us to keep step with the best writers and thinkers of the times; it causes us to use our mental faculties, to keep our accomplishments, which we have been years in acquiring, instead of neglecting them."

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"Ubi mel, ibi apes."

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. A. C Ellis, Jamestown, N.Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C.L.S.C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

Building Committee—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

AS THE Class of '94 is approaching the close of its first year's work, a few words concerning the Memoranda may not came amiss. The filling out of the four-page Memoranda, though

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not absolutely required is *expected* of every member of the C. L. S. C. who is really able to do it. The answering of the four-page Memoranda is not so formidable a task as it might at first seem, especially if the reader answers the questions as soon as the books are finished. We therefore urge all members of '94 to fill out not only the four but also the twelve-page Memoranda. Remember that these are not examination papers. They are review sheets, and the necessary review of the required subjects in order to fill out the papers will render the work of the year of much more value to the student. Set apart one evening a month for the next two or three months for work on the Memoranda, plan deliberately to secure the necessary time, and you will not only comply with all requirements but feel that you have given the C. L. S. C. plan of work a fair test.

A TENNESSEE member of '94 writes: "It is with intense pleasure that I forward the blank as requested, showing completion of work up to January 1. I did not begin until that date, but hope soon to catch up with the class. I have been deeply interested and find THE CHAUTAUQUAN perfectly wonderful. I am always making new discoveries of something interesting and instructive in it. I have been instrumental in adding one more to the thousands of '94, and if enthusiasm can do any thing, hope to persuade others when I return to my summer home."

"I WISH to join the Chautauqua Circle. I am sorry that I am so late in entering, but as I have the books and THE CHAUTAUQUAN and have commenced the required readings perhaps it will not matter. I am a solitary reader as there is no circle in my neighborhood, but I am enjoying the reading and think it will be of advantage to me to have a regular systematic course of reading and study. There are so many things to occupy the time of a housekeeper that reading is often neglected. I think the C. L. S. C. just meets our wants. Please send me the Membership Book, also some circulars to distribute among my friends."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THAT the C. L. S. C. fosters an interest in the higher education has been demonstrated repeatedly and we are glad to add one more instance to the many already on record. This comes from a member of the Class of '90 in Kansas, who writes as follows: "When I took up the C. L. S. C. work I thought that my school days were over and began that as the next best thing. I could not begin to tell you the good it has done me, which consisted as much in keeping up my determination to have an education as in the mere book-learning. Circumstances changing within the last year, I now find myself a sophomore in our State University and what is a great deal to a girl, not any older than my classmates. In my work here, I find my Chautauqua reading of constant use. In a year or two I expect to take up one of the seal courses and thus keep up my connection with the work."

A '90 GRADUATE in British India writes: "We are taking the Oriental Course this year and so far I have found it very enjoyable reading. The longer we remain in India, the less time we have for such work, but the more we need just what Chautauqua courses map out for us. I trust I may visit Chautauqua when a home furlough has been earned and catch an increased inspiration to keep up systematic reading and study."

CLASS OF '86, ATTENTION! Five years ago the Class of '86 became the bride of the C.L.S.C. The four years' companionship preceding the wedding day were marked by no deeper delight than that which has brightened every hour since the marriage certificate was placed in the hands of the bride.

It is proposed to celebrate the "wooden wedding anniversary" of the Class of '86 by an informal lunch in Normal Hall, at the New England Assembly, South Framingham, Massachusetts. The lunch will be served at high noon on Recognition Day, and will be followed by addresses by friends of the bride and bridegroom.

Tickets, at 35 cents, may be procured of Mr. J. H. S. Pearson, Box 3657, Boston.

THE following names are added to the list of the graduates of the Class of 1890:

Mrs. R. M. Green, Alabama; Eva M. Herrington, Cora Randolph Shinn, California; Jennie Viola Brewster, Lucy Jane Brewster, Colorado; Myrtle Gilmer, Florida; Sophia B. Adams, Ella M. Fair, Maria A. Fair, Walter Stager, Illinois; Mrs. Ellen Baxter, Carrie B. McKee, Indiana; Mrs. Margaret A. Munsell, Massachusetts; Amy M. McNaughton, Michigan; Rev. Horace E. Chase, Mrs. Sella E. Chase, Maurice J. Godfrey, Mrs. Fannie C. Truesdell, Minnesota; George L. Haight, Nebraska; Katharine Moore Barnes, Mary H. Darrin, Susie Annie Davis, Isadora Palmer, New York; Silas J. Baird, Sadie L. Leukard, Ohio; Martha B. Clarke, Sarah Louise Jessup, Pennsylvania; Wildman Murphy, Utah; Mrs. Gertrude L. Wells, Vermont; Miss Bessie Graves, Central America; Ella Theodora Crosby, Hawaiian Islands; Mary E. Scott, India; William Wheelock Peet, Turkey.

The name of Mrs. Julia S. Conkey, placed by mistake in April among graduates from Georgia, belongs in Illinois.

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LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God." *"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
HUGH MILLER DAY—April 14.
SHAKSPERE DAY—April 23.
BLAISE PASCAL DAY—May 14.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
HUGO DAY—June 21.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

IN our mail-bag we find the following from one of the *Local Circle* constituency: "The other day, when reading I came across this: 'I hear a good deal about living with the saints and angels, but when I go to the other world I want to go to my own folk. I can feel with humanity but I don't know any thing at all about 'angelmanity.' And I said to myself, 'Why, that's just how I feel when I am told I'll get pleasure and benefit in taking a French author for a special friend.' My life is made up of sweeping and dusting with only a chance now and then to tidy up a bit and put on a fresh gown. The world you speak of is another one from mine. I'm sure I won't enjoy it. I suppose though, there's something in it or you wouldn't have suggested it."

There certainly is something in it; something to get you out of yourself, to give you something out of your ordinary sphere to think of. Let me give you a friend's point of view who is a teacher. She says, "I will not have close fellowship with teachers, making them my constant companions. They talk 'shop,' so do I. I want and need news from another life, it invigorates me, it gives me new thoughts, it broadens my life, and when we are thrown together, as often we must be, we are the more interesting to each other from what we have gained in different directions."

We suspect you have just taken a rapid glance at some author and his works, and in this brief look it all seemed strange and not at all entertaining. Did you expect "to fall in love at first sight"? Remember "a stone is many years becoming a ruby." When you first met the person who is your dearest friend now, did you immediately discover all her virtues? We may be sure that there were frequent and long interviews before she revealed all the beauties of her heart and mind to you. The same thing you will find to be true of an author to whom you devote time. You will be astonished to find at how many points he touches your life and how much you have in common—the whole world is kin. Follow out the suggestion of a "special friend" and test the truth of it.

BROOKLYN ALUMNI.

We take pleasure in giving to the circles the excellent program of this alumni association at its meeting of April 7.

AN EVENING WITH SHAKSPERE.

PART I.

Chautauqua Song . . . . Circle.

Here is the scroll of every man's name.
Is all our company here?—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Roll-Call . . . . Shakspere.
On Hate—Ladies. On Love—Gentlemen.

Then Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge.
—*Cymbeline.*

Minutes . . . . Secretary.

'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.—*Cymbeline.*

Business.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
—*As You Like It.*

Paper . . "The Theater in Shakspere's Time."

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Vocal Duet . . . "I know a bank, etc."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a brieter sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

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Paper . . . . "Shakspere."

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.—*Hamlet.*

I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Music . . . . Piano Solo.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Gems from Shakspere.

INTERMISSION.

Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

PART II.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here.
I fear, all the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
If they smi'e,
And say, '*Twill do!* I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.
—*Epilogue, Henry VIII.*

Scenes from "Julius Cæsar."

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Male Trio . . "Ye Shepherds tell me, etc."
—*The Tempest.*

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth; for we have friends
That purpose merriment.—*Merchant of Venice.*

Shaksperian Charades.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.—*The Tempest.*

Fare ye well awhile;
We'll end our exhortation after dinner.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Restauration.

And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

In dining-room, when ready to partake of refreshments, the hostess says:

You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health.—*Henry VIII.*

To which the president responds:

Come, love and health to all;
Then I ll sit down.—Give me some wine (i. e. coffee); fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.—*Macbeth.*

Hostess to gentlemen of trio:

——My ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.—*Pericles.*

Adieu! be happy!

Let all the numbers of the stars give light
To thy fair way.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

THE GOLDEN GATE UNION.

An enthusiastic meeting of delegates to arrange for the permanent organization of a Chautauqua Union was held recently in San Francisco. Six circles in the city were represented. A plan of organization was presented and unanimously adopted. The unity binds still closer Chautauqua ties.

NEW CIRCLES.

Canada.—The Strathroy Circle, Ontario, started late with the work and finds it necessary to give all the time to the required reading. It hopes in the future to give more attention to the social element of the work. The class numbers twenty-one.——The Onward and Upward Circle was formed in Hamilton City last February.——The circle at Welland numbers nine members and expects a much larger membership for the next year.——A fine class is at work at Calgary, North West Territories.

Massachusetts.—The circle organized at Fairhaven last October has been encouraged by an increasing membership. The circle has weekly meetings.

New York.—An excellent circle calling itself the Ingleside is at work in New York City.——The Tuesday Club of twelve persons meets every week in Buffalo, and is doing special work in English.——At Golden's Bridge a wide awake club is studying.

New Jersey.—"Not what we have done avails us, but what we do and are," is the motto of the Orange Circle. At each meeting the readings are reviewed, questions being prepared on the subjects by different members. There is a strong desire for improvement and to make the most of the course.——Twelve persons constitute the circle at Berlin.——The members of the circle at Washington have found the winter's reading very profitable and enjoyable. The program committee arranged entertaining exercises. Much interest has been manifested in the study of astronomy, with the aid of a chart of the constellations. *The Question Table* in The Chautauquan was used. Two public lectures were given under the auspices of the circle. This was the beginning of the first lecture course ever given in the town. Next year, without doubt, a course of six or seven lectures will be arranged. The circle is named Perseverance; the motto is "Honest endeavor brings honest success," and the flower, arbutus.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—A flourishing circle is reported from Saegertown; also one from Bridgeville.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A circle anxious to do C. L. S. C. work has started at Blackville. Success to them.

TENNESSEE.—The Philomathean of Clarksville has twenty-five members, and the outlook is hopeful.

KENTUCKY.—To the Hickory Grove Circle THE CHAUTAUQUAN extends the heartiest of greetings.——The Iris Circle at Shelbyville reports seventeen faithful members who are always present at the meetings with lessons well prepared and ready to do any work that may be assigned them.

OHIO.—"That life is long which answers life's great end," is the guiding principle of the Oneida Circle at Lima. It has chosen for its emblem the sweet pea.——The Standard Club of Guysville meets once a week. The members are all up with the required readings. A program as varied as possible does not allow monotony to creep in. A successful future is prophesied.——Fidelity Circle of Steubenville numbers twenty-six. May each one find real pleasure in the studies.

TEXAS.—What greater studiousness could be desired than that of the Rusk Circle, which is so busy at work it has not yet elected officers! At the meeting which was held on the anniversary of the Fall of the Alamo, roll-call was answered by a date or some biographical sketch in relation to the history of Texas. The club is starting a library and the first book in it is "All He Knew." Such work as this wins.

MICHIGAN.—Circles at Bay City, Vandalia, and Midland have joined the Chautauqua forces.

WISCONSIN.—The circle at Clintonville is conducted on the class plan, the members taking turn in leading. The lesson is reviewed and discussed in an informal way, and occasionally an essay is read.

ILLINOIS.—A large class has been formed at Tuscola.

INDIANA.—A warm welcome is given to the circles at Orland and Muncie.

OREGON.—The Occidentals of Dallas are enjoying the benefits of C. L. S. C. study.

MINNESOTA.—A circle organized at Beaver Falls in December has been so industrious it has done the entire work. Much progress has been made, and the members are getting ready for their examination papers.——Delhi has recently organized a circle of sixteen active members who are doing good work.

MISSOURI.—A post-graduate circle at Clinton reports itself as a sort of annex to the Mary de la Vergne Circle, and has the same officers.——The Fuller Circle of Kansas City is composed of ten workers, who report profit and enjoyment from their readings.——Brookfield organized in April a circle of twelve members who call themselves the Irving. Although late beginning, they intend to do the work of the year.

NEBRASKA.—At Peru and Central City are circles composed of faithful students who are finding great rewards in systematic reading.——An enterprising circle of ten members has been organized at Stanton.

KANSAS.—The Triangle Circle in Cedarville is appreciative of the course of study. A good point made in the report is, "We are establishing the custom of forming reading circles among all classes of persons."

COLORADO.—This state has a large quota of new circles: the Yucca Palm at Lamar, eight members; the Shavano at Poncha Springs, six members; the Pueblo; the Asbury M. E. Church at Denver; and the University Park, nine members.

OLD CIRCLES.

CANADA.—A comprehensive report comes for the *Local Circle* column from the London Central Circle in Ontario. The circle is not as large as formerly but it takes a philosophic view of this fact—that it is better to have a few who are interested than many who are only half-hearted. The evening exercises open with responsive readings from the "Chautauqua Liturgy," and prayer. Roll-call is responded to by quotations from the author being studied or items concerning his life and works. English history and literature have engaged special attention, but not to the neglect of astronomy. One of the members gives talks on this interesting subject, illustrating them by original drawings. Papers are contributed on the great lights in English literature and an extract from each author is memorized and subjected to critical analysis. An important feature of the program is a table-talk at which each member is expected to take part. ——The Pleasant Hour of Brantford, Ontario, continues its old "competitive plan" of conducting the studies. It speaks of true devotion to the work when there is such a condition that it is necessary to assign but few of the subjects and that all the members hold themselves in readiness to take part.

MAINE.—Delightful evenings are spent in the Beauchamp Circle, Rockport. The members are doing the sensible thing of paying particular attention to correct speech.——The Livermore Circle of South Union finds pleasure and benefit in the work.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Hillside Circle started in '84 at Franklin Falls and is still at work.

VERMONT.—The Constants in Plainfield fully realize the molding power of the course of reading. The post-graduates are determined to keep the circle alive.——The Alpha Circle of Rutland is busy with the readings.

MASSACHUSETTS.—"We have a small but enthusiastic circle. Our meetings are well-attended, the programs are spicy—and we mean business," is the spirited report from Nemasket Circle of Middleboro.——Six persons form the Mount Tom Circle of Holyoke.

CONNECTICUT.—Vincent Circle of Bridgeport meets every two weeks. Special teachers conduct the lesson. Papers on articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are a feature. Astronomy and geology are receiving attention.

NEW YORK.—An interesting bit of history comes from the Adriel Circle of Brooklyn. Some years ago a social committee in the Tabernacle Church organized a literary circle, which at once attracted the attention of the young people. At the end of the first season they saw the need of some systemized method of study. They then changed their club into a Chautauqua circle; as such it did good work and is now a strong circle. It is ambitious to spread the work. It sends out this notice: "Is it not the privilege of every church, mission, or Sunday-school to organize a literary society which its members, young and old, can join and by means of which its intellectual progress and social recreation can, in a measure, be guided? With that view your attention is earnestly called to the Chautauqua course of reading, which is a system of home reading, having religion for its heart and the Lord Christ for its type. We will be glad to assist in the formation of new circles and will furnish circulars, speakers, or counsel as may be desired." Such business-like work as this is the best ally the Chautauqua idea can have.——Twenty-four members continue their study at Watertown.——The programs from the Hoosac Falls Circle show capital work being done.——Twenty Crescents are still to be seen at Hornellsville.——Castile has a circle with the suggestive title, "Never be Discouraged." It reports faithful and thorough work done and will send out twelve graduates this year.——Prettier programs than those the No Name Circle of Brooklyn send out, could not be desired. There seems to be original talent in this club, for we notice the response to roll-call is given by original maxims or verses, and every program has a poem by a member. We should like to give them all, but that is impossible, and select "The Voice of Spring" as suitable to the time of year.

Each bursting bud and leaflet,
The sun that shines above,
Tell us the spring approaches
And prove the Savior's love.
The birds sing out so gaily
And seem to all to tell,
"The joys of spring are coming;
He doeth all things well!"

Oh! may the warmth of springtime
Chase from each heart away,
The cheerless cold of winter,
The night that has no day.
All nature now rejoices
And pays her tribute rare
To God, the loving Father,
For His unceasing care.

——A review of the work done in the Athena Circle of Johnstown shows hearty endeavor and much accomplished. History contests have been held and progressive conversations in which such subjects as "What should be the chief aim of life?" "Should women be allowed to vote?" "Do sane people ever commit suicide?" "Should Sunday-schools be abolished?" and other attractive subjects for discussion. Real pleasure has been found in the study of the text-books of the course. True culture is the object in view.

NEW JERSEY.—A flourishing condition of affairs is reported from Bridgeton. The third annual banquet was held in March, an entertaining program was followed by toasts brimful of Chautauqua: "The C. L. S. C. Abroad," "C. L. S. C. in the United States," "C. L. S. C. and Women," "Business Men and C. L. S. C," "Just Three Years Old."——The Metuchen Circle is another of those circles anxious to get others to enjoy the good things in the Chautauqua course. They send out a circular full of information to the uninitiated and extend a cordial welcome to all to join. A public meeting was held in March at which time Dr. Doolittle, vice-president of Rutgers College, gave an admirable address on "Books and How to Read them."——Gladstone has a club of five.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A class of twelve is doing the work at New Wilmington.——The Clover Leaf of Greenville has a circle of twenty.——Zinzendorf Circle of South Bethlehem is composed of five busy members.

MARYLAND.—The Bancroft Circle at Baltimore is composed of sixteen members and meets every Monday night. The secretary sends the following: "We open with prayer; roll-call and reading of minutes of previous meeting follow. Then we have a general discussion on what we have read in the past two weeks, with one or two short essays, and report of critic.

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We also give about one hour to reading one of Shakspere's plays, each member assuming some character." Previous to this year the town had two circles, but by uniting they have strengthened their forces and never have done better work. The programs given in this magazine are usually the guide.

OHIO.—"Our circle is very enthusiastic this year and is doing good work. We have several new members. Although this year completes our four years' work we expect to go on," writes the secretary at Jeffersonville.——At East Liverpool is a circle of seven members; at Ashland, the L'Allegro, nine; at Geneva, twenty-four.

ILLINOIS.—The Crescent Circle of Belvidere has an enrollment of thirty members, with an average attendance of twenty.——A circle of nineteen read at Sullivan. Five members are reading the graduate course.

IOWA.—We give with pleasure the comprehensive study of India by the Pleasant Hours of Sac City. Roll-call answered by quotations from "Lalla Rookh" or "British India," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN; Description of India, a map lesson; The East India Company; India under the Direct Control of the British Government; Commerce and Railroads; American Missions in India; British Missions in India; Native Religions; The Liquor Questions—Native Beverages, Imported Beverages; The Valley of Cashmere—"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere?" General discussion on the benefits and ills arising from British occupation.——In the Octavian Circle of East Des Moines each branch of study has its special instructor. This club has observed Chaucer, Bryant, and Browning Memorial Days.——Circles report from Victor and Springville.

MICHIGAN.—The secretary of the Ruby Circle in Tecumseh, writes: "We more than enjoy the work and find the reading much easier than last year,—perhaps because we are more accustomed to this style of reading. If our name indicates any thing, as in Bible times names did, we surely are brilliant and ought to shine forth with a luster bright enough to be seen in our community at least. We hope we may do some good and convince others that wisdom is better than rubies."——Circles are studying at Adrian, Oxford, and Republic.

MISSOURI.—The Columbian Circle of Hannibal is increasing in numbers and now enrolls eleven members.

KANSAS.—Steady, methodical reading is being done by the Sunflowers of Wichita. The helpfulness of the course is recognized by them.——Hays City also reports a Sunflower Circle of six members.

MINNESOTA.—The Pioneers of St. Paul hold weekly meetings and follow the programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.——Minnehaha Circle of Minneapolis holds weekly meetings and reports great interest in the readings.

NEBRASKA.—It must put new life into circles to read what such a circle as the one at Red Cloud says: "We cannot express the thanks we feel for the blessing Chautauqua is bringing us individually, and must to all who study the course. May it spread until its influence is felt in every home and thus aid in civilization. The circle is interested, studious, and devoted to its work. Two-thirds of the members are regular attendants. We take the Suggested Program, change it to suit our needs, and have it printed in the city papers. Our time has been given to the regular course of study, no public entertainments or observance of Memorial Days."——Faithful circles report from Plainview and Lincoln.

MONTANA.—A circle holds weekly meetings at Dillon.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The Hiawatha, consisting of fifteen members, is reading at Mitchell.

CALIFORNIA.—The secretary of the San Vincente of Santa Monica writes: "Our circle is a floating one, because this place is a seaside resort, and our report does not show the work we have done in interesting those of other places. We also have a number of home readers, who are unable to join the circle. We have a program committee who use the Suggestive Programs as a guide."——The members of the Houghton Circle of Oakland are warm advocates of the course. They say, "We love the Chautauqua work; with each lesson we seem instilled with a greater desire to 'look up and lift up.' Our desire for knowledge increases with each meeting, and as we gain a little here and a little there, and we look ahead to the vast fields of knowledge we are yet to cover, we sometimes become disheartened, but think of our motto, 'Never be discouraged,' and take heart again."——Some of the San Francisco circles are having excellent opportunities for the study of astronomy. A lecture was recently given which was illustrated by stereopticon views of the Milky Way, the Nebulæ of Orion and Andromeda, portions of the moon, etc.——Good work is reported from Selma and Stockton.

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WINTER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1891.

MT. DORA ASSEMBLY, FLORIDA.

MT. DORA reports its fifth annual Assembly to have been exceedingly satisfactory. The breezy hills of Mt. Dora overlooking the beautiful lake made attractive homes for the cottagers. The session was held from March 17–30, the season of both orange blossoms and orange fruit.

At this session the gate receipts were fifty-eight per cent greater than last year and the cottagers and tenters almost double the number.

The Normal Class held seventeen sessions, and was led by Dr. A. H. Gillet. "The Beginning of Bible History," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Golden Age of Israel," were some of the subjects considered. There were daily devotional meetings.

Mr. Stuart Hooker instructed a Gymnastic Class. Prof. Case as usual made an enthusiastic musical director. Prof. C. L. Woodworth entertained by his recitations.

Dr. J. H. Hedley, the Rev. C. H. Daniels, the Rev. R. T. Hall, Will Cumback, Prof. N. Robinson, the Rev. J. L. Mailie, and C. E. Bolton, were very popular as lecturers. It was a serious disappointment that Maurice Thompson, who had announced a delightful list of subjects, could not be present.

The heavier work of the Assembly was lightened by concerts, readings, competitive speaking for prize medals, and an original story.

Sunday-school Day, Temperance Day, and Farmers' Alliance Day were the special days observed.

The next session will be held March 8–21, 1892. Already a brilliant program is foretold.

ALBANY ASSEMBLY, GEORGIA.

THE third session of the Georgia Chautauqua, held from March 9 to April 8, was fuller than ever of enthusiasm and good works.

This Assembly has become a recognized center of educational and refining influences.

Six thoroughly organized departments were ably conducted. Dr. W. A. Duncan superintended the Assembly; the Rev. Dr. Hurlbut instructed the Sunday-school Normal, and Mrs. Mary J. Sherrell the Primary Normal; Prof. Case took charge of the music, Dr. Anderson the physical culture, Prof. C. R. Wells the commercial department, and Mrs. Wells the art.

The Special Days called forth crowds of people. Press Day, Educational Day, National Day, Governor's Day, Children's Day, International Sunday-school Day, were celebrated by appropriate exercises.

The very best of speakers and entertainers were present.

The C. L. S. C. work in this part of the world is growing and spreading, and larger plans are made for the schools next year.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

THE seventh annual session of this first Florida Assembly was held at De Funiak Springs, beginning on the 4th of February and closing on the 15th of March. The attendance was about the same as on the two preceding sessions and the class work and general features of the program reached the same standard of excellence. Classes were organized and taught in Fine and Decorative Art by Miss M. Louise Bentley, in Elocution and Delsarte by Miss Anna Adele Powell, in Kindergarten and Kindergarten Normal by Miss Mina B. Colburn, and a School of Methods for secular teachers by Miss Lelia E. Partridge.

Some of the special features of the Assembly were a series of Bible readings upon the International Sunday-school Lessons for the current year by the Rev. Chas. R. Barnes, and a course of lectures on Social and Economic Problems by Dr. Washington Gladden. Lectures were delivered by Dr. Isaac Crook, the Rev. J. J. Taylor, Dr. J. W. Lee, Dr. J. H. Mansfield, Dr. John B. Eager, Dr. N. H. Eggleston, Dr. S. A. Steele, Dr. H. L. Stetson, Prof. Wm. H. Dana, Dr. Henry Tuckley, Dr. C. R. Wilkins, Dr. W. W. Ramsey, Dr. D. E. Bushnell, the Rev. W. D. Parr, Dr. J. F. Marley, James Clement Ambrose, Dr. W. L. Davidson, the Rev. O. S. Baketel, the Rev. C. C. Albertson, Prof. Chas. Foster Smith, Prof. W. H. Crawford, Dr. W. H. Scott, Dr. Merritt Hurlbud, the Rev. H. C. Jennings, Jahu De Witt Miller, and James A. Green.

During the first half of the Assembly the Schubert Club, a splendid orchestra of twenty pieces, half of them ladies, was present from Jackson, Michigan. The chorus work was under the direction of Prof. W. N. Skinner. Mr. E. H. Cady, Miss Gertrude Smith, and Mrs. Hall-Young did good solo work. The Sunday-school Normal Class was taught by the Rev. O. S. Baketel. February 23 was observed as Chautauqua Day, and a telegram of congratulations was sent to Chancellor Vincent.

The Board of Directors are very much encouraged over the outlook, and arrangements have been made for next year, when the Assembly will begin on the seventeenth of February and continue until the eighteenth of March.

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THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1891.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—July 1-August 24. Recognition Day, August 19.

ACTON PARK, INDIANA—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, July 30.

BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN—July 15-August 12. Recognition Day, July 27.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA—June 23-July 6. Recognition Day, July 2.

BLACK HILLS, DAKOTA—August 11-August 26. Recognition Day, August 26.

BLUFF PARK, IOWA—July 16-July 27. Recognition Day, July 24.

CHESTER, ILLINOIS—July 3-July 20.

CLARION, REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA—July 22-August 12. Recognition Day, August 8.

COLFAX, IOWA—July 4-July 17. Recognition Day, July 15.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—July 8-July 17. Recognition Day, July 16.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA—July 2-July 22. Recognition Day, July 16.

EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE—August 17-August 22. Recognition Day, August 20.

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO—August 5-August 18. Recognition Day, August 18.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS—July 1-July 18. Recognition Day, July 16.

GLEN ECHO, WASHINGTON, D. C.—June 16-July 4. Recognition Day, June 25.

HIRAM, OHIO—July 9-July 31. Recognition Day, July 28.

ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA—July 29-August 12. Recognition Day, August 5.

KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS—June 23-July 3. Recognition Day, July 2.

KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—June 30-July 10. Recognition Day, July 9.

LAKE BLUFF, ILLINOIS—August 5-August 16. Recognition Day, August 13.

LAKESIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO—July 15-August 5. Recognition Day, July 25.

LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA—July 28-August 17. Recognition Day, August 3.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA—July 13-July 24. Recognition Day, July 22.

MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA—July 15-August 5.

MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI—July 3-July 13. Recognition Day, July 11.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE—June 30-August 26. Recognition Day, August 11.

MOUNTAIN GROVE, BERWICK, PENNSYLVANIA—August 7-August 11. Recognition Day, August 8.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND—August 4-August 18. Recognition Day, August 13.

NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA.—June 30-July 10. Recognition Day, July 8.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, CANADA—July 11-August 30. Recognition Day, July 29.

NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—July 14—July 24. Recognition Day, July 23.

NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, MAINE—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, August 11.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO—July 21-August 5. Recognition Day, August 5.

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY—August 6-August 7. Recognition Day, August 7.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY—July 11-July 22. Recognition Day, July 22.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE—July 21-August 1. Recognition Day, July 30.

OTTAWA, KANSAS—June 16-June 26. Recognition Day, June 24.

OXFORD, ENGLAND—Second Session, July and August.

PACIFIC GROVE, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA—June 24-July 10. Recognition Day, July 10.

PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS—July 30-August 19. Recognition Day, August 13.

PIEDMONT, ATLANTA, GEORGIA—July 15-August 31.

PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON—July 15-August 13. Recognition Day, July 28.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, PALMER LAKE, COLORADO—July 8-July 24. Recognition Day, July 24.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK—July 27-August 13. Recognition Day, August 13.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS—June 24-July 22. Recognition Day, July 16.

SEASIDE, KEY EAST, NEW JERSEY—July 6-August 28. Recognition Day, August 27.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK—July 7-August 6. Recognition Day, July 16.

WARSAW, INDIANA—July 15-August 13. Recognition Day, July 27.

WASECA, MINNESOTA—July 1-July 22. Recognition Day, July 21.

WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE—July 20-July 24. Recognition Day, July 23.

WILLIAMS GROVE, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—July 15-July 24. Recognition Day, July 22.

WINFIELD, KANSAS—June 23-July 3. Recognition Day, June 30.

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"GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT."

I REALLY believe some people save their bright thoughts, as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one who was talking good things,—good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," he said, "and a man driving a sprinkling wagon through it."

"Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them with the valve open, sometimes?"

"Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us;—the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic,—you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modeling. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it;—but talking is like playing with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, "fust-rate." I acknowledged the compliment, but gently rebuked the expression, "fust-rate," "prime," "a prime article," "a superior piece of goods," "a handsome garment," "a gent in a flowered vest,"—all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down. There is one other phrase which will soon come to be decisive of a man's social status, if it is not already: "That tells the whole story." It is an expression which vulgar and conceited people particularly affect, and which well-meaning ones, who know better, catch from them. It is intended to stop all debate, like the previous question in the General Court. Only it doesn't; simply because "that" does not usually tell the whole, nor one half of the whole story.—"*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

THE MANNERS OF TWO NATIONS.

CODES of manner have a very restricted rule. They are national, and in the nation each class has its own code. If, therefore, one nation judges another by its own standard, it is evident that abstract justice must be impossible; yet it is difficult to find any other criterion.

The reader may try to find some criterion outside of national peculiarities, but he will certainly meet with this difficulty, that although people of different nations might be induced to agree about some virtue that manners ought to have, they are not likely to agree about its practical application and expression.

For example, let us take the virtue of courtesy. Are people to be courteous or discourteous? We should find an almost universal agreement on the general principle that courtesy is a part of good manners; but we should disagree on the application of it.

The great difficulty in judging such a question as this is that we require to have been long accustomed to manners of a peculiar kind before we can estimate them at their precise significance. If they are new to us, we do not understand them, we are not able to read the thoughts and intentions which express themselves in forms as in a sort of language.

The words used in epistolatory forms are the most familiar example of the second meaning, the only true meaning there is in forms of any kind. If a superior in rank subscribes himself my obedient servant, I know that his meaning is as remote as possible from the dictionary sense of the words. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to suppose that the words, as he uses them, are meaningless. Such a form, in English, is intended to convey the idea of distance without contempt. It is as much as to say, in familiar English, "I don't know you and don't care to know you; but I have no desire to be rude to you." The form *Dear Sir*, in English, has nothing to do with affection. It means, "I know very little of you; but wish to avoid the coldness of sir by itself." *My dear Sir* means something of this kind, "I remember meeting you in society."

A literal translation of these forms into French would entirely fail to convey their significance.

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You must be on the most intimate terms with a Frenchman before he will venture to address you as *Cher Monsieur*. There is absolutely no form of address that translates the meanings of *Dear Sir* and *My dear Sir*. They can only be translated by *Monsieur*, which fails to differentiate them from *Sir*.

The French forms in writing to ladies are still more severe. "How would you begin a letter to Madame L——?" I asked a French gentleman who is a model of accuracy in etiquette.

"Well, in the first place, I should never presume to write to Madame L—— at all."

"But if circumstances made it imperative that you should write to her?"

"In that case I should address her as *Madame* simply, and at the close of the letter beg her to accept *mes hommages respectueux*."

Perhaps the reader imagines that the lady was a distant acquaintance; no, she was the wife of a most intimate friend, and the two families met very frequently. In this case the point of interest is that the lady would have been addressed as a stranger from a want of flexibility in the French forms.

There is a Frenchman who receives me with the utmost kindness and cordiality whenever I visit his neighborhood. We correspond occasionally, and his letters begin *Monsieur* just as if he had never seen me, ending with the expression of his *sentiments respectueux*.

A *very* intimate friend in France will begin a letter with *Mon cher Ami*. I have only known three Frenchmen who used that form of address to myself. Two or three others would begin *Cher Monsieur et Ami*, mingling the formal with the affectionate. Englishmen hardly ever write My dear Friend; that is now an American form.

The French tendency to be ceremonious is not confined to letter-writing. It comes upon French people in personal intercourse in a curiously occasional way. I remember a physician, now dead, who had excellent French manners of the old school. He talked with great ease and without the least affectation, but on all those little occasions when a Frenchman feels bound to be ceremonious he was so in the supreme degree. After talking quite easily and intimately with some lady whom he had known for many years, he would rise to take leave with graceful old-fashioned attitudes and phrases, as if she were far his superior in rank and he had spoken to her for the first time.

It has happened to me to know rather intimately six or eight old French gentlemen who retained the manners which had come down from the eighteenth century. They evidently took a pleasure, perhaps also some pride, in being able to go through forms of politeness gracefully, and without error. An Englishman would find it difficult to do that in equal perfection, his northern nature would not take quite so fine a polish. Even among French people, as manners become more democratic, these old forms are continually reduced.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.**

THE ARTIST'S SECRET.

There was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color, there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down, saying, "We like the picture, we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" They asked him, and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you"; and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound—it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together, and closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color from?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten—but the work lived.—*Olive Schreiner.*†

AMIEL.

Henri Frédéric Amiel was born at Geneva in September, 1821. He belonged to one of the emigrant families, of which a more or less steady supply had enriched the little republic

* French and English. A Comparison. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Dreams. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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during the three centuries following the Reformation. Amiel's ancestors, like those of Sismondi, left Languedoc for Geneva after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father must have been a youth at the time when Geneva passed into the power of the French republic, and would seem to have married and settled in the halcyon days following the restoration of Genevese independence in 1814. Amiel was born when the prosperity of Geneva was at its height, when the little state was administered by men of European reputation.

In 1833 Amiel, at twelve years old, was left orphaned of both his parents. They had died comparatively young—his mother was only just over thirty, and his father cannot have been much older. On the death of the mother the little family was broken up, the boy passing into the care of one relative, his two sisters into that of another. Certain notes in M. Scherer's possession throw a little light here and there upon a childhood and youth which must necessarily have been a little bare and forlorn. They show us a sensitive, impressionable boy, of health rather delicate than robust, already disposed to a more or less melancholy and dreamy view of life, and showing a deep interest in those religious problems and ideas in which the air of Geneva has been steeped since the days of Calvin. The religious teaching which a Genevese lad undergoes prior to his admission to full church membership, made a deep impression on him, and certain mystical elements of character, which remained strong in him to the end, showed themselves very early.

At the collége or public school of Geneva, and at the Academié, he would seem to have done only moderately as far as prizes and honors were concerned. We are told, however, that he read enormously, and that he was, generally speaking, inclined rather to make friends with men older than himself than with his contemporaries.

Amiel is full of contradictions and surprises, which are indeed one great source of his attractiveness.

Had he only been the thinker, the critic, the idealist, he would never have touched our feelings as he now does; what makes him so interesting is that there was in him a *fond* of heredity, a temperament and disposition, which were perpetually reacting against the oppression of the intellect and its accumulations. In his hours of intellectual concentration he freed himself from all trammels of country or society, or even, as he insists, from all sense of personality. But at other times he was the dutiful son of a country which he loved, taking a warm interest in every thing Genevese.

His was not a nature to be generally appreciated at its true value. The motives which governed his life were too remote from the ordinary motives of human conduct, and his characteristics just those which have always excited the distrust, if not the scorn, of the more practical and vigorous order of minds. Probably there was a certain amount of self-consciousness and artificiality in his attitude towards the outer world, which was the result partly of the social difficulties we have described, partly of his own sense of difference from his surroundings, and partly again of that timidity of nature, that self-distrust, which is revealed to us in the Journal. So that he was by no means generally popular, and the great success of the Journal is still a mystery to the majority of those who know him merely as a fellow-citizen and acquaintance. But his friends loved him and believed in him, and the reserved student, whose manners were thought affected in general society, could and did make himself delightful to those who understood him, or those who looked to him for affection. "According to my remembrance of him," writes M. Scherer, "he was bright, sociable, a charming companion. Others who knew him better and longer than I say the same. The mobility of his disposition counteracted his tendency to exaggerations of feeling. In spite of his fits of melancholy, his natural turn of mind was cheerful; up to the end he was young, a child even, amused by mere nothings; and whoever had heard him laugh his hearty student's laugh would have found it difficult to identify him with the author of so many somber pages."

M. Rivier, his old pupil, remembers him as "strong and active, still handsome, delightful in conversation, ready to amuse and be amused." Indeed, if the photographs of him are to be trusted, there must have been something specially attractive in the sensitive, expressive face, with its lofty brow, fine eyes, and kindly mouth. It is the face of a poet rather than of a student and makes one understand certain other little points which his friends lay stress on,—for instance, his love for and popularity with children.*—*Abridged from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Introduction to "Amiel's Journal."*

A GARDEN BY STARLIGHT.

A MIDNIGHT visit to one's garden, even by the most venerable devotee of his "own ground" will perchance reveal the fact that he "doesn't know beans" after all.

*New York: Macmillan and Co.

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The perennial familiar blooming borders of those "old-fashioned flowers," as well as the more prosaic domain of our gardener's immediate concern, whose paths lead to the kitchen, wear a strange look at night, and seem peopled with foreign shapes. His "Limas" and scarlet runners now excite his wonder, if not solicitude, with their apparent drooping foliage, all the three leaflets nodding as if broken at their juncture with the stem, the two side leaflets in many instances touching their backs beneath the stem. But he will find them firm and self-willed in their attitude.

His pea blossoms have taken in sail, and nod on their keels. The leaves of his young cabbage plant, usually more or less spreading, now stand quite erect, guarding that promising young head within, for this plebeian cabbage head knows a trick or two above its garden associates, and can get a blessing from the ambrosial ether in a bright, glistening sheen and a border of dewdrops, even on a cloudy night, when all his neighbors are athirst.

The tobacco field over the wall looks bewitched and all on end, the plants simulating the conical shape they soon shall bear in the drying-house. The flowers on the potato plants, saucer-shaped by day, are now perchance nodding with their open rim puckered in gathers around the central stamens—a common caprice of these flowers, but dependent upon some whim which I have not yet solved.

Turning to his "posies," our floriculturist may pick an exotic bouquet from his own familiar borders. His starry "bluebottles" have raised their horns and assumed the shape of a shuttlecock. His balsams wear a hang-dog look, with every leaf sharply declined. Certain of his coreopsis blossoms are turned vertically by a sharp bend at the summit of the stem. Many of his favorites, like the Eschscholtzia blossoms, have closed their eyes or perhaps hung their heads, and refuse to look him in the face while his climbing nasturtiums, especially if they should be of the dwarf variety (*minus*), await his coming in hushed expectancy, and their wall of sheeny shields flashes a "boo" at him out of the darkness, which immediately reveals the changed position of their foliage. Every individual shield is now seen to stand perpendicularly, the stem being bent in a sharp curve. In the midst of his surprise the flowers one by one now seem to steal into view, peering out here and there behind the leaves, and he will discern a grimace there that he never noted before. That bright bouquet upon his mantel will henceforth wear a new expression for him and a fresh identity. He will find himself exchanging winks thitherward now and then, and hover about the room among his friends in the proud consciousness of a certain preferment not vouchsafed to common mortals.

The effect of such a bank of nasturtium leaves as the writer recently observed is irresistibly queer. So instinct with mischievous consciousness did it seem that he found himself entering into conversation at once, and laughed outright in the darkness. It has been supposed that this vertical position of the leaf was assumed to avoid the collection of dew, but this is obviously an error. There is no disposition in the nasturtium to avoid moisture, as would be apparent to any one who has watched the leaves during rain, catching and coddling the great dancing drop at its hollowed center, and loath to let it fall.

Our midnight gardener has still further surprises in store for him among his plantations. Following the alluring fragrance of his melilot, he turns the rays of his lantern among its branches, and finds them full of nocturnal capers. The single leaflet of the melilot is threefold, like a clover, to which it is closely akin. At night these three leaflets twist edge uppermost on their stems, with the faces of the outer pair turned inward, while the end leaflet folds its face flat to one side or the other, to the cheek of its chosen chum for the night, and there they are, a dozy company in truth, yet not without a subtle suggestion that it may all be a subterfuge for the moment to cover some mischief or other.

And here is another interesting specimen close by, a member of that same somniferous tribe—the blue lupine—the "sad lupine" of Virgil (*tristis lupinus*). Just why Virgil should have attributed sadness to the lupine I believe has not been satisfactorily decided, although many learned pens and much printer's ink have been devoted toward a solution of the problem, one authority finding a last resource in his exasperation in the belief that the antique poet "stood in need for the meter of his verse of two long syllables which the word *tristis* supplied him with."

The plant is certainly bright and cheery enough by day, and whatever its changed aspect by night, it is certainly not one of sadness. The blue flower-spikes rise up precisely as at midday, but the foliage presents a striking contrast, every wheel-shaped leaf now drooping like a closed parasol against the stem. The various lupines are full of individual whims in their choice of sleeping postures, some species raising their leaflets in the form of a beaker, and others following the bent of the nasturtium already described. Every corner of our garden offers

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some similar revelation, and even the plebeian weeds have caught the odd contagion, and "do as the Romans do."*—*W. Hamilton Gibson.*

VICTOR HUGO.

HE set the trumpet to his lips, and lo!
The clash of waves, the roar of winds that blow,
The strife and stress of Nature's warring things,
Rose like a storm-cloud, upon angry wings.

He set the reed-pipe to his lips, and lo!
The wreck of landscape took a rosy glow,
And Life, and Love, and gladness that Love brings
Laughed in the music, like a child that sings.

Master of each, Arch-Master! We that still
Wait in the verge and outskirt of the Hill
Look upward lonely—lonely to the height
Where thou hast climbed, for ever, out of sight!

—*Austin Dobson.*†

ANECDOTES OF FRENCH AUTHORS.

AMONG Frenchmen there is no lack of vanity. Voltaire is a notable instance. There is yet preserved at his villa at Ferney a large picture planned by himself, and painted by a wretched artist, in the foreground of which stands Voltaire holding the "Henriade," which he is presenting to Apollo, who has just descended from Olympus to receive it. The background is the temple of Memory, toward which flies Fame, at the same time pointing to the "Henriade." The Muses and the Graces are surrounding Voltaire, and are carrying his bust to the temple of Memory. The heroes and heroines of the "Henriade" are standing astonished at his wonderful talents; the authors who wrote against him are falling into the infernal regions, which gape to receive them and their works, while Envy and her Imps are expiring at his feet.

A writer for London *Truth* says: "Many legends are current about the atmosphere of incense in which Victor Hugo always lived, about the theatrical surroundings in which he used to receive homage, and about the apocalyptic language in which he expressed the consciousness of his genius. These stories are not without a considerable substratum of truth, and the poet's satellites were the first to amuse themselves discreetly at his expense in the familiarity of unofficial conversation. But it must be remembered that the man who was invariably addressed as 'dear and illustrious,' or 'sublime master,' was the last of his generation; that he stood erect on the ruins of almost a century, and that he had buried all his adversaries, even to a Napoleon. He had become deity and prophet, thanks to a remnant of Latin idolatrous tendencies in his countrymen. The crown of laurels had been placed upon the brow of the marble effigy under the very eyes of the living model, on a memorable occasion, at the Comédie Française. No man, not even Goethe, ever enjoyed so much glory, and so uninterruptedly. The wonder rather is that he remained charming and affable in spite of every thing, for it is possible to cite more traits of simplicity than of pomposity in his life."

Rousseau tells us that when the first idea of one of his works flashed upon his mind, he experienced a nervous movement that approached to a slight delirium. Descartes heard a voice in the air that called him to pursue the truth.

Madame de Staël and some other famous author once met by special invitation at a French country-house, and each brought a handsomely bound book of their own to present to the other. Both were profuse in their flattery, both declared the other's work would have a priceless value, to be preserved by them with infinite care. When they had made their gushing adieus and departed, the amused hostess found the respective volumes carelessly left on table and sofa!

Saint-Beuve says: "Madame de Maintenon was never more ingenious in amusing Louis XIV. than Madame Récamier in interesting Chateaubriand. I have always remarked, said Boileau on returning from Versailles, that when the conversation does not turn on himself, the king directly gets tired, and is either ready to yawn or to go away. Every great poet, when he is growing old, is a little like Louis XIV. in this respect. Madame Récamier had each day a thousand pleasant contrivances to excite and to flatter him. She assembled from all quarters friends for him, new admirers. She chained us all to the feet of her idol with links of gold."

"The extreme mind is near to extreme madness," says Pascal. "Of what are the most subtle follies made, but of the greatest wisdom?" asks Montaigne. "Genius bears within itself a principle of destruction, of death, of madness," says Lamartine.

Balzac's vanity is constantly revealed in his letters. Here it becomes a force which leads a man to reckon himself among the four greatest

* Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Poems on Several Occasions. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company.

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heroes of his age. It develops a kind of monomania leading to utter absorption in his own affairs, in his literary ambition, and, above all, in calculations as to the number of francs into which his genius can be coined.

The proposition to erect a statue in honor of Balzac has called out many stories of the great writer, some illustrating his literary vanity. "There are only three writers of the French language—Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, and myself!" he used to say proudly. On one occasion he was at a dinner where a young writer said before him: "We other men of letters." Balzac broke out into a laugh and cried: "You, sir, you a literary man! What a pretension! What foolish assurance! You compare yourself to us? Do you forget, sir, with whom you have the honor of sitting? With the marshals of modern literature!"*—*Kate Sanborn.*

*The Vanity and Insanity of Genius. New York: George J. Coombes.

THE SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

Tongue double, brings trouble.

Without justice courage is weak.

Would you live with ease, do what you ought, and not what you please.

No man e'er was glorious, who was not laborious.

Lawyers, preachers, and tomtit's eggs, there are more of them hatched than come to perfection.

Who pleasure gives, shall joy receive.

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach for his meat.

The family of fools is ancient.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

Are you angry that the others disappoint you? remember you cannot depend upon yourself.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

The noblest question in the world is, *What good may I do in it?*

Nothing so popular as goodness.

Grace thou thy house, and let not that grace thee.

There are lazy minds as well as lazy bodies.

Observe all men; thyself most.

To err is human, to repent divine, to persist devilish.

Many a long dispute among Divines may be thus abridg'd, It is so: It is not so; It is so; It is not so.

Good Sense is a thing all need, few have, and none think they want.

What signifies your Patience, if you can't find it when you want it.

Reader, I wish thee health, wealth, happiness, and may kind heaven thy year's industry bless.

IS GENIUS CHARACTER?

ALL the views heretofore had of genius have treated it purely as an intellectual force. The one we now present differs from these in regarding genius in the light of a great moral power.

John Burroughs, writing on the subject, says: "Indeed, there is a strict moral or ethical dependence of the capacity to conceive or project great things, upon the capacity to be or to do them. It is as true as any law of hydraulics or statics, that the workmanship of a man can never rise above the level of his character. He can never adequately say or do any thing greater than he himself is. There is no such thing, for instance, as deep insight into the mystery of Creation, without integrity and simplicity of character." And De Quincey affirms: "Besides its relation to suffering and enjoyment, genius always implies a deeper relation to virtue and vice."

Diametrically opposed to the foregoing is the view that next follows. It is a passage from Lowell's essay on Rousseau. He says: "Genius is not a question of character. It may be sordid, like the lamp of Aladdin, in its externals; what care we, while the touch of it builds palaces for us, makes us rich as only men in dream-land are rich, and lords to the utmost bounds of imagination? So, when people talk of the ungrateful way in which the world treats its geniuses, they speak unwisely. There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded. But the man whom the genius takes possession of for its pen, for its trowel, for its pencil, for its chisel, him the world treats according to his deserts."*—*N. K. Royse.*

*A Study of Genius. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Company.

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Biographies. "The Memoirs of Talleyrand"* come like a voice from the past, ringing out from the very center of the forces which in the last century shaped the destiny of France. Published fifty-two years after the death of their author, they have long been awaited with a sort of eager dread. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid says in his "Introduction" to the work, "They began to be looked upon as a species of historical dynamite, only to be exploded after everybody in danger had been removed from the field of human activity." But this fear has proved groundless; the book has hurt no one; its object is a personal one—to clear the writer from the obloquy attaching to him, and to heighten his fame. Talleyrand's career was one of the most remarkable in the annals of history. Presented at court in the year 1774, the year of the coronation of Louis XVI., he received from that monarch his first appointment; and in 1834, while ambassador to England, under Louis Philippe, he negotiated a treaty between France, England, Spain, and Portugal. In the long interval between these two events, he had served in office six rulers of France. He was president of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution, and it was he who at the head of the Senate pronounced the deposition of Napoleon and called Louis XVIII. to the throne. Thus ever at the very front of political affairs, he was yet a man whose personal character always awakened the suspicion of his peers. He apparently donned and doffed allegiance to suit his own advantage. But despite this distrust of all statesmen toward him, he never lost his commanding power in public life. His plan in the Memoirs for removing the reproaches from his memory seems to have been that of engrossing the attention of the readers by the great interests of the country, which to so large a degree he held in his hands, and by showing that they had been managed so as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. He wastes no time in answering personal accusations. He says boldly, "Of all governments I have served, there is not one to which I have not given more than I have received. . . . I have not abandoned any, till it had, first of all, abandoned itself. . . . I have never considered the interests of any party, my own, or those of my friends, before the *true* interests of France." But in spite of all attempts his own words show him to have been a treacherous man. The Memoirs are divided into twelve parts, which will appear in five volumes. Two of these are now in the hands of the public, the second ending with the Congress of Vienna. The work shows that in addition to his other talents Prince de Talleyrand possessed that of an able and agreeable writer. His views on all matters are shrewd, discriminating, and as far as they touch him personally, plausible. His style is easy, graceful, flowing.——The recent handsome uniform edition of the works of Fanny Kemble contains one new volume, "Further Records."* It is made up of a series of letters written between the years 1848–83. Bright, keen, versatile, and philosophical, it affords no end of interest. In the untrammeled style of friendly correspondence this actress-author gives her views of the current topics of the times, and sketches the persons by whom she was surrounded. The letters are disconnected and the reader is left to interpret references and situations as best he can.——A recent book on the life and works of Charles Darwin † written by the naturalist, Mr. Holder, is adapted to the requirements of young readers, which is only another way of saying that it is made more interesting for the older ones. In plain, straightforward language the author tells the story of the celebrated voyage of the *Beagle*, during which Darwin visited so many lands, studied strange forms of life, and made wonderful discoveries in science. A very plain outline sketch of his published works and of his theory of evolution is appended.——"The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe"‡ is an album of pen photographs of the persons who at the present time are holding the reins of government in European monarchical life. Each brief sketch attempts to do nothing more than to bring out in plain relief distinctive personal characteristics as they are manifested in private life and in the home relations. One is struck at the odd arrangement which makes the collection begin with the Sultan of Turkey and end with Queen Victoria. The character in which the former is

* Memoirs of Prince de Talleyrand. Edited by the Duc de Broglie. Vols I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, per vol., $2.00.

* Further Records. By Frances Anne Kemble. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Price, $2.00.

† Charles Darwin. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

‡ The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe. By "Politikos." New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $1 50.

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presented, that of a benevolent, mild, progressive man devoted to the welfare of his people, is quite the opposite of the general opinion concerning him.——As well as an interesting sketch of his life, "The Biography of Dio Lewis"* gives a full account of his system of physical culture —that "great national reform" which he inaugurated—and a history of the Temperance Crusade from which sprang the W. C. T. U. The book was prepared with the co-operation of his wife; sympathetic in tone, it faithfully shows the great philanthropist in his true character. Many quotations from his own works are used.

Miscellaneous. "Good-Night Poetry"† is a sugar-coated pill for the children. Mr. Garrison knows little folks do not like sermonizing so he has made a collection of poems containing excellent moral lessons, of which the parent when he puts his child to bed is to give one or more as the case requires; and if the child has been particularly delinquent during the day he is made to chew the pill—that is he must commit the selection to memory. No doubt many parents will be glad to have such an assistant in moral discipline. The book is to be heartily commended in that it does not contain any poor poetry or "goody-goody" sentiments, but is healthful in tone.

A very interesting little book on a big subject is Hoyt's "Handbook of Historic Schools of Painting."‡ One can get from this work a very clear idea of the principal historic schools of painting, their distinguishing traits, their artists, and the celebrated paintings of each.

Young America will give the "Captains of Industry"‖ a warm reception; there is a genuineness about these people that is always attractive to him. Mr. Parton in popular style tells briefly the life and work of such men as Governor Edward Winthrop, the business man of the Pilgrim Fathers, Ezra Cornell, the mechanic, David Rittenhouse, the clock-maker.

Those artistic Knickerbocker Nuggets still increase in number and grow in the affection of the public. The contents§ of these just issued are as delightful as those of the preceding ones.

A little of every thing makes up "Every-Day Etiquette, A Manual of Good Manners."* It contains many wise hints in regard to one's conduct on all occasions, and devotes a spicy chapter to "Conversation and Speech."

"The Best Letters of Madame de Sévigné"† are put into a pretty volume. The customs and morals of the time are pictured. These letters are charming, and by their hosts of readers bear record of the wide influence a woman can wield who is true to herself and to her friends.

It is peculiar that a subject so much debated as capital punishment has never had an adequate literature; for this reason Mr. Palm's "Death Penalty"‡ will attract public attention. He is a strong opposer of the penalty that demands a life for a life. His main arguments are by means of illustrations. He predicts the time when the spectacle of designedly and deliberately putting a man to death will be looked upon with the same horror that we now feel when reading of the tortures of the Inquisition. It is a book worth reading.

"Japanese Girls and Women"‖ is a fascinating study of a class which makes up one-half of the population of the Island Empire. Close association let the author into the secrets of their social and inner home life; she discovered their strength and their weakness; and the vivid portrayal of the needs of these admirable women calls forth deep sympathy.

One rarely finds a book written for young people so carefully planned and logically arranged as "Java: The Pearl of the East."§ The information is definite, no slipshod statements.

It is a saving of time and temper to have on one's library table such books as "Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations"¶ and "A Browning Guide-Book." The first one, which "the hunger and thirst of friends" made the

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*The Biography of Dio Lewis. By Mary F. Eastman. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

†Good-Night Poetry. Compiled by Wendell P. Garrison. Boston: Ginn & Company.

‡Handbook of Historic Schools of Painting. By Deristhe L. Hoyt. Boston: Ginn & Company. Price, $1.00.

‖Captains of Industry. Second Series. By James Parton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.25.

§Representative Irish Tales. Vols. I. and II. With an Introduction and Notes by W. B. Yeats. Chesterfield's Letters to his Grandson. Vols. I. and II. By the Earl of Carnarvon. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.00 each.

*Every-Day Etiquette. By Louise Fiske Bryson. New York: W. D. Kerr. Price, 75 cents.

†The Best Letters of Madame de Sévigné. Edited by Edward Playfair Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Price, $1.00.

‡The Death Penalty. A Consideration of the Objections to Capital Punishment. With a Chapter on War. By Andrew J. Palm. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.25.

‖Japanese Girls and Women. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.25.

§Java: The Pearl of the East. By S. J. Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

¶A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern. Compiled by John Devoe Belton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50. A Guide Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. By George Willis Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price. $2.00.

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author publish, is a selection of literary quotations from Latin and the languages of continental Europe which have been used by modern writers. This work is distinguished and excels others of its kind in using interesting extracts from modern writers, showing their use of the quotation. The second, we are happy to say, is not a so-called interpreter or expositor of Browning, but rather annotations put into a volume by themselves. The titles of the poems are arranged alphabetically and the notes placed under these. This is one of the needed books.

"Talks with Athenian Youths"* is charming. Translations from the Charmides, Lysis, Laches, Euthydemus, and Theaetetus of Plato are made in an attractive style. A preface and excellent notes add to the work.

A book for a quiet hour, a book to be silent over, is Miss Larcom's "As it is in Heaven."† Heaven is here and now, is within us, is our relation to our fellowmen and to God, is her message.

The "Brickmakers' Manual"‡ possesses particular interest for the industrial world, and is withal very readable to those not engaged in any branch of the brick industry. The material, carefully compiled and arranged with additions by Mr. J. A. Reep, consists of practical points and suggestions, gathered in years of experience in the manufacture of brick, and will prove a strong incentive to the revival and furtherance of this, one of the oldest, though least understood, industries of which we have record. The volume is conveniently indexed and illustrated.

The thrilling story ‖ of Mungo Park's explorations of the Niger has the additional charm of being a real biography. It bears the reader along comparatively unconscious of any medium of language. The volume is superior to most books written on similar subjects.

In "Honda the Samurai: A Story of Modern Japan,"§ the author has attempted by a series of little stories and pictures to entrap the young folks into an acquaintance with the history of Japan. The ruse is rather too palpable, but all objections to it are soon quelled by the peculiar interest and toy-likeness of all things Japanese.

*Talks with Athenian Youths. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.00.

†As It is in Heaven. By Lucy Larcom. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.

‡Brickmakers' Manual. By R. B. Morrison. Compiled and arranged with Additions by J. A. Reep. Indianapolis: T. A. Randall & Co., Publishers.

‖Mungo Park and the Niger. By Joseph Thomson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

§Honda the Samurai: A Story of Modern Japan. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Boston and New York: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. Price, $1.50.

In "My Journey to Jerusalem,"* the Rev. Mr. Hubbell tells of the things of interest *en route* as if he were conversing with some friend. He talks easily and naturally and with considerable spirit.

At the request of his thirteen grandchildren, Grandpa Trumbull narrates how he became a sailor.† Inspired with the generosity of old age he also tells them all about when he was boy. It is a genuine "grandpa's story," not excepting any of the righteous pride.

"The Perseverance of Chryssa Arkwright"‡ is a highly interesting story that leaves no unpleasant aftertaste. Indeed, it awakens the reader to a consciousness of the innate goodness of the human heart,—because he feels that he can sympathize with the good people, of this story-book at least, in times of trial as well as of triumph, even when their circumstances change most adversely.

Boys of the uncouth age will promptly appropriate as a favorite possession the book "Thine, Not Mine."‖ They will find the title more significant as it appears on the book cover,—it is written on a baseball man's belt which is twisted around a bat. The book is throbbing with mischievous school-boy life.

Religious Works.

The vital forces which form the foundation of the government of the United States, and the best methods of preserving and strengthening them are the themes treated in the book, "Civil and Religious Forces."§ The ground is taken that while the safety of the nation lies in the high moral character of its people, yet the nation as a political body should absolutely refrain from influencing the people by religious teachings. In the main the standpoint is the true one, but in a few instances the author tends to extreme radicalism. In advocating the complete separation of the church from politics, he goes so far as almost to sanction dishonesty in the great political parties and then insists that

*My Journey to Jerusalem. By Rev. Nathan Hubbell. New York: Printed by Hunt & Eaton. Price, $1.00.

†How I Became a Sailor, and Other Sketches, By Omer T. Gillett, A.M., M.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 75 cents.

‡The Perseverance of Chryssa Arkwright: A Lesson in Self Help. By Ella V. Talbot. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.00.

‖Thine, Not Mine: A Sequel to Changing Base. By William Everett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.25.

§Civil and Religious Forces. By William Riley Halstead. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 75 cents.

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the church should keep clear of this contamination. The book is alive and full of clear, cogent reasoning.——The third volume of "Word Studies in the New Testament"* is devoted to six of the Pauline Epistles beginning with Romans. As the work proceeds one becomes more impressed with its great value. Entirely distinct from a commentary, it confines itself to separate words, taking them up in order, giving them as they appear in the Greek text, throwing different lights upon them, and illustrating them by quotations. A full index both of English and Greek words enables one readily to search out any particular term.——In arranging his book of selected sacred readings* the author has given the verses exactly as they appear in the King James Version. Only the passages adapted to devotional use have been chosen. The selections are made from different books of the Old and the New Testament; several are adapted to special occasions. The book is of convenient form and attractive appearance.

* Word Studies in the New Testament. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. Volume III. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $4.00.

*Selections from the Psalms with Additional Scripture Readings. Arranged by W. I. Lawrence and W. I. Nichols. Cambridge, Mass.: John Wilson and Son.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR APRIL, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—April 1. The new Free Sugar law and the new Immigration law go into effect.——Death of the Hon. J. B. Grinnell.

April 2. In the Connellsville coke region a crowd of striking workmen fired upon by deputy sheriffs; eleven killed and forty wounded.

April 4. President David Starr Jordan accepts the presidency of Leland Stanford University.

April 6. The Grand Army of the Republic celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary.

April 7. Death of the Rev. Dr. Edward D. G. Prime and P. T. Barnum.

April 8. Opening of the congress of inventors and manufacturers at Washington.

April 12. Chicago suffers a $1,000,000 fire.

April 13. President and Mrs. Harrison leave Washington for a transcontinental tour.

April 16. Lieutenant Schwatka starts for Alaska to explore west of the Yukon.

April 17. Death of Prof. C. W. Bennett of Garrett Biblical Institute.

April 18. Eight men killed in a railroad collision at Kipton Station, Ohio.

April 21. Opening of the annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington.——A street railway strike occurs in Detroit.

April 23. International convention of Young Women's Christian Associations opens in Scranton, Pa.

April 25. Enos H. Nebeker, the new United States Treasurer, takes the oath of office.——The two thousand five hundred employees of the Michigan Car Works in Detroit go on strike.

April 26. Opening of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle.——National Convention of Theosophists opens in Boston.

April 30. The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks is chosen Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts.

FOREIGN NEWS.—April 1. Death of Earl Granville.——The German Surgical Congress opens in Berlin.

April 3. Opening of the International Miners' Congress in Paris.

April 8. Death of the French author, Edmond de Pressensé.

April 9. Creation of the Commonwealth of Australia by the Federation Convention at Sydney.

April 11. Opening of the Austrian Reichsrath.

April 13. An assemblage of 10,000 striking weavers at Bradford, England, is dispersed by the police and military.

April 14. The Liberals of the House of Lords choose Earl Kimberly their leader.

April 16. Ninety persons drowned in the wreck of a British ship off the Caroline Islands.

April 21. The natives of Portuguese Guiana revolt and raise the French flag.

April 23. A powder explosion near the city of Rome demolishes many buildings and injures a large number of people.

April 24. Death of Count von Moltke.——The insurgent Manipuris are subdued.——Portugal yields to the free passage of the Pungwe River.

April 25. A Chilian rebel warship blown up by a torpedo and two hundred lives lost.——Death of Grand Duke Nicholas.

April 28. Death of ex-King Tamasese.

April 29. The Dominion Parliament opens.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XIII. JULY, 1891. No. 4.

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THE CHEVALIER ALAIN DE TRITON.*

BY GRACE KING.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHEVALIER.

BIENVILLE'S little city, pushing its way on through its infantile history, was well under the Spanish domination. The bloody blotch which marked the beginning of the new period was still a horror from which memory recoiled, and around which the most thoughtless and indiscreet tongues had learned to make broad, careful detours.

It is a city that has not been ignorant of conquest, spoliation, tyranny, insult, humiliation, and bloody climacterics—it is her history that has aged her before her time—but as she sits and broods over past and future, as imagination loves to picture a mother city, sitting and brooding over the generations of her bosom, she must start as, in nightmare chill, she feels, once again, O'Reilly's grasp upon her throat, and his relentless, mailed hand tearing from her breast her first-born martyrs,—for with cities as with mothers, the first-born lie ever nearest the heart.

But it was now a decade from O'Reilly, and time, which it seemed would never again flow beyond that fateful spot in the barracks yard, had long since begun to flow serenely over it, burying it in fact, more securely under its sediment from its very arrestation, as that other great stream, the Mississippi, buries obstructions and arrestations under its sediment.

It was the eve of Mardi gras, and Lent hung like an impending pall over the spirits of the pleasure-loving. The little church of St. Louis, a very little, insignificant affair, as far as size and material went, was already beginning to assume, at least in the eyes of the same pleasure-loving, the anticipatory demeanor for the infliction of discipline; and the subservient bells, ever too eager for the event, were changing their careless, jingling piety into the annual, doleful, affectedly solemn intonation of the priestly, "Live to die! live to die! live to die!" It was also an alarum, however, which called, "Live to live! live to live! live to live!" to the hearts of the unrepentant, of whom, it must be confessed, the Chevalier Alain de Triton was one.

Wayfarers in New Orleans a century ago, as well as to-day, were committed to much ill-temper during their promenades, over the wretched condition of the streets and banquettes. The streets were described long afterward by a courteous writer as "chasms in which carriages met ruin"; the banquettes might also have been described as pitfalls in which equanimity met destruction. They were mere morasses, bridged, when they were bridged, with loose, ill-fitting, treacherous boards, which, sagging, seesawing, shaking under foot, could contrive, with the malicious ingenuity of inanimate objects, to deal most surprising shocks to the innocent passenger; always maintaining, even in dry weather, a hidden reservoir of liquid mud to be squirted with precision and accuracy into the face of even the most dignified, in default of tripping and depositing the same face in the gutter alongside. As for the gutters, they had been selected by weeds.

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and the weeds by reptiles, for a safe and undisturbed breeding-place.

It was not unusual, therefore, to see choleric young gentlemen pursuing their way, sawing the atmosphere with their hands, and shocking it with their expletives; the natural inference being that an accident or an escape from one had just occurred.

Strained of the oaths, expletives, and ejaculations, however, with which a man's temperament seasons his language, the residue of the Chevalier's soliloquy consisted not of a protest against the Cabildo but against an authority more august even than Spanish arrogance could assume. It was the voicing of an exasperated acknowledgment of financial depression; financial and moral also, for in those days in New Orleans morals were more dependent upon finances than they are to-day.

The Chevalier's morals, however, be it remarked at the outset, were what he allowed no man in New Orleans to question, though all were free to observe them. He was cleverer with his sword than with his tongue; therefore, it was with the sword that he defended them. As for his finances, he was far from defending their weaknesses; in fact, he courted questions upon them, and would allow any one to better them who would.

The Chevalier's ancestors had fought for generations in the religious wars of France, during which, no doubt, they had acquired not only their morals but the courage with which they defended them. The Chevalier's grandfather had come over from France with that vigorous colonist, Iberville, and in course of time he received that recognition of his service and merit which is shaped in a cross of St. Louis. The Chevalier's father was continuing the name and reputation brilliantly in the hope of similar recognition and reward, when the news came to the colony that it had been ceded by His Majesty of France to His Majesty of Spain. The De Tritons were soldiers, not mercenaries nor *marchandise*, and, therefore, not cessionable. The Chevalier Hector sheathed the sword on which, poetically speaking, the blood had not dried for centuries; renouncing at the same time the salary which also for centuries, to speak prosaically, had supported the family. He undertook the life of an alien to the recognized government, and a pensioner of principle. Similar to another well-known experimenter in existence, he died, just as he had mastered the problem.

The young wife, who had come to him for his prospective cross and glory, and who had received in lieu poverty and ill-temper, did not live long enough after her old husband to enjoy either her widowhood or motherhood. She followed her husband almost immediately to the grave, leaving the infant Alain to the pious nurture of his stepsister Odalise.

Thus it was that fate consigned the present Chevalier de Triton to that unbearable lack of money which he was never able to consider without vituperative protest.

Young, gay, handsome, and lusty, he was, as his complimentary nation would express it, twice a noble: by title and by the qualities that illustrate the title. He was a gentleman, born for joy and sociability; a frequenter of places of amusement, an abhorrer of counting-houses; good-tempered, easy-going, graceful, with impregnable health and inexhaustible strength; in short, lacking nothing from Providence but money to be the most contented, as well as the best equipped, man in New Orleans. He was, perhaps, at that moment the very one of all her twenty-five hundred inhabitants who was suffering most for the want of means to buy a ticket to the ball that evening. It was to be a ball which one could not think of coolly, a masquerade, with a kind of theatrical prelude, and a banqueting postlude, with an intermission of dancing and frolic that increased the young man's wrath, as he pictured it.

He had applied for a loan to a respectable maternal uncle of his, who lived over his counting-room on Bienville Street facing the river,—but if he had applied for the recession to him of Louisiana, his proposition could not have been more illy received. In truth, in the opinion of the Chevalier, the bloody O'Reilly was an angel of gentleness in comparison to this maternal uncle, who had a temper that could shame the efforts of the whole united Spanish artillery in the city. If words could have killed, the Chevalier would never have survived his sixteenth birthday,—he was near twenty, but he smarted under the morning's experience.

He had thought, for he had few resources in emergencies, of trying his sister, Madame Odalise. He had more than thought of it. He had sketched in his mind a half dozen different stories to tell her, any one of them, in his judgment, plausible to conviction. But there were reasons to prevent his using

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these stories. In the first place, Madame Odalise was an exceedingly clever woman. In the second place, she had requested him that very morning, the usual end of a fraternal conference, never to speak to her again. Thirdly, she would not believe a word he said, however elegantly put. Fourthly, she would be at church at this hour, and, exalted in rectitude at all times, she was never so supremely elevated above earthly petitions as when fresh from her heavenly ones. In the fifth place, the reasons increasing as he reflected upon them, would have mounted and surpassed the number of commandments that formed that very decalogue which his sister, during their morning interview, accused him of having shattered more completely than Moses ever did, thereby misleading him wilfully as to Moses' morals.

He stood still, shoved the skin cap he wore back on his head, passed his fingers soothingly through his short, crisp, black curls and fixed his eyes on the ground, hoping by assuming the attitude to obtain also the reward of the contemplative,—an idea. He heard a hail behind him, and turning, responded as gladly as if he had felt the stirring of intelligence under his curls. In truth, not one idea, but a head full of them was approaching in the person of his best friend, Massig, who might indeed be said to have been his intelligence. That he was devoted to him goes without saying; not that it went without saying, however, for it was one of Madame Odalise's most repetitious reproaches, that the Chevalier would forget even his patron saint for his friend Massig.

CHAPTER II.

MASSIG.

Massig was physically as well as mentally the opposite of Alain. Short, thick-set, a pock-marked face, wide mouth, and a nose which abused a nose's privilege of conforming to the useful instead of the beautiful. It was a nose which even to the most imaginative could suggest nothing but smelling. His eyes were small and far apart, but, with respect be it said, in them drifted enough devilment to rout the seriousness of an entire calendar of Spanish saints.

Unlike Alain, Massig was not a born, but a made, gentleman. There was no aristocracy behind him, to "visé" his leisure and love of pleasure, and as for natural connections, he was no better off than a Bohemian. When his co-citizens credited him with infinite wit, it was no unauthorized statement, for Massig was now twenty-three years of age, and to the knowledge of everybody his wits had furnished him his sole capital and means of support.

As he advanced, Alain took his hand from his head, put it in his pocket, and pulled out his purse. Opening it he shook it in the air, and, as he would have said, nothing fell out in abundance.

Massig had not even a purse to shake. As he said, when he had money a purse was an impertinent obstacle; when he had none it was a disageeable reminder of the non-existent.

"And the farce! And the ball! And the supper! And after the supper!" exclaimed Alain.

"It is going to be, I hear," Massig kissed all his finger tips bunched together with an expression of beatitude, as if each finger tasted of a separate delight.

Alain watched him ruefully. "But what have you done?" he asked.

"What have you done?" asked Massig.

"Tried to borrow; and you?"

"The same."

"What are you going to do?" asked Alain.

"What are you going to do?" asked Massig.

Alain, who was not original, burst out into a well-worn and well-known tender of his soul, and his last chance of entrance into Paradise, only for money sufficient to buy his entrance into the ball-room—that, and a chance at the inventoried and uninventoried pleasures therein to be enjoyed. Had he possessed as many souls as his maternal uncle possessed dollars, he would unfortunately have been just as far away from his desires; for he had been throwing souls around in the market ever since he had first needed money, which dated from the time when he first needed pleasure, which dated from the time when he could first run away from Madame Odalise. But as usual there was no one there to take advantage of the bargain, Massig being the only devil in sight, and he, rather a body than a soul affectioner.

"I am at the end, at the last end of my resources," concluded Alain.

"My friend, men of wit are never at the end of their resources." Massig took Alain's arm, and began to walk slowly along the

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planking with a certain air that Alain knew of old.

"A man who lets himself be overcome by misfortune, is a man of no consideration whatever. Difficulties are the real discoverers of talent. A smooth life means impotence, idiocy. Poverty is the grave only of fools, a wise man burrows his way out of it as a crayfish burrows his way through a levee. . . ."

Alain listened admiringly. There is no doubt that his patron saint had never impressed him as favorably as Massig did. Philosophy, politics, religion, morality, Massig's tongue had them in as fluent possession as if he had invented them ; and history he could quote in a manner to charm Clio.

Unlike the Chevalier, who was so easily confused about Moses, Massig was a man of reading, and when he began to air his wares, his friends always drew a long breath, for they knew that a brilliant stroke was being prepared against luck. Alain, therefore, was completely restored to equanimity by the time their leisurely pace had brought them to the dilapidated little cabin, the place of Massig's abode.

"Fate," said the proprietor, pausing on the threshold to conclude a sentence, "fate is afraid of the strong, but ill luck settles on the weak, like flies on a corpse."

Alain assented perfunctorily. It sounded potent and he had confidence in it, but it was as mysteriously unintelligible to him as his Latin prayers.

It was a true philosopher's dwelling. Nothing inside but one room, and in that room, a table, a chair, and a blanket on the floor in the corner, which, if Massig did not spend his nights in the saloons, might have been supposed to serve him for a bed. Even the old negro Mirâcle, who had helped to serve as a kind of furnishment to the bare place, was no longer there. "Flies on a corpse" brought him to Alain's mind.

"It is at such moments that one regrets Mirâcle," he said, looking around.

Mirâcle was the diseased refuse of a slave ship, whom Massig had picked up on the levee, in a windfall of affluence and pity. He had been instrumental in revealing his master's latent talent for medicine, which he also developed by furnishing in his own body a hospital's opportunity for practice and experiment. And after he had earned his name by a temporary cure, he had been an unfailing resource in financial straits ; had been sold, pawned, and rented over and over again, proving, indeed, as long as he lived, a greater comfort than philosophy, in misfortune. But one day, death capitalized what remained of the negro's body, for his own, and Massig was rendered slaveless and clientless.

"Mirâcle," he said, "Mirâcle has forfeited his name ; if he had only lived, he would have immortalized himself and me"; which was a specimen of his wit that Alain particularly enjoyed.

The friends closed the door on their deliberations; they would have closed the window also had the room afforded this further demonstration of secrecy, for, living as they did, in frank, careless vagabondage, a deliberation in the eyes of the community would have meant a confession of weakness, and the confidence of the community in their mastery over their good-for-nothingness been shaken—at once, a taint spot in their popularity ; and in their own line, being without rivals in New Orleans (not so much it is feared to their credit as discredit), their popularity was a willing meed of their constituents. It was decidedly the sweetest bloom of their lily-like lives. Like all popularity it had come at first of itself, but like all popularity also, it was a capricious, conscienceless woman who had to be wooed and won day by day.

There was no candle in the room, so in a twilight in which less hopeful wits might have felt an ominous discouragement, they sat the one on the table, the other on the chair.

"Ah, Pleasure ! Pleasure !" perorated Massig. "There thou art in Bourbon Street, and we thy votaries are here, not three squares away—and yet—the Gulf of Mexico separates us ! And to get to thee, we have what? A table, a chair, and our wits !"

"It is not only the entrance we have to pay for," suggested the Chevalier, "but our dominos."

"And not only our dominos and our supper, but the smiles of our ladies," added Massig, for whom the sex had none of the illusions which chivalry has thrown around it.

"If it were just the contrary," exclaimed the Chevalier, "that pleasure brought money, instead of money bringing pleasure !"

"Then would money be pleasure, and pleasure money," answered Massig. But this kind of talk on his part was merely a

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beating of sticks in the distance to decoy attention; his wits were already at work, humming around the chair and the table, the table and the chair, like bees around a withered stalk, as determined to force a yield of pleasure as they a yield of honey from sterility itself. Whether the comparison struck him, or merely association of circumstances, he began himself to hum a creole catch that the negro rowers on the river sang, when they were in a good humor, to time their stroke; something they had picked up, they said, from the bumblebees. The negroes were reputed then falsely or truly to understand the language, as they called it, of the birds and beasts.

> Brum, brum! Brum, brum!
> 'Tis a long way,
> Brum, brum! Brum, brum!
> 'Tis a hard way,
> Brum, brum! Brum, brum!
> 'Tis a steep way,
> But we will sure get there!

CHAPTER III.

DIDON.

IT was twilight outside as well as inside the little room when Alain opening the door quickly, stepped into the street and hurried down the banquette, evidently propelled by some resultant liberation of force from Massig's intellect. He turned the corner into a street or rather straightened swamp, that would have sorely disgraced its royal name had the latter not been securely inured from human knowledge in the city archives.

It was but a short walk to the angle which held the De Triton concession; a twelfth of one of the original sixty-six squares given to the old Chevalier de Triton by Bienville when De la Tour laid off the city, very much as he would have done a vegetable garden; this square for potatoes, that for cabbages, here a *place d' armes*, there a church.

Behind the tall, close-set, sharp-pointed palisade fence, which had been one of his father's demonstrations against sociability under the Spanish government, stood the low, brick, tile-covered cottage, the Chevalier's birthplace, and the residence of Madame Odalise, out of which he had been so piously and so wordily ejected that morning. Existence itself seemed to have been ejected at the same time. The Chevalier walked carefully around it, eyeing it as suspiciously as an Indian ambush. The heavy, cypress, nail-studded doors and windows were closed as tightly as if the hidden life had been hidden corruption. But the Chevalier knew she was in there, his sister, Madame Odalise. He could see her in his mind sitting in there in meditation, or kneeling in prayer, or—and this was the important question for him—teaching Didon her catechism.

There was nothing in the yard but weeds to assist him to a conclusion there. He followed the fence, peeping through the cracks, until he came to where there had formerly been a gate, or rather where there was a gate; an unopenable one, for it had been fastened on its hinges by the rigid Madame Odalise, to assist Didon in Christian practices.

It might be said that Madame Odalise was Didon's slave, instead of the reverse fact. For if the one were a physical and material provider, the other did spiritual servitude out of all proportion in difficulty to mere cooking and cleaning. Didon worked but half of her time, and no perceptible portion of her intelligence in her sphere. Madame Odalise gave all the time apart from her own *curé*, and all of her intelligence to impart such qualifications of religious training as would enable the servant to follow the mistress into Paradise. It was the dream of the Christian white ladies of that day,—a retinue of Indian and African converts in Paradise, and how conscientiously and patiently ladies can work to attain even impossible ambitions, none but lady saints can testify.

If Didon were at her catechism, the Chevalier had no chance whatever. If Didon were in the kitchen, surreptitiously sinning on forbidden meat or forbidden fish, then—he whistled low and distinctly with a certain intonation which he could easily imitate.

If she were in the kitchen, as she might be, she would raise her head and listen for a second whistle,—which he gave. Then she would wait and listen if her mistress had heard. She would even give a snore and pretend to be asleep, as a greater precaution, before she put her head out of the door to catch the next call, and she would cross herself and say a prayer (he had watched her so often as a boy). She would long ago have hidden what she was eating and have carefully wiped her mouth.

As it was possible that the whistler might be Zombi her familiar African guardian devil, she would say another prayer, cross her

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legs, and fumble the scapulary she wore around her neck, and then if she still heard another whistle (which she did), she would slip her feet out of her sabots and softly creeping to the door, open it as if it were of air, and like a cat, a black cat, which her figure really resembled, glide into the yard and cross it, as Alain could see her do, through the interstices of the fence.

"Didon!" he whispered, in a voice very unlike his own. She walked along without turning her head.

"Didon!" he whispered again.

"Is't you, Bomba?" she whispered, although no one would have supposed she was saying any thing. She was on her knees on the ground, apparently looking for something very minute and very valuable.

"No," answered Alain.

"Néron?"

"No!"

It looked as if she were going back into the kitchen.

"Didon!"

The same evolution over again.

"Is 't you, Louis?"

"No!"

"Mata?"

Her voice showed that Mata was the expected one.

"Open!"

No cat could have combined such quickness and noiselessness. One jerk pulled the gate-post out of its loosened socket in the ground, and the gate swung open on its padlocked chain for a hinge.

Alain pushed himself through.

"Your Bomba! Your Néron! Your Louis! Your Mata! Your how many more black rascals slipping in at nightfall, and the gate pulled up by its post! The gate that was nailed fast by your mistress expressly to keep out visitors and temptation! And your mistress, your pious mistress, in her room trying to save your good-for-nothing pagan soul!" He would not give her a chance to say a word although she kept plucking at his sleeve all the time, saying:

"Hush! Don't speak so loud! For mercy's sake don't speak so loud! Some one might be passing! Hush! S-s-s-sh!" She was so short that she stood under his elbow as she twitched it, but she was sturdy with a concentrated strength that her equals took into consideration in their intercourse with her. Her head, with its masses of wool, was grotesquely large. Her thick black skin hung as loosely on her as her clothes, and they always seemed at the critical point of falling off. She watched Alain with intense anxiety.

"Ah, you are well found out! And all the church-going! and all the catechism! and the penances and the prayers! The gate pulled up by the post!"

"Hé! For pity's sake! Master Alain, she will hear you! She can hear me when I am only thinking! Don't talk so loud! They could hear you at the Governor's."

"Come! Come! To your mistress!"

"Master Alain! Master Alain!" She fell on her knees, but always with regard to the window behind her,—so that, although she was on her knees to him, to an observer from that quarter she seemed picking something up off the ground.

"I beg your pardon! I did not know what I was doing! It is not my fault! God knows it is not my fault! It is Zombi! It is the devil! He is always after me! He will not let me alone! He will drag my soul to hell! You will see, he will drag my soul to hell! That is all he wants!" While her ejaculations were dropping from her, she managed to edge herself on her knees to the gate which she deftly, with one hand and shoulder, put back into its place. The other hand was stroking the Chevalier's arm.

"How could I know it was you out here? Oh, holy Virgin! And I try so hard! But the devil conjures me, he voodoos me! And my poor mistress who works all the time at me, to save my soul, to make me a Christian! And the catechism! The Good One knows, if I could only learn the catechism I might do better! Poor old negro! Poor old Bambara! Poor old Didon!"

It was no difficult matter to obtain after this what he wanted. The old woman, who, however, was old only in appearance, went backward and forward between the gate and the house at his command, each transit a miracle of secrecy and dispatch, promising silence, obedience, fidelity, any thing; exclaiming, "Hé! Holy Virgin! Master Alain!" in well-guarded whispers at each demand.

Ah, if Madame Odalise's worldly instinct had only been as acute as her heavenly! Very sure from no mantel-piece in that heavenly chamber above, on which her spiritual eyes lived fixed as magnet to polar star, could

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silver candlesticks have been abstracted, undetected. Silver candlesticks, consecrated from their purchase, to the waxen lights of mortuary pomps,—or the no less funereal celebrations, when Madame Odalise in the sanctity of her chamber and of her inscrutable heart, held mystical communions with holiness in blissful moments when periodical exercises of adoration brought perchance divine cognizance of herself and her pure lambent devotion.

And the linen taken from her *armoire;* linen brought over stormy seas, from distant France,—and heavy as it was, well worth its weight in copper; and other articles. Well might Didon exclaim, and appeal to divine attestation of her surprise. She closed the mocked-at gate behind the Chevalier and kneeled, to press with her hands the loosened earth around the movable post; effacing, as her custom was, all signs of tampering with it; and she fell into an abysm of dejection, which was also a custom, or rather habit.

"That is the way! that is always the way! I tell Madame so. Zombi always gets ahead of God with me. Why did not God make me learn my catechism? If I had learned my catechism, I would have been in the room with my mistress; and I would not have heard the whistle, or I could not have come out if I had. But Zombi, he prevents my learning my catechism, he makes me put my mistress in a temper; she throws my catechism at my head, she orders me out of her room, and there I am in the kitchen, and the whistle comes; how could I know that the whistle was Master Alain's? Zombi drives me around as if he were my master. Why does not Zombi go after my mistress? No! he is afraid of her; it's only the poor negroes that he drives. God looks after Madame. He prevents her from sinning. Why does not God look after me? If I were white like Madame, God would look after me. How do I know what to do? God tells me to do things and Zombi tells me not; or Zombi tells me to do, and God tells me not. How can I tell what to do? Me, poor old Bambara? I can only tell afterward."

She heard the Angelus beginning to ring, and hastened to the kitchen, where she had but time to throw herself into a chair and drop her head in slumber, whose innocent cloak she more than once had been forced by circumstances to assume, when Madame Odalise opened the door, and summoned her to her evening *devoir* of attending her mistress to church.

CHAPTER IV.

Cabritt qui pas malin, pas gras.—Creole proverb.
The goat that isn't cunning never gets fat.

The Chevalier returned to Massig's room with the bundle under his arm. During his absence his friend had not been idle. Indeed Massig was not one to fail to re-enforce thought with action. His person evidenced recent ablutions, and the floor had been swept by means of the blanket for a broom.

Alain opened his booty with satisfaction.

"There it is! Nothing is wanting but Monsieur Corpse."

"Depend upon me for that," said Massig. "None knows better than a physician how to make a corpse." And he proceeded without delay to prove his words; talking all the time, and arranging his accessories, *par parenthèse.*

"As a good king should know how to be a good subject," spreading the sheet over the table, "and a good master, a good slave," placing the silver candlesticks one at the foot the other at the head, "so a good physician should know how to be a good corpse," placing the candles in the candlesticks. "This is the whole rationale of the golden rule an excellent rule," putting candles in the candlesticks, and getting out flint and steel to strike a light; "but which would merit its qualification better, if the rich, who alone can administer it, should," striking his implements, "follow it." Strike, strike. "But as it is, it is only the poor, that I observe," strike, strike, "who give as they would be given to, and spend as they would be spent upon," lighting the candles. "It is this golden rule that we shall now proceed to test upon the community at large," sitting on the edge of the table and kicking off his shoes. "Now let our friends do as we would do if we were by," folding a cloth properly, "and may the Samaritans be in a cheerful majority. Have you a pin?" He fastened the napkin around his jaws. "Open the door, put the plate well in sight, seat yourself where you can command the situation, let your wits guide you, but beware of letting any one enter."

With this, he extended himself upon the table, brought his feet rigidly together, folded

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his hands upon his breast, and closed his eyes.

Night had fallen, with all the unmitigated blackness of unlighted regions. Passersby, the gentlemen, tapped their way along the banquette, with gold-headed sticks, like blind beggars, stumbling and tripping, and breaking into the profanity which they say blind beggars are given to at night and in loneliness, to relieve their tongues from the strains of protracted pious adjurations which their profession exacts. The ladies had slaves with lanterns, to precede them, and cavaliers to accompany them, and soothe their little screams of fright or surprise, with masculine assurances and assurance.

The vulgar canaille, the men, swaggered their way safely, always escaping, as they escaped other dangers in life, by mere bravado; preferring, in fact, darkness to light, and vicissitudes to ease; and the women of this class took the banquettes with other hardships of God's sending, as a matter of destiny, and endured the inevitable accidents, according to their characters and tempers.

But the sudden illumination in the little room, under the low, beetling tile roof, would arrest all, and, after the first frank look of inquiry, even the most hurried steps would pause, to accommodate the furtive glances, cast ahead, then aside, then from backward turned heads. The eyes seem to have a natural taste for biers.

Alain needed not a reference to the plate on the doorsill at his feet to quicken generosity,—in fact, when the passersby saw the wretched room, and the single mourner, they looked instinctively for the plate; and the corpse could hear, as other corpses perhaps also had heard, but in spirit, the prompt response to his appeal for decent burial.

"See! death in that miserable little chamber!"

"In truth," the words and tones were evidently from a companion mind to Massig's; "death should strike only the rich and prosperous, and leave life to those who have only life for happiness."

"Our friend Massig! What a triumph for death! Young, handsome, rich, powerful——"

"A Spaniard,——"

"Oh death, 'Consider.'" And the gay party moved on, throwing their tribute carelessly on the floor.

"And who, sir, was—the gentleman?" a courteous, middle-aged specimen stopped to inquire.

"Master Massig——"

"Ah, one of the unknown! Nevertheless——" and this coin would be carefully laid in the center of the plate.

But Massig unfortunately was not always unknown. It was more often than not!

"What, that roisterer! that loafer!—with pleasure"—or

"Massig, did you say? So much the better! I willingly contribute"—or

"My dear sir, trouble not yourself, send to Galvez, it would give him all the pleasure in life, to pay for the last services"—or

"Dead? What luck! but as you say, under the circumstances . . "

Not that Alain, however, ever said any thing; his wit, to which Massig, with surprising faith, confided himself, suggesting in these trying moments the effectual reproof of simply pointing to the motionless figure between the candles.

But there were others who took a different view.

"What, Massig! poor Massig! that is the Chevalier?"

"He himself!"

"Dead?"

"Alas!"

"How? When?"

"Ask me not, gentlemen—this morning. As well as you or I—now—as you see him!"

"Well, he gave us many a good laugh during his life, we can well afford to give him something more than tears, now he is dead——"

"Thanks, gentlemen, thanks!"

"Hé! 'Chevalier.' What is this I hear? Massig dead? Let me in to him."

"Pardon, Captain,—his last request, before——" waving his hand toward the bier—"'No one look upon me!'"

"Ha! ha! ha! afraid of the priests and women! well, always original!——With my compliments and regrets," depositing a silver piece in the plate.

"With assurances of my highest consideration," added his companion and inseparable Tonquet, as usual stealing the pattern for his wit.

"Massig dead, and in his own room! Who would have believed it! I wish I had more, poor soul!"

"Well! Anybody is liable to die if Massig dies! Here—I wish it were for another purpose!"

"Poor Massig! in a grave! Depend upon

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it he will make a new life out there in the cemetery—I mean death."

"If I had to be a corpse I would rather have Massig for a companion than any one in town!"

"You are welcome, Chevalier! I would give a thousand times the amount to see him alive!"

"Whew! Who would ever believe that Massig would die the night of a ball!"—— and so on.

It is curious, the amount of reminiscence that death can set in motion in the twinkling of an eye. Individuals after giving their quota, would collect in little groups, and what gushes of memory or imagination!

One knew as a fact that Massig, a deported lad, or the son of a deported girl, had been sold out there on the levee, like a slave, to the highest bidder.

Another remembered seeing him, a ragged urchin, learning his letters from the official proclamations affixed to the portals at the church, asking this person and that person to tell him which was *a*, and which *b*—the priests driving him away as if he were a swarm of flies,—which accounted for his firm-grounded prejudice to priests. Apropos of which, some one recalled how, when he had learned to read—of course no one would lend him books—he used to steal them, displaying the most wonderful ingenuity and cleverness, purloining from the governor, from the very priests themselves—for a thirst for knowledge was as conspicuous in him as a thirst for Spanish wine—always returning the book however, afterward, with the most proper and courteous acknowledgment. And apropos, some beneficiary, perhaps, averred that when any one was thirsty either for knowledge or Spanish wine, Massig was always the man to treat.

And there were numerous other creditable reminiscences of Massig evolved. He never fought, he rarely quarrelled, had had no dealings with the tender passions; as for his good nature, he could have passed as a model to the saints themselves. When Alain, to sustain his rôle, was making such calls on his wit as that feeble deposit had difficulty in answering, his critical position was further endangered by the recklessness of the protagonist of the drama, who would cast through every lull in the outside conversations and foot-steps the impatient question: "How much?"

"Ten piastres! hush—some one coming!"

But—it is curious to relate—it was the women, the good-hearted women, who most inconvenienced him. The better-hearted, the more charitably disposed they were, the more occasion he had to maltreat them in his heart. They would advise so much, and offer so much—and insist so much,—for a good woman can no more restrain her goodness than a mad dog the rabies:—

"Why did you not do this?"

"Why did you not do that?"

"Why did you not send for me?"

"Ah, if I had been there!"

"You remember when my uncle died?"

"You know when my husband was taken——"

"I feared it when I saw him yesterday."

"I saw it in his face night before last."

"I told my mother so.'"

"I mentioned it to my daughter."

"When I last saw him he was standing so and so—and he was saying so and so——"

"When I last saw him he was sitting so and so—and talking so and so——"

In the utmost exasperation of calmness they would thus proceed, Alain the while, in grief-stricken accents, thanking them, rethanking them, begging them not to fatigue themselves, nor discommode themselves; making them observe that the ground was damp under their feet, that the night was wearing on, and the streets filling with unrespectful ball-goers.

It was these friends that curtailed the financial results, for when the Chevalier had finally eased them away—he and the corpse made a simultaneous movement to shut the door.

The platter was quickly overturned on the white cloth, and a hasty count and division made. Reason urged a hasty evacuation of the premises—and pleasure, jubilant pleasure, with the excitement of a score of violins and ten score dancers, a farce, a supper, and a frolic, was raising a whirlwind of longing in their hearts.

CHAPTER V.

Quand on mangez evec guiabe, quimbé on cuillè on longue.—Creole Proverb. When you eat with the devil see that your spoon is long.

THE entertainment was more, far more, than they expected. It was really the kind of entertainment for which Alain felt himself

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born, Massig made; and they threw themselves into it with their usual ardor and with so little thought for the means by which they had procured admission, that the subterfuge passed completely out of their minds. There were farces, songs, and pantomimes with side-splitting burlesque addenda, not only permitted but solicited from the audience. There was no lack of wit in Massig nor boldness in Alain, that they should keep quiet when others were noisy; and under the disguise of their dominos and masks, they sped their powers to the brink of audacity. Not only the loudest laughers in the room, they were the provocatives of loudest laughter in others; and their spirits inflating with success, they seemed to rise out of themselves and soar like balloons in the empyrean far above the attainments of any other balloons—in other words, their popularity intoxicated them. Long before the violins were tuned for the ball a secret ballot would have elected them, by a large majority, heroes of the occasion,—and as ladies love nothing so much as a hero, when the dance commenced the magnetic maskers had but to pick and choose among the fairest and best for partners. Their dancing was as vivacious as their humor, so not only did they entrance their own partners, but seduced the attention of the partners of more honest, if less brilliant, rivals. By watching the heads of the ladies, one could tell in an instant where they were chasséeing and pirouetting; in fact, this was so marked that an ignorant observer would have supposed that some malicious fairy striking all the fair dames with the "torticollis," had given their necks a twist and turned their heads away from their cavaliers.

This would have fretted the temper and awakened the jealousy of an anchorite. A cavalier vis-à-vis of Massig, whose patience and politeness had been under pressure too long for his nature, in a moment of exasperated inspiration, as by a flash of light, penetrated the jaunty disguise. Unfortunately he was one of those who had contributed most generously a few hours ago to Massig's interment. He apostrophized him loudly and cavalierly:

"I thought you were dead, Master Massig!"

"So I was, but I am so no longer," was the impudent reply.

"Your almanac has deceived you, it is not yet Mardi gras, nor the first of April."

"An almanac may provide rain and sunshine, but I am not dependent upon it for life and death."

"You impress me," retorted the generous contributor, getting farther and farther above the gauge of equanimity, "as rather indiscreet in your wit, and your methods of raising money from honest people might be criticized as grazing good taste."

"Gentlemen have risen from the dead before without having their taste impugned," answered Massig; while the cotillion paused to listen.

"Under some circumstances, sir, death is more honorable than life to a gentleman."

"Monsieur is apparently a corpse," said Massig, bowing to his opponent.

"Monsieur is coarse," said the young man haughtily.

"Monsieur is spiritual," said Massig; "it is his post-mortem privilege."

"Monsieur is not a gentleman."

"Monsieur is too kind, putting me in the same quandary as himself."

Tearing off his mask and his restraint, the young enraged Creole appealed demagogically to the crowd—for all the dancing had stopped and the bowing, smiling cavaliers and dames were a listening crowd. The dishonorable farce was related in a loud and irate manner, and qualifications of it were indulged in which were rather exaggerative. At least the gay crowd, which at this time of the year prefer a joke to justice, seemed to consider them over-charged—or it may be the ladies exerted themselves, as ladies will in favor of wit and audacity, regardless of moral consequences—it may be they gave the cue of laughing good-naturedly and senselessly instead of protesting angrily in response to the orator; particularly as Massig, his mask in his hand, his droll face beaming with fun, stood his ground, delicately picking up his antagonist's spent shafts and sending them back tipped with ridicule. The young fellow becoming more and more helpless and infuriated, sought and found an easier opponent in Alain. Alain, not having Massig's serviceable tongue, met anger with anger, insult with insult, and menaces with menaces; swords were drawn. The ladies, frightened now, and threatening on all sides to faint, were hurried away. Fortunately the alguazils received an intimation—and ere blood could be shed, ejected the perturbers into the street, and closed the doors of the

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dancing hall. In the hospitable and convenient cabaret, however, the affair met with its due and proper consideration, and a meeting was arranged for a trial of its merits in the early morning. The remainder of the funeral fund was consumed in the only way known of Massig and Alain to ensure matutinal punctuality.

Alain had studied the sword as Massig had studied books, and his wielding of it was as easy and graceful and convincing as a Jesuit's argument. Before his opponent could utter a fenceful nay or but, he was stretched upon the grass in a faint, not in death, which unfortunately all were not reasonable enough to find out, but judged on the impulse, and foolishly, by appearance; carried home on a litter, through the streets by his friends, a cloth over his face, his side wet with blood, he was dead to all intents and purposes, in the eyes of every beholder. He was dead to his mother, who ran screaming with disheveled hair to meet him; dead to his sisters, whose hair and tears imitated the mother; dead to the priest, pushing his way through the throng to shake his head over the disgraced tenement of an unabsolved soul; dead to the throng, the men, women, children, negroes, and half-breeds, who made a queue behind the litter, and who in truth would accept nothing less than death as compensation for their interest. Most dead, however, he was to Massig and Alain, who were called upon to witness the real application to another, of that sympathy and generosity of statement which they had meretriciously acquired.

Truly for this victim there appeared no drawbacks, no allowances of criticism. He was all that was desirable to have in life; all that was to be mourned in death; and as extremes have associative relations—exactly as all the youth, beauty, goodness, virtue, and aristocracy of the city seemed steadily centering in the supposed cold clay of the unfortunate, all the converse qualities seemed steadily traveling in the direction of Alain. Even the suffrages of the *cafés* showed a disparaging discrimination against the survivor of the deed, that cheapened life, in Alain's opinion, and took the genius out of his refreshments.

"I have apparently killed," he said ruefully to Massig, "a holy martyr."

"It is but the ephemeral popularity of a corpse," rejoined his friend consolingly, "a popularity more to be admired than desired."

They took refuge in the at least unreproachful dullness and solitude of Massig's little chamber, left so gaily the evening before. The frolicsome bier was still in the middle of the room, with its white pall crumpled and soiled with the waxen drippings, the traces of the plateful of coin, and the soot from the charred wicks of the candles thrown down in her haste by Didon, who according to contract, had come during the night and re-stolen the silver candlesticks.

Solitude and seclusion are the last thing desired by the gay-spirited; they were the last thing the Chevalier and his friend would have sought in their discomfiture. Far rather would they have been with the roisterers out there, forgetting, forgotten, running the streets in Mardi gras license, frolicking with the frolicsome, thoughtless with the thoughtless, happy with the happy. As the young gentleman at the ball had twitted them with anticipating Mardi gras—so, now, was Ash Wednesday anticipating them. For once they hid their reflections in silence, which sleep, the alleviator of solitude and seclusion, turned, ere long, into oblivion.

The excitement was not as Massig said, the ephemeral sensation of a death; the indignation, not the volatile effervescence of a moment. Worse had happened and been condoned, more unpardonable had been pardoned; but what Massig had not taken into consideration, what Massigs never take into consideration, was the staid, ponderous government; the queer ascetic religion of the Spanish monarch, had begun to leaven in their own despite, the incongruous elements of the community, and a public opinion had been fostered in the secrecy of moral workings, to burst forth, not when most provoked, but when best fitted to resent provocation. What would have been to all at another date (and not so very far away) a laughable buffoonery, was now from unapparent reason a violation of the innocent spirit of the carnival, a desecration of the sacred appurtenances of burial, a blasphemy of death itself; ribaldry at a place of public amusement, defiance of the etiquette of social life, unchivalry in the presence of the sex, the sex of the blessed Virgin—foul provocation, ingratitude, taunts, and insults to a youth of good standing, family, and morality, a devout son of the Church, and willing subject of His Most Catholic Majesty; mid-

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night carousery, murder, or at least attempted murder. Thought upon it only increased the indictment against the unfortunates, who like many merry monarchs before them, were unceremoniously lifted from the throne, to be dropped into a cellar. Talk followed thought, and action supervened. The priest worked, the magistrate of the law worked, the Spaniards, the reconstracted French—even the unreconstructed French, and all those who in a change of government have neither the principles to belong to ascending or descending parties, but who occupy the hypocritical mean between the two—they saw their occasion and worked also. Galvez was visited and solicited, and he had the rare satisfaction for a Spanish governor (or any other governor of Louisiana) of pleasuring all classes and nationalities by vindicating according to his oath of office, the innocency of life.

It was the vindication of a Spanish father, however, rather than a Spanish tyrant. As the revelers in the streets were dispersing under the evening vigilance of the serenos, the Chevalier was awakened from his slumber by an official knocking at the door, and his protesting eyes were startled open by the thrusting of an official document almost into them; a document, alas! which had to be read aloud to him by Massig.

Behind the stately seal, on paper stiff with the starch of Spanish majesty itself, in fair, fine, easy, courteous Spanish chirography, with paraph, compliment, and abbreviation, lay the Chevalier's appointment to an expedition, leaving the next evening against the Choctaws, where he was assured in magniloquent, sonorous diction he would have abundant opportunity to exercise that proficiency with the sword of which he had given so recent and notable an exhibition in the city limits.

As for the plebeian and brilliant Master Massig, the officers had received verbal command simply to show him the prison, and warn him to amend his witty ways.

Truly wit and audacity seemed never further from meeting the reward promised than on this occasion, as the Chevalier could not help remarking to his friend. Massig, defending his own investment in the failed enterprise, persistently reasoned and demonstrated with wherefores, therefores, examples, and quotations that it was not wit, but the lack of wit, which was at fault; lack of wit in the young victim to appreciate a good joke, lack of wit in Alain to find laughable answers to serious questions, "for the most serious question," he said, "has its laughable as well as its serious answer, and witty men always select the former in preference. In my own humble experience, and in the recorded experience of others, stupid men only fight duels. The first sword was invented for the first dolt who could not find brains to run his tongue. Wars would cease to-morrow if men of wit were seated on every throne, and armies would crumble away like sugar in water if the heads of the soldiers could be cracked open and extra brain matter dropped in the hole. There was lack of wit in not promptly investigating the extent of the young Creole's injury, a lack shared by his attendants, friends, family, and the throng in the street; but the greatest and most deplorable lack was evidenced by the governor, by Galvez—who, however, as a Spaniard, was *nolle prosequi-ed*"—for Massig affirmed that when a Spaniard and an ass met without witnesses, the Spaniard always uncovered to the ass.

But the Chevalier, in the simplicity of his nature and intelligence, never getting beyond the original lack of all, only sighed and repeated his refrain, "And all for lack of a few miserable coins to buy an evening's pleasure."

CHAPTER VI.

Z'affai, cabritt, pas z'affai mouton.
—*Creole proverb.*

The goat's business is not the sheep's affair.

Although time was an over abundant commodity in the slow-growing, leisurely little city, the governor had seen fit to accord Alain but a miserly portion of it, in which to prepare his departure from his birthplace and abandon the only inheritance his father had left him,—a well established hostility against the Spanish government. He was not only to serve the Spanish flag, but perhaps die for it. "And all for want of a few miserable coins to buy an evening's pleasure!" the young man repeated to himself again and again, in disconsolate stupefaction.

The twenty-four hours were nigh run out,—the sun, now hanging over the middle of the river, was measuring off the few remaining hours all too rapidly for a hesitating resolu-

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tion. The glistening ripples that caught the twinkling rays seemed speeding away with the precious minutes, the trees on the other side of the broad stream seemed looming up higher and higher to receive the tired orb and ease it down to earth and hasten its setting hour. The city was doughtily fortified against nature and man. A high levee running across the front, held the threatening Mississippi at bay, while the easily visible termini were held with bristling forts, the ramparts plumed with Spanish colors. The Chevalier could *feel* the grim visaged cannoneer standing within, with lighted fuse, to fire the evening shot which would signal him an outlaw or a Spanish hireling.

But the levee was not simply armed, it was also adorned. The summit of the earth embankment was shaded by a long avenue of low branching trees, which furnished a pleasant promenade or pleasanter lounging place for the idle, the unemployed, and the restless; not to reproach the government or the population be it said, but the place was always crowded.

Idle, unemployed, and restless in the extreme, the Chevalier and his friend lounged under the trees turning their eyes from city to river, and from river to city. From their slight elevation, the prominent features in the low hollow area of the latter were plainly discernible: the *place d' armes* packed with artillery, the sentinels, the church packed with its invisible instruments of force, with its army of soldiers hurrying in and out, busy with the spiritual litigation of Ash Wednesday; the priests' houses, the court houses, the prison, the barracks, the handsome buildings of the Ursuline nuns; the roofs of the low cottage dwellings, squatting along the edge of their muddy streets; a monotonous level, broken here and there by official or social or financial elevations; cottages risen from their squatting in the mud to stand over it, propped on high stilt-like pillars.

"Faith and force, force and faith, sloth, poverty, pretension"; murmured Massig.

There was one small ship at the levee, getting ready, if the evening breeze were favorable, to sail; a presumptive slaver, and a suspected buccaneer. The captain, a ruffianly giant, was kicking, cuffing, imprecating, shouting, haggling, in the time-honored captain's way of embarking an unwilling crew; and the crew, a villainous-looking band of swarthy cut-throats were dutifully allowing themselves to be kicked and cuffed and cursed without resistance, as from custom immemorial, while they swore and shouted against the untrustworthiness of the captain, the unseaworthiness of the vessel, and the unreadiness of themselves.

Massig's face showed the seriousness of profound thought, an expression rarely seen on it except in private. Was it the hopeless reality of Spanish domination, a domination of mind and body, that struck him? Was it the aspect of the low, dark swamp-flower city that struck him—with its amphibious, denationalized cast of population? Or was it the sudden consciousness of the shortness of human life, and the longness of the progress from a new world to an old, or was it a sudden passion of desire in him, an Old-Worldling, for the Old World, its civilization, its science, its book-making, men- and epoch-making literature, its every thing pertaining to the human mind which he craved and which he had not? Or was it something more purely personal,—obtruding reflections during his simulated death, when perforce silent he had had to submit to a judgment of Minos, which like all such judgments must be more poignant in its commendation than its condemnation? Was it the galling plebeian immunity from a gentleman's punishment, the pilferer's showing of the prison doors?

The sun was setting, the evening breeze began to blow. The vituperative captain had hustled his last brigand on board, the sails were loosening, the foot plank withdrawn, the ropes untied.

"Adieu, Chevalier!" cried Massig, "Columbus was a fool." With a bold leap, he cleared the space over the water and landed on the stern of the receding vessel.

The main sheet filled, the *Embuscade* had left.

"I told you so!" Alain answered at a venture; not fastening at the moment, the name on any particular person in New Orleans, but quick enough to seize the rare opportunity of assertion of superior wisdom over his friend But the words expired on his lips as he realized what had occurred. His first impulse was also to jump (which perhaps Massig had foreseen) but the wind had caught the mainsail, and the vessel was out of his stretch. He looked blankly after it; he could not even see Massig, who perhaps again had taken his precautions.

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The *Embuscade* got into midstream, and by sail and current rapidly reached the bend in the river, which was the point of disappearance for outgoing vessels.

This sudden abandonment by his friend was a contingency which had been absent from even the most rueful anticipations of the Chevalier. The incomprehensible adieu echoed in his ears, only to reiterate its incomprehensibility or excuse Massig's insanity.

He fell into a state of nervelessness, a novel state to him, which was substituting sorrow for temper over his unfortunate venture, and which would have led him infallibly to the knees of Madame Odalise and the feet of her priests, when there fell on his ear what in an instant liberated the sinner in him, to spring phœnix-like from the very ashes of repentance. He heard the sound of paddles keeping stroke with singing.

It was a trump of resurrection also, for the vagrant and idle levee loafers.

"The Canadians! The Canadian trappers!" they shouted. "The coureurs de bois!"

They jostled one another in their haste to get to the extreme water's edge to peer and stretch and look, fixing their eyes on the bend, up stream, the point of appearance for incoming craft. A cheer greeted the first pirogue's prow.

There were no boatmen on the river who could paddle like the Canadians! And what voices were strong like theirs to fix the stroke of the oar; or soft, to ripple the words like running water? How gallantly and steadily they rode the swift, strong, savage Mississippi current, as if the river should have been proud to bear along the heavy pirogues, almost sinking under the weight of skins, antlers, bear grease, and hunting booty.

By the time they touched the shore, the news had spread round about the open place, and gentlemen, tradesmen, priests, soldiers, men, ladies, and every negro thereabouts who could steal away from the mistress and still the fear of punishment, hurried to the spot to witness the landing.

And the Canadians could comport themselves like the event; they were fine, stalwart, handsome men in their prime, with regular features, shrewd, brave eyes, weather-tanned skins, and spare bodies trimmed to symmetry by discipline.

The trading commenced at the first hail; as the cargoes were unloaded, they were sold; by the time the pirogues were drawn up on shore, the paddlers of them had filled their purses, and while the crowd still gazed on the motley sylvan produces, being sorted over and divided by the earnest buyers, the hunters were striding toward the cabarets, followed by a retinue, which only the Canadians could attract.

The cabarets which had received timely advisement, had their best and strongest in readiness for the visitors, and the attendants their broadest smiles of welcome, and most agreeable services. For who could drink like the Canadian trappers or tell such stories of adventures,—adventures not made from the imagination or furnished by gasconade, but real adventures made from good blood and sinew of living live life,—French blood and sinew of French life! And to the cabaretiers no songs were finer than the songs of the Canadian trappers; songs that made all men that heard them thirsty; thirsty for liquor to send their blood coursing through their veins, as the Canadian blood coursed, as Gallic blood should always course, prompting the heroic deeds that made the songs, and rousing the heroic voices to sing them. And as they sang, all drank, to feel like heroes, if but drunken ones.

They were turbulent guests, the Canadians, but welcome to Frenchmen, even the most discreet and reasonable in New Orleans, for they recalled the glorious period in America before France had been whipped or negotiated out of her possessions in the New World, when from Quebec to New Orleans, from Florida to Mexico, the lily flag held unresisting sway; what could the English do against it? or the Spaniards? or the Indians? And who were the standard-bearers, but the Canadians? They carried their flag where even the priests feared to carry their cross, they planted it at the risk of tortures before which the martyr-aspiring priest recoiled. The Canadian trappers, they were the best gift of France to the New World. What were De la Salle, Champlain, Joliet, but Canadian trappers? and Iberville, Bienville, and the others of that heroic family, Serrigny, Maricourt, St. Helénè, Chateaugué,—but Canadian trappers? As the New Orleanians thought, talked, and drank upon the memories of it, nervous ladies closed their windows.

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As for the order-loving Spanish officials, they were too wary to interfere at such times. If the Canadian voyageurs stirred a dormant nationality, it was only to a dream, not to an awakening; and the dream itself was short. Heroic spendthrifts that they were, they could be depended upon to gamble, drink, kiss away in a night their year's gain; glad enough to pawn in the morning the capotes from their backs for the means to return to their forests.

With their songs and drinking bouts, their glistening virility and Homeric language these trappers opened the eyes of the Chevalier Alain de Triton to his heretofore unknown ideal; and he suffered a miraculous perversion. He listened to their stories, as he could never bring his mind to listen to the Evangel and the promises of Paradise. Madame Odalise's strongest and most brunted theological tenet faded beside the alluring promises of adventure. Prenascent warrior passions started in his heart, and an alarm from the old French religious wars (or from recent potations of Tafia) sounded in his ears. "Bel——le Rivi——ère." He essayed a song, and his tongue and throat seemed to make the trill equal to any Canadian among the throng.

Through the ripple of the words he could hear the cooling ripple of running waters, waters of unknown streams, flowing through unknown forests, filled with unknown adventures! Game to slaughter, territories to conquer, and Indian tribes to subdue, Indian chieftainships to grasp, and what not in addition in the way of achievement, to send the old De Triton name echoing down the aisles of New World fame and without perfunctory service to the Spanish flag. The Tafia passed away, but his dreams remained, to become determination with daylight.

His long-suffering maternal uncle had submitted unwillingly to much nocturnal disturbance on his account, but never was slumber more uncomplainingly sacrificed than when a summons in the early dawn conveyed a notification of the Chevalier's resolution to join his fortunes or rather to be correct, his misfortunes, to the Canadians.

But in the first ten minutes of confusion the nephew had to listen to a severe objurgation, of which the nightcapped head had amassed a considerable quantity since the last meeting.

"Ah, temporal beggar! Simulator of death, broiler, duelist, cut-throat, brigand, traitor!" For the uncle had in nowise felt himself committed to the hostile attitude assumed by his brother-in-law against the Spanish government. His genius lay in the making of money, not the making of patriotism, two totally incompatible professions, and he had often cursed the day, as he now cursed the young man, when a family alliance was contracted which had thrown unwise and impolitic obstacles in the pursuit of his career.

"Wanderer, spendthrift, out of my sight! Would it were out of my life! Makeshift! Scorner! Blasphemer! Apostate! Heretic!" Avuncular wraths and insult could go no further for the instant. In the pause that ensued, while imagination sought for still more extended expression (the old gentleman still thinking only of debauches, duels, orgies, and consequent money absolution), the Chevalier explained his errand, and allayed the misapprehension.

When persuaded of the facts of the case, the uncle, seeing, like the canny tradesman that he was, the profitable, if not the romantic, side of the opportunity, changed his address. He suggested adding trade to adventure, and proposed not only to furnish a pack of such commodities by which the wisdom of the white man makes money out of the foolishness of the red, but also to hire a pirogue to convey the same to a marketable destination.

"But go! go!" he said, "and fetch me Louis Belisaire!"

It was useless for Alain to demur or inquire. Louis Belisaire once thought of, he was thrust forward unceasingly as the one unalterable condition to be attached to what appeared, at first sight, a handsome specimen of generosity. Not another word would be listened to in the matter, until the old hunter had been brought from his hut the other side of Fort St. Ferdinand, to give personally his consent to head the expedition; or at least head Alain, whose body, although it had flowered so beautifully at the top, had fruited, so the uncle averred, most stingily into brain.

The Chevalier drew a seine, as it were, through certain localities well known to him, and netted a crew for his pirogue; an ex-artillerist, a sailor, a Persian come to New Orleans by way of Paris, an Indian, and a negro, all well armed and well provided with ammunition, and as for characters, equipped,

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as they said in the city, by the devil for fire; and all of them easily spared by the community.

When the Canadians, or what was left of them after their orgies, paddled away from the city the evening after their arrival, with their empty boats and their empty pockets, the attendant spectators had great satisfaction in seeing Alain with his little fleet paddle after them.

CHAPTER VII.

UP THE RIVER.

When one mentioned old Louis Belisaire in those days in New Orleans, one mentioned all the geography that Louisiana contained; not the insignificant fragmentary Louisiana of to-day, but the once royal domain well worthy to be named for a resplendent sun-king of a monarch—a domain that held the standing place of the most magnificent forests, the running ground of the most stupendous river in the then known world. Louis Belisaire held it all in his small, round grizzle pate so clearly that if the original had been lost, he could without doubt have furnished a copy almost as correct as the Creator of it,—the great river with its outlets and inlets, the bayous, lakes, swamps, mounds, bluffs, hills, mountains, prairies, and forests with all their trees, herbs, fowls, fish, animals, and stock of Indians. It was a great deal to know, but he was eighty years old and had taken a lifetime to learn it.

It was said that his education began with the scalping of his mother by the savages, while he hung to her breast. Every old hunter of that period thought it essential to his reputation to begin his biography with the scalping or captivity of one or both parents; so this of Louis Belisaire's was accounted by some a myth, as many of such pretensions had been proven to be. There were tragic surmises also to account for the loss of one of his eyes; but the truth was, as he took pains to explain to the inquisitive, it had been flipped out in some domestic employment. It was impossible to imagine him seeing more with two eyes than he did with his one remaining orb, but his face had suffered great ugliness by the absence of it, shriveling around the empty socket, the wrinkles running from it and divagating over the high cheek bones, like the cracks down the sides of a pictured volcano. He was tall, slight, and so spare that he impressed one as being absolutely naked of flesh. He was a brave man and true, and trusted, as has been seen, by the most suspicious. Although his reputation for wit might have been disparaged thereby, his coming out of great opportunities for money-making as poor as when he entered them, was always the first recommendation cited in his favor. In their own line of acquirements he was considered as good as any Canadian in all but drinking, but such was his inferiority in this respect that he had to abstain altogether.

Above the city, the banks of the river were dotted with settlements, the concessions of land following continually one after the other. The crops, tobacco, sugar, and indigo—experiments so far—could not take credit for the residences, most of which showed an emigrated taste and an emigrated wealth; some of them fashioned with porticos after the Italian style, gleaming in the brilliant whitewash made from Gulf Coast shells; surrounded by flower gardens, with avenues of trees, terraces, rustic seats, aristocratic and picturesque in the extreme. But most of the residences were still the log and split rail constructions of those workers and awaiters to whom the future had not yet come.

To pass the settlements by was to run the gauntlet of temptation. News of their approach always ran ahead of the pirogues, and wherever there was a landing there was a crowd to wave or shout greetings, halloo for tidings from the distant city, and always to halloo invitations to stop for a meal and rest. Oftener than not, boats were sent out to intercept them, with information of the ball or the barbecue or the dance or some other gathering of the young and pleasure-loving, to be given that very night or the very next night. And so naively hospitable were the inhabitants of the upper coast at that day, that the same ball and the same barbecue and the same dance were to be given that very night or the very next day, as long as the settlements lasted. Sometimes, for mere good fellowship, the young men would throw themselves upon their small, short, trotting ponies and ride along the bank for miles, waving their hands and hallooing pleasant nonsense to the pirogues, and joining in their songs.

But the Canadians kept straight along in

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their course, nor turned aside to any seductions of roast or dance; and old Louis Belisaire, proving his necessity in these emergencies, kept Alain's boat in virtuous pursuit of the Canadians, whose quick stroke of the paddle the Creoles labored hard to imitate, whose songs they repeated in refrain, rippling their voices as they glided along, and starting the echoes which rippled after them long after they were out of sight.

The songs that were all "amour" and "doux retour," "bel amie" and "pour la vie," "vin" and "don divin" on the way to the city, were now all "Vierge Marie," and "sainte patrie," "enfance and souvenance," and that fine stirring "A la garde du bon Dieu," which for rousing the blood and stimulating the energies, was the very "Tafia" of song,—the voices getting always clearer, and the strokes of the oar steadier, with increasing distance from the city.

The Creoles, always in the wake of the Canadians, not only copied their stroke and their songs, but cheerfully assumed also their rules of discipline; the start at daylight, the pause every two hours in the shade, for a pipe and a measure of Tafia, dinner at noon, camp at nightfall.

Journeying thus they passed all the plantations and settlements, the bayou La Fourche des Chetmachas, which in the time of Iberville had been thought the principal outlet to the sea, and the bayou Plaquemines, whence the youth Bienville had to beat such a hasty retreat before the vindictive Attakapas and Opelousas Indians; and the portage by which the bold Iberville made a short cut to his ships lying in the Mississippi sound, pushing on even when his guide deserted, determined, he said, to show the Indians he could go where he pleased; the bayou Goula's Landing, Baton Rouge, Pointe Coupée, the Houma's Landing, the Portage de la Croix, just beyond which Iberville, consigning to the purgatory of the untruthful those makers of "relations" who allured him so far from his vessels by their mendacious accounts, turned, convinced, all priestly writing to the contrary notwithstanding, that this was the Mississippi, La Salle's great exploration.

Just as he could tell the name of every family living along the coast, and whether it had sprung from intermarriage of Canadian or Frenchman with exported "Hospital" girls or the more respectable "filles à la cassette," so old Louis Belisaire could tell the intimate history of every point of land, every inlet and outlet. For every turn in the river there was a turn in his memory, and a story in it about Indians, English, Spaniards, French, particularly the early explorers. His father had accompanied Iberville on this first expedition, and to hear the old hunter swell his voice and see him straighten his back to imitate the short, sharp imperious address of the intrepid sea and land captain, one would suppose he was inspired by original, not inherited, recollections. Bienville he knew, and that was a different representation, calm, contained, reserved, and determined; not a large man, for Belisaire sank his shoulders when he acted him, but, as he said, a large head. Tonti, Sauval, St. Denis, the old man's repertoire contained them all, even to the great monarch himself, with his crown and scepter, for Belisaire thought that a king went around with crown and scepter, just as a coureur de bois went around with gun and pouch.

In front of Pointe Coupée he told them how Iberville had shortened the course of the river eighteen miles in one evening. The Indian guides showed him a little stream running muddy water, not six feet wide, and but a foot or two deep, telling him if he could only get through there he could save a day's journey, a day less of weary fighting against an unrelenting current, a day less of short rations, discontent, and anxiety, a day less from his waiting ships. With ax and hatchet he put his Canadians to work, in the front rank himself, as usual, where fighting or work was to be done; they cut down trees, they cleared drift, they smoothed out obstacles, they rigged strong ropes and pulleys to the barges and pulling themselves along by the trees, they dropped into the mother stream again just eighteen miles from where they had left it a few hours previous, Bienville always leading the way in his pirogue, for as Louis Belisaire expressed it, no sovereign in Europe could wield a pirogue paddle better than Bienville.

Nature, as they traveled onward, became vaster and wilder and more stupendous in her gigantic processes of destruction and reconstruction. Giant trees, the wreckage of storm and overflow, borne down on the rising currents, waving their tangled green branches helplessly in the air, their roots

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still grasping clods of native earth; broad banks, caving and disappearing in the bubbling waters with all their growth of life aboard; shallows rising from the deep; deposit beds shallowing away; rafts, the drift of years, unexplorable jungles, rising and falling with their under-hidden tides, lodged in some elbow curve, or wedged across some inlet, barring and frustrating the natural flow, repulsing the driving waters which yet broke their way into the Mississippi, stirring the muddy depths into thousands of shifting whirlpools, which looked like frenzied, toothless, sucking mouths, circling wider and wider, eager to swill in such animalculæ as pirogues and men; and the mile lengths of impenetrable canebrake, and the pyramidal accumulations of vine growths bending down the smothered heads of lofty trees, a never-falling, ever-threatening avalanche of green; and the new-born islands rising, all stocked with fresh willow verdure and germinating weeds to contradict topography—for the Mississippi laughs at charts as time does at almanacs.

In the early dawn when the paddlers felt through the mist for the water they could not see, the rising veil never rose but on the unexpected; and each successive hour held its sensation, as they pushed their way along the sinuosities of the great hieroglyph of the river. It was a course that baffled astronomical knowledge, rendered useless the willing guidance of the stars, and confused all but the sure piloting instinct of the Canadians and Louis Belisaire.

The sun seemed to rise at will on the one hand or on the other, and appointed its setting place capriciously, behind, before, or on either side of the ascending pirogues, which paddling round and round the compass in a day's journey, paddled, as evening neared, and the journey closed into ever widening, deepening, increasingly glorious revelations of color,—or into the reflections of it, into undreamed-of violet landscapes or golden yellow landscapes or into rose or emerald lighted vistas through which the river ran glistening and glimmering like a melted rainbow; the trees all around darkening into chimerical monstrosities, and the evening star flashing into brilliancy at any point it chose; while the distant voice of the Canadian leader musically signalled the night's camping ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUIS BELISAIRE.

The boats secured, the men would disperse, some to gather wood for the fire, some to take a gun for a chance shot at stray game. The fires lighted, the fumes of boiling boucaned beef or salt pork would call the eager appetites to supper,—which would be eaten, recumbent, on their skins or blankets or the soft, naked earth, around the cheerful blaze, and sleep would come as hunger left.

Sometimes, before sleeping, they talked and sang. If the moon were arisen, they would watch the golden fluctuations on the water and tell moonlight tales brought opportunely to memory; tales of spectral visitations, goblins, haunts, miraculous healings or punishments, legends of childhood, and village tradition.

If there were no moon, the stars quiet the turbulencies of the heart as the moon cannot, they would in the darkness tell of themselves, not of their conquests and triumphs, their Tafia gasconade, but of their griefs, their troubles, their disgraces and afflictions, and the simple tragedies of their weather-beaten lives; moonlight or starlight rudely responding to the invitation of the great universe about them; confessing, in naïve unconsciousness to the power of the hereditary good in them over the hereditary evil, showing themselves, in their humility, to be the best, instead of the worst of criminals: heart openings, novel to the Chevalier.

In these hours old Louis Belisaire, after the others had finished, would begin to talk also and tell of his life, his pipe in his mouth, and muttering half-articulated ejaculations and commentaries between the sentences; beginning always with the scalping of his mother, and his miraculous escape as a boy of ten from his Indian captors—how he was the pet of the French garrison and a favorite of the commandant Bienville,—his expeditions and exploits, which were so wonderful that they were frankly discredited by his Canadian hearers. How could they believe, having some experience of daring adventures themselves, that alone, and on foot, he had crossed the continent from ocean to ocean? It had taken him ten years to do it, and, counting the days of fasting, he calculated that he had lived five of those years without food. The Canadians not given to counting or calculating, would press him beyond these statis-

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tics, to the bear hunts and buffalo hunts, the shooting of cataracts, the exploration of cañons which were so deep down in the earth that the heavens above seemed as far off as the end of eternity—the petrified seal, and cities and populations that he saw, the sunken mountains, and the elevated lakes. As one by one the tired boatmen would drop off to sleep, the old hunter would get nearer and nearer the core of his narrative and his life, that enigma of Providence, which he had never, however long he lived, been able to solve. Only the Chevalier was awake to hear it, the Chevalier, who reminded the old man somewhat of his own youth.

It happened when he was eighteen, when he was so good-looking, so lusty and strong, that even the commandant Bienville interested himself to procure a wife for him. There were only a few girls in the colony, and none of them pleased the handsome Louis. When one was pressed upon his notice, or another, he would always put her aside. "No! she is not my affair!" "*Ce n'est pas mon affaire*"—as he expressed it. 'Tis true he never cared for girls, not even for the Indian girls, whom a great many of his companions preferred to the white, on account of their youth and docility. It was at the time when the government from time to time would send out a shipload of girls for wives for the honest, hard-working settlers; girls who had been selected for the purpose; honest, virtuous, and of sources above reproach; sent out, with clothes and provisions for a year, under special charge of some religious sisterhood. Bienville had been notified of such a shipment, and "Mon garçon," he said to Louis, "your wife is among them. So get ready to receive her."

The old hunter drew the smoke from his pipe, muttering to himself: "Wife! wife! What cared I for a wife? Wife! wife! But, Mon Chevalier, when he told me my wife was on that ship, it began to be different, you know; she was there, and she was to be my wife, you know,—and just from that, the thought about it began to grow upon me like moss upon a tree, and I became all choked from it, until I could see nothing else, feel nothing else, but these thoughts about the young girls coming over the sea to us, one of them coming to me to be my wife. I said to myself, 'Louis Belisaire, consider, when your mother was being scalped by the Indians and when you were nursing papooses in wigwams, and when you were learning to paddle a pirogue and shoot alligators, and when you made your escape, and when you were running the country for Bienville, hunting game, killing, scalping, keeping the Indians in order, and ambushing those cold, lying devils of Englishmen, and fooling those asses of Spaniards (whom the king, God forgive him, afterward gave us to), all that time the Good Man up there was planting and growing a little wife for you—not a girl whom you had to gallant and kiss away from other young fellows who were also gallanting and kissing too, but a little wife, all ready-made for you.' You see, Chevalier, my patron saint naturally was St. Louis, and my mother had put me in charge also of the blessed Virgin, who saved me, no doubt, when the poor woman was scalped—but after that they did nothing for me, and so I got so at last that I did not trust St. Louis. He either paid no attention to my affairs or he saw I would never make money enough to reward him. So I trusted myself entirely to the good God Himself, who I observed, asked no candles, and no altars, and no gifts, and no churches, nor priests. And I believe He noticed me, for I got more from Him in one year than I ever got from St. Louis all my life.

"It takes ships a long time to get here from France, but the longest time of all is taken by the ship which brings your wife whom you have never seen. I began to long for that ship as the black night longs for daylight, and I, who did not know what fear was, but even when my mother was scalped, laughing they said I was all the time, I began to be afraid of the weather. Every time the wind blew, I trembled, and when a storm came with thunder and lightning, thinking it must be on the sea as well as in the city, I cried; yet I cried to myself in my cabin; for I always lived in a cabin to myself. And the Commandant would joke me about her, 'And the little wife, Louis! are you getting ready for her?' 'All ready, Mon Commandant.' And I could feel my face getting as red as a Red River bottom, and a million of stars would break out all around my eyes, only they were more like roses than stars for they would feel so soft and smell so sweet; and in my mouth, it would taste as if the blessed sacrament had been dropped upon my tongue; and I would laugh loud as fools do when they are happy, and I would go to my little cabin and work like a madman to get things still more

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ready, pulling every thing to pieces, over and over again, just for the sake of working for her, my little wife. Oh you may answer for it, Chevalier, the husband and the home were all ready when that ship arrived.

"But it is one thing to fill your pipe and put it in your mouth, and another thing to smoke it. The ship came; you may imagine if I was there among the first when it landed. You should have seen us young men looking for our wives. So clean, so fresh, with our best clothes and our church manners. St. Peter himself could have been fooled by the appearance of the very worst one of the lot.

"I do not know, Monsieur, but it seems to me that the young girls are no longer so beautiful as they used to be, and this was the handsomest shipment ever sent to Louisiana—owing to the Commandant's always writing to the government at home: 'Less catechism, my lord, and more good looks! What do you take my Canadians for?'

"And so the government took more pains in the selection, and there came, each one, a perfect flower. But you think we saw one of them! Hum! The Commandant was there, the officers of council were there, priests were there, gentlemen were there at the landing; all had the advantage over us, and the brave looks got up to greet our ladies began to change to scowls, and it would not have been hard for St. Peter then to tell who was who. But, the good sisters be thanked, the fine people saw no more than we did. In their long cloaks, and closed hoods, and veils over their hoods, they might have been Africans for all we knew. They were hurried away to the nuns' quarters, and three days were given to rest. Those three days, it was like being in a desert, with nothing to see and nothing to hear. The city felt like a church, and whatever I did, I felt as if I were at mass. I think that is the way the priests must feel all the time.

"Then the Commandant sent us word. We went to confession and took the sacraments early in the morning, and from the church, ran to the hotel of the Commandant. The young girls, they had been to confession and communion in the nuns' chapel, they arrived under charge of the two sisters who brought them from France.

"The Sieur de Bienville had, of course, seen them, and the officers of the council, and no doubt many of the fine young gentlemen in New Orleans, who had money to procure the gratification of their curiosity. And I had gone to the Commandant myself—not to see the young girls, nor to ask any privileges, only to tell him to see that the little wife sent me by the Good Man up there should come to me and not go to any one else, 'for if she goes to any one else, Monsieur le Commandant,' I said, 'she goes to a corpse, were it the president of the council himself,' which was a way of talking, for the president of the council was a married man; but there were others in authority not married, and I thought it only honest to let him know my plans.

"Well, they came into the room and ranged themselves all on one side; we ranged ourselves on the other, face to face, and then I raised my eyes, I had not looked before. All in a row; dressed in brown gowns, with black silk aprons and white kerchiefs and white caps, with a bundle of clothes at the feet of each one; all well-grown, handsome girls; as Monsieur the Minister had written, the king of France himself could not have had a finer lot to choose from.

"The notary called over the names of the men so fast, we hardly had time to say, 'Here,' before he had gone on to another. One of the sisters answered for the girls, making a mark on the paper for every one called. At the end she asked for a receipt; and the Commandant was going to make the distribution, but before he could open his lips, a clear voice, it was like the voice of an angel, Mon Chevalier, came out of the line of girls, and the words were, 'Monsieur le Commandant, I choose this one!' Such a laugh, for it was not they who were to choose, but we. While they were laughing I felt my hand taken, for I was the man she had chosen. And I was so sure that she was the little wife who had been planted and raised for me that I did not look at the others. I did not even look at her; I raised my eyes to the Monsieur de Bienville, and said while I held fast the little hand in mine, 'And I choose her, Monsieur le Commandant.' I looked at him straight in the eyes, and he gave a nod. 'What name? What name?' As quick as we could answer, the notary wrote them down, 'Louis Belisaire, Marie Marguerite Girard.' And then as soon as the *procès-verbal* was finished, we all went to the church where the marriage ceremony was performed.

"But little wife was not to be my wife, mon garçon; the Good Man up there had not

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sent me a wife, only a poor girl in misfortune, whom they sent to me because she prayed and prayed during the voyage, 'Oh my God! let my eyes rest on an honest man who will save and deliver me!' And all on the voyage, when I was praying in my way at home, getting the little cabin in order, she was praying that, and God inspired her what to do. And, Monsieur, she selected well. God sent her to the right address. It might have been that dog Louis, called Le Loup, or that drunkard Martinet.

"I abandoned her that night according to her directions. I would rather have killed myself—one little shot through the head, but I did not tell her so. It was not for me to do what I wanted but what she wanted.

"She was so beautiful, Monsieur, that the most beautiful girls since have appeared to me like witches; and she carried herself like the wife of a governor-general; but she was thin, as thin as a humming bird in winter, and when I looked in her face, I saw all the suffering she had had on the vessel, not knowing whether God had heard her prayer. For she could not go to the saints, she said, it was too important. She went to the King over them all. I had found out myself that God is more apt to consider you, if you go straight to Him.

"And if He had not heard her prayer, Monsieur, heaven, in my opinion, would have been proved a no better place than purgatory.

"I showed every thing in the cabin. I put her in the chair I had made for her,—for, in truth, she was ill and trembling beyond power to stand. I took my gun, my pouches, and my deer-skin cap—and I was passing out without a word, and she called me by my name, 'Louis!' I turned, she was holding her hand toward me. I knelt down before her, and took the hand, but dropped it—my tears would have fallen on it—but she caught my hand, and kissed it, as I wanted to kiss hers. 'God bless you!' she said; and that was all.

"I left my cabin and walked. When I came to myself, I was on the shores of the great ocean to the west of us. I turned then and walked back, and when I reached the city again, they said it was ten years since I left—and, mon garçon, in walking back, I thought, maybe the good One will let me see her again; and whenever I thought that, I would break my walk and run. But no; she had been dead five years;—of yellow fever, in an epidemic, for she became a sister and nursed the sick.

"That was a curious thing that God did, wasn't it, Mon Chevalier?"

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME ODALISE.

As Didon and the neighbors said, God alone knew how good Madame Odalise was, as He alone can discover the germ of goodness, as hidden sometimes under the practices of religion, as under those of evil. It was supposed that her ambition was to become a saint; to have miracles performed on her tomb, and to be canonized. Whether her aspirations were based on real or imitation virtues, the last day alone will reveal; what were visible to her admirers were substantial enough to warrant their oft-repeated assertion, that if her soul carried out after death but a tithe of what her body performed in life, she would be canonized beyond a doubt. The Spanish government allowed no heretics for her to practice her zeal on, and as she allowed herself to know only the most pious, her field of conversion was restricted; but she was accustomed to say: "Every human body however virtuous and orthodox, holds, in the sight of the Almighty, still a heretic and a sinner." And so her inquisition, so to speak, was kept busy with herself and Didon.

She held every species of sin in abhorrence. There were absolutely no venials for her; all were mortal and damnatory, and supremely so, those gentle failings for which her sex and former beauty should have cried mercy. In these cases she had the inflexibility not of the theorist but of the convert. The softening moments of memory, and memory is the last thing in a woman that ceases to be feminine, merely excited her to greater rigors, and she confessed and did penance for being a woman, as an assassin might do for being an assassin. In purity itself she could detect a soilure, and in her eyes the whitest napkin held defilement unless laundered by the Church. "The fires of hell," she would say, "were kept lighted, burning the refuse of Mother Church," meaning those whose natural vileness excluded them from the sanctuary, and the refuse comprised not only heretics and recalcitrant Romanists, but even those luke-warm natures who did not burn as she did, with a living fire of consuming passion for devotion.

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By the interposition of heaven in her behalf in a certain duel, she had been relieved from a marriage, which, if prolonged, might have interfered with the culture of her soul, as matrimony does too often with the soul-culture of women. Widowhood had been a grief only until she aspired to become a saint, and then, alas! her vision began to change, and she began to see the defunct husband with colder and colder eyes, until her reminiscential glances at him became the passionless look of a sister; and by comparison with her, he grew worse and worse in the retrospect as she grew better.

If the colony had not been transferred from France to Spain, Madame Odalise might not have been considered a saint, save by that complimentary canonization which a gallant world has always conferred upon a pretty widow. Father Dagobert, as history knows, was not one who believed in a crown of thorns, as a parure for the feminine head. If flowers of an unbecoming hue were not allowable instead, he thought that the prickles might be pared off, to at least comfortable endurance, for the fragile sinner.

But when Spain entered upon her royal functions in Louisiana, there was an inventory taken of the morals, as well as other stores left by the French. An allusion is all that is necessary to the celebrated report rendered by Father Cirillo to Don Santiago Hechevarria, Bishop of Cuba, a report that the sinners qualified as a scandal, but in which would-be saints recognized a warning. Madame Odalise, in fright, took her morals instantly from under the lax régime of the French and gave them in charge of the Spanish capuchins, the efficacy of whose methods of dealing with carnal nature she lived to advertize. No people on earth are required to be so circumspect in their society as saints; hence Madame Odalise's contended estrangement from so notorious a sinner as her brother, and after his departure, her mind resignedly contemplated consigning him and his memory to a complementary niche in her past, similar to that filled by her husband. As her Spanish priest did not speak of him to her, as the imaged saints on her walls did not recall him, as he was not personally mentioned in her prayer book, she had but to impose her wishes upon Didon, to progress uninterruptedly in the rôle she had selected to fill. She had begun already with, "I trust he will find grace! and may the blessed saints forgive his short-comings as I do; I pray for him." And warmly pressing the hands of her devotees, for she really had devotees already, "Pray you for him." "It is a cross!" "The blessed Virgin knows what is best for me!" An aphorism she made which even the priests repeated admiringly, "When the world, when one's enemies forbear, the good Lord sends our nearest and dearest to throw thorns under our feet"; and another, "One learns patience and resignation on family crosses"; and yet another, "I welcome crucifixion even at the hands of a brother or a husband; as He was crucified for me, what more grateful sight to Him than to see me crucified for Him!" She told her friends, "I pray for crucifixion as some pray for bread, for is not suffering the bread of heavenly life?"

As these sentiments were not prevalent in the colony, even at that day, it was not surprising that Madame Odalise was looked upon with somewhat of the awe with which one looks upon the inexplicable.

What Madame Odalise practiced publicly, that practiced Didon also. From external observation, she was as good a Christian as any made by the Spaniards, from the unworked and neglected dough left over by the French, and there seemed to be no reason except illogical discrimination of color why she alone and not her mistress also, should be subjected to the daily and hourly persecutions of evil spirits.

The negress carried amulets around her neck and charms in her pocket, and offered herself as a patient to every voodoo conjurer she could hear of, in the commendable hope of assisting the Christian God against the African devil in her; innocently enough, being thus led into nocturnal sorties, and contraband reception of visitors, and deceptions of all kinds, with affirmations of falsehoods and denials of truth to her mistress, and such consequent fear of earthly punishment as made the terrors of eternity light in comparison with the possible ones of the current day. How many times had she not, fresh from catechism and a homily on the cardinal virtues, hastened to a secret corner of the yard to try her hand at some new "gri-gri" incantations, or with the facile music of a Latin prayer on her lips, dropped into the forbidden—the unrepeatable words of a voodoo song?

How much did the mistress suspect? How

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much of the slave's real nature lay hidden in the darkness under that opaque black skin? Absolutely nothing. At least so thought Madame Odalise; not indeed from confidence in the integrity of the regenerated slave's nature, but from her trust in the infallibility of her regenerative methods.

"It is impossible for an ulcer of sin to exist under the curing remedies of the church," was one of her axioms. In her hours of temptation, that is if she ever had temptation, one suspects her confessions of such being merely the working of her vast humility in her, she would fly to the church, the one place, as she told Didon, sacred from Satan. And Didon, with whom temptation was not a simulation but a sharp reality, was made also to seek the sanctuary, at any hour of the day, when her barriers of virtue seemed threatened; but the church held no immunity for her from the evil one—which she did not confess to her mistress, having found out in which direction the unpardonable blasphemy lay. On the contrary, it was while going to church, and performing devotions in it, and returning from it, that her deviations from rectitude occurred or were inspired by meeting people, talking to them, hearing the news, and imparting it, in short, the increasing her knowledge and her opportunities of trespasses.

"Madame," she would say to her mistress, "to-day at the holy sacrament, did you see that Spanish captain who ran his sword through his soldier that day . . . ."

"My child," would answer Madame Odalise, "at the holy sacrament I see nothing but the holy sacrament," for when they met on religious grounds Madame Odalise shared her most exalted language and thoughts with Didon; sometimes they were second-hand, sometimes an experimentive originality.

"Madame, in going to church to-day I met . . . . ."

"Whom do you go to church to meet? I meet no one when I go to church but the blessed Host."

"Madame, did you hear those people talking behind us to-day, saying . . . ."

"Was there any thing else but the sermon, the hymns? I heard nothing . . . ."

It was as much as to say to Didon, although the inference came from Zombi:

"Do—talk as you please—I neither see nor hear any thing."

CHAPTER X.

TINTA.

SUMMER and winter sped. With the spring old Louis Belisaire conducted his Creoles back to the Indian village on the bank of the Arkansas where their pirogue had been kept in safety for them. The water, which, according to Belisaire, was to carry them home on its downward flood with barely a stroke of the paddle, was at its full.

The old man, as usual, was as poor in pocket as when he started out. Not so the others. The spirit of trade and their own hunting skill, had multiplied their pack of paltry trumpery into such magazines of beaver, buffalo, and bear skins and bears' oil and boucaned beef, and occasional nuggets of gold that the hunters tossed restlessly around their camp-fires at night, and the peaceful slumber of wholesome fatigue was visited by the feverish dreams of the over-wealthy,—and painful calculations, by minds not used to calculating gross results, were substituted for innocent bavardage, as each one sought to transpose his wealth into its equivalent of city pleasure. "To the city! to the city!" The Canadians themselves could not have been more imperious, more rebelliously impatient; nor could they have sung more rollicking songs, nor assumed more prospectively defiant airs; and the stories which the Creoles were preparing to grace their reappearance in the cabarets were more extravagant than the daring of even coureurs de bois.

But the one pirogue which had borne their empty pockets and exhausted energies so easily, even against the up-stream current, was inadequate, to a fractional nothing, before the present accumulations of booty and fattened strength. Additional means of transportation had to be procured, but no boats are procurable in high water in an overflowable country; they must be made,—pirogues and a flat-boat, with all the haste that eager, prospective spendthrifts could throw into the task; by the time they had found the trees, cut them, hollowed their "dugouts," and made the timber for the flat-boat, the water, a short rise, began to fall; by the time the task was completed, bars and snags, emerging from their harmless depths into hidden perils blocked the river's mouth. The autumn rise had to be waited for.

The spirits of the men sank with the river,

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and with it maintained a low water level, during which, like the river, they showed uncanny fillings in of their character bed. Discontent, murmurings, rebellious looks, and insolent bearing, with robbery, desertion, bloodshed, even assassination peeping from sullen eyes. Belisaire and the Chevalier, commandants, army, sentinels, spies, all in two persons, frustrated plans and anticipated designs, stood on watch and guard night and day against the mutinous passions of their companions and dependants, as they would all have stood together against an army of revengeful assailants—stemming the opportunity for evil.

It might have been of another ending with different Indians, but the village belonged to the Kappas, the "gentle Kappas," as the early pioneers learned and loved to call them; civilized and refined in their own lines, simple, brave, handsome, and true beyond their own times. The freedom of wigwam, camp-fire, hunting parties, feasts, and primitive pastimes, was extended over the newly enforced sojourn of their unwilling guests, and it was only natures who could be disappointed into churlishness and sedition, to whom the simple hospitality could have appeared in the light of an infliction and a grievance. It was more a family than a tribe, over whom a patriarch presided with parental authority and solicitude. His age antedated the colonization of the French on the Gulf, and his religion was the pure nature worship of the unconverted Indian; and the missionaries had never found lodgment among them except as guests.

"My son," he said to the first priest who accosted him, "did the Great Spirit wait for you to come and lead him to me as a mother leads a little child? The Great Spirit himself came to me and my fathers, as he came to you and your fathers. The Great Spirit is the same everywhere, as the sun is the same everywhere; but when it shines on different lands it calls out different trees and animals. The Great Spirit shined on our land and he called up the red men. He shined on your land over the water and he called out the pale-faces."

And so after the lapse of seventy years he spoke to Alain.

"Why does not the Great Spirit of the pale-faces speak to her? Why does he leave her to the Great Spirit of the red man? No, he gives her to the Great Spirit of the red man as I would give a brother a child to raise. The Great Spirit of the red man is raising her, could the Great Spirit of the pale-face do better?" He pointed toward Tinta.

She sat apart—she was always apart from them all, except the old chief, her foster-father—the silent, shy, flitting little alien, the cast-off booty of some passing marauding band of savages, flying red-handed from a midnight carnage.

"I picked her up in the forest, where she had fallen or been torn from a mother's arms, as I would pick up a featherless bird, dropped or cast out of the nest. The trembling, naked bird grows into redbreast, blackbird, or jay—the trembling, crying baby grew into likeness of the pale-faces of blood and gold, like the men from the far west, or from the east, in the country of the Apalachees; why did she not grow also into a child of the Great Spirit of the pale-faces; why does she not ask for the God of the black gowns? She asks for them not; she asks not for the land of the pale-faces, she asks not for a pale-faced father, she asks only for me—for it is love that makes the father, as it is love that makes the Great Spirit"—and as he pointed to this foundling, so he could have pointed to other foundlings,—Natchez, Tensas, Houlas, Bayougoulas, who also had come into the tribe, as children by adoption.

The river began to rise again, and with it rose the spirits, morals, and good sense of the men. Their daily elevation could be measured with the same guage that bore the record of the water when the pirogues rode flush with the bank; the loading commenced, the peltry, the feathers, dried beef, and the "fawns," the skins of animals filled with oil, grotesque effigies, like bloated corpses. So many pots of oil to a fawn, so many hours pleasure to a pot, so many fawns to a man—with boisterous alacrity the regenerating brigands worked, counting aloud as they stowed away in frolic their share of each commodity. From daylight to noon, and it was done; to the breaking up of the camp, and the carrying aboard provisions, blankets, pots, and ammunition. The warriors helped in the preparations for departure, the children gamboling under foot hindered, the squaws seated in groups on the bank, laughing and talking, calling to the children, and joking with the men added that vividness of interest to the work which

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even the presence of savage women can to men's activities.

The whisperings of autumn were in the air, the trees, the sensitive ones, were changing their colors, showing wondrous sun stores of red and yellow beauty in their exuberant sap. The swollen stream rustling along, grazing the overhanging boughs, the ripples turned into musical gurglings, filled the ear as it did the eye. In mid-stream the sun dappled the water with leaf shadows over-played and over-laced with flashes of dancing light.

The Chevalier Alain stood apart on an eminence, the better to issue orders and direct the loading. Looking at the pretty scene before him, or, perhaps, looking at other pretty scenes suggested by it, in the past or the future, for to the young the future is as sure as the past, he fell into what passed in his gay head for thought, and as even lightest and pleasantest thoughts were somewhat of a burden, he stepped backward to brace his stalwart shoulders against a convenient tree, a tree around which a bunch of sumach bushes seemed to have made a rush—as sumach has a way of doing, flaming red around trees and up eminences.

Through the vigorous language of the noisy men and the laughter and chattering of the women and the gamboling cries of the children and through the rough vernacular of his self-communion came from time to time a sweet, soft, pattering sound to his ears; words too low to be distinct, too faint to carry meaning.

"Tinta!" said the Chevalier to himself without moving, "she must be on the other side of the sumach."

It was not worth listening to, no one listened to Tinta except the grim-visaged old warrior, her foster-father. It was not worth listening to, but the Chevalier found it better than his thoughts, which in his experience carried with them an almost limitless capacity for ennui.

At first it was all unintelligible to his stupid, one-languaged ear, but as he listened more and more, dominating his attention and banishing from it the voices on the river and the bank, the rugged Kappas dialect came through the clear low tones, like shells through a limpid stream, or perhaps it was his own turgidity that became more and more transparent under the soothing sound.

"It were better not to have been saved! It were better to have been lost forever, it were better so, it were better so!

"It were better I had gone with my people unto death, it were better that bloody hands had seized me, and not the hands of pity and gentleness. It were better so! It were better so!

"It were better we had gone away from the banks of the river—wandered far away, even to the desolate place where no game is. It were better so!

"It were better he had not come! It were better he had not seen us. It were better I were chasing the butterflies now."

Every thing seemed to be struck with sudden quietness around the Chevalier; the men and women were laughing, working, talking in silent pantomime. His own heart stopped beating for fear of interrupting the singing sound behind him.

"It were better he had gone into other forests! It were better he had gone unto other people! It were better, far better I had not known him!"

The Chevalier's head became fixed and stark on his shoulders; he dared not move an eyelid.

"I can follow the boat! Down the bank of the river I can follow the boat, follow the boat till I die.

"When the boat goes out of my sight, like a butterfly out of my sight, I can lie on the bank till I die!

"And the cries of my heart will come out! The lonesome cries of my heart! With the cries of my heart I will die!"

With a quick dart the Chevalier's arm pierced the sumach bushes, his hand met an arm. He caught and held it fast, the slim, bare, delicate arm of Tinta. It was like holding the limb of a squirrel or partridge.

He drew her into the woods out of sight and out of sound of the boatmen.

Barely speaking the necessities of her language he could only stroke her long glossy hair, and murmur her name caressingly in the tones that even the dumb animals comprehend, and look into her eyes, the soft, dreamy eyes that denote intelligence of the heart in women.

The pale-faced waif struggled and strove to escape, her heart fluttering through her cotton kerchief, like the heart of a bird through its plumage; her lips open still from the last word of her song, her heart panting piteously with great fear of her life, the fear of

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all women's lives; the fear that becomes the great joy.

"The cries of her heart!" They were audible now to the Chevalier as the cries of other women's hearts had never been. He bent his head over her; the soft murmurs of her long song singing again in his ears.

And he saw himself in a new rôle. Not the Chevalier de Triton as he knew himself to be; not what his sister Madame Odalise was perhaps right in considering him to be. He saw himself as he had never seen himself before, as he had never aspired to see himself: that poetry of poetry, the pure dream god, the white hero of nascent womanhood.

Tinta knew him not. She knew not love; but she loved him with that swift upward flight of love by which women's hearts and larks' songs touch heaven. It was the true love, for she felt death in it! And the Chevalier?

The Chevalier Alain felt stirring in his heart the spirits of his long line of De Triton ancestors; great fighters and greater roisterers, perhaps, than he, but moving at that moment in his heart—as the spirits of dead ancestors do at critical moments in the life of a descendant, to dictate action—he discerned not one woman-stealer among them, although Tinta's form had grace and her face beauty.

When Belisaire, the loading of the boats being completed, came to summon the Chevalier to his waiting expedition, he found him still holding his woodland captive by the hand, still caressing her hair, and still using the one Kappas negative that he knew, "No, Tinta! no."

But when the old man, pointing in the direction of the river, pronounced the word which no language can soften or conceal, the little brown hand gave a throb, the soft eyes opened wide and shut again, the head drooped.

The Chevalier raised his hand, and pointing also in the direction of the river, commanded his counselor, "Go you! conduct them home! Pay what I owe! I remain here!"

CHAPTER XI.

PIETA.

MADAME ODALISE was enabled in her superiority, to shake her brother as she had shaken her husband from her memory. Not so Didon. The water never fell but she remembered the going away of her young master, and never rose without her loosening the gate post still more in its socket. And she talked about him on the streets, and thought about him in church, and sought news of him everywhere, precisely as if she had not been forbidden so to do by her mistress.

Two years had passed, and another one was filling with the insignificant happenings of a well-to-do colony. Public affairs resided securely in the hands of government officials; private affairs, no less securely in the no less well organized members of the priesthood. Human thought carefully nightcapped, balanced easily and somnolently in the prescribed cradles of belief, cradles that were pretty much the same time-honored cribs that soothed the slumbers of the Middle Ages.

At no time, perhaps, in its history, could a general unroofing of houses and unroofing of heads have been less discreditable to the city, and less shocking to human and divine inspectors.

In the De Triton cottage quietude seemed to have accumulated almost to the stagnation of the good life within, which resembled some hidden, protected, beautifully clear, and perfectly useless private pond; and the road to beatifications was a prolonged "treadmill" progress of devotion; a treadmill of ennui, at least to Didon.

On a particular summer afternoon, which in its sameness was as iterative small beads in an eternally long chapter of afternoons, Didon sat on the steps of her kitchen, building one of those rude structures which house the dreams of the slave, as "castles" hold the dreams of the rich.

Notwithstanding the efforts of her mistress, it was not an ecclesiastical structure she builded, her head nodding over her lap. There was not a priest, nor a function, nor a ceremony, nor a catechism, in all its contents; nor any bell to time the hour and order the mind. Her edifice was more like a great hostelrie, with the unswept corners and undusted heights that show a lenient mistress, and the unavoidable litter of the careless one; with the well-filled and unlocked larders of a negligent mistress, and the overplus of fish, flesh, and fowl of the prodigal; with kitchen fires always burning, summer and winter, and kitchen hospitalities unnoted and uncounted; with slaves for every duty, their loud, unchecked voices filling the yard with talk, laughter, even quarreling,—for quarrel-

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ing is a feast in the famines of silence—the yard filled with negroes, and the negroes filled—not with piety, which would betoken any thing but a saintly mistress.

Indeed the whole condition of affairs that reigned in the negress' dream-elysium, denoted no less than that the long hoped-for beatification of this present mistress had taken place, and that the future one had been installed in authority. The future mistress, who was to be young, gay, handsome, and (a significant contrast to Madame Odalise) fat. Didon could see her, this ideal, lenient, negligent mistress; she saw many such all around her, or heard of them from other slaves, the slaves of worldlings whom Madame Odalise despised—mistresses, with dimpling elbows and rosy cheeks, smiling and good natured, with babies hanging about them—and about this ideal mistress, this ideal wife, also hanging a teasing, tormenting husband, a young fellow of irrepressible jollity, side-splitting deviltries, and wonderful bravado, a spendthrift, a high liver, a dancer, a fencer, a—in short, her young master, the Chevalier Alain de Triton.

The while Madame Odalise sat in her chamber, in the lofty state of spiritual content, which, so serene was now her life, had become an habitual afternoon mood with her. She sat, as no doubt she thought she would be sitting one day in heaven, surrounded by the originals of the pictures that now surrounded her on the walls of her chamber; her admirable earthly record known and appreciated by the real connoisseurs, the only knowers and appreciators of earthly records, those who have gone through their examination and passed perfect.

If she were fond of rehearsing the scene, as she rehearsed it now, it was not an individual failing, it was only because women from birth are anticipators, always, by a species of atavism, fixing their eyes on the oasis before them, instead of the desert around them.

"Such an evening as this in heaven! It must always be the beautiful early summer weather in heaven." The expression she assumed when she thought of it was the uniform expression of saints: a conscious, sweet patience of the mouth and the conscious modesty of downcast eyes, which perhaps prevented her seeing; maybe she thought it not worth while to look for them in the congregation of the saved, either for her long-lost husband, or her degenerate brother, or any of her friends and associates of the confessional and sacred table, or any of her acquaintances, or any one, in fact, that she had ever seen; even—one would have supposed she would have looked for him first there—even her skillful Spanish confessor. No—all were strangers surrounding her, supreme in title and worldly estate, and, very sure, disconnected even by ignorance of the little city of New Orleans.

She sat thus in the low, dim, failing light, almost feeling the premonitions of that divine state of ecstasy which she felt herself approaching, nearer and nearer—when the door of her room was violently opened by a rude strong hand, and her young brother stood before her.

In a flash the cherished spiritual isolation destroyed, the pure mystical atmosphere polluted! The domestic world, the most pernicious of worlds to such saints, yawned like a gulf before her.

It was no holy anchorite as she had prayed for, no repentant recluse; the first glance revealed that to her. After a second glance she refused to look at him, but fixed her eyes on the crucifix hanging against the wall.

The Chevalier had Indian additions to his dress, to his face and manners also. He was taller, larger, darker; two years and a half in the forest had obliterated the eighteen years of city life.

He carried a bundle in his hand. Throwing open the covering of it, he exposed an infant.

No pious woman would have needed an explanation, surely Madame Odalise did not. She turned her head away and kept it so.

If she could only have closed her ears also! But the ears, of all the members of the body, they are the hardest to manage! They still persist in hearing, when the eyes refuse to see, and when the lips, as in Madame Odalise's case, rigidly refuse to speak to supposed sin.

The Chevalier without hesitation made known his request, extending the infant in his hands: "She is my child! You must take and care for her!"

She could have been painted as she sat there, and not be distinguished from the authorized version of the canonized about her on the wall. An aureole would have become the face, so cold, so reserved and strong in acquired impassibility toward the things of the world and the things of the heart.

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With the baby of Tinta outstretched in his hands, the Chevalier proceeded, like the good swordsman he was, to thrust at every point, but everywhere he found her protected by her coat of Spanish mail against such puny steel as his.

Didon, as she was in the habit of doing, listened at the door.

"The mother is dead," he explained, in the forlorn hope that this would move one to whom a similar bereavement had happened in infancy.

"Do not misjudge! We were married, solemnly married according to the rites of her religion."

"There is but one religion."

It was the first time he had heard her voice since their memorable morning interview when she had compared him to Moses.

"She was better than I." His voice faltered at the words.

His long journey down the river in his pirogue, alone with the child, had made much more than this truth heavy upon him. He broke into a confession, which was a literal quotation from his self-communings and told exactly what had come to his mind in the clear outlines of the irretrievable past,—how after the short month of the honeymoon, the spirit of hunting and adventure had led him away, and kept him away, week after week, expedition after expedition. The fatal longing of the coureur de bois had come upon him; ever onward and onward he pushed, traveling even from the unknown to the still more luring unknown; flinging behind him as only a Frenchman can fling, all, all, to respond to the passion of the moment; reveling in the delirious excitation of his own free, untrammeled nature. He had ascended the great river to its source, he had journeyed through the great fresh water lakes, he had passed the great falls, had—but he stopped the recital short to tell of his return to the Kappas after an absence, not of the intended month, but of a year. He returned; the Indian warriors turned away from him, the Indian women met his inquiries with silence, even the children avoided him; the old chief, motionless from infirmity, warned him away with his eyes. He looked around; where was she who must expect, who should welcome him? He ran to his cabin; no one was there. He called! On the low cot he found "this," nothing, nobody else.

He owned that at times he had almost forgotten her, his wife, as he would have forgotten a flower—she was so slight, so fragile, so unreal.

But she—she waited for him, month by month, week by week, day by day. After her child was born she waited for him hour by hour. They had held her to life from a sunrise to a sunset by a false report of his coming. She died waiting with eye and ear for him; never a complaint or a reproach, but "the cries of her heart," he could hear them all the time now, and he could feel them. They had sent messengers for him, but what messenger could trail him and his lawless fancy?

"When I came back I found this, only this!"

He could have told her more, more of the waif, his bride, her looks, her ways, her mysterious unknown parentage and nationality—more of the thousand and million details that had come to him in his pirogue as he paddled, day after day, fetching his daughter, a De Triton, as he, as she, Odalise, was, back into her estate of civilization. But he could give only the facts, all that one can give in an audible voice to an averted face in the distance.

At last Madame Odalise broke silence, her slow-gathering resolution found utterance. She opened her lips to say: "I shall pray for you both," and then closed them, apparently forever.

The Chevalier waited, and still he waited; then he asked:

"Is this your answer?"

"I shall pray for you both."

The Chevalier then did what Didon expected would be resented as a god should resent, by promptly crushing them all under a blasted house. He blasphemed as the Spanish law had it, "God, Our Lord, His Mother, the very Sacred Virgin Mary," not once, but repeatedly and vociferously, daring not only the imminent divine retribution but that penalty which the Spanish law had affixed to the crime,—having his property confiscated and his tongue cut out.

"'Pray for me! Pray for me! You will pray for us both!'"

He paused, looking down at the woman before him; he advanced until he could have touched her with the burden in his hands, and he sunk his voice, as if he would shelter that burden from what he was going to say.

"Pray for me, and my existence, that was too ignoble for even your memory, you will

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thrust in the presence, my name that was not good enough for your ears, in the ears of the Almighty? I ask you to succor my child, what are you going to ask of Him for us?"

He paused again.

"What you cannot tolerate, you expect Him to condone? You expect Him to accord what you refuse? What you reject you expect Him to receive? Miserable paltry soul with a miserable paltry God!"

He took a long breath, with an effort at self-control, and rushed through a few sentences, looking not at his sister but at the infant in his hands:

"A Spanish settlement in the west committed an act of treachery against an Indian tribe. The Indians, surprised, overwhelmed, abandoned their village and fled, what was left of them, to the east, far, far to the east, where a great river stopped them. They made another village; planted other fields, married other wives, and had other children to replace what the white men massacred.

"The sons grew into men and warriors, and while the route, the place, and the people still lay in living memory, the old warriors conducted their young ones back to their once home. Pointing to it, they gave the word of command, and one massacre was wiped out by another. But the old men in the village, the old women, those who could not accompany the expedition, where was their vengeance? They could not go to it, it must be brought to them,—men and women for them to massacre with their own hands, as the pale faces had done.

"It was a long journey and a hard one, and vengeance, to be secured, had to be executed by proxy hands, on the roadside, day by day.

"They hastened their march, traveling day and night, throwing aside useless baggage, killing the laggard victims. An old warrior of a peaceful isolated tribe, hunting, came across the ghastly trail—men, women, and children, dropped like carrion—among them, an infant, starved, dying—and—*he* did not 'pray for her'—she was my wife."—Breaking away into his more natural self and language: "Enough! I shall go! Never fear to see me or this again! You know what I have asked—you know what you answered—you are a woman; you were a child, a motherless infant—you know better what you have refused, than I what I have asked; what I thought; what I meant—" his voice faltered again, as the lone pirogue, the rushing water, his solitary camp, the strange, almost fearful burden, clasped to his bosom, and his anticipations of the burden's girlhood, womanhood, rose before him.

"But Odalise! You will remember this hour! Wait! Only wait! Wait until the end! Live in peace and selfish security through your own chosen life. As you forgot your husband, as you forget your brother, forget this. But wait until the end—when old age finishes with you and you come to die! When," his voice rising in scornful resentment, "your holy priests from the church over there file into this chamber and cluster around that bed, the bed of an agonizing saint; when they have confessed and absolved and anointed you, and stand watching for your soul to rise to that heaven for which they have dressed and trimmed your soul—when your members are still wet with their consecrated oil, when your sight is failing and your breath flickering, when you cannot move hand nor foot, turn your head, shut your eyes, close your ears—then, Odalise, beware! Beware that a voice may whisper; not the voice of your priest, not the voice of your saints, not the voice of your Virgin, not the voice of your conscience, not the voice of your Christ, but the voice of God Himself, whispering: 'And thy brother whom thou refusedst? Thy brother whom thou turnedst away?' Then remember, Odalise, remember!" vindictively, "remember what I tell you now, these, my solemn words, that I voluntarily seek hell and damnation through you, and out of contempt of you and your religion. You have saved souls, know what it is to lose one. A saint in heaven who lost her brother's soul!

"I take my daughter back to the red men and the forest, back to barbarism and paganism.

"Remember, I voluntarily make my rejected daughter a pagan that she may learn to despise you and your religion!—But—when—stilling even the voice of God, as you stilled the voice of your heart, you ascend confident and happy to heaven, to the heaven that you debased yourself, that you denied your own blood to attain, beware, then, that a figure may not rise and confront you, rise in your very path, and bar the open gate before you! A figure that you will not know, a stranger whom you cannot recognize; but a figure who will know you, recognize you! A terrible figure in the sight of your God and your saints, a figure to frighten you to hell!

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The figure of my pagan daughter, and your pagan niece!"

He turned to leave. Didon ran as fast as she could toward the kitchen to escape detection.

When she returned after a long interval on tiptoe to her peeping place again, the Chevalier was gone, but the baby was in her mistress' lap.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BAYOU.

WHILE Madame Odalise and Didon housed their aspirations in dream structures, beautiful and impossible according to their natures, old Louis Belisaire smoking on his cabin steps, filled in the hours of the lovely summer afternoon with what material his nature also furnished for reverie.

Beyond the ramparts of the city, the little cabin in its peaceful, calm isolation might itself have served for a dream structure in which to house aspirations purified into prayers.

The sky surcharged with light and color, and all abloom with flower clouds, arched not too far above the lonely roof to distance it into alienship; and the small sluggish bayou in front, moving so stealthily, so imperceptibly, through its banks, thick with vines and purple lilies, held not too close to earth to fetter the imagination. Heavy, immobile oaks and cypresses, standing here and there, singly or in groups, lent themselves to the rapt quietude as of some supernal region.

The cabin stood without any of the enclosures which had originally marked off its share of the flat surrounding territory and shielded it from intrusion of man and beast. The fences, fallen and decayed, had rendered their trust long since, back to vast indiscriminating nature.

Madame Odalise ascended in her moments of future contemplation; Didon traveled far out and beyond her boundaries, following only too happily in her mind her innate love of the contraband. The old hunter was as immobile as the oaks and cypresses in his reverie. The country about him, the chamber behind him, contained his loftiest and his broadest flights—and wherever he went he took them, even as Madame Odalise took heaven with her to receive them, and without the poetry and the imagination with which the describing pen, not he, idealizes them.

The city, with all its bravery of life and motion lay far behind him, its sounds and colors, its balconies and banquettes full of men and women and children, its gardens of flowers, for it is a city that has always loved and had its flowers, its great pleasures, and its little pains, for it is not in the early summer weather that griefs grow and joys diminish in the eyes of the contemplative New Orleanian. Then, if never else, the men are all prosperous, the women handsome, the children healthy, and the slaves happy; and in such hour of evening stillness, if ever, the guardian angel of the little place (and who can doubt, knowing its history, that it has a guardian angel?) then, if ever, she must fold her wings and close her eyes in relaxation.

But a shiver passes through the rushes on the bayou banks, the leaves on the oak quiver, the needles of pine and cypress give a gleam, the water crisps its placid surface. The old man taking off his cap and raising his head also to greet the evening breeze, saw the Chevalier approaching, striding down the footpath from the city, as he strode in the early daylight once before, when sent by his uncle to secure a head for the contemplated expedition.

This was also one of the thoughts of the young man coming down the river in his pirogue to reinstate old Louis Belisaire on his shoulders for head, and use his cabin as he had used his friend Massig's for that refuge which his home, not so much through its fault, as through Madame Odalise's, had never granted him.

It was the lack of a head that distressed him now, as the lack of money had once done; and he found it as hard to supply the one from his own resources as the other.

"Hé, camarade!" Belisaire arose and gave the Canadian greeting.

"Bon soir, camarade!" answered Alain, and then with true Canadian selection of topics, "Your bayou is low."

"It has all run into the lake."

"The water's low up the river, too."

"What's the news up the river?"

"Nothing! What's the news down here?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. The day was past when there was news in the colony. When the French were there in the government every man had his hand in the ruling, and not too many hands were they either. With the English, Spaniards, and Indians to fool or fight, with expeditions up

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the Mississippi, up the Mobile, up Red River, all at once—in those good old days a scout and a coureur de bois were of more importance than a commissary now. The old man tossed the smoke from his mouth as he thought upon it; all was order, regularity, precision, officers of the law, officers of the army, officers of the church, regulations for trade, regulations for slaves, regulations for the streets, regulations for the diseased—and a coureur de bois was as useless to the governor as reading and writing to a coureur de bois.

"Galvez is gone; Milo's there," he said, nodding his head toward the city, and he pointed to some undefined place in the rear of his house where he said they had put up a hospital for lepers, so as to have still more order in the colony.

"Now when the Sieur de Bienville was over there . . . . " and he began to talk of the time of his youth, arrived at the end of his future, fixing his eyes on the beginning of his past, as old men do.

The Chevalier, not listening, as young men do not in such circumstances, allowed his own thoughts to wander whither they would, and perhaps from an old habit revived by the sight of old haunts again, they led him to an old haven in emergencies.

"After all," he said to himself, "it is Massig I need," and he began to regret that he had not hazarded the leap to the *Embuscade* after all.

As they sat on the steps the mist began to rise from the bayou until it was like a wall before them, and all the noises of insect life arose with it until they towered above the ears, as the mist did before their eyes, deadening even the buzzing of the mosquito swarms above the charmed circle of the tobacco smoke about their heads; little chirruping and big chirruping, ticking as fine as the governor's watch and as coarse as the clicking of the negro driver to his team; and the whole diapason of frog vocalization, for which it would seem the human ear should in this region have been provided with some special support.

"Hé, Chevalier," the old man interrupted himself suddenly, "I forgot. Here's your share." He put his hand into his pocket, and fetching out a parcel, dropped it into the hand of his guest on the step below him.

"My share!" ejaculated Alain.

"Your share from the trade, the pirogue, the skins, and oil when they were sold."

"I took my share," said the young man, as if talking to himself, "up there."

"The old man, your uncle, he wanted to keep it for you, but I said I would keep it for you, and he knew me, and that is how I kept it for you."

"How much?"

"A hundred."

The Chevalier balanced it in his hand; it was the heaviest purse that broad palm had ever held; the only one it had ever earned.

"The old man, he wanted me to go back again."

"To go back again?"

"Yes, to go back again. He has an eye, the old man, that can see money from here to Canada."

"Humph!"

"He always goes back when he can find money; but me, I told him, me, I never go back twice to the same place for the same thing."

"And me," said the Chevalier falling into his tone and sentiment, "I never go back either." And he sat a long time in silence balancing the money in his hand.

"The Good Man up there, He never goes twice the same way," commented Louis. "He beats the Indians that way, for ambushes; eh, Chevalier?"

"Yes."

"The old man, your uncle, he will be caught some day. Some people are caught the first time, and some the last. Me, I am always caught the first time."

"And me, too," assented the Chevalier again.

"That is what I found out. Some people find out one thing, some another. I found that out."

"The old man, your uncle, he hasn't found out much yet; but he will find out one of these days; the Good Man up there, He's only playing with him. He never played with me, no—He always treated me like a man. You can always tell what He thinks of you by the way He treats you; like a man, or like a baby alligator tied by the tail. Me, I always wanted to be treated 'like a man.'"

"And me, too," again responded the Chevalier.

"He's a Frenchman, up there. He's not a Spaniard, with his officers, and his priests, and his regulations. He's a Frenchman like the Sieur de Bienville. When the Sieur de Bienville was here ——"

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"Louis," interrupted the Chevalier, "you started from here that time; when you started on that trail, that long trail to the West."

"You see that thorn tree down there by the bayou? My pirogue was tied there, and that was where I started."

"Humph?"

"But there's no money out there," said the old hunter.

"Did you go for money?" asked the Chevalier.

"Me? No, I didn't go for money. I never wanted money—I don't want money now."

"Nor me either."

And then Louis Belisaire related it all over again, from the beginning, that is the beginning of his adventures, telling it as he did around the camp-fire; all the adventures first and the cause of them last of all.

The moon arose, and it was curious to see the mist disappear before it, as if every ray were a knife to shred it, until only what was hidden in the osiers along the bank remained. It, the moon, arose on the opposite side of the bayou, behind the trees which glowed at first as if prairies were burning beyond them. When it arrived at the top of the trees and began to dissipate the mist, all the sounds, even the frog croakings, began to subside, and the atmosphere enjoyed the silence of the ante-sunset hour. The old hunter talked through the transformation, which was as slow and long as his narratives.

"I was no older than you, my boy."

He pushed the door open behind him. The moon itself seemed to fall into the room, so bright every thing became.

"That's where she sat, in that chair. You see, from the thorn tree there, I could have looked back and seen her; but I did not turn my head, no more than if a Choctaw had been there pointing his rifle at me. That's what the Good Man up there likes, a young man to be brave and strong.

"Young woman—no, she was not my little wife; only a poor girl in misfortune. That's not the path we came by—I made a new path for her for that day. I wonder what the Good Man up there was thinking when He saw me making that path?

"Yes, I wonder what He thinks! Some people make their paths to things and walk in them many times, me, no—I walked in that path once. She walked before me, my boy, and it was to me as if the mother of the Savior was walking before me—I kept far behind, a way far behind—not to frighten her, you know—though she had made the choice of me, and a good choice it was." One could see by the way he talked that that was the way he had thought it out in his mind.

"It was a good thing for the Good Man up there to have had me there. I knew what kind the others were,—and if she had chosen Le Loup—he was good-looking too—hé, what would have happened that night! It made me think about the girls sent out to be wives, what they think on that ship, fetching them over here to husbands—it is one thing to be a husband, but it is another to be a wife. I didn't say any thing when she told me, except 'My girl, you did right,' and she must have been the most beautiful of them all. I have never seen another so beautiful as she—and such an air—if she had said, 'Louis shoot yourself,' it would have been the same.

"But," fetching himself back to the point: "I don't say it didn't hurt. A wound never hurts its worst at first; it is when the inflammation sets in, and the swelling, and the fever, and the loosening in the mind. I had it out there all by myself, walking, walking, night as well as day; that is the best thing to do at night when the mind rises up like a thousand Indian tribes crying for war, lapping their tongues for blood. The fever in my mind was worse than any thing. But it passed, Chevalier, it passed; it all got cured in the end. He can cure every thing, the Good Man up there. He cured me and He can cure everybody." The voice became lower and lower, and he took his hand from his pipe, and leaning forward, let it fall on the Chevalier's shoulder.

"It gets cured, Chevalier! It gets cured!"

"Louis," said the Chevalier, sinking his voice also to a whisper, as his heart at last arose to his lips, "she died!"

The old man behind him nodded his head. When one has been a hunter and a scout for three-quarters of a century, one does not need to be told every thing, even though one has but one eye.

The moon passed over the house and went shining its way over grass and tree to the distant new hospital on the Terre aux Lepreux, where other unfortunates were, perhaps, waiting for its silver rays, counting their plaints also, one to another—for even leprosy is assuaged by sympathy—and on the moon

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went, over swamps and canebrakes to the lakes.

The Chevalier carried his narrative onward, propping his maligned head in his hand, while that to him new and original organ, the heart, demonstrated its weaknesses and failings.

The moon was far on its eastward journey ere he finished, and the mist, lurking in the flags and willows, issued again, covering like forgetfulness the little scene, hiding some things completely, draping others into a beauty not original, filling up the bayou into a cloudy highroad, enveloping the trunks of the trees—but let the moon come again, and it would all be dissipated—as old Louis Belisaire knew, about mist and about forgetfulness.

"But it gets cured, Chevalier, it gets cured," he asserted at the end as at the beginning of the young man's narrative.

They stretched themselves as best they could on the floor for the short remainder of the night. They were both oversized men, and the chamber was small, and the old man's fancy had been to fasten the furniture where it was as it stood that night when his bride entered his door—and his heart too. As for the bed—men of the woods scorned a bed in those days, and he would not have used that one.

The next morning the Chevalier went to see the old man, his uncle. Time and circumstances may change, but uncles never do, at least such was the young man's experience. He returned to old Belisaire's, after the interview, with the old accustomed feeling of having gained rather less than more. But he had been through his old exchange-places, the cabarets, where, although a great many men talk, some few read, and where, although Tafia seemed to be the only inspirer, it was only a temporary supremacy to be cast down by other inspirations when they came to hand or head. Different from his experiences with his uncle, the Chevalier had never gone to a cabaret without leaving it with the feeling that he had gained the more, not the less.

"Louis," he called as soon as he saw him, "I'm off!"

It was just the way he had called out for that other expedition three years ago.

"Which way?" answered the old man.

The Chevalier pointed at a venture, to that point of the horizon which he considered most distant from New Orleans.

"*A la patrie!*"

That was it! What Iberville, what Bienville, what all the governors, all the writers had written of the colonists: they would not make the new country their home. Go into any crowd of colonists and cry suddenly, "*A la patrie!*" and the whole cabaret would answer with one voice "*Vive la France!*"

La patrie! Iberville, Bienville, and all the rest of them might well despair if encouragement for them lay in the substitution of Louisiana for France. France! When a Louisianian of that day said France, he said—what, indeed, he would not put into words—what words could no more say than the dust of the street. Ask a woman what she says to her heart when alone, and what she thinks when she pronounces the word love; ask a mother to put into words the baby's lips at her breast—and then ask a man, a colonist, what he means when he says *patrie?* It is one of those words which God alone can define.

The Chevalier stamped the ground under his feet as he walked,—his eyes flashed fire, his hand clenched what should have been the hilt of a sword at his side. The Canadian boat songs! What shouted now through his ears, were the old war cries of France; and what he saw were not forest glades nor rushing torrents, nor Indian tribes, but the flashing of swords, the smoke, the din, the carnage of battle, and what he felt was the resurrected warriorhood of all the fighting De Tritons who had contributed a drop of their hot blood to the caldron now seething in his heart; and oh, the ambition that swelled his head, the vigor that nerved his arm, and the complete oblivion that swept over his past, and his future also, except the one loophole which the cabaret had opened in the curtain of existence to his martial eye!

"Listen, Louis," and he told what he had gathered about France, the queen, the king—perhaps they themselves considering their relative positions, could not have done much better with the facts picked up in their court than the Chevalier did with the facts picked up in the cabaret, although his presentation, or rather acceptation of them, if overheard by his maternal uncle, would have assisted very little in ameliorating the latter's slighting opinion of his nephew's brains.

"It is a pity!" exclaimed the old hunter, "it is a pity that Bienville is gone. He

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would know what to do. As long as he was in Louisiana . . . "

But the Chevalier could not listen, he could not wait. He must hasten back to the city, to the cabaret; he must hear more news, he must walk, he must talk, exercise his sword arm—he must, he must—in short, defend France at once, instantly, and all by himself, and to begin he must seek out her foes immediately, beginning here in New Orleans, there in the cabaret, out on the streets, anywhere where a challenge could be passed or an insult made good. He was in the humor to make enemies even if they did not exist, that he might vent his patriotism in fighting them.

He was out of sight of Belisaire's cabin, and in sight of Fort St. Ferdinand before he bethought himself of going to the levee to see when the next vessel sailed for France. There was nearly always one now, loading or unloading at the levee. In former times, months, sometimes, elapsed before a determination to go to France found means of execution.

"To-morrow, if it is his good will," the captain answered, pointing to the effigy of St. Anthony that ornamented the prow of the dingy vessel; "or next week, or next month, or next year, just as he says," evidently hoping by a servile show of humiliation to flatter his desires out of one from whom he had so much to gain, feeling all the time the hatred and resentment of an ungrateful dependent against one who, give what he would, had never yet given what was expected; a feeling he took great care to conceal, for as he knew, St. Anthony was as good at remembering insults as compliments.

"He will not have a wind for a week," predicted Louis Belisaire when the Chevalier repeated the answer to him, "and then it will be capricious, and perhaps storm."

This was one of his gifts, weather predicting. He could foretell winds and rains, frosts and sunstrokes, from hidden signs known only to himself, so much so that when there was any military enterprise on foot even at the governor's council board some one would be sure to ask, "Has any one found out from Louis Belisaire what the weather is going to be?"

The wind did not come before a week, but the Chevalier with his usual extravagance of impatience, took up his domicile on board the ship the next morning; striding the deck day after day thereafter with an impetuosity that would have been better than the wind for conveying him to his port had the ocean but been decked all the way over there.

The day that the wind did come, old Louis stepped on the deck, accoutered for an expedition, blanket pack, frying pan, rifle, and tomahawk, with the old fire in his one eye, and the spring in his step, that Bienville would have recognized on the instant.

"He handed us over like a tribe of Indians to the Spaniards, and that is true. But when he was a young man he was good to the young men. Didn't he send wives over to us? And now he is old—well the old man will do what he can over there for him."

In the old loyal days, when one was far enough away from him, each one had his ideal king, and the ideal hovers over each one's meridian—young to the young, old to the old, good to the good, vicious to the vicious—and so each one's king, if he were only far enough away, suited. Old Louis' king was old and blind of an eye; the Chevalier's, young and strong with the sword.

"As I always said of them," remarked the maternal uncle, apropos of the De Tritons and the last departure: "Lions in war and asses in peace."

CHAPTER XIII.

Soleil couché; malher pas jamain couché.
—Creole proverb.

The sun sets; misfortune never sets.

THE Captain might well refer all business inquiries to the patron saint of his vessel, for it took all the benignity of divine and all the ingenuity of human powers to navigate the Mississippi in a day when a different wind was needed at every turn, and weeks sometimes needed for a wind, and where every mile forward meant four miles around.

But it is the good sea captains, the honest crews, and the sound vessels that the saints take pleasure in governing and directing to a safe port. Such a scurvy boat and such a villainous lot as now, it is to be hoped, seldom sailed down the Mississippi under patronage and patronymic of St. Anthony. The vessel settled down in the river like one of the saint's own swine in a wallow, and was as hard to move under persuasion of the wind as the former under persuasion of words. The captain's evil temper flaunted a black

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flag in his face; he bullied the elements, as Jupiter Tonans himself would not have been warranted in doing, and he never addressed his crew without describing them according to all the adjectival varieties of the condemned. Not perhaps without cause, as far as the passengers could judge, and they looked with some anxiety among them, to find a soul with some claim to salvation.

Rominet, the old cabaretier, who was taking his acquired wealth back to France to invest in home pleasure and comfort for his old age; he who knew the conscienceless as he knew his own glasses and decanters, he tightened his concealed money bags about his person, as if in every sailor he recognized another cabaretier by the name of Rominet. The young religious, who was accompanying a sick and infirm Spanish sister to Havana, framed prayers involuntarily whenever she even thought of them.

"They are bad children," would remark, in broken French, the old Spanish nun, "but they are children all the same. If they only knew it, God has His eye upon them."

It was the old Spanish nun, who after the captain filled the highest office in the ship. If the latter represented visible, the former at least reminded one of invisible, power, and the way that the captain courted the sister was sufficient in itself to make her an object of superstition. His outward demonstrations to her were as pointedly flattering as to St. Anthony, with perhaps as much sincerity in his heart toward the one as toward the other. However much the saint may have been deceived, the sister pierced through the disguise and saw the captain's heart as clearly as she could have seen her own face in the looking-glass, if she had not made a vow early in life never to look at her face again. If she had been put upon oath, she could not have told the complexion of her forehead. She saw not only the captain's heart but the heart of every man brought under her eye. As for the young religious, it is not surprising that she knew herself less than the elder woman did her own face; the young do not, cannot know themselves. They are feeling their own natures, as they would a dark room, creeping inch by inch, touching with outstretched finger tips their own furnishment and boundaries, until a flash of light of life illuminates them. The old religious looked as if such a flash of light had once for all revealed all hearts in revealing her own to her. "God's eye upon me," was her motto, and her fixed idea was, that the constant realization of the sentence as a fact, would regenerate the world without further effort.

A voyage to France was usually considered a third over by the time a vessel reached or was cleared of the mouth of the river. At the common rate of computation, it should have been half over by the time the St. Anthony came in sight of the Gulf.

Whenever the sisters were well out of sight and he out of hearing, the captain would recapitulate his day's curses, the log of his delay as it were. And surely, if he had taken the precautions he enumerated, both in New Orleans and Nantes, to secure St. Anthony's favor, the latter deserved the daily grumbling, growling vilipending he received for breach of contract. Whichever way the vessel turned, and she boxed the compass every day, she met a head wind, and one strong enough almost to blow her up stream; besides this there were other derelictions of which the captain accused the saint.

The passengers took the wind as it came, as they took one another's companionship, for better or for worse; and long as they were in arriving at the great open, which would not be closed for some of them until they reached France, they still had a stock of patience to subsist upon.

The young religious, at first view of the vast, restless, limitless expanse before her, exclaimed, "All moving, all moving!" clasped the elder sister's hand, fell upon her knees, and hid her face in her lap. It had frightened her when she had crossed it that other time in her life; a wee little child. "All moving! all moving!" she had cried then, hiding her face and clasping her parent's hands; and since, each thought of it was a thrill of terror, so gray and white! So tossing and leaping, so vast! so vast! so vast! The thrill passed over her again—as it passed over her of dark nights, when she remembered the ocean, remembered it frightened, yet longed for it—the powerful, the omnipotent, the frightful, the beautiful! She turned her head on the old woman's lap, so that she could open her eyes, and look at it, and shut them again quickly as a shiver passed over her, and yet still frightened, she would still look, clasping his elder's hand still tighter; the old woman, looking not at the ocean, but

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down upon her companion—looking, one would have said, at her heart.

The Chevalier's heart leaped in his bosom, and if he had been imaginative he could have felt the rattle of armor inside him, as if a mailed warrior were leaping to horse for a charge. For the waves charging before him, billow on billow, were to him, horses passing to combat with tossing manes, and flying foam, and the sough! sough! sough! of panting breath— would not one say, that that sough! sough! sough! was the heated, panting breath of thundering chargers?—with the King of France in the van, and the Chevalier Alain beside him, heaving, thrusting, crying—his hand clasped the hilt of his weapon, and he shook his head in the stiffening breeze.

A bar thumped the bottom of the ship, shaking them all to their feet; a lurch this way, and a lurch that, almost sent them sprawling. The Captain, as with a blast of words had blown his men into the rigging; a flapping of sails and a careen of a moment, and fathoms of salt water lay under their keel; they were upon the ocean.

Rominet with his hands to his sides, where he could feel his money girdle, screwing up his eyes, as he would have done to a prayer for credit, looked, if he did not say, to the thrilling terror of the young nun: "Not a sou! Not a sou! purse robber!" For that same ocean, to him, held but the significance of a robber's cave strewn with the pelf of violated millions, government bound galleons, vice-regal extortions, independent peculations, and homing fortunes like his own, fortunes made from the luxuries or necessities, passions or pleasures of human nature—all thrown to the dogs of waves jumping, snapping, snarling, pushing, spitting, around the beset vessel.

The old sister passed her eyes from the Chevalier to him; and then to the ill-favored Captain who came up to remind her as he did every hour: "It all rests with him, you know—with good weather, a quick trip and safe arrival. It all rests with him," pointing to the wooden figure whose head arose dripping from the white crested billows. The old trapper, Belisaire, began his answer, which was never in spirit of toleration with the Captain's faith, when the old religious held up her hand. It was the hour when the angelus should be ringing on land. They knew the signal. The young sister, the Captain, the Chevalier, Rominet, Belisaire, fell to their knees around her; she could not kneel on account of her infirmity, but she gave the words of the prayer, looking around, beckoning here and there, until all in sight, sinful as well as good children of God, were in unison. And then she raised the tune of the Latin hymn, which, so long had the voyage already lasted, they had almost learned; a hymn that seemed made for the sunset, so full of sinking, lowering tones and rich sonorous harmonies; they all followed as they did in the prayer; the young sister's voice, high and wavering, imitating like a half-fledged mocker, the mother bird; the Chevalier, bearing up more than his share of the bass, Rominet unchesting his cabaret-worn tenor, the Captain humming a rancous accompaniment, his mind, in sight of that ocean, more than ever harrassed with misgivings of St. Anthony. From the rigging here and there, the plaintive falsetto voices of the topmen came down so sweetly, so sweetly, that the indurated wickedness of their faces and hearts seemed incredible.

Voices of the angels themselves could not have been sweeter to the old nun,—and her own voice went up to the topmen, louder and clearer, more beseeching, more approving. She had never sung better in the choir in her young days, than she sang on the awkward ship lumbering through the ocean; and song is God's best gift of eloquence to woman.

And thus it was, moved by her own voice (it was all of her old self that she allowed herself to recognize), she would talk to the little group about her, lounging where they had knelt. One would have said, a mother talking to her children, after their day's sport or work, telling them what? Nothing, every thing, for when a mother talks to her children at the bed-time hour, it is not what she says that matters, it is the way it is said. The old nun related, recounted old things and new, general and particular, the passings of truth through the world, the incarnations of goodness in it. Through and in the world? What could a cloistered woman know of the world? Through and in her own life. Is there any thing in the world that a woman's life cannot contain? And cloister a woman's life, you but increase the horizon of her soul.

And when she would glance over her shoulder, and catch the glimpse of a crouching body behind a mast, a cask, or a pile of

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rope, her voice would rise again as it had done in the song, and the words would gain in distinctness and there would thrill through the tones such an expression of yearning, supplicating affection—it was not the voice, it was the very mother's heart itself, yearning and thrilling after her lost children; for, "a child is a child," she would say, "as the eye of God sees all." Oh, there can be no mother's heart tenderer to children than the cloistered heart of some of these nuns; at least, than the heart of the old Spanish nun.

The Captain did not sleep of nights, once upon the Gulf. As well imagine a money-bearer sleeping upon a high-road infested by cut-throats or a cut-throat sleeping in an efficiently policed city. The cloud no bigger than a span in the southern horizon, might prove to be the dreaded "stand and deliver!" or the whiff of breeze caressing the neck, the finger of justice feeling its way to adjust the rope.

Like a coward or a conscience-haunted culprit, the old hulk shambled through the waters, with its cargo, and passengers who unlike the Captain slept the sleep of the ignorant if not (what would be inapplicable to Rominet) that of the innocent. The dreaded of the coward and culprit, is the unexpected of the ignorant and innocent. The span-cloud in the southern horizon had caught the old nun's eye, as she looked around giving out the prayer; to her, lighted by the western glow, it beamed with the omniscient love of the eye of her motto.

The young novitiate saw it as she lifted up her head to sing; still burning and chilling, fainting and thrilling, under new emotions that played over her as if she were a window-set Æolian harp and they the wind; she fixed her eyes on it, and again seemed strangely wrought upon by the color and softness and the contrasting vast gray moving mass underneath, and her eyes seemed afraid to look and yet fascinated would look; and they shone, and her fair skin, tinted, as if the rush of emotion underneath were a rush of illuminating fluid.

The old trapper, looking always to the west of an evening, as to the east of a morning, recalled burning prairies, buffalo hunts, and the soles of his feet tingled as when speeding over the smoldering earth.

And the Chevalier, who remembered neither past nor future in the present, and in the present could feel only the dominating impulse, saw in it, as in the ocean in the noonday sky, in moonlight, starlight, or even in his own uncomfortable bunk down below, martial inspirations and personal achievement. The topmen saw it; and as they always did when confronted by either the unexpected or the inevitable, they cursed the Captain under their breath.

It did not steal upon the ship as clouds sometimes do, taking man and bark unawares. Lightning flashes laced it round about and pierced it through and through; and like a quivering eyelid the world opened and shut into blackness and brightness.

And as it advanced, growing in size and deepening in majesty, the dark waters underneath advanced with it; all the waters from the great unknown to the rear, leaping and quivering, running together surge upon surge, hurrying, hurrying forward, from the Gulf, from the south, muttering and groaning, hissing and swishing, paling and darkening under the cloud above.

And still the old ship skulking along with a furtive eye for turns where there was no turn, for corners where there was no corner, with the cloud pursuing after.

And then the thunder clap that called the halt—and—what the Captain had always foreseen voyage after voyage, had always hoped still once more to escape: the execution of judgment.

As he had foreseen, the crash of the easily shivered mast, the crack of the easily riven timbers, the tearing of sails, the snapping of cordage, the lunging from stem to stern of the infirm keel, the rushing of disheveled half-dressed passengers to the deck, the rushing of the murderous, mutinous drunken crew to the boats.

And far beyond the black waves still hurrying forward, wolves to the flood; and overhead the squall, paling the very blackness of hell, which had risen up in heaven.

"Oh holy Virgin! Oh blessed Jesus! St. Anthony!" The Captain rushed from side to side, as his vessel, rocking from side to side, dipped its guards under the waves.

"To the boats! To the boats, she is sinking!" The hoarse voices of the crew rose above the elements.

"To the boats!" The little band of passengers, huddling together, followed the crew; the old trapper carrying the old nun; the young novice clinging to him.

Then the scuffle about the boat; curses,

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threats, the Chevalier flinging men to the right and men to the left. Rominet edging forward, creeping under to get nearest the side; the vessel lurching, the lightning flashing, crashing, for lightning and thunder were one; the waves rising, cresting, to break over them.

Suddenly the struggling crew broke, making for the other side of the ship; the Captain was there undoing the ropes of the other barge.

"Dog! thief! traitor! cut-throat!" The maddened crew flung themselves upon him; jerking him, cuffing him, with curses such as no woman ever heard before.

"Children! children!" the voice of the nun could be heard.

"I shall get in! I shall get in! pirates! dogs! thieves! cut-throats!" and the Captain's curses overtopped the crew's. And still Rominet, his money girdle showing in the lightning under his drenched garments, slipped through them to the side.

"Your rotten hulk to hell with the rest!" yelled the crew flinging their captain again back into the wrecked rigging.

"Children! children!" called the old nun again. And the lightning gave them all sight one of another: the old nun raising her hand as if the angelus were ringing; the novice, her hair hanging, her garments torn from her by the waves, still clinging, still hiding her eyes; the pale face and naked breast of the Chevalier bending over the boat; Belisaire hacking at ropes with his tomahawk; Rominet, thrust back by the crew, rushing again to the side, to get in first.

The waves dashed the life-boat against the ship; it went to pieces; "rotten like the ship, like the Captain!"

"Take me in! Take me in!" screamed Rominet, again on the other side of the ship, at the receding barge. "A thousand! five thousand! ten thousand dollars!"

"Oh, holy St. Anthony! mercy! pity!" the agonized cry of the Captain broke from the deck where on hands and knees he was creeping through the water.

"Holy fiends and the devil!" roared the Chevalier springing toward him.

Another crash and another flash, the prow went under. Rominet clasping a water cask, ran before the waves.

"In heaven . . . ." The old nun dashed to the deck. "St. Anthony!" called still once more the voice of the Captain.

"Go to hell!" cursed the trapper, crashing the tomahawk through his skull. Another crash! It was the last. With the wild scream of liberated denuded nature the young novice clung to the Chevalier and closed her eyes against his breast.

And so the *St. Anthony* went down.

CHAPTER XIV.

Quique fois wou planté zaricots rouzes; zaricots blancs qui poussent.—Creole proverb.

Sometimes you sow red beans, and white beans grow.

MADAME ODALISE bent herself to the maternal task thrust upon her with all the minute conscientiousness of the microscopist. But never did saint or sinner have a more distasteful one, or one more at variance with natural inclinations. Childlessness, that secret grief of so many poor, weak, and religiously-feeble women, had been to her, like widowhood, a mere temporary fretting of her heart. She not only had risen above it, but she had risen above it in such a way as to have the appearance of having thrust it down below her feet; converting in heaven's own despite, as many tradesmen do, her very griefs into profits. "Heart-losses are milestones to measure our advance by," was one of her maxims, and then she improved upon it: "Tombs are stepping-stones to heaven," ascent being more expressive to her than advance.

She must have imagined that intercourse above would be carried on by means of such aphorisms and maxims as saints furnish to their biographers; and, not to be silent in a crowd of talkers, that horror of women, and animated by her old desire to please and captivate any society she was placed in, she taxed her imagination as she used to, in old days of bellehood, to furnish her with brilliant and applicable colloquialisms. And in the old days of bellehood, there was no one in the Creole circle, or French circle either, who could vie with her either for apt or brilliant sayings.

The Chevalier's child was commended as namesake to the most influential saints in the calendar. Marie, Anne, Joseph; it was painful self-denial in Madame to stop short anywhere, when partaking of sacred hospitalities, but she was more severely tested than usual when out of a calendar, she had to se-

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lect a half dozen, when a hundred would not have been too many,—when she had to slight hundreds, when one could not have been spared. In the darkest moment of her embarrassment, inspiration brought to her the solution, as only inspiration can; and the synthesis of the whole calendar, and the symbol of her whole endeavor, flowered into the appropriate name, for her and the child: "Pieta." Pieta! Foreordination was exhausted in it; it was as when woman was called woman, not only an appellation, it was a function, a quality, a destiny. Pieta! Nothing Madame Odalise had ever invented in the way of aptitude gave her more pleasure than that name; it carried with it the stamp of a denizen of Paradise. At first, invented for the child, the child, however, had so to speak, to become in its turn, invented for the name.

"Conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity," could a six months' old baby be more so, with such a paternal endowment of lawlessness as Madame Odalise knew by heart, and such a maternal legacy of what Madame Odalise knew by Christian intuition of a pervert from religion and a pervert from race? It all had to be eradicated—to immaculation, and regeneration forced upon nature. Madame Odalise's vision became ecstatic as she thought of making not one but two saints, carving not one but two statues at the same time; halos thenceforth came to her in couples, as if for twins. Nature cunningly assisted the process by turning the child in looks away from its mother's features; molding its face in the old Gallic mask of the De Tritons and notably of Madame Odalise herself; but the obstinate characteristics of the De Tritons, nature, wisely, for Madame Odalise's purposes, cast aside, fashioning the little one's temperament according to the model of sweet docility and humble obedience which Tinta furnished. But she grew and throve after the manner of both parents, who were pre-eminently pioneer children born to stand the discipline of frontier life and Indian neighborhoods.

The Chevalier's departure was a nine days' wonder, but the advent of his child, not only in the city, but in the neighborhood, in the the house, was one of those surprises which was limited by no time whatever; and gossip, which crystallizes around any dangling thread of circumstance, made stalactites in the way of parentage for the little orphan, and could have stocked a subterranean cave with the drippings which inquisitive prying of servants caught. As distributers of news, the world has yet to show journalistic talent that could compete with the enterprise of the good old domestic slave; what was done and undone, what was said and unsaid, nothing was to be kept a secret, in those days; it was as if the volume of the angel Gabriel was being continually prepared. The cottage itself, with its batten doors and windows, was so discreet and Madame Odalise so skilled in the dialectician's art of answering, without satisfying, inquiries, that the little interested world of New Orleans would have been deprived of some of its legitimate rights, had it not been for Didon; and Madame Odalise and her Pieta would most assuredly have been curtailed of some of their legitimate celebrity.

Didon told every thing, without drawback or reserve, telling as she would be told to. How, during the animal period, the little animal was trained into the trick performances of her age, only, with intent to her name, they were trick performances of piety; fixing her little hands in prayer, at a sign; bowing her head in prayer before holy images; kissing the crucifix; making the motions which meant the sign of the cross; all of which, as she had histrionic talent, the slave could make visible to her listener, with the addition of Madame Odalise's attitudes, expressions, and ejaculations.

As there were no parents to receive the first babbling dedications of speech, inchoate *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters* were celebrated and passed for the initial venture of the infantile tongue on the vast expanse of woman's talk,—were celebrated and passed only by the grace of the same Didon; for tempted as usual, and as usual seduced by Zombi, had she not far, far antedated Madame's pretty and pious conceit, by secretly imposing the easy syllables of her own heathen name, upon the indiscriminating tongue; substituting in her kitchen obscurity, her love-trained practices for Madame's stiff artificialities? Time is too short for the telling of a babyhood; with Didon's utmost endeavor much remained untold; for every day was a miracle of growth and expansion, every day a miracle of sweetness and prettiness, every day a miracle of God's goodness to childless women.

But in sober truth, the foul fiend himself could

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not have tampered more efficiently with the pietistic atmosphere of the house, than she who was named to be an expression, an exemplification of it. And this was one item, which even Zombi permitted Didon to silence. Call her what they would, she was still a baby;—and can any mother, or proxy mother, or even African nurse, practice the exercises of churchings, retreats, devotions, recollections, catechism, confessions, communions, fastings, disciplines, in fine, all the fingerwork necessary for the acquisition of the technical facility which in all professions distinguishes the professional from the amateur, with a baby in the house?—and it will have been seen that Madame Odalise had ambition to be far better than an amateur, in her art.

It was not a mere matter of time, it was a matter of concentration of will; and cannot a mother or nurse or any woman concentrate mind, apart from the heart, when the heart is in an infant, although its name be Pieta?

Massig used to say, that give him babies enough, and he could arrest the machinery of any convent of saints; and so if this were a device of Satan it was not an original one, although it was new in its application and entirely unsuspected. Disobedience did not enter the Garden of Eden more insidiously than irregularity, that sin-apple of the Church-people, into this garden of the Church. Mistress and maid, suffering themselves to be beguiled by their pleasures or their apprehensions, no longer hastened together to and fro, over the space between cottage and church; alternation of duty and pleasure seemed a necessity; and even then more and more single attendance became dependent upon the pap-fed will and constitution of a teething, mouthing, tottering infant. For weeks at a time, the neglected catechism lay swamped in Didon's mind; and it is doubtful if it ever recovered its pristine vigor as a contestant with Zombi, in her. And it is no less doubtful whether, in those rare intervals of mystical communion, when the spirits of saints and holy personages used to come as if to a rendezvous with her soul; it is doubtful, if Madame did not—as many a mother has done to the discomfiture of bodily guests—carry the child with her. Not outwardly, not publicly, but secretly, so secretly did the transformation take place; regeneration working degeneration. Not even the most intimate friend could draw an inference of the havoc of the interior devotional life that lay behind the closed batten doors and windows of the still, bigoted-looking cottage. The confessor himself who pried into Madame's conscience as he dared not pry into his own, ignored it; was the good lady herself aware of it? Did she not believe her own excuses and explanations when she bemoaned frustrated attempts and did penance for unwilling dereliction? When she accused the child, when she regretted its distracting presence, when she called all children "casualties, unseemly for spiritual eyes," was she talking of herself, or, like the Captain of the *St. Anthony*, seeking to propitiate a possible eaves-dropper from heaven?

Perhaps she did not know; perhaps her eyes and her mind from long practice, only on the supernatural over the supercomprehensible, had lost their earthly skill; perhaps she could not know, for to know a woman's heart surpasses many a woman's intellect, and a woman's affections are always her deceivers and betrayers. Thrust them, with all the determination in the world out of one door, and they will come masquerading through another one, harlequinading if need be, in the most sacred, most consecrated habiliments. Never had Madame Odalise uttered a truer word of herself and her sex than "A woman to be spiritual must at every moment say to her heart: 'Vade, retro, Satanas!'" She was fond also of figuring to herself the heart of a woman filled with worldly, as she called human, affections, as possessed of a cancer, on which the divine hand was continually operating; cutting here, burning there; tearing out by the roots somewhere else; eradicating ruthlessly; for leave a germ of cancer or affection in the organ—and the skill of the surgeon has been in vain. Madame Odalise herself knew what cancerous troubles were.

But the salvation of women, and of convents, lies in the transitoriness of babyhood; what a speck in the length of a life a babyhood is! A little more durability than an orgy; a little less than a passion. It is only a honeymoon of maternity, which waxes, wanes, and disappears, and leaves life pretty much as it found it; with a golden beatification of a moment to look back upon, at best with pleasure and longing, at worst with sorrow and despair.

Madame Odalise was just learning to laugh when Pieta's babyhood terminated.

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The end of babyhood for a girl was the beginning of convent. So it had been with Madame Odalise, so was it to be with Pieta.

For the men in the colony, there were other schools and discipline; education for them meant not a thing of books, but of swords, pipes, and guns; but for the women, the paternal eye of royalty itself—that royalty of France, who educated himself as royalty in women, he had provided for the needs of womanly culture in his far off province, by sending the Ursulines to it. It was the same as a royal edict, that henceforth the women of Lousiana should be educated, refined, and trained in all the virtues and graces of the trainable sex; and the Spanish king, not a matriculate, as the king of France was, had added to the original curriculum, a standard of such high religious excellence, that it seemed that he desired to make of Louisiana women, more than women, trellising them into Spanish devotees.

It was into this most favorable atmosphere for maidenly development that Pieta was transplanted at the age of seven—to remain until the next climacteric.

CHAPTER XV.

MONSIEUR MÉANCE.

And life again flowed in its old channels in the cottage. Before time had made up half another sufficiency for a babyhood, Madame Odalise was well set in her Sahara again—that is, returned to her bigotry, and Didon to the semblance of it; and the interior of the dwelling corresponded perfectly to its rigid exterior.

Some more of the cancer had been removed, and the place was healing according to the fanciful figure, but the very healing was a scarred distortion, which, added to other cicatrices, made the poor organism more repulsive in its wholesomeness than it had been in its disease.

As may be supposed, the lady's natural visitors, her relations, found intercourse with so austere a performer of duties whom they neglected unattractive, and going to her house no better for dullness than going to a church. To say that they neglected her would be doing them injustice; they only forgot her as did those other visitors whose attentions are a convention of society when they are not one of trade: friends—like the delicate plant that closes its leaves at the approach of night, the sensitive flower of friendship, folds its petals before the coming shadows of old age and trouble. Whether the mystical surgeon took money as an affection and was operating it away as a cancerous germ, is an inference for those to whom the simile is favorable; certain it is that the fire which laid the business portion of the little city in ashes about this time, cauterized away a considerable portion of Madame Odalise's subsistence in burning down a building she rented, and which she was not able to replace.

It was Didon who suffered most both from the withdrawal of money and the withdrawal of friends. Her nature was not formed for asceticism, and it is improbable, even if the catechism could have been domesticated in her intellect, whether she could have made profession of the same resignation to loneliness and a spare larder as her mistress. Without catechism, and without an ascetic nature, she could not be blamed for adopting a suggestion of Zombi, which had in view the frustrating of the manifest (according to Madame Odalise) will of Providence. It takes time for things to come about, time to relapse into arid bigotry after a May morning of baby enjoyment, time for friends to desert and funds to vanish, time for resignation and time for rebellion. Time was the commodity of which New Orleans never suffered a lack—and if it took Didon five years to comprehend and accept Zombi's solution of the situation's becoming more and more embarrassing, she was not more extravagant in her leisure than place and circumstances permitted. And if she had been more hasty, she had not perhaps been so successful.

When the old Chevalier de Triton married Madame Odalise's mother, there was another sister in the family who shortly after married; and when the province was ceded to Spain, her husband, who had more means than De Triton (who had no means, so to speak, only a way, his sword), was enabled to testify his disapprobation by returning to France. But he held on to his property, a wise thing for even the most patriotic to do, and instead of suffering, made money at the hands of his enemies. The property was a concession on the river bank opposite the city, upon which an agent replaced him, clearing, planting, buying slaves, developing, improving, and making money generally, as agents sometimes do, in a manner far superior to their principals.

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The large tract had by degrees been turned into a vegetable garden and orchard, which not only furnished the market, but which really was the market of New Orleans.

Hitherward Zombi directed Didon's thoughts, and hitherward about the same time his unfortunate destiny directed the course of the descendant of Madame Odalise's sister, Monsieur Méance Delaunay, or as he was called, to distinguish him from an older Delaunay, Monsieur Méance, or more familiarly by intimates and servants, Mémé, and Monsieur Mémé.

It was a long series of events that brought the Louisiana episode into the young man's life. That he had prepared it for himself, he refused pointedly to admit. It was a far different couch indeed, the one he was so assiduously preparing for his young limbs to repose upon, than this low, flat, swampy, isolated, stupid, ignorant, provincial Spanish-French lot, in which he was bid make himself comfortable. But to lie amid the luxurious satins and laces of his taste demands a certain amount of geniality and generosity from one's family; the amount, great or small, was more than was disposable by the treasurer of his family, who was his grandmother and also it may be remembered the aunt of Madame Odalise; aunt, not only by identity of blood, but by that far more salient kinship, identity of mind, temper, principles, and other furnishment of the soul.

That he should voluntarily in exile perpetuate the recollection of the author of it by frequenting the society of Madame Odalise, was what his epicurean nature forbade. One visit had been enough, as he expressed it, to satisfy the utmost exactions of his heart, and his heart had been the member of his elegant body whose exaction it had been most difficult to satisfy; in fact if he had said that his life had been in one incessant state of oppression under it, he would not have overstated the truth of the case.

Didon evoked what she invoked in the name of kinship—cabbages and potatoes.

It sometimes seems as if discretion is the great curse of the world. Could God the Father Himself be our Charity, our Love, our Goodness, if He did not see and know all for Himself? If each one knew every other one's affairs, could there be so much grief, loneliness, and suffering, even in the little river city New Orleans?

As has been seen, there was no discretion, no concealment, no silence in Didon. In asking for a loan of cabbages and potatoes, she could tell almost as much as the All-pitying Eye could discover in the same space of time.

Long before daylight the plantation's fleet of skiffs would cross the river to the city, and by daylight the buxom, broad-shouldered young negresses, with their hampers on their heads, would be calling in their musical voices the names of the finest and freshest vegetables to be procured that day in the city. And as it is a city where to know the good is to love it and to have it, at least in gustatory things, the hampers were not long in emptying; and before the sun was well in its place of business, the thrifty plantation could see its rowers and venders laughing and chattering, crossing the river again, fresh and hearty for the next task.

As to Bomba, the negro manager, he it was who marshaled the fleet and the rowers before day, distributed the hampers, loaded the negresses himself, and started each one off with a good slap between the shoulders and some new attractive cry; for he had a great talent for street cries, and sometimes made rhymes which sold the vegetables and fruit as well as their vaunted freshness and succulence,—when the venders returned, he received the proceeds of their wares and his cries, counted it, and sent the force back to the plantation.

And then he would wait, hour after hour, in a manner that would cause the old agent, if he knew it, to turn in his tomb. Mass after mass would ring, the church would fill and empty, fill and empty again; had it not been for the pleasant amenities of his race and kind, time might have hung heavy upon his hands; as it was, he had never more than learned the domestic occurrences of half of the good families in the city, for only the aristocratic interested him, when his master, Monsieur Mémé, made his tardy appearance, usually about midday, to receive the gross amount of the sales and after deducting his private expenses deposit them in bank, according to the simple avocations of the gentleman farmer of those days.

Bomba's most faithful antidote against ennui was Didon, and it may have been his advice that turned her to supplement the surreptitious cabbages and potatoes of the manager, by the fully accredited generosity of the kinsman.

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But he had much more than cabbages and potatoes to give. It was this weakness of Monsieur Mémé's to give always more than was asked for, that had contributed to his exile.

The way to the bank passed directly in front of the door of the old recluse, his relative; and it came about, as much worse things come about in this world, that from a first yielding to impulse a habit was formed; and as a matter of fact, it arrived that four days out of six, in passing he would use the knocker on the door. The first day it was fastened tight with the rust, and it pleased the young gentleman to remark how day by day its joints smoothed under his manipulations; very different were the rusted joints of his aunt's heart.

"Good day, my aunt!"

"Good day, my nephew."

"All well?"

"All well, thank God!"

"I thought I would look in a moment just . . . ."

To which there would be no answer.

"If you need any thing you know . . . ."

"God will provide, my nephew!"

Constant repetition of the same formula had worn it down to such facility and celerity that the gentleman's taste in such matters, and he had exquisite taste in every thing relating to social life, suffered and he strove with all the address of his polite mind to add to or amend his share of the conversation. Sometimes he originated that it looked like rain, or that he had a business engagement and must hasten—but this was all that an imagination usually prolific to a fault on such occasions could contribute. And in either case the excuse was fictitious, for there are some social spheres which are elevated above the petty eventualities of the weather, and he belonged to such an one. And as for business, Monsieur Mémé, after depositing his money in bank, had no business more important or engagement more pressing than his own pleasure. Inasmuch as he was a young man of family and fortune his business might have been said to be his pleasure, and in such a quiet place as New Orleans after Paris, it taxed his ability, keeping him on the rush, and granting him very little leisure to secure an ordinary competence in the way of amusement.

And this was the excuse his friends made for him, hearing of his daily devoirs to the cottage, that the old lady amused him; to have supposed any thing else would have been more amusing than the old lady herself, with her tall angular figure, her limp clinging garments, her rapt expression; her head in the air and her feet in flat boats, as the large shoes which she wore through self-abnegation or economy were irreverently called.

One afternoon Monsieur Mémé, in a flow of sparkling spirits toasted imagination. "Imagination!" he apostrophized, "thou goddess of the godless, thou saint of the unsanctified, thou guardian angel of the embarrassed, as Aurora clears the dawn, so clearest thou the half-light of the half lighted, as Flora scatterest flowers to bloom upon a dull, ugly earth, so scatterest thou those little flowers of thine which render dull, ugly life lovable, etc., etc."

His friends thought that as usual imagination had come once again in one of those critical moments of social life in which nothing less than the truth seemed impending. And so she had to follow the personification. For the formula at the cottage becoming daily more irksome and awkward, the visits had attained a degree of absurd ungracefulness unbearable to any one with so fine a sense of humor and grace as he,—and yet to omit them entirely was much like condemning one's grandmother to loneliness, isolation, and unimpeded descent into poverty. And Madame Odalise, more and more, seemed to be taking upon herself resemblances to the maternal grandmother, whose purse and whose principles were so rigid,—and these resemblances contended more and more with the similarly increasing temptation to relieve himself of a good-naturedly self-imposed duty. Then imagination suggested religion as a topic of conversation, and the situation was saved. Every thing, thenceforward, sped as on the wings of love; and while the old lady in a thousand different delicate ways, insinuated aids to reflection and devotion in his heart, he with no less variety, insinuated those comforts into her life which a man would not care to see even a disciplinary grandmother deprived of—comforts and alleviations of Didon's suggestion or inspiration—and the time approached, agreeable enough for both of them, according to their standards of taste, when they both began to indulge in a hope—she that his eastern duties would be resumed, he that he could restore

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her burnt property in a way that would appear profitable to him but would be so to her.

She opened to him the store of her aphorisms and maxims. He himself was almost an adept in such trifles of wit and words, eminently well suited to his mind, which, incapable of long reaches of thought, took great delight in the short brilliant flights. In his coterie at Paris, conversation was made of such flights, and the more ingenious the antitheses, the more loved and admired the author. As love and admiration were the rewards not alone of society, but of life for Monsieur Méance, he made aphorisms and maxims, as the preux of old shivered helmets and pierced breastplates. Madame Odalise did not contemplate her efforts in this direction with any more satisfaction than he did his. Even in Louisiana the recollections of them refreshed him. "Woman exists till love bids her live." "Love is the atmosphere, and hearts the celestial bodies of the real universe." "When beautiful women die they become roses—or when roses die they become beautiful women," he never could decide which were the better or more original turn. "Give me thy heart," asks the man; "Can I give thee the universe?" answers the woman. "The stars of heaven are the loves of earth," and so on. He in reality thought them as he breathed; and if they were all formed of the same recurring materials, stars, roses, love, it is because these formed the staple of his thought material, just as Madame Odalise's material was all sorrow, afflictions, crosses, and cancers. But while she gave him her maxim she withheld his, and although he composed many variations on hers, he never confided them to her. "Loves are the steps by which a heart ascends to heaven." "When I look back on my loves, I count them as milestones in my life toward the beautiful." "The heart is a garden in which cupid plants flower after flower," etc., etc. And of these variations he made most effective use in the salons, frequented by the beaux and belles of the élite, in which, for want of the Parisian sphere, he diverted himself by shining.

To say that Monsieur Méance pleased is to proclaim that he was handsome—and to proclaim that was useless, for as the expressive ladies used to voice it in their own way, "it jumped in the eyes of everybody." To say that he was clever and charming, was always to open a discussion. His qualities, like the qualities of any rich young Parisian of that day in New Orleans, were a fruitful subject of argument and often an occasion for the display of partisanship. Opinions ran close as to his final merits, and in a viva voce ballot—as the ballots of ladies are apt to be—two voices more or less, would often have consigned him to oblivion, as "an aristocrat of great pretensions and no intellect" or to fame as "a charming gentleman of fortune and wit."

CHAPTER XVI.

Montagnes zamè zoindes, do mounde zoinde.
—Creole proverb.

Mountains never meet, people meet.

THEIR success in turning out the femininely attractive might have been considered almost miraculous by those who did not know the specialty of the Ursuline sisters. They really seem in their abdication of sex to have retained the power of appointment over the charms they have renounced, and to have nominated beauties as other abdicating potentialities have nominated chamberlains, at least so one might think as recollection presents the long rôle of beauties that have passed from behind the convent grating of St. Ursula, into the little world of New Orleans; beauties whose celebrity has passed into proverbs, and even into the chronicle of historical pride.

And as for the interior finishing, the morals, or Christian piety as they were then called, the young girl in the convent could attain not only education, but erudition, history, mythology, chronology, and expunged literature; like treasures, they were there administered with a book-keeper's method—so much given out, so much entered against recipient. And such were the order and regularity in the venerable institution, that should one wish to know one's ancestress' weakness or strength in any given educational locality, one could find to the day, and enumerated by marks of conventual value, whether the death of Charlemagne had been credited with a good or the birth of Louis le Débonnaire credited with a bad mark.

But recognizing their limitations, the wise sisters touched nothing after fourteen. One can imagine the respectable Mother Superior handing the candidate then over to Nature,

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"à vous, Madame." The first term after the fourteenth birthday was the end of the curriculum, wherever the contestants were. Knowing, as it were, ceased then, being commenced.

It was the winter before the Easter about which Monsieur was trading the hope with Madame, that Pieta's age gave her education summary weaning. Madame Odalise had handed a bud to the convent, an opening bloom was returned; a year later and the magical beauty of the blooming perhaps might have been missed.

A carefully written report or catalogue of her accompanied her. All the seven years' details summed up in gross amounts; good conduct and geography, piety and chronology, vouched and certified for. But why quote from the report of the Mother Superior, or even glance at it, why not throw it down as Madame Odalise did, and gaze in despair at the bringer of it! For whatever of erudition or Christianity Pieta possessed, she possessed first, last, and most conspicuously what Madame Odalise had not noticed in her hurried furtive interviews with the girl at the convent, what the Mother Superior had not catalogued or valued—what, perhaps, all of her educational currency would have been incompetent to value; she possessed great beauty. Without circumlocution, as Madame Odalise estimated it, she owned a face that could triumph in a trice over all the virtues that a Spanish capuchin could invent in a year. The girl had had two types to choose from, and she had not stinted herself, she had selected the best, unfalteringly, in each. In her own most beautiful youth Madame Odalise could not have been more dangerously, more adorably, seductive.

The mariner whose calculations have failed him, the inventor whose idea has betrayed him, the maiden whose letter has miscarried, the general abandoned by good weather, the philosopher before the ashes of his youth's manuscript—in short, biography could have been exhausted and not have shown a more disappointing failure of a well laid, cherished scheme than that which stared Madame Odalise in the face as she stared at the face of Pieta.

The devoted! the vowed! the consecrated! the regeneration! the propitiation! St. Mary! St. Joseph! St. Anne! Pieta, forsooth! Call her Rosamond—or Bellegarde—or . . . .

In looking at her, Madame Odalise, who knew men, felt a distrust in her heart of her own Spanish confessor; was a distrust creeping into her heart also of those calm, severe personages, those prospective celestial companions of hers, whose elevation after death typified the earthly elevation of their souls; frozen zones above the tropics of the heart? Was ever a saint up there who looked like Pieta, or the companion of a saint?

"My child," she seized the cue of her conduct and language immediately, that face, that look must be nullified, no embraces, no warmth, no emotion, calm, cold denegation of earthly, firm, steadfast affirmation of heavenly, gifts. "My child," looking at her coldly and distantly, "do not imagine that you have only left a convent, you have also entered one. You will find here not only the same life, but a more disciplined one; a life not of the body, but of the soul. The life of the body . . . ."

Standing aghast herself, as at some stupendous failure, the girl looked and listened; her tall form, for in height she took after her father, seeming to droop, her eyes, the eyes of Tinta, chasing not the bright-winged butterflies that flit before the eyes of young dreamers, but black-winged horrors and frightening thoughts.

"The body is the sepulcher of the soul. When one looks in one's mirror, one should say, 'Behold the face of a sinner'; and the more beautiful the face, the more will it need the correction of scars to fit it for heavenly beatitude; the uglier, the more repulsive a face is on earth, the more beautiful it appears in heaven—the more beautiful on earth, the uglier in heaven. The saints turn in horror from physical perfection . . . ."

With the text before her, she could have unrolled reflections by the hour; the girl still standing before her, still looking for something she saw not, still seeing what looked like funeral thoughts in her staring eyes.

"Pam! Pam! Pam!" The cannonade from the now thoroughly amenable knocker rang through the house.

A humming bird could not have darted to a flower quicker than the heavy, clumsy Didon darted to the door, and a humming bird would have shown more discretion under the circumstances.

"It is by fixing the eyes above . . . ."

But Monsieur Méance was in the room, bowing as he had done at this hour almost every day, Sundays excepted, for three years

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past. Madame Odalise had forgotten the habit, but Didon who never forgot any thing but her churchly duties, remembered it.

The young man thought in his gallantry that Diana had put on the costume of a convent girl to play some farce on this incense-dried aunt of his; only Diana never had such a fresh morning dew of innocence glistening in her wide-open eyes.

For the chaste Diana was never innocent—which was a theme Monsieur Ménace had often descanted upon in the Paris salons before he had been sent out to the New World to recuperate his own innocence. Venus, he had maintained, was the more innocent of the two, inasmuch as she had been born and must necessarily have enjoyed a time of absolute ignorance, which means innocence. (In the Parisian world ignorance and innocence have always been accepted as synonyms.) And at best Venus had always been an ignorant, or as one would say, a rustic beauty. Whereas Diana on the contrary had come into life in a city, the Paris of the ancient world, and had come into it full grown and full wisdomed; consequently there had never been a time in her life when she did not know the world (and when a Parisian says world, he says sin).

Although it came from a young man who prided himself on knowing the world of mythology and the world of life with all the goddesses contained in both, it sounded more like a quibble than close reasoning. But it was neatly said, and the young men of Monsieur Méance's age and set in Paris enjoyed a neat saying almost as much as a truthful one, particularly on the charms of simplicity and ignorance; besides, their sympathies were rather with Venus than Minerva.

Whatever he thought or saw, Monsieur Méance betrayed it not, but went through his manual with presence of mind down to the weather excuse at the end.

Madame Odalise was preoccupied, summoning internal forces, digging internal trenches, throwing up breastworks, storing ammunition, promptly making those hurried preparations for an unexpected foe with the military energy which had recommended her fighting forefathers. None knew better than she the dangers and temptations she was discovering in the prospect ahead of her—it was a battle-ground she had been over before. She answered the young man abstractedly, almost throwing at him one of the homiletic sentences which were piling up like hand grenades to be used for sudden assaults of the flesh and the devil.

When the door closed upon the graceful, self-possessed, but mystified Monsieur Méance she calmly continued her address of welcome, the recipient still standing, waiting with all her unsatisfied wants in her eyes: "regularity, discipline, self-examination . ."

Monsieur Méance proceeded down the street to the Exchange, taking careful precaution against the innate maliciousness of planked banquettes, but gesticulating, ejaculating, talking to himself, abandoning himself as a gentleman of his inward state of excitation would naturally do, to the confidence of the sun, the air, or any other eavesdropper, stopping to repeat over and over again Didon's hurried answer to his hurried question.

"Her niece! Her niece! Of all things her niece! An incarnation of love in the house of a saint! Whew!" he blew through his lips. "Her niece! But how? But when? But where? A niece! Does my family hold indeed a niece? Oh, my grandmother! A niece! Mamzelle Pieta! Pieta! Pieta! Flower in ecclesiastical stucco! Pieta! Oh piety! What conceit! What egotism! What vanity! She stood looking like Mademoiselle Eve at the first sight of Monsieur Adam; her heart blossoming like a lily from her eyes! What a conception! What a beautiful conception! The lily heart of a young girl! The archetypal flower! The archetypal heart! Pure to an impossibility, and impressionable as St. Veronica's napkin! No, faith! It is I who am the napkin! A miraculous face, and I the image bearer for," he said "life," presumably he meant "weeks."

Notwithstanding his elation and his torturing state of intrigue he forebore to question any one about the niece, or even to mention her name, respecting not so much the evident reserve of Madame Odalise in the matter as the traditions of his set, which did not counsel the signaling the discovery of goddesses or demi-goddesses, one to the other, be they Venuses or Dianas! But like the good little girl in the fairy tale, he could not open his lips without a jewel dropping from it; a jewel of an aphorism or a maxim. At the feet of the most beautiful woman you sometimes find the impossible. "Lilies are the flowers that spring from a pure woman's, roses from a beautiful woman's, heart."

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"Lilies are the saints among flowers." "Piety," or as he called it, "Pieta is the lily of virtues." He felt that there was an enigma somewhere in the lily flower or a beautiful woman or the virtues, the answer to which should be Pieta—and the sense of which would be a mystification to his friends, but he could not properly frame it. "Why is the most beautiful of flowers the fairest of women? What should be the name of the flower of purity?"

He could not keep his mind away from the name or the enigma; it was something like the *entrain* of old days in Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

STILL WATERS.

Li zié n'a pas una balisaze.—Creole proverb.
Eyes have no boundary.

PIETA took the place assigned her in the routine of the house, and the routine of life. Her serious duty was to be religious; her amusement, embroidery and reading aloud the lives of the martyrs. There was no question of any thing else, and no more doubt in Madame Odalise's mind about the accepting than about the administering of her code, which in its definition and treatment of pleasure as sin and of pain as virtue she had found so admirably adapted to the maintenance of piety. But the Ursulines had an easier task than she. The impermeable walls of a convent are the only sure retainers of the volatile essences of youth and beauty—and the absence of mirrors, the only guarantee of self-unconsciousness; and the self-unconsciousness of youth and beauty is, in conventual parlance, their innocency. Madame Odalise did what she could; her increased rigidity and asceticism would have taxed the cloistral capacities of not one but a score of convents, and her discipline, as she had promised Pieta, was of an exalted inflexibility, which not only resembled but so far surpassed the girl's school days, as to make them appear a roseate relaxation in comparison. That for the interior; for the outside world, the precautions were minute; limited only by Madame's fears, and they were limited by nothing, for when memory of her own experiences of the impishness of temptation ceased, imagination gladly extended the prospect; and the imagination of a saint far surpasses that of a sinner in devising temptations.

Whenever they went through the street, the aunt would herself pin over the young girl's face the double veil, which has been well called the gallant's despair. And while she held the young girl's hand, well tucked under her arm, and Didon closed up the ranks well behind, according to private directions, she would detail the ever fresh and new maxims, which came inspired by the new vocation. "Guard thine eyes, and thou guardest thy soul." "The eyelids cover the nudity of the soul." "The eyes should be raised but to God." "The prayer of the spiritual woman should be, 'Make my eyes, oh God, blind, my ears deaf, my mouth dumb, except to Thee.'" Madame Odalise had her own particular reasons for selecting the eyes about which to rampart her maxims.

Still, with all her inflexible patience and dare-sin courage, she did not hide eventualities from her sight—in fact, she could not, and, in her despondency, she bemoaned what has been the supreme consolation of other women. Even across her moments of religious self-abandonment, there would flit distracting reflections as to the fallacy of the frailty of human beauty, and she would calculate what number of years it would take before Pieta's veils could be safely lightened or removed entirely.

Had she consulted Monsieur Mémé, who was an authority on such subjects, he would have answered most decidedly: "With impunity, never, Madame!"

The weather improved its promises, as this gentleman's business suffered a sudden relaxation, for he found the time not only to increase the length of his visits but their interest. He exerted with grace and ease those arts of conversation which had charmed a fastidious circle in Paris; and imagination, which had awakened at one time such rapturous gratitude for a solitary effort, imagination now seemed on the tiptoe of readiness always to drop pics like bonbons into his mouth. He had not to exert any thing to make the charms of his manner and his face felt.

The embroidery of Pieta was cross-stitch, that thread and needle heirloom of the nuns; a mechanical affair of counting and copying. It was as good as bigotry for transforming into stiff, conventual lines the sweet gracefulness of the human body; it was better than a punishment for enforcing silence.

"One, two, three, blue; one, yellow; one,

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red; one, two, three, four, five, six, green."

What the young girl thought as, raising her eye from blue to green, she encountered the animated handsome figure, looking so virtuously always at her aunt, not at her; or what she thought as she listened, who can tell? Or in her room afterward, what she thought as she recalled it, who can tell? She had none of the soliloquial facilities by which an outsider can penetrate into the inmost workings of a young girl's mind; and her convent trained tongue forbade a confession to Didon, which most assuredly would have been betrayed, and which would have furnished another way, although an indefensible one, of arriving at what must be left to conjecture. There is no member of the human body that responds so readily to training as the tongue, or shows quicker the lack of it.

Monsieur Mémé's tongue was franker, not only with himself but with others. It confessed without reservation that a daily sight of the silent, beautiful young girl with the downcast eyes, had become a daily necessity to him, if only to see them rise and reveal; he called them eyes of immaculate conception, whatever he meant by that, and whenever he thought of them, the necessity to look into them became so keen that it cut away his judgment and almost threatened his discretion.

He could never resist a necessity. In this case he did not even make the attempt. He not only indulged in the morning visit, but he indulged in it, as he would have said, with passion; for when he personally left the cottage, his mind remained behind; still talking and looking at Madame Odalise, still seeing Pieta; watching her eyelids rise, her lips count the stitches, her hands thread the needles; and then guessing at the rest of the day; the reading the lives of the saints, the trips to church, the prayers, the angelic sweetness, the goodness, the silence, in short, the all of her life that he could extract from Didon. At hours extremely inconvenient to himself, his necessity drove him to follow the ladies to church, or at least Didon, for she followed the ladies; and like a brigand he buried his face in his cloak, while he stole the looks that were elevated to the Virgin, and waylaid the sighs that accompanied prayers. And of nights, on his way to the plantation, he fell into an old Parisian weakness, that of window adoration, before the aperture which Didon had designated as the right one. And his mind became the haunting ground of considerations which never obtrude but to heighten love with the suspicion of sacrifice.

His friends had no need to tell him that he was young, rich, and handsome, and could not only pretend to, but claim, the hand of the best and richest in Louisiana; this he had worldly sense to know for himself. They also had no need to smile and insinuate about the Chevalier's woodland bride. He also as a man of the world knew how to classify the pretty idyl about the Spanish waif, the Indian rites, and marriage ceremony. That his parents in France would not only never consent to, but would never forgive, union with the child of such an idyl, he considered himself foolish to doubt. He had theories also of his own, cherished theories, which he had always intended to prove by his life, theories against the enchaining of a young man to a woman, matrimonially; and he had a keen sense of humor, that is, of the fitness of things.

"While my ancestors were jousting in tournaments," he said to himself, "hers were scalping one another. While my ancestresses had pages to carry their trains, hers were trooping naked through forests, with papooses on their backs." This thought alone should have been sufficient to extinguish love, but it did not. Love excited Monsieur Méance Delaunay's intelligence, and increased his sensitiveness only to triumph the more brilliantly over both.

He not only represented to himself the ridicule of his position by his friends, but he lent them his own wit to sharpen their ridicule with; supposing, with the egotism of the aristocrat, that to all of his friends, to the whole world even, the very name of an alliance between a Delaunay and a whole, half, or quarter Indian would be unbearable. Unbearable? yes—but, but, indispensable. Indispensable! so indeed it began to appear to Monsieur Méance, and the irresistible force of his silent passion became so great that one day, sweeping away all barriers, it flowed under the eyes, not of Madame Odalise herself, but of one who replaced ocular by auditory evidence of the fact. Thereafter Monsieur Méance manipulated the knocker in vain, and what he could not deny himself, Madame Odalise had abundance of firmness to deny him.

And thereafter for the young girl it must

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have been one lethargy of mass, embroidery, and mute cross-stitching of "Joseph vendu par ses frères." How much red there was where there should have been blue, and how many times three and five had been put for six and two, it would be interesting to find out by reference to the model. The idea of such a comparison as a test of the worker never occurred to Madame Odalise; and whatever deviations from the original of color and angularity Joseph and his brethren suffered at the hands of his copyist, were as unknown and unsuspected as the deviations from the original sample of angularity and coloring in Pieta's own organism. Holding the keys of ignorance and knowledge in her own hands, Madame Odalise felt as secure as when with her own hands she fastened the back gate against Didon's deviations. The cause of Monsieur Méance's sudden exclusion was not only not alluded to, but his existence in the world was as completely ignored as though it had ceased; only Madame Odalise led her little army more relentlessly than ever, over churchings, fastings, penances, and novenas, up the slow advance of that inclined plane which was to end in post-mortem recompense.

While Monsieur Méance just as surely retreated down the plane toward that other extremity where post-mortem punishments are awarded. At least so it appeared.

For the one restraint put upon him by the stern deafness of Madame Odalise, for the one cross that he suffered, he indulged in excesses by the score. It was not only gambling and absinthe, it was not only balls and banquets, it was not only love-making and love-breaking, it was not only the thousand ways by which relaxed gentlemen resent a disappointment in love, it was the million ways which the imagination of secluded ladies can invent for men to lose soul and body.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Macaque dans callebasse.—Creole proverb.
Monkey in the calabash.

If Didon's election had been certified, if her conversion had only been what it appeared, there would be another nun up in heaven this day.

If Didon had not told her of the young man following her to church; if she had not made her peep through the window at night to show her the young man standing there; if she had not made her understand the substance of the reason for his absence, how could Pieta have found it out? Can love, even true love, accomplish the impossible?

And Didon herself was more dependent upon Bomba for information than Cupid might have liked to own. Bomba got it from Monsieur Mémé's rowers, and he, when Didon came to him in the morning for vegetables, told her all or if not all, enough to reveal what might be all to Didon.

When Didon repeated what little she did repeat to Madame Odalise, the stern, thin face of the old lady looked as if it had had a cursory view of hell. It was worse than in the time of the late Chevalier, not that Monsieur Mémé was so much worse than he, but that their own standard, Madame Odalise's and Didon's, was so much higher.

It was to Pieta that Didon emptied the bottom of her basket, to Madame Odalise she barely revealed the nature of its contents.

"Of the world she knows nothing," so wrote the Mother Superior in her report about Pieta, to Madame Odalise. "Of men and women less than when she was born. Her mind is *tabula rasa;* may you maintain it so."

That was the finest blossom of conventual education,—innocence. Send them a mere human infant of seven, they restore you an Eve of fourteen.

If the negro rowers lied to Didon it was excusable on account of the sufferings inflicted upon them, and the sin must have been transferred to the sin account of their master. If Didon lied to Pieta, and heaven forgive suspicion of such a pious soul, she must have had urgent reasons tempting her thereto, or Zombi. And Pieta believed these lies, her credulity growing with her sorrow; she was only making good the Superior's report of her, and responding to her convent education; every thing was truth there, everything credible; a doubt of an orthodox source was a heresy, and Didon was orthodox to a fault. That Pieta could believe Didon, was owing beyond question to the eloquence of the Cathedral preacher, who had taken this occasion to unveil and denounce the seven capital sins, and whose graphic descriptions of the world and men and women in it would have given Eve in the same time a knowledge that could not have been obtained during two lifetimes in Paris.

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Oh the blackness of the world! Oh the Satanic beauty of sin! Oh the fragility of human resolution! Oh the perishability of human souls!

The appalling hopelessness of it would have frightened a braver heart than possessed by the daughter of Tinta. But where her mother had courage she had faith, and in the daily enlightenment acquired from preacher and Didon, she prayed with a fervency that might have made angels of every gentleman of New Orleans. And from day to day she awaited in faith an answer to her prayers.

It seemed a year, in truth it was only six weeks, since Monsieur Méance's last visit, but weeks counted by the day are long. And it was January weather. Four fair days, three cloudy days, and two stormy days, that is the program then as now for New Orleans weather. The fair days of blue skies and sunshine, flower fragrance and bird song, to make one love life; the sultry days to make one long for it; the stormy days to make one despair over it. At least it seemed so to Pieta. January is a terrible month for the masculine soul and for the feminine, too, and it is a terrible month for rowers to be kept night after night in a skiff on the river until daylight—at least so thought Pieta.

It was during the stormy days, Pieta sat with her embroidery under the eye of her aunt. It was a period when the limpid stream of a young girl's life was supposed to flow purer under supervision. The hour was the one when Monsieur Méance used to call.

"Tante Oda?"

"What is it, Pieta?"

She was going to ask something she was thinking about, but she changed her mind.

"That sermon last Sunday . . . did it not seem the true inspiration?"

"The inspiration of holy men is the condemnation of sinners. Satan does well to entice them from the Church. There would be, there would be no sin, were the Church our home; the Church should be our family, our friends, our past, our present, our future. . . . At the point of the bayonet, yes, at the point of the bayonet if necessary, should we be forced to recognize this. My child, when Satan holds down the eyes, when Satan closes the ears, then should . . . . instead"—— jumping to her excitable point, the excitable point of all of her set, and —start the conversation where one would—that, she must rush to, with her floods of resentment and eloquence, "to send them back, to rebuff them! With armed men to touch the holy body of every Mother Church; it was, it was—the act of a hangman arresting the mother hastening to nourish her children." Words could not convey, her face could not express the scorn, contempt, and anger of her heart, that the brothers of the holy office of the Inquisition should not have been permitted to chide sin, here in her own city.—— "Arrested and sent back in the dead of night by Miro? By Miro? No! by Satan, by the devil, by the fiend himself! The angels wept in heaven that day, to see the insult passed upon the mother of God! Blasphemy! blasphemy! blasphemy! A mother should correct her children. To save their bodies from sin, she should correct them. But to save their souls, to save a soul from everlasting hell, from everlasting hell, what is there a mother should not do? And as children should bow to our mother, even, even as when like Abraham, she raises the sacrificial knife . . . even if she asks the blood, the blood of one nearest . . . "

This was the way they talked when together, this was the tone of conversation Madame Odalise adored. The time passed.

"Tante Oda!" the girl began again after a long pause, a long stitching of her canvas; and again she changed her mind.

"I hope the weather will change, so that more can go to vespers to-day."

Her great eyes were haggard; one would have said that from looking, looking so much, they had been unable to close, even if, as her aunt said, the opened lids revealed the nudities of the heart. And her face—one would have said, that not each day, but each hour of six weeks, had been an eternity of suspense, waiting, inquiring, anxiety.

"Tante Oda!" she wanted to say, "Oh! Tante Oda! The souls, the souls out there, can we do nothing to save them? The souls in the blackness of the world, to die into the blackness of hell! The souls, Tante Oda! think of them, the souls of men. And life is so short, and eternity so long! And oh!—the torments, the tortures, the anguish! You heard the preacher! the frown of God! the scourge of fire, the hissing serpents, the hissing sins that have coiled around human lives, the cries, the groans, the tears, the supplications—too late! too late—and we, the saved, to see, to hear, and unable to succor,

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even so much as to speak, to look—not even the drop of water! Oh! the anguish of the saved! Oh! the hell in heaven! Tante Oda! For our own happiness, for our own sakes, let us go out, let us go out to the lost, to the sinning—Oh! Tante Oda! Let us go this instant to Monsier Mémé, you and I! Let us represent to him, let us implore him to save his soul, his life! He does not know, he cannot know! I would fall on my knees to him. 'Monsieur,' I would say, 'Monsieur, think of your mother, of your sisters, of your grandmother.'—Tante Oda! Let us pray for him. Yes, but let us *do* something also, let us force him to amend! Let us not sit here day after day copying little prints with our hands, copying little prints with our lives; and the men out there going to destruction, the great, strong, handsome young men, the hope of the world!—Is it to be a heaven only of women and priests!—Listen to the rain, Tante Oda! And look at the sky—that cloud! that cloud! It looks like the anger of God! And the sullen ugly earth! Does it not look as if it were full of sin and wickedness? Oh! the dark, gloomy, hopeless, poor world!—It thundered and lightened all night, I could not sleep for thinking; I could not pray for thinking.

"Did Didon tell you, about Monsieur Mémé, Tante Oda? He crossed the river last night. The more furious the storm, the more determined he is to cross the river. What is the use of my praying for his soul if he is going to lose his life? If the saints would but keep him from crossing the river! He does not even carry a scapulary, Didon says. Didon says the water foams mountains high. It is so black they cannot see their hands before their faces. The poor negro rowers call upon the saints and the Virgin, but Monsieur Mémé only curses them the worse for not rowing harder. The thunder claps so loud, they sometimes think they are gone, and the lightning, they can feel it burn all over them. He is always in a terrible rage, they have never seen any thing like it, and he looks so fierce, so fierce they get frightened. Sometimes they run into drifting trees; one time the boat nearly capsized, Didon says.—In the name of heaven, Tante Oda! so cold and so still! Do you not know? Can you not think? Do you not see?—One of these nights Monsieur Mémé will cross the river—but he will never reach the other side. The thunder will clap, and the lightning will flash,—I can see the boat go over—Oh God! I have seen it night after night! I see them go down, I see them stretching their hands above the waters, the black hands of the negroes, the white, white hands of Monsieur Méance, with the diamond ring glittering on his finger—I see the look in his eyes! I hear the cry from his lips! Oh to be a saint then!——

"How dark it is getting, and so cold, and what rain! It might be such a night as to-night! He is in the city—I saw him pass. Did you not see him pass, Tante Oda, a while ago?—That ugly, ugly river, I hate it! I am afraid of it. I have looked at it from the convent terrace, in daylight. I have seen it at night, peeped at it from the window when all were sleeping. Ugly always, but in a storm!—He will go down under it—and his soul, Tante Oda! Think of his soul! His young, handsome, brave, strong soul! . . . . Better a few more women lost, and a few more men saved!"

She wanted to say it, over and over again. She wanted to say it.—It was so poignantly loud in her heart, and still, when she opened her lips to do so—it was always and never any thing else but, "Tante Oda, the church," or, "Tante Oda, the sermon."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ça que ti bien ferè zamè ti mal ferè.
What's rightly done, is never wrongly done.

THE little city went trembling into the night, with clouds and rain and the memory of past storms and hurricanes thick upon her. The inhabitants of brick structures may have felt less acutely their own littleness and insufficiency in a combat with the elements, but those who were condemned by poverty or their own parsimony to the instability of wooden provisions, they could do little better, these householders, as they fastened their doors and windows, shaking and rocking with the house, than repeat the exhortation of their intendant, addressed as a consolation, after a past devastation by wind and rain: "Let us put our faith in the divine Providence, who will appease our alarms and remedy the evils with which we are afflicted. Let us give a last proof of our loyalty to one sovereign by not abandoning a country which we have conquered and preserved in spite of human foes and the elements leagued against us. Let

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us give to God the proof of our perfect resignation by saying with the holy man Job, etc."

The Mississippi surged and swelled under the wind now dashing its spray over the levee, now sinking into ominous hollows, as if cowed and quelled under the heavy discharge of rain, which riddled and honeycombed the opaque surface. There was no sun to sink, for for two days the sun had not risen. A hundred muttering thunderbolts would break and blast at once, staggering the earth with noise, and shivering the heavens with lightning flashes, and the wind would scream out as if the lightning hurt it.

The rowers lay in their blankets under the tarred cloth awning of the rocking, rolling Delaunay skiff, muttering prayers, holding fetiches in their hands against the elements; nodding in spite of their fears, and dreaming hell-dreams of the storm about them, starting to false alarms, waking to find the reality worse than their dreams, and sinking again with African impotence against sleep, into oblivion of danger and of their master.

"Here, Ulysse! Neron! Paco! Dalt! Fools! Animals! Brutes!" that was the way the master always accosted them in storms. "Idiots! here! are you going to keep me in the rain all night!"

They jumped out of their blankets, overthrowing the awning, tripping over their oars, jostling one another in their haste to help him into the skiff to wrap his cloak about him, to steady him on his way to the seat in the stern, while he took advantage of the lulls in the wind and the pauses in the thunder to vent his ill-temper upon them; making the unfortunate slaves responsible for losses at club and lapses of courtesy, disappointment in love and disgust of life, hatred of himself, hatred of Louisiana; daring the devil, daring sin, daring the very elements, when even to the bravest courage whispers, "Go not forth to-night!"

Didon was right! None but a desperate man were capable of crossing the river, so after a frolic. A soul in immensity were not more insignificant than this frail boat in the night.

The boatmen pulled and strained and struggled against the current, the effort forcing out shoal-grooves from them, as Didon said. The thunder fell over them, the lightning played about them, the waves broke over the sides of the boat, the whirlpools twisted them around, and the rain pounded into the boat as if to pound it to the bottom; two of the men had to drop their oars and bail, bail for life—as Didon said.

The furious water hissed and heaved about them; and the night so black, so black; the sky right upon them—almost mashing them into the river. They ran upon a log—all was over! No! no! not yet. The negroes called aloud on the Savior, the Virgin, while the master cursed because they did not row better.

That they ever reached the opposite shore was the miracle that always bewildered the rowers. As soon as the stern touched the gunwale, Monsieur Méance leaped out. When he was at a little distance old Ulysse lifted up a sodden blanket and pointed out the direction of the negro quarters to the huddled creature underneath, who had crossed the river and braved death in contraband.

"For God's sake," he said, "go!" It was not the first time that the ferryman had helped a woman of his race to a friend or lover—but he had never seen so desperate a case as this. It must, he feared, be for life or liberty.

"Not that way!" he called as loud as he dared, "the master!" But she fled as if she had not heard him, and disappeared in the darkness.

The residence was not far from the bank. It stood high up on brick pillars. The wind raged, assaulting it with might and fury; the rain ran down the stairway as if it were a gallery. The old negro house guardian lay stretched on his blanket inside the door.

Monsieur Méance stepped over without waking him and opened the door of a chamber where a fire blazed and wax candles burned brightly. He shivered with cold at the sight of it. Behind him came the figure that had followed him from the boat, running as he did through the rain, stepping as he did over the sleeping negro; meeting his eye as he turned to cast aside his dripping cloak.

"Pieta!"

Sodden by the rain, buffeted by the wind, but in her convent uniform, her hair, plaited in two long plaits, smoothed down the side of her face, exactly as she looked and stood the first day he saw her, when she reminded him of Diana. Fixing him with her eyes, which more than ever were not the eyes of a Diana, the daughter of Tinta spoke her words of barbarous simplicity.

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"I prayed for you to return and you did not return. I prayed for you to amend and you did not amend. I can pray no longer. I have come. If you had lost your life out there on the river, I would have lost mine. If you lose your soul, I shall lose mine."

Out there on the river! In that hell of rushing water, lightning, thunder! Out there with but one small plank between them and eternity! Out there, unflushed by wine, unpushed by bravado! She! The young man blanched, he struck his head with his hand, an exclamation of horror escaped him.

She stood looking at him. Had he heard? Did he understand? Had she said it yet? She did not remember. She had repeated it so often to herself, she could not tell whether she had said the words or only thought them; she opened her lips again.

The wind and the rain outside were still rehearsing their tempest; the time came for another clap of thunder, another flash of lightning. She closed her eyes involuntarily and like a child caught at something during the thunder.

Afraid! She was then afraid!

Afraid of that child's play here in the house, and yet, and yet ——. He crossed where she was and knelt before her. Her dripping garments brushed his cheek; he took her hand; he bowed his head, and he seemed unnerved, he that had laughed and cursed during the storm.

It was then that Monsieur Mémé made proof of himself. He repulsed it all back into his mind, his heart, the thoughts of the hell on the river, the shivering, trembling, agonized form under the negro blankets; the youth, the purity, the innocence, the beauty, his own unworthiness—and—oh! the raging of the elements in his heart! a Louisiana tornado in a Louisiana heart!—her love! her love! her love! Thrusting it all back, emotion pressing against eyes, lips, breast, he laid his forehead one moment against the little cold, trembling hand. It was so cold! so trembling! and he arose from his knees.

"Pieta!" he said, so natural, yet so unnatural for him. He was indeed the finished actor his friends accused him of being. Even his face was no longer haggard nor his eyes wan, as they had a right to be.

"Pieta! my sister!"

And she was so trembling, tottering, how easily he could have carried her. He lead her to a chair. Her long plaits were dripping, even her face, so pinched and blue and cold where the rain had pelted it, was glistening with water, but he did not touch them. He pushed her in the chair to the fire. She leaned her head back against the soft cushions and closed her eyes; whether he were in the room or not, she could not tell.

Mela, the wife of the porter, slept in the closet near by.

He called at her open door. That was what she was there for, to hear, night or day, the first call from the young master, Mela, the daughter of old Mela, the old housekeeper, and nurse of the old master. The grandmother would hardly have insisted upon his exile except to replace her nursing and supervision at the other end of the world.

"Mela!" he grasped the two shoulders of the half-dressed woman and whispered. A half word only is needed when generations of command and obedience have skilled the understanding.

By the time Pieta's eyes were reopened, he was still at the back of her chair pushing her into position before the fire.

She looked around; the bright fire, the wax candles; was this a dream or that other: the cry of agony that burst through her lips, when the night's danger came on after the long day's apprehension; the running through the streets, finding the boat, the lying there for hours, with the rain pelting, the wind blowing, the thunder and lightning—his foot grazed her as he stepped into the skiff—was that a dream or was this?

He called her name again. It was astonishing to himself the control he had over his voice, making it say Pieta so gently, so smoothly, so conventionally. Mela touched his arm. She was still half-dressed; her woolly hair sticking out from under her sleeping head-kerchief, her arms and neck bare. She held two smoking glasses on a waiter, indicating with a sign, the one for the young girl. The young man made a motion with his head in the direction of the river; the woman understood and nodded again.

"Pieta, we are both so cold, so wet! See, I am shivering worse than you," and he was shivering and trembling as he came to the front of her chair.

The liquid was so warm and grateful; she raised her eyes to him as she took the empty glass from her. It was the worst glance Monsieur Mémé had to stand. He moved

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away with the glasses; and though he drew an ottoman close to her chair, he sat so that they did not meet face to face.

It was not long; the exhausted nerves, the warmed limbs relaxed, the weeks of anxious waiting, the intense suspense, the cries of emotion, the fear, fatigue, and physical exhaustion ceased; Pieta slept.

For one moment he looked to assure himself of it. It would seem from his taste and characteristics he would have looked with a thousand other intentions. Turning on his heel he left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Ça on rivé dans semaine quatre zeudes.
—*Creole proverb.*

That will happen in a week of four Thursdays.

MADAME ODALISE was opening her eyes not upon the light but upon the darkness of another day; one of those days when early mass seems being celebrated at midnight, when Didon had to pilot the way to church with a lantern, and Madame made votive offerings of her wet feet and prospective ailments upon the altar consecrated to the day. By voluntarily assuming the inevitable, and putting it to the account of an approving and solvent rewarder, the domestic tribulations of but a single day could almost support the soul in piety, and overbalance any little discredits.

Madame Odalise in her self-abnegation and presence of mind, lived nothing for herself; if she enjoyed, that is, if what passed for such with her could be called enjoyment, she enjoyed to such a saint; what she suffered, she suffered to another, and indeed, nothing less than a divine bank could have received such an accumulation of deposits as she had got into the habit of making.

She did not need morning bells to arouse her; she could easily have roused the bells themselves, as she was in the habit of rousing Didon and Pieta.

This was the moment Monsieur Méance had thought of, this what he must forestall. The picture of his grandmother in the early dawn rousing her family for church; going from bed to bed, and finding one who should be there not there! One—and he urged his rowers to pull still stronger, still faster.

They were the fresh oarsmen whom Mela had roused; the dry, clean skiff she had had launched from the props under the house; but Monsieur Méance glancing at the sky above him, cursed himself for returning so late the night before—one half hour earlier, and he would be certain. The storm was slinking away ashamed like the nocturnal marauder it was, the wind and rain feebly trying to keep up a while longer their show of violence, the thunder in the distance sullenly muttering threats to return.

Day seemed to be breaking somewhere; but not there yet, not in sight of those brooding, leaden clouds. The yellow river, with its foam lashings, still frenzied from its midnight madness, broke viciously against the skiff, tossing in its way, trees, branches, and fragmentary wharf wreckings of wind and lightning.

The church bells might ring from instant to instant, and the stroke would fall unprepared! The cathedral bells were still far from ringing when the skiff landed at the city bank; and as if they might ring the next instant, he sped to the cottage.

His grandmother was older, much older, but Madame Odalise in night-cap and camisole did not evidence it. The life of a recluse and bigot ages a woman and debilitates her, as the young man saw—he had pushed Didon aside, running to the chamber ahead of her.

And the news he had to communicate!

"Wait!" he cried. "Wait!" raising his hand, any thing but that, her suspicions, her accusations of him, of her! "Wait!" and he told her, beginning from the first day, the first interview, himself, himself, himself—coming to the point; here and there going back again—to himself—still raising his hand and praying, commanding the old lady to wait—to pause—not to speak, not to say it until she understood all.

He understood it so well! It is only the young who can understand one another. The old see so correctly, feel so correctly. He understood her so well—the sweetness, the purity, the youth, the conscience, the divine conscience!—And he came to the place again when he must tell of it, the crossing the river, the storm, the—"I have prayed for you to return and you did not return. I have prayed for you to amend and you did not amend. I have come. If you had lost your life out there on the river I should have lost mine. If you lose your soul I shall lose mine."

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How could he relate that? How could any man? How could he find the voice, the eyes? And he with all his wit and philosophy, his experience and tact, was young. He tried—turned, looked, and flinging himself beside the old lady's bed, he buried his face in the pillows and sobbed.

Madame Odalise thought. The emotion, the tears had produced their effect. She selected the mildest offering of her mind.

"She must return; she must be brought back immediately!"

"Return! Be brought back!" The young man was on his feet again, his eyes now dry, his voice resonant, enough. "Return! not while I have life, or she either!"

"Do you mean—" exclaimed the old lady.

"Return! I have not touched her—I have not looked at her scarcely—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Madame Odalise with a voice as resonant as his own. "You dared not!"

"Dared not! Yes, I dared not! Not for you, understand! Not for friends, relations, church, government—No, no! For herself! for myself! She came to save"—dashing his hand over his eyes, his voice failing again—"but give her up? Not while there's a breath of life."

But that was no way to gain the point! He began now to tremble that she would awake while he was absent, would look for him, would ask, would fear, would tremble.

Monsieur Méance had never prayed in his life; perhaps he had had too little to ask for—perhaps he obtained it without the asking. Heaven as well as earth, seems favorable to so young, handsome, and attractive a man. But he got upon his knees now, and it is extremely doubtful if he could have prayed to his deity more fervently than he did to the old lady in her night-cap and night camisole, prayed with a simplicity and devotion that she could not have matched, and with a frankness that she had never dared. He told her all, all, bared his heart, until it lay at her feet as bare as her brother's babe, Pieta, had often lain upon her knees.

And he spoke of Pieta. This time, thus kneeling, he could speak of her. After all, what he said was mainly imagination on his part; or what is generally called imagination; but men cannot imagine any thing about a woman's goodness, purity, innocence, unselfishness, bravery, devotion, heart-truthfulness that does not exist somewhere in some woman as they find out themselves when they once love.

And when in the dim gray dawn of a woman's chamber, with the saints' faces, like latent spirituality, coming out of the twilight, and a far off devotional taper lighting the figure of the crucified One, when a man prays to a woman as if she were God, confesses to her as if she were a priest, bathes her hand with tears as if she were a mother, kisses it as if she were a saint; and when time is passing, and it is a question of confidence in a young girl's purity of conscience and intention—and so—of her security afterward—and he spoke of this, as if he too were a woman—and when it is a question of a young girl's awakening in the arms of a parent—or in those of only her affianced husband—and of the affiancing and the marriage—Monsieur Méance spoke not for himself—he could not have spoken so for himself—any more than the Chevalier could have spoken for himself when he spoke for this same Pieta. But it could not have been entirely the circumstances and surroundings. It must be that Monsieur Méance knew the heart of Madame Odalise before he made the attempt; just as the Chevalier knew it when he made his appeal. And both succeeded; for they knew well the heart of a woman was there, under all the trappings of ecclesiology, was there, as perhaps only Didon, the Chevalier, Monsieur Méance, and God knew.

The sleep fulfilled Mela's calculations; the awakening, Monsieur Méance's. Pieta opened her eyes on a rectified situation, on the conventional world which Monsieur Méance had created in the short space of three hours, and literally out of nothing. It was only Monsieur Méance himself who was changed, who was unconventional, or rather most conventional according to his standard. He was still sitting on the ottoman before the fire when she opened her eyes, her eyes of the immaculate conception. Again he knelt in obeisance before her, again he took her hand; but this time there was no restraint—he pressed it to his lips, "Pieta! Pieta!" he said. It seemed too much, even for him, even for the eloquence that had gained the morning's triumph. But he said it after all, although it took time. When he commenced, Madame Odalise was there; when he finished, hours afterward, she had disappeared, and it was as well. The storm? When had there been a storm?

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CHAPTER XXI.

Chaque bête-à-fé eclairé pou n'âme yo.
—*Creole proverb.*

Every firefly makes light for its own soul.

MASTER MASSIG had left New Orleans, as it turned out, forever. His after career, had he given publicity to it, might have afforded interesting evidence as to the stability of the philosophy in which he trusted. But like all such philosophers, he not only did not offer his career publicly, but took inordinate pains to destroy each chapter of his life as fast as it was finished, thus nullifying any efforts that might have been made to extract from his success the means to success in others.

The ship in which he literally took passage so arbitrarily, was engaged in trade on the coast of Africa. The Captain learning of his acquaintance with the human body, at least of Africans, welcomed the intruder with pleasure, engaged him permanently as physician, and was looking forward to a profitable companionship, when the *Embuscade* touched at St. Domingo. Here Massig disembarked as suddenly as he had embarked, and with as satisfactory a leave-taking.

He sailed on the next ship for France. The Captain, for reasons of his own, changed his destination at sea; instead of going first to Brest, he went to Marseilles. Agreeable to his determination of landing at the first port made, Massig turned himself adrift in that city. Walking the streets one day endeavoring to conjure wit and audacity into bread and a night's lodging, he recognized his own name on the sign of a respectable shop. Pursuing the discovery, he unearthed a relation, who, without much difficulty, found his place in the family and acknowledged him. For the gossip about his being sold on the levee and the romance about his mother were untrue, as such gossip usually is. He was in reality the son of a barber, who with his wife had died of yellow fever shortly after landing.

The worthy Marseilles tradesman with cordial kindness forced the hospitality of his home upon the young stranger; and after they had become intimate enough to warrant advice, forced that upon him also. This was, to go seriously to work and abandon wit and audacity as a livelihood, suggesting, that he adopt some profession, such as cupping or leeching.

Massig perceived the wisdom or necessity of a portion of the good counsel; but, with his usual brilliancy selected the study of medicine, which he had already practiced so extensively on the numerous clientèle furnished by the body of old Mirâcle.

Entering the school of Montpelier, he distinguished himself not only by his intelligence, which was to be expected, but by his assiduity and docility. He took his degree with credit, and established himself in Marseilles, as far as possible from the location of his relative. Fortune favored him, in that he found so many of the Marseillais suffering from the chronic complaint that had afflicted old Mirâcle, and their bodies yielded to the treatment practiced upon him, without any perceptible difference of color.

Not only the humble but the aristocratic, and what was more to his purpose, the rich Marseillais employed him. His credit spread until it became reputation, and by degrees extended until it reached the ears of a certain royal personage who, most opportunely for Massig, had, of all the maladies that afflict humanity, been elected to groan on the throne, from the same one that the poor old negro had moaned över on his pallet.

The celebrated Marseilles physician, Doctor Massig, was sent for. That was the culmination. The son of the barber spent the rest of his life at Court. He concealed so well his origin that no one suspected it; on the contrary, from the qualities of his mind, the nobility always claimed him; and he was not one to disallow such a compliment. The malicious observed that the royal patient did not die until the physician had amassed a fortune and secured a title. He never married.

It is related that when admiring ladies, as ladies will do to physicians, worshiped him, wondering how and where he had acquired such superhuman skill and insight, he would answer, "Mirâcle, Madame, Mirâcle." And this was the reason why the belief was prevalent that Doctor Massig was orthodox and pious, while on the contrary he remained to the end of his life the scoffer he was born, as the epitaph which he composed and requested by testament to be put over his tomb will show:

I lived once, who here now dead repose,
So who yet live, regard of life the close.
One moment have ye life's day-feast to keep;
This tomb is night; eternity's my sleep.

(*The end.*)

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A SYMPOSIUM—WHERE SHOULD A COLLEGE BE LOCATED?

IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

By Prof. Julius H. Seelye, D.D., LL.D., of Amherst College.

THIS question I can best answer by emphasizing the distinction between a college and a university.

The method and spirit of a university are those of investigation. Its aim is the enlargement of learning. It does not seek to perfect the worker but it takes the worker, already prepared for his task, and gives him the facilities for the best accomplishment. This fact itself indicates the best location for a university. A university will find a constant stimulus and strength in the energy, the enterprise, and the wealth of a great city.

But it is quite otherwise with a college. The method and aim of a college are those of discipline and culture. The college does not attempt investigation for its own sake. Its sole aim is the perfecting of its students. It seeks, above all else, the discipline of those comitted to its care—their discipline in body and mind, in intellect and heart and will.

But the most important power in the well-trained mind is its power of concentration—the power to bring all its resources to bear upon what it undertakes to do. The difficulty with most men is, that their energiès are scattered and cannot be collected and set at work at will. To gain complete mastery of one's powers, there needs the most careful training and, unless with intellects exceptionally endowed, this training is best conducted in a certain degree of seclusion. The whirl of a busy life, the excitements of a great city, are not best fitted for this work of a college. By and by, when a person has become well-trained, he can, perhaps, do his best work in a great city. But the influences most favorable for the work of a well-trained mind might be destructive to the process of its training, as the wind which fans to an intenser blaze the well-lighted fire would put it out if permitted to blow upon it in the process of its kindling.

The bodily, as well as the mental, training of the student is likely to be better secured in a country town than in a city. Whatever may be the results of the training furnished in the gymnasium, nothing can take the place of exercise in the open air. The freedom of the fields and woods, the exhilaration of the hills, the constant fascinations of nature in the wondrous variety of a country life, furnish the best and strongest stimulus for joyous and wholesome exercise. In Amherst College, according to statistics kept for the last thirty years, it appears that the average health of a student is likely to increase with each year of his college life.

It is well, also, that the moral life of a young student be kept free from the opportunities and incentives to vice furnished by a great city. No spot of perfect purity will yet be found upon the earth and the most secluded country town will have its temptations. But these are likely to differ in prominence and harmfulness as they do in numbers from those in a great city.

The passions and propensities of a young man being as they are, I would seek to guide them by the best moral influences in my power. I would carefully seek to instill the principles of purity and uprightness until these should control, if they could not destroy, every vicious impulse, but I should feel much more confident of success if strong temptations could be kept from the young man's way, until his purposes could be strong enough to meet and master them.

In my judgment, the tendency of our educational life will soon demand the separation of the college from the university. The method and spirit of these two are so different and they need such different surroundings and adjustments, that the attempt to keep the two together is likely to injure both. The best results are likely to follow the complete separation of the two, giving to the one the scope of the city and confining the other to the seclusion and strength of the country town.

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By Henry Wade Rogers, LL.D., President of Northwestern University.

THE answer to that question must very largely depend upon the purpose for which the college is established, and the nature of the work which it proposes to do.

A college of law or a college of medicine

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may well be established in a large city. The students of law will then have the advantages incident to proximity to courts where they can see cases tried by able lawyers, and it will likewise be possible for them to spend a portion of their time in the law offices where they will gain some experience respecting the manner in which cases are prepared for trial and legal business is conducted. And in such a city the students of medicine will have the benefits which come from superior clinical opportunity afforded in large hospitals. Colleges of law and colleges of medicine should be placed in the large cities. The largest law school in Europe is established in Berlin, and the largest medical schools are found, as a rule, in large cities. But I do not wish to be understood as intimating that law and medical colleges cannot flourish except in large cities, for the facts prove the contrary. One of the largest law schools in the United States is in a town of only ten thousand inhabitants, and the success of the medical schools connected with the universities of Tübingen, Bonn, Jena, and Würzburg has been marked.

But I take it that the question was intended to apply to colleges of liberal arts, rather than to those designed for professional training. A college which proposes to content itself with doing undergraduate work of an academic nature would best be placed in a small town.

It appears that most of the leading and successful colleges are those established in towns or small cities rather than in large ones. Columbia College is an exception to the rule, but the academic department of Columbia College has never flourished to the same degree that its law school has. And so it may be said that in the University of Pennsylvania, the academic department has hardly attained to the same relative degree of prosperity that has attended its medical department. The largest university in the United States, the University of Michigan, is in a town of not more than ten thousand people. Harvard and Yale are in comparatively small cities. Princeton is in a small country town. Ithaca, the seat of Cornell University, is a place of twelve thousand inhabitants. Evanston, the seat of Northwestern University, is a town of the same size. The largest university in Ohio is the one at Oberlin, a town whose population must be less than five thousand.

Some of the reasons why a college may best be established in a comparatively small place may now be stated.

1. In such a place the students will best do their work, for there will be less to distract their attention from their books. In a large city the attractions of society, the amusements of the play-house, the pleasures of the concert-hall, and the many things that are continually coming up to interest and attract serve to break in upon studious habits and seriously to interfere with a scholastic life.

2. In a small place, too, the professors can best do their work, and for similar reasons.

3. Again it is possible to live in a small place on less money than would be required to live in a large city. And this is an important consideration for both students and professors.

4. The fact should not be overlooked that in a large city the temptations to dissipation are of necessity many times greater than in a small place. Not only are the temptations more in number, but the possibility of escaping detection is so much greater in a large city, that the fear of being discovered has little or no restraining influence.

5. A college placed in a comparatively small town creates a scholastic atmosphere which is alike helpful to students and to professors. But in a large city this stimulating influence is lost.

A college of liberal arts is in my opinion, ideally located when it is established in a small place near a large city. In that way its students may avail themselves of the unquestioned advantages which a large city can offer in its magnificent libraries, museums, and collections of art, and at the same time, in a great degree, be removed from the temptations to which they would be continually exposed if they were within the city itself.

President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan.

I UNDERSTAND the question submitted to me to refer to the *college*, in the strict sense of the term. Professional or technical schools are not under consideration. I am of the opinion that the country town or the small city is a better place for the American college than the large city.

The constituency of the college in the large city is almost wholly from that city. This gives a local and narrow spirit to the body of students, and makes membership in the body

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less instructive and inspiring than life in the college which draws students from many places. Columbia College and the University of Pennsylvania have during their whole existence furnished striking illustrations of this fact. Parents are unwilling to send their boys to a large city for college training, and for reasons which are too obvious to need statement here.

It seems to me that the difficulties of securing good results from teaching must be greater in the college of a large city than in the college of the town. The student cannot be so imbued with the enthusiasms and inspirations of constant contact with his fellows and his teachers. He goes from the class-room to his home, and is almost necessarily drawn into the engrossing amusements and excitements of social life, or imbued with the mercantile spirit of those who are about him. Manifold distractions beset him and disturb the temper of scholarly serenity or divert him fatally from his books. This might not be if he were shut up in college as the student of a French *lycée* is kept. But such confinement is impracticable in the American college.

Not the least valuable part of the education of a student is received from this constant and close association with other students in inspiring intimacies of college life. In the small city or the town the college creates the atmosphere in which the student lives. And there is always something in that atmosphere which not only gives a joy for life to those who have breathed it, but also a certain scholarly spirit that is never quite lost. In the great city the college is comparatively unseen. The atmosphere is that of trade or manufactures or social pleasures. In the town the interest of the student is concentrated in the college, in the large city his interest is divided among many things.

Morally, the student is doubtless safer in a town, in which he cannot long hide his misdeeds, if he begins to go astray, than in a large city in which he is pretty sure to escape observation, if he desires to conceal his iniquity.

I think it may be said with truth that it yet remains to be demonstrated that an American *college* can be in an eminent degree successful in a large city, that it can in fact be much more than a local school. Though very large resources have been expended on the colleges in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and able men have formed their faculties, they have been surpassed in numbers and in influence by not a few colleges of far smaller means in smaller cities or in country towns. There seems no explanation of this except in the fact that the large city is not the best site for the college, whether it be the best or not for professional and technical schools.

IN A CITY.

By Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, of Columbia College.

THERE is a curious confusion in the American mind regarding the terms college and university, and I venture to predict that this confusion will last until two classes of institutions, with distinct and different functions, shall have been evolved out of the present chaotic condition. It is a mistake to suppose that the terms college and university are synonymous; and when Harvard and Yale are designated now as the former and now as the latter, it is not so much a misuse of terms as an indication of the doubt which exists in the minds of all as to the proper classification. President Eliot of Harvard is making the very hazardous experiment of transforming the old American college—which is a secondary and intermediate institution, corresponding approximately to the French *lycée*—into a university, in the German sense; that he is trying to lift the old college where boys formerly graduated at fifteen or sixteen out of its old class, which it had outgrown, into a new one, which, as yet, it does not fill. President Low of Columbia, on the other hand, is trying to restore the college to its proper function as an intermediate institution, preparatory to the higher study of the university; and he is superimposing the university as a new structure upon the secure and well-grounded foundation of the college.

I have insisted upon this distinction of the terms, because my answer to the query directly depends upon it. A college which, when restored to its proper function, would supply what in France is called secondary instruction to boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, ought to be situated in a country town where there are fresh air and fine opportunities for all out-door sports. The studies in such an institution are altogether disciplinary, and require no very elaborate apparatus. It is perfectly proper and in nowise

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humiliating to youths of that age to be under the supervision of masters who interest themselves no less in their moral welfare than in their intellectual progress. The surplus vitality which accumulates in every normally constituted boy, and which seeks vent in rough play and ill-regulated behavior, can be worked off in the country in all sorts of healthy and natural activities; while in the city it is apt to make its possessor a trial to all with whom he comes in contact, and moreover to lead him into vagaries of conduct that may be a permanent injury to him.

As will be observed, my reasons for giving preference to rural towns as seats of colleges, take more account of the advantages of the country than of the disadvantages of the city. But in the case of universities this argument no longer holds good. A university is a collection of schools where the best facilities are offered for advanced study and independent research. It consists in Germany of four faculties, viz.: law, theology, medicine, and philosophy, the latter including all linguistic and scientific study not embraced in the curriculum of the professional schools. There is no very good reason, however, why new faculties should not be added in accordance with the requirements of the times. In Columbia the School of Political Science is recognized as a university faculty; and the School of Mines, which is really a School of Applied Science, has representation in the University Council. It goes without saying that these schools, in order to keep abreast of the age, require an enormous apparatus in the way of machinery, laboratories, museums, libraries, etc. The medical school, in order to be efficient, has to be located where access is to be had to hospitals, which afford daily opportunities for clinics, and where practice can go hand in hand with theory.

A young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two ought no longer to need the supervision of the schoolmaster, but needs rather the strengthening discipline of life itself, which sooner or later he must encounter if he is to reach mature and vigorous manhood.

As a matter of fact the world's greatest universities are all situated in large cities. Berlin, Leipsic, and Vienna have of late years entirely dwarfed Bonn, Güttengen, and Jena. Oxford and Cambridge I do not take into account, for they are not universities in the modern sense, and scarcely profess to encourage independent research or to assist in widening the domain of human knowledge. They are merely agglomerations of colleges, with more or less mediæval methods of instruction. Their professed object is to train gentlemen rather than scholars. The two English seats of learning are therefore properly enough located in country towns, and they will remain just what they are as long as they are thus located.

By W. R. Harper, Ph. D., President of the University of Chicago.

THE reasons for locating a college in a city and not in a country town group themselves about four general considerations.

1. The advantages to the college in general:

(1) Its sphere of influence is thus expanded. The college has a special work and a general work. The education of individuals is not all it should do. It is intended to influence the community in the direction of sound learning. It stands for the dissemination of light and truth by its very presence in a community. The country college must in large measure, if not entirely, lose this influence. Even the suburban college practically fails at this point. To accomplish this work as it can best be accomplished colleges must be stationed at the centers of modern life, i. e., in cities.

(2) The college thus situated obtains the largest constituency. The want of this has kept country colleges in the back ground. This local constituency of a city (*a*) supplies a large number of students, (*b*) is composed of men who may be and are induced to give time, brains, and money to foster the college. It cannot be denied that the brainiest men and the largest wealth are gathering into our cities. City colleges will capture them.

(3) The city influences the college for good. Colleges naturally tend to isolation and scholasticism, to narrowness and indifference to practical human life. The modern city life corrects just these tendencies in the local college. Such an institution must be in touch with the needs and demands of the city, its curriculum must be flexible, its management and its intellectual spirit cosmopolitan, vigorous, progressive.

2. The advantages to the community in general:

(1) This is partially a consideration from

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another point of view of some of the reasons already presented. Why should we consider the community in determining the location of a college? For the same reason that we consider the community when we determine to locate a church where the largest number of people are and where the greatest help can be given.

(2) A city college always draws a large proportion of students from the city itself. They settle in the city, form a constantly increasing nucleus of educated men, constitute the salt of the community, lift it into a higher plane of intellectual life.

(3) The college in a city can get hold of the laboring classes in a directly helpful way.

(4) The work of college extension is in every way best accomplished by a city college.

(5) The plant of the college museums and libraries, not to say teachers, can thus do the largest service to the largest number.

3. The advantages to professors:

(1) They are broadened by the life of the city, preserved from narrowness and dry rot, brought into contact with business men, made practical.

(2) They have opportunities for larger influence.

(3) They can secure interest in their special lines of work on the part of those who will give money to build up their own departments.

4. The advantages to students:

(1) Opportunities of self-help for the largest possible number in the largest possible variety of occupations.

(2) Opportunities to see and hear men distinguished in all lines of thought and life.

(3) Opportunities to use great public libraries and museums of art, science, and archæology which our great cities are fostering.

(4) As a result of all this the student is under the influence of constant mental stimulus, the variety of which frees it from injury to his mind, and which under the guidance and restraint of the college curriculum becomes an immense force in the acquisition of knowledge.

(5) The larger variety of interests social and intellectual broadens and develops the whole man and thus fits him the better for modern life.

(6) This same variety of interests reduces to its lowest point the liability to temptation. The advocates of country colleges urge the demoralizing character of city life. The argument is all the other way. A bad man in a country college finds abundant opportunity. The necessity of secrecy cultivates a depraved and debasing kind of vice. Such a man can work havoc by corrupting his fellow-students to an extent which in a city institution is utterly impossible. In point of fact experience proves that, while in the city one is exposed to more kinds of evil, in the country town the quality and power of the seduction to vice are greater and the results more destructive.

By Prof. Herbert B. Adams, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University.

THE highest type of a university is catholic and cosmopolitan, not sectarian or provincial. The nearest approximation to the ideal university can be made in an academic environment that is metropolitan or at least municipal. Rural types of university life are historic survivals of monastic ideas of education, of country colleges, or else they are begotten of an individual, narrow, provincial, or sectarian spirit. The idea that universities can flourish apart from the world, far from great centers of life and society, is as false as the whole theory of monasticism. Neither men nor students can be properly developed by seclusion. The hermits of the desert were not free from temptation, and country colleges, from their very poverty of amusements, are exposed to evils more gross than those affecting city universities. The most dissipated students are usually to be found in small towns, where there are no concerts, no parties, no attractive society. The sooner country colleges abandon their monastic retreats or dormitories, and merge their cloistered life with larger civic life, whatever the local environment, the better it will be for public morals and good citizenship. The isolation of a country college from its local surroundings is as bad for the institution as for a town to have no railroad connections.

The greatest and most successful universities, whether in the ancient or the modern world, have been in or near great cities. Athens and Alexandria; Paris, Bologna, and Prague; Berlin, Munich, and Leipsic, illustrate this fact. The strongest tendency of English university education to-day is toward

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London, where Oxford and Cambridge graduates have joined forces in a "Society for the Extension of University Teaching," and where the demand for a great secular and teaching university is every day increasing. Like Berlin and Paris, the metropolis of England is already an educational as well as a political and economic center.

Professional schools belong to a complete university and can never really flourish in country towns. The best American schools of law, medicine, and even of theology, are now in cities. All great schools of learning need materials for work, a rich environment, a good food supply. Educational institutions, courts of law, hospitals, libraries, churches, museums, art galleries, society, business, capital, enterprise, energy, busy life, easy communication with the world,—these things help the growth of universities in municipal environments.

Country life and sports are good for college boys and girls, but the city university is the place for college graduates, whether male or female, who want to do advanced work under favorable conditions and to prepare themselves for the complex duties of professional, scientific, or literary life. The highest aims of university education are the advancement and diffusion of knowledge for the helpful service of man in society. To this end all the best forces of life and civilization should be utilized where these forces are actually to be found. A great university cannot be sustained in a sheep pasture or in an academic village. A great city is the proper base of support for a republic of science, literature, and art. Boston upholds Harvard. New York largely sustains Yale and Princeton as well as Columbia and other institutions. Philadelphia and Baltimore are both flourishing academic centers; and now ambitious Chicago, with a growing interest in art and letters, in great libraries and rare collections, is likely to repeat the experience of the commercial cities of Italy and establish a great university of her own.

Country colleges cannot long compete with city or state universities in advanced work. They must affiliate or federate with great academic centers, and thus become organic parts of a higher university system. Local and sectarian rights must be harmonized with states rights. The national or federal idea will finally prevail in education as in politics. The city of Washington is manifestly destined to become the head center of American university life. With the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, the Congressional and other libraries, the bureaus of education and ethnology, the departments of agriculture and labor, and the many branches of scientific work now fostered by the United States Government, together with the various existing colleges and universities in Washington, the federal city already occupies, like the city of London, a unique position in the educational life of a great nation.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*July 5.*]

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

GENEVA, 1st August, 1853.—I have just finished Pelletan's book, *Profession de foi du dix-neuvième siècle.** It is a fine book. Only one thing is wanting to it—the idea of evil. It is a kind of supplement to the theory of Condorcet—indefinite perfectibility, man essentially good, *life*, which is only a physiological notion, dominating virtue, duty, and holiness—in short, a non-ethical conception of history, liberty identified with nature, the natural man taken for the whole man. The aspirations which such a book represents are generous and poetical, but in the first place dangerous, since they lead to an absolute confidence in instinct; and in the second, credulous and unpractical, for they set up before us a mere dream-man, and throw a veil over both present and past reality. The book is at once the plea justificatory of progress, conceived as fatal and irresistible, and an enthusiastic hymn to the triumph of humanity. It is earnest, but morally superficial; poetical, but fanciful and untrue. It confounds the progress of the race with the progress of the individual, the progress of civilization with

*"Profession of Faith of the Nineteenth Century."

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the advance of the inner life. Why? Because its criterion is quantitative—that is to say, purely exterior (having regard to the wealth of life)—and not qualitative (the goodness of life). Always the same tendency to take the appearance for the thing, the form for the substance, the law for the essence,—always the same absence of moral personality, the same obtuseness of conscience, which has never recognized sin present in the will, which places evil outside of man, moralizes from outside, and transforms to its own liking the whole lesson of history!

Catholic thought cannot conceive of personality as supreme and conscious of itself. Its boldness and its weakness come from one and the same cause—from an absence of the sense of responsibility, from that vassal state of conscience which knows only slavery or anarchy, which proclaims but does not obey the law, because the law is outside it, not within it.

Geneva, 11th October, 1853.—My third day at Turin is now over. I have been able to penetrate farther than ever before into the special genius of this town and people. I have felt it live, have realized it little by little, as my intuition became more distinct. That is what I care for most: to seize the soul of things, the soul of a nation; to live the objective life, the life outside self; to find my way into a new moral country. I long to assume the citizenship of this unknown world, to enrich myself with this fresh form of existence, to feel it from within, to link myself to it, and to reproduce it sympathetically,—this is the end and the reward of my efforts. To-day the problem grew clear to me as I stood on the terrace of the military hospital, in full view of the Alps, the weather fresh and clear in spite of a stormy sky. Such an intuition after all is nothing but a synthesis wrought by instinct—a synthesis to which every thing—streets, houses, landscape, accent, dialect, physiognomies, history, and habits contribute their share. I might call it the ideal integration of a people, or its reduction to the generating point, or an entering into its consciousness. This generating point explains every thing else—art, religion, history, politics, manners; and without it nothing can be explained. The ancients realized their consciousness in the national God. Modern nationalities, more complicated and less artistic, are more difficult to decipher. What one seeks for in them is the *dæmon*, the *fatum*, the inner genius, the mission, the primitive disposition—both what there is desire for and what there is power for—the force in them and its limitations.

A pure and life-giving freshness of thought and of the spiritual life seemed to play about me, borne on the breeze descending from the Alps. I breathed an atmosphere of spiritual freedom, and I hailed with emotion and rapture the mountains whence was wafted to me this feeling of strength and purity. A thousand sensations, thoughts, and analogies crowded upon me. History, too—the history of the sub-Alpine countries, from the Ligurians to Hannibal, from Hannibal to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Napoleon, passed through my mind. All the possible points of view were, so to speak, piled upon each other, and one caught glimpses of some concentrically across others. I was enjoying, and I was learning. Sight passed into vision without a trace of hallucination, and the landscape was my guide, my Virgil.

All this made me very sensible of the difference between me and the majority of travelers, all of whom have a special object, and content themselves with one thing or with several, while I desire all or nothing, and am forever straining toward the total, whether of all possible objects, or of all the elements present in the reality. In other words, what I desire is the sum of all desires, and what I seek to know is the sum of all different kinds of knowledge.

[*July 12.*]

Geneva, 27th October, 1853.—I thank Thee, my God, for the hour that I have just passed in Thy presence. Thy will was clear to me; I measured my faults, counted my griefs, and felt Thy goodness toward me. I realized my own nothingness—Thou gavest me Thy peace. In bitterness there is sweetness; in affliction, joy; in submission, strength; in the God who punishes, the God who loves. To lose one's life that one may gain it, to offer it that one may receive it, to possess nothing that one may conquer all, to renounce self that God may give Himself to us,—how impossible a problem, and how sublime a reality! No one truly knows happiness who has not suffered, and the redeemed are happier than the elect.

Same day.—The divine miracle *par excellence*

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consists surely in the apotheosis of grief, the transfiguration of evil by good. The work of creation finds its consummation, and the eternal will of the Infinite Mercy finds its fulfillment only in the restoration of the free creature to God and of an evil world to goodness, through love. Every soul in which conversion has taken place, is a symbol of the history of the world. To be happy, to possess eternal life, to be in God, to be saved,—all these are the same. All alike mean the solution of the problem, the aim of existence. And happiness is cumulative, as misery may be. An eternal growth is an unchangeable peace, an ever profounder depth of apprehension, a possession constantly more intense and more spiritual of the joy of heaven—this is happiness. Happiness has no limits, because God has neither bottom nor bounds, and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.

The center of life is neither in thought, nor in feeling, nor in will, nor even in consciousness, so far as it thinks, feels, or wishes. For moral truth may have been penetrated and possessed in all these ways, and escape us still. Deeper even than consciousness there is our being itself, our very substance, our nature. Only those truths which have entered into this last region, which have become ourselves, become spontaneous and involuntary, instinctive, and unconscious are really our life—that is to say, something more than our property. So long as we are able to distinguish any space whatever between the truth and us we remain outside it. The thought, the feeling, the desire, the consciousness of life, are not yet quite life. But peace and repose can nowhere be found except in life and in eternal life, and the eternal life is the divine life, is God. To become divine is then the aim of life; then only can truth be said to be ours beyond the possibility of loss, because it is no longer outside us, nor even in us, but we are it, and it is we; we ourselves are a truth, a will, a work of God. Liberty has become nature; the creature is one with its creator—one through love. It is what it ought to be; its education is finished, and its final happiness begins. The sun of time declines and the light of eternal blessedness arises.

[*July 19.*]

Geneva, 1st February, 1854.—A walk. The atmosphere incredibly pure—a warm, caressing gentleness in the sunshine—joy in one's whole being. Seated motionless upon a bench on the Tranchées, beside the slopes clothed with moss and tapestried with green, I passed some intense, delicious moments, allowing great elastic waves of music, wafted to me from a military band on the Terrace of St. Antoine, to surge and bound through me. Every way I was happy—as idler, as painter, as poet. Forgotten impressions of childhood and youth came back to me—all those indescribable effects wrought by color, shadow, sunlight, green hedges, and songs of birds, upon the soul just opening to poetry. I became again young, wondering, and simple, as candor and ignorance are simple. I abandoned myself to life and to nature, and they cradled me with an infinite gentleness. To open one's heart in purity to this ever pure nature, to allow this immortal life of things to penetrate into one's soul, is at the same time to listen to the voice of God.

Geneva, 18th February, 1854.—Every thing tends to become fixed, solidified, and crystallized in this French tongue of ours, which seeks form and not substance, the result and not its formation, what is seen rather than what is thought, the outside rather than the inside. We like the accomplished end and not the pursuit of the end, the goal and not the road, in short, ideas ready-made and bread ready-baked,—the reverse of Lessing's principle. What we look for above all, are conclusions. This clearness of the "ready-made" is a superficial clearness—a physical, outward, solar clearness, so to speak, but in the absence of a sense for origin and genesis, it is the clearness of the incomprehensible, the clearness of opacity, the clearness of the obscure. We are always trifling on the surface. Our temper is formal—that is to say, frivolous and material, or rather artistic and not philosophical. For what it seeks is the figure, the fashion, and manner of things, not their deepest life, their soul, their secret.

16th March, 1854 (from Vevay to Geneva).—What message had this lake for me, with its sad serenity, its soft and even tranquillity, in which was mirrored the cold, monotonous pallor of mountains and clouds? That disenchanted, disillusioned life may still be traversed by duty, lit by a memory of heaven. I was visited by a clear and profound intuition of the flight of things, of the fatality of all life, of the melancholy which is below the surface of all existence, but also of that deep-

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est depth which subsists forever beneath the fleeting wave.

Geneva, 17th December, 1854.—When we are doing nothing in particular, it is then that we are living through all our being, and when we cease to add to our growth it is only that we may ripen and possess ourselves. Will is suspended, but nature and time are always active, and if our life is no longer *our* work, the work goes on none the less. With us, without us, or in spite of us, our existence travels through its appointed phases, our invisible Psyche weaves the silk of its chrysalis, our destiny fulfills itself, and all the hours of life work together toward that flowering-time which we call death. This activity, then, is inevitable and fatal; sleep and idleness do not interrupt it, but it may become free and moral, a joy instead of a terror.

[*July 26.*]

Geneva, 17th April, 1855.—The weather is still incredibly brilliant, warm, and clear. The day is full of the singing of birds, the night is full of stars—nature has become all kindness.

For nearly two hours have I been lost in the contemplation of this magnificent spectacle. I felt myself in the temple of the Infinite, in the presence of the worlds, God's guest in this vast nature. The stars wandering in the pale ether drew me far away from earth. What peace beyond the power of words, what dews of life eternal, they shed on the adoring soul! I felt the earth floating like a boat in this blue ocean. Such deep and tranquil delight nourishes the whole man—it purifies and ennobles.

Geneva, 21st April, 1855.—I have been reading a great deal: ethnography, comparative anatomy, cosmical systems. I have traversed the universe from the deepest depths of the empyrean to the peristaltic movements of the atoms in the elementary cell. I have felt myself expanding in the infinite, and enfranchised in spirit from the bounds of time and space, able to trace back the whole boundless creation to a point without dimensions, and seeing the vast multitude of suns, of milky-ways, of stars, of nebulæ, all existent in the point.

And on all sides stretched mysteries, marvels, and prodigies, without limit, without number, and without end. I felt the unfathomable thought of which the universe is the symbol, live and burn within me; I touched, proved, tasted, embraced my nothingness and my immensity; I kissed the hem of the garments of God, and gave Him thanks for being Spirit and for being Life. Such moments are glimpses of the divine. They make one conscious of one's immortality; they bring home to one that an Eternity is not too much for the study of the thoughts and works of the Eternal; they awaken in us an adoring ecstasy and the ardent humility of love.

Geneva, 23d May, 1855.—Every hurtful passion draws us to it, as an abyss does, by a kind of vertigo. Feebleness of will brings about weakness of head, and the abyss, in spite of its horror, comes to fascinate, as though it were a place of refuge. Terrible danger! For this abyss is within us; this gulf, open like the vast jaws of an infernal serpent bent on devouring us, is in the depth of our own being, and our liberty floats over this void, which is always seeking to swallow it up. Our only talisman lies in that concentration of moral force which we call conscience, that small inextinguishable flame of which the light is duty and the warmth love. This little flame should be the star of our life; it alone can guide our trembling ark across the tumult of the great waters; it alone can enable us to escape the temptations of the sea, the storms and the monsters, which are the offspring of night and the deluge. Faith in God, in a holy, merciful, fatherly God, is the divine ray which kindles this flame.

How deeply I feel the profound and terrible poetry of all these primitive terrors from which have issued the various theogonies of the world, and how it all grows clear to me, and becomes a symbol of the one great unchanging thought—the thought of God about the universe! How present and sensible to my inner sense is the unity of every thing! It seems to me that I am able to pierce to the sublime motive which, in all the infinite spheres of existence, and through all the modes of space and time, every created form reproduces and sings within the bond of an eternal harmony. From the infernal shades I feel myself mounting toward the regions of light; my flight across chaos finds its rest in paradise. Heaven, hell, the world, are within us. Man is the great abyss.—*From the "Journal Intime" of Henri-Frédéric Amiel.*

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THE DISAGREEABLE TRUTH ABOUT POLITICS.

BY GEORGE HEPWORTH.

THE fact that we are living under a government, republican in form, excites a degree of gratitude which is not disturbed by the consciousness that it is merely a form and not a reality.

Our theory is well-nigh perfect, but many of our practices would be better if we should put a live coal under them and fan it into a blaze.

Permit me to illustrate by referring especially to New York State, with whose affairs I am more intimately acquainted. If I seem to be invidious in the choice, you can safely lay the flattering unction to your soul that *ex uno* you can *discere omnes*. New York is neither better nor worse than other states, but when engaged in the work of vivisection, one victim will serve the purpose of many.

Orators tell us in glowing periods that our representatives represent us in Albany. It is a flattering generality, an effervescent metaphor, and a figment of the imagination. If they had an ordinary regard for the truth, and less ambition to win the applause of groundlings—and, incidentally, "cakes and ale"—they would say bluntly that the chief purpose of our representatives is to misrepresent us.

It may be a hard saying, but it must sooner or later come from the lips of some one, that politics is nowadays a business, a trade, a profession. The end in view is not the welfare of the masses, but the personal advantage of the office-seeker. His opinions are, in the great majority of instances, a mercantile commodity, for sale to any one who has use for such wares. His vote is also in the market, purchasable by lobbyists who have large axes to grind.

In a word, politics is not patriotism adulterated with deviltry, but deviltry with a slight admixture of honor and honesty.

There are some men in public life who wear their hearts on their sleeves; there are others who have no use for an intrusive conscience. The former will receive my statements more in sorrow than in anger; the latter will become indignant because they are guilty.

But you tell me, and with becoming pride, that the people are always master of the situation. The people are indeed King, but the monarch sleeps most of the time, and the power behind the throne runs the empire to suit himself. It is not the King, but the King's bosses, whom I criticise with "a rod in my mouth."

You would be more nearly correct if you were to say that the people always can be and should be masters. The changed assertion covers sarcasm, hides a disagreeable insinuation of negligence.

In some great emergency, and when thoroughly roused, the people have their own way. So does a landslide, an earthquake, a cyclone. At such times popular indignation becomes frenzy. The plans of wily politicians are torn to shreds and tatters, this man is wrenched from his office, that man is arrested for malfeasance, the other man packs his gripsack, gives vent to his remorse—at being found out—and takes the next train for Canada. In such contests the people are always victors. Their "grained ash an hundred times hath broke, and scared the moon with splinters."

The spectacle of a puissant multitude clamoring for honesty in high places and wreaking a righteous vengeance on rogues, pilferers, and conspirators, would seem to be very impressive, but I am just cynical enough to think it amusing. These expressions of popular feeling are merely ebullitions, spring-tides, freshets. They show what the people ought to do all the time, and suggest the pathetic and painful truth that they never do them unless they are exasperated beyond the point of endurance. If this Jove-like thunderbolt mood could be prolonged, we should have a paradise on this side of the Canadian line, while on the other there would be a good sized sheol.

But the masses are capricious. We—for I am one in the great aggregate—swing from extreme violence to utter indifference; we are either insane with excitement or in a condition of coma. The athletic exercise necessary to the performance of our whole duty, taxes our resources so severely that we indulge in it only once in twenty years, and are then so exhausted that we require a long rest.

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The politician—shrewd rogue—is acquainted with that peculiarity. When, therefore, the people become restless, when Vesuvius belches forth smoke and cinders, he suddenly changes to a monk as his prototype did when he was sick. That is to say, he is the first to cry, "Stop thief!" From a spoilsman soaked to the reeking point in all conceivable and inconceivable rascality, he suddenly turns patriot and hypocrite, and obstreperously demands reform.

When one line of business ceases to pay, he changes his tactics and has a new line of goods for sale. He leads the party that would build barricades in the name of liberty, equality, and his own pocket—and more than probably, he will play the unsuspecting people so shrewdly that in the end he may be appointed to the very place—as a white-winged reformer—which he tried in vain to purchase corruptly when he was a raven-winged rogue.

I hate these so-called citizens' movements, because such creatures as I have described are the only ones who benefit by them. There is nothing more pitiful or pathetic than such a movement, flying aloft the banner of honest government. It is generally little better than a ghastly burlesque. Of course, like the territory to which we hope never to emigrate, it is paved with good intentions. The loyal and true, a multitude of pure-hearted citizens, who inaugurate the movement, are beyond the reach of criticism. Their motives and plans are redolent of sanctity. They are crusaders bearing shields untarnished by dishonor, and wielding swords which have been consecrated at the altar of truth and honor.

They see at a glance, however, or as soon as the movement begins to take practical shape, that they constitute an untrained crowd, while they are face to face with a thoroughly disciplined opposition. Organization, therefore, is necessary. But they are all novices in such work, know nothing about it. They are willing to give money freely, and as much of their time as business engagements will allow, but these are all they have to give.

The moment they look about for organizers, leaders, men of experience in handling a campaign, this group of old stagers, who have kept well in the background, properly disguised as modest citizens ready to surrender their all—even their principles—for their country, volunteer their services.

It is a crisis of dramatic interest. If they play their game well, they win it, and the citizens' movement becomes a roaring farce. They take charge of all executive work, and begin to organize. From that moment you see a perfect machine, that of the enemy, and a ramshackle machine, that of the reformers, opposed to each other. The next step is a peculiarly interesting one.

These so-called leaders of the reform movement have been waiting for just this opportunity. It has come, and they propose to work it for all it is worth. They, therefore, begin at once—to lay plans to secure honest government? You dear innocent soul, will you kindly remember that you are not living in Paradise? What care these adventurers, with empty wallets and brazen impudence, for the people?

They have suddenly acquired a degree of political influence. Their sole object is to sell out the citizens' movement for their own personal advantage. To this end they open negotiations and make deals with the enemy. They have something to trade with, and ask a good price for it.

The reformers, meanwhile, think every thing is going on swimmingly. They dream of a great moral uprising. That is what they inaugurated, and what they have paid their money for. The city is to be wrested from foul fiends, and given into the hands of high-minded, honorable, pure-hearted citizens.

What would they say if told that their reform leaders, organizers, were at that very moment in conference with the "foul fiends" under cover of secrecy, and driving a mighty hard bargain in the hope of getting something more than the forty pieces of silver? These leaders can emasculate the new movement by the process in which they are expert and will do so the moment they hear the jingle of gold or get the promise of perquisites.

Thus you see that the thunder of your popular uprising is all tin thunder, theatrical thunder, and its lightning never strikes, at least not often. What kills your cause is carefully kept out of sight. When the polls are opened, the first bulletins announce that the fight goes merrily on. "Beware! Take care! She's fooling thee." There is scurrying to and fro. Strong men meet, shake hands, congratulate each other, and stupidly declare that it is as easy to reform the government as to turn your hand over. High spirits are

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rampant and expectancy is on tiptoe. How your nerves tingle because your native city is to be redeemed!

The next news is that the cause of reform is positively carrying all before it. Samson's hair, shorn by the Delilah of indifference, now hangs about his shoulders, and the old fellow is doing wonders. Sound the loud timbrel, bring out your harp of a thousand strings!

Later on, at about one p. m., some slight doubts fly through the air like dust. At three o'clock there is so much dust you cannot see, and at nightfall comes the astounding truth that, well, that unforeseen circumstances occurred, some trick of the opposition suddenly assumed formidable shape, and in spite of the efforts of your leaders, the victory at the last moment fell into the hands of the other party.

The bald, hard, stern, and brutal truth is, you have been deliberately sold out. You are the innocent victims of schemers who dug your grave while you were looking on, and drew from your own wallets the cash with which the spades were bought. They have buried you, with the apology of a hypocrite on their lips, and you did not even know that you were being gulled and swindled.

So much for citizens' movements in general. There are exceptions, but they are so few that they only serve to make the rule conspicuous.

Now suppose we follow the natural or rather the unnatural history of an election for the choice of Assemblymen.

I am quite within the limits of conservative statement when I say that if the newspapers can be kept quiescent, a majority vote in the Assembly is not difficult to purchase. The press is very much more feared in Albany than either the Lord or the devil. It is not conscience but the newspaper correspondent who whips our lawmakers into line, and either forces them to be half decent or to cover up their tracks with unusual care. The terrors of the Day of Judgment are as nothing in comparison with the terrors of a scathing, blood-curdling, truth-telling editorial. Suppress the newspapers, and you would have in the Legislature a first-class sheol of which his sulphurous majesty would have a right to be proud.

The pay of an Assemblyman, fifteen hundred dollars, will hardly cover his bill for cigars, "hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't," and the nameless convivialities and pleasures which he schedules as necessaries of life. Salary, therefore, is no allurement. His object must be either to serve his country for sweet virtue's sake, or—something else.

Our candidates are generally men of small means. We hope they are patriots, but we know they are poor. That they too frequently dispose of their patriotism in order to allay the pangs of their poverty, is a question not to be discussed by the initiated. If we follow them with ordinary powers of observation, we discover that if they carry both their patriotism and their poverty to the Legislature, they are likely to come home without either. The patriotism has been exchanged for the means to pay off a mortgage or buy a corner lot.

You ask, How do these poor creatures succeed in obtaining office? There's the rub. The good and wealthy neglect their duties. There is the secret of all the infamy with which we are saddled. The fault is ours, and ours alone. We do not want office; they do. We cannot make money out of it, because conscience and self-respect restrain. They can and do make money, have a thousand opportunities, and, if shrewd, avail themselves of every one. To us it is a bore; to them it is a bonanza. We refuse to do our public duties, are too busy, have other things to think of. They make politics their trade, and go into it with the purpose of getting a living. We have, therefore, no right to complain. If the present condition of affairs is criminal, it is our fault. If we are harassed by oppressive laws, if the treasury is looted, if robbery is rampant, we need not waste time in swearing at the thieves; it were better to swear at ourselves.

The public, for example, never attends a primary meeting, and yet that meeting is as important and as decisive as the first ten yards which a bullet travels on its way to the target. Well, if the best citizens refuse to go, then the worst citizens will take their places, "fusty plebeians," and give complexion to the approaching campaign.

A primary meeting has come to be a gathering of men, each of whom is the happy possessor of a pull. The object of the meeting is to sell these pulls for a price. They are not necessarily exchangeable for money, though they frequently have a market value of that kind, but they are always worth something,

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an office, a compromise, a concession, or a position for a henchman.

It is as safe as it is painful to assert that regard for the interests of the dear public does not intrude upon those deliberations. Dicker is called discussion, and arguments for honest officials stand for personal demands. There is some eloquence—with a motive—a very interesting display of tactics, pipe-laying galore, and pandemonium indescribable. The sole object is to grab, and the candidates are chin deep in pledges.

Then this meeting of free-born American citizens adjourns, the name of the successful trickster is announced with "acclamations hyperbolical," and the curtain rises on the next act.

Why was that particular candidate chosen? Well, he was the most "available" man, a word which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Being interpreted, it means that he can control this or that class of voters, or is anxious for the position and willing to supply funds with which to persuade the wavering. If you shrug your shoulders and ask why some prominent citizen was not chosen, the answer is that a man who has scruples is not "available." Well-known ability, unimpeached integrity, are the worst and last qualifications for a man who seeks office. What is needed is a man who can be used; none others need apply.

Now then the candidate is elected to serve in the Assembly. To support himself at Albany and his family at home on his slender income from the state, is an impossibility. But you need not waste your sympathy on him. If he is "a glib and slippery creature" he will make both ends meet and something more. He has a "place of potency," and unless the press hammers him, will wear good clothes and pay off a mortgage. One such said recently to a newspaper reporter, and there were tears of genuine sorrow in his voice, "You have pounded these bills so furiously that there is no money in them for me. I am almost sorry I came."

How can he make money? Why, good sir, he must make it. That is what he is there for. He is simply plying his vocation. Politics is his trade, and by his trade he hopes to make his penny.

The opportunities are many and various. The chance of detection is not worth considering. With "soaring insolence" he magnifies his office, preys on the lobby, is the obedient servant of the man who has a bill with a job in it which he wants to get through.

Corporations whose interests can be interfered with by adverse legislation find it easier to pay than fight. A simple law may seriously handicap them. The knowledge of that fact is a bonanza to our ideal patriot. He "strikes," as it is called, that is to say, he threatens to bring in a measure which will knock the corporation into kindling wood. What is to be done? Before they can right the wrong, they will be ruined. Their only course is to prevent the passage of this menacing bill. This is very easily accomplished. The striker is sent for, a conference follows beyond the reach of intrusive ears, a sum—not a bribe! but a token of personal esteem, a mark of appreciation—is agreed upon, placed in the horny palm of your honest representative, and the disaster is averted.

Such is the stress of circumstances, for many times it is a matter of life and death, that the corporation cannot help themselves. It is literally the only way out. But, you say, the legislator's conscience? Well, it is a minus quantity. He is simply doing business on business principles, that is all.

This is one instance. Time is too short to adduce all which occur to me.

And now you ask me if there is a remedy for this fathomless evil. Assuredly. Otherwise, let us invite some czar to rule over us and have done with it.

Our difficulty is that we have a government which ought to rest evenly on the shoulders of all good citizens, but which really rests on the shoulders of a few rogues and pilferers. In private life, we attend to our business personally, and watch its progress with solicitude; our public business we do by proxy, let any one who chooses attend to it, and make no complaint, provided we can escape the irksome service. In private life, our ambition is to do every thing ourselves; in our life as citizens, our chief object is to do as little as may be, and, if possible, nothing.

Then we growl and grumble because we are misgoverned, want mass meetings called as protests, and fail to attend them when they are called.

When honesty is indifferent, rascality flourishes. If, therefore, rascality flourishes in your district, it is safe to say that you have neglected your duty and the rogues have simply taken advantage of the fact.

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HORACE GREELEY'S BOYHOOD.

BY THEODORE TEMPLE.

I WROTE last month of what lies before a country boy who goes to town in search of fortune. The career of Horace Greeley affords a practical illustration and a profitable example of what one country boy who went to a great city was actually able to accomplish against obstacles to his progress which seemed well-nigh insurmountable.

Horace Greeley was born eighty years ago last February, on a farm at Amherst in New Hampshire. It was a very small farm, of fifty acres only, situated four or five miles from the village, and was made up of some of the poorest and hardest land to till in the whole township. It was either rocky and uneven, or moist and boggy. Only by arduous and persistent labor could the family wring a scanty living out of its thin soil. The plow had to be driven cautiously to escape the rocks and stones which lay everywhere around. Horses were few in the New England of those days, and oxen toiled over the rugged fields. Horace began to assist in the work of the farm almost as soon as he could walk. Before he could talk well enough to articulate the longer words, he could read; and between reading and study and doing chores, he was always busy. As the family was large, there being seven children, of whom he was the third in age, work was forever ready for his childish hands in that straitened household. He had to feed the chickens, drive the cows to pasture, draw water, and fetch wood, and assist in many ways in the tilling of the farm. Yet he found time to read every book in his father's little library, or which could be borrowed from the supply of the neighborhood; for everybody finds time for what he is eager and determined to do. The difficulty is in finding time for what you don't want to do. This farmer's boy had no more time than anybody else. The day had the same number of hours for him as it had for other boys; but it gave him time enough for farm work and for study. If he had been lazy, the case could have been different. He could not have found time for either.

In 1811, when Horace Greeley was born among these New Hampshire hills and rocks, the obstacles and the hardships in the path of a farmer's boy were vastly greater and more numerous than they are now. Those were the days before railroads and telegraphs. Travel was by stage coaches,—the progress was slow, and the fare was high. The number of books in possession of the people was small, and even the number produced was not great. Of books for boys specially there were very few; you could count them on the fingers of your hands. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was one of the chief of these, and the little Horace read it again and again with absorbing and never diminishing interest. He also read the Bible through from Genesis to Revelation. The other books within his reach were mostly of a sort from which the boys of to-day would turn as dull and dreary. At that time, too, and in the country more particularly, the artificial light obtainable at night was poor. It was furnished by home-made tallow candles or by pine knots. Kerosene did not come until fifty years after, and gas had only been introduced, experimentally, in a few streets of London, at about the time of his birth. It was not used in Boston until 1822, or New York until 1827, and in Philadelphia until 1835. In the Greeley household at Amherst, so scanty were its means of subsistence, Horace had only the light of pine knots by which to read after dark; and evening came early in the New Hampshire winters. Hence he took care to cut and keep on hand an ample supply of the knots. Lying down by the huge kitchen fireplace, he could read and study by their flaming light; for when the weather was cold there was no warmth in the wooden farmhouse amid the bleak hills except close by the blazing logs.

He had learned to read without regular instruction, probably under the frequently interrupted tuition of his mother, who was a great reader herself of the few books which came to her hands. He first went to a district school when he was three years of age, but before that time he had picked out words in the Bible. When he was old he used to say that he could not remember the time when he could not read. The school-house was a little

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building of one story and one room, a sort of inclosed shed only, rough and unpainted, standing at the cross-roads, unprotected and unshaded by trees. Hither the little Horace eagerly trudged through the snow as soon as his breakfast and his morning chores were over. When the drifts were too high for him to push his way through, then one of his aunts would carry him on her shoulders, or perhaps one of the bigger boys would help the little tow-head along the road; but even with such aid the journey to school on these biting winter days was hard work for man or child. Sometimes children would be lost in the drift and frozen to death. The log fences along the road would be invisible under their cloak of snow. The winter also took up more than one-third of the year, and summer came almost before the snow was melted in the shaded places and upon the high hills.

By the rules of the school the youngest of the pupils sat nearest the fireplace, in which great logs burned, and, therefore, Horace soon warmed his toes, but soon after that was done he wished he was farther away from the fire; for while those at a distance were too cold, those near by were too warm. He studied the English Reader, geography, arithmetic, and spelling. He also learned to write, the teacher mending his pen; for those were the days of quill pens only. Steel pens were first introduced into England at about that time, but they did not come into general use until long after. Of writing he made a bad fist, and he was a poor penman always. In the later days when he became a great editor, only a printer accustomed to his hand-writing could set up his manuscript without losing half his time in trying to decipher it. But of spelling he was always a master. He could out-spell every boy and girl in school; when the minister of the village tried to pick out words from the Bible with which to puzzle the boy, he had to give up the attempt as a failure, for Horace had already by himself tackled every hard word in the Book. His avidity for knowledge and his industry in acquiring it were so remarkable that a neighbor offered to send him to the academy of a town not far distant; but both his parents and he himself were too proud to accept the favor. Moreover the family were poor, and Horace must get to steady and uninterrupted work as soon as possible.

He could not afford the luxury of an education, and there was no Chautauqua system in those days to direct and help him in his home study. It could not have existed at all seventy years ago. The facilities for communication were not many and rapid enough. Books cost too much and were too hard to get. Postage was high, the mail routes were few, and the mails slow. Letter writing was infrequent; the increase in the number of letters posted was small; between 1800 and 1830 it did not keep pace with the growth of the population of the Union. The amount of money in circulation was comparatively little, business in the country being done chiefly by barter. Garments for the farmer's family were made from homespun cloth and were fashioned by the hands of the mother of the household. Fresh meat was a dainty confined to the season of the killing of hogs or when a calf or an old cow or ox was slaughtered. The supply of poultry even was not great, and gardening was rude as compared with what it is now. Few boys in the Union to-day, no matter how poor, fare as badly as Horace Greeley fared when he was a boy on the New Hampshire farm. Self-denial, severe labor, the humblest of living, fell to his lot. No hod-carrier, no street-cleaner, works harder than he worked, and none has food as poor and plain as that with which the youth of this great man was nourished. He was, too, a boy who was by no means physically strong.

When he was only ten years old his father was utterly broken financially, the homestead was sold for debt, and the Greeley family removed to West Haven in Rutland County, among the Green Mountains of Vermont. Here Horace, his brothers, and his father had to put their hands to the task of clearing a farm. Horace also took outside jobs, and by the closest economy was able to save a little money, even often after giving nearly all his earnings to his father. The entire family wore only the coarsest homespun, butternut-dyed, and made up by the ever-toiling mother. Horace's shirt was of tow of the same shade as his hair; he went barefoot in summer and wore cow-hide shoes in winter. Mr. James Parton estimates that during the whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he came of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended on his dress.

Fortunately he had the opportunity of going to school during three winters at West Haven. Here, also, he out-spelled every competitor; and when once, and once only, he

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missed a word, it was long before he got over the mortification. Then and afterward he was likely to look as if his attention was away from what went on around him, as if his wits were wool-gathering; but whoever thought to catch him napping made a sad mistake, for nearly nothing escaped his attention. He observed little things as well as great, and was only quietly absorbing knowledge when people who did not know him thought he was half asleep. They found that out when they gave him a chance to catch them tripping in a statement of fact or the logic of an argument.

His great ambition from his early childhood was to become a printer, and at West Haven when he was barely eleven years old he tried to get into the village printing office, but was rejected on account of his youth. Three years later, however, he was taken as an apprentice in the office of a paper at Poultney, not far from his home. Here he learned the printer's trade rapidly, as he learned every thing, for he gave his whole mind to whatever he pursued. He did not squander his time, and he did not waste his health and his money in drink, the prevailing vice of the region at that period. Both his parents were habitual in their use of alcohol and tobacco, but Horace Greeley never smoked nor drank. At Poultney while in the printing office, he had as an associate, Mr. George Jones, now the proprietor of the *New York Times*, and both of them attended the Baptist Church of the village; for the religious element in the character of Horace Greeley was always strong.

In the office of the Poultney paper he showed that he was much more than a quick and accurate compositor. It was found out that he was a mine of political information, especially statistical information, and, therefore, he made himself useful both as an editor and a printer. Yet his pay was forty dollars a year only; but he saved money. No matter how little he earned he managed to save money, though afterward when great success came to him he was a poor hand at large accumulation, never becoming a really rich man even when his opportunities for the acquirement of abundant wealth were many.

When he was in his twentieth year the paper at Poultney suspended publication and he went to Western Pennsylvania, whither his father had already gone to clear up a farm for himself about twenty miles from Erie. Horace turned in to work, as usual, for the family was desperately poor. At length, in order that he might do more for them, he got work at his trade in a printing office of Erie; but it was hard to find employment, so rustic was his speech and so uncouth his garments. It would not have been easy to pick out anywhere so ungainly a youth. Strangers looked upon him almost as if he were a tramp, or what we call now a crank. They thought he must be a dull and stupid fellow; but when they knew him better they discovered their mistake, as afterward did many other people who fancied that the carelessness of his dress indicated a corresponding intellectual deficiency. He had then and always a piping and squeaking voice, which assisted to mislead a casual observer as to his real and great quality.

Horace sent more than four-fifths of his wages to his struggling father, himself spending a trifle only, and saving fifteen dollars on which to start for New York, whither he had determined to go. He tied up his clothes in a bundle, slung the bundle over his shoulder, and sallied forth on foot. The country through which he went to Buffalo was then a wilderness. Buffalo, though a great town for that time, contained less than ten thousand inhabitants; now it has much more than a quarter of a million. Here he was able to take a canal boat and proceeded to Albany. Now all along the line of travel he followed is an almost continuous chain of cities and towns; but then the peopling of central New York was only beginning. The far west of those days was Kentucky, Ohio, and Western New York. The population of the whole Union was less than 13,000,000, and it was nearly all east of the Alleghenies and along the Atlantic Coast. Chicago was a mere hamlet; ten years after it contained less than 5,000 people. The population of St. Louis was under 6,000, San Francisco was unknown. In all Illinois there were not 200,000 people. Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and all the far western states were not even organized as territories.

On the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley arrived at New York. It seemed a city of prodigious size to this back country young man, but it then was of about two hundred thousand inhabitants only; now it is eight times as great. In New York, Horace Greeley seemed more than ever uncouth, and so difficult was it for him to overcome

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the impression made by his outward appearance that he had spent nearly all of the ten dollars he brought with him before he got a place as a printer. Then he had the hardest kind of work put before him. It was to set up a little New Testament in type of nearly the smallest kind made, in double columns, and with a middle column of notes in the type actually smallest. Other compositors had thrown up the job as unprofitable; but Horace Greeley stuck at it until he finished the task. Though he made poor wages, he saved money, nearly the whole of which he sent to his father. The strain was terrible for the young man. It was a test so well borne that it opened for him a career in the great city. He had shown the sort of stuff of which he was made, and never afterward had he any trouble in getting work. He took the task that came to his hands and he performed it well. That is the way to begin. People who must work for a living must not start out by rejecting work because it is hard or not of the exact kind they prefer. They must show that they are not afraid of exertion. If ease comes to them, it must come as the ultimate reward of early industry.

From that time onward Horace Greeley moved steadily ahead. He had his setbacks when he started out to publish a newspaper of his own; but he was not discouraged, and at last he founded successfully the *Tribune*, which on the 10th of last April celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. Men of renown, from the President through a long list of the most distinguished of our leaders, political, religious, and literary, then joined to bear tribute to the greatness of Horace Greeley. The memory of other editors once conspicuous has passed away, though they belonged to the same period as he. Even their names are now little known to the people; but Horace Greeley's fame grows as time passes. He was one of the really great men produced by our republican institutions and social conditions. He put principle and conscience into journalism, and he put them above any greed of material profit or any ambition of personal glory. The same devotion, to duty which made him sacrifice money and pleasure for the good of his struggling parents in his boyhood, led him to work for the good of the people in the manhood which brought to him as great a share of power and influence. It was a religious sense of duty; and now that he is dead and the rancor of the political contests in which he engaged so stoutly; has died away also, the world gives him the honor which was his due.

It is a life of which every American boy should know. He will find inspiration in it to fight his way against the difficulties in his path, and it will furnish him with an example of what industry, temperance, principle, and steadfast courage can accomplish. Of course, not every boy has the natural abilities of Horace Greeley, for he was a man of genius, and that means one only out of a great multitude; but the principles of conduct which governed him are equally applicable to every other farmer's son, and equally desirable for all boys who have their own way to make in the world. They cannot afford to dissipate their energies any more than Horace Greeley could afford the loss. The only oats for them to sow are those which yield a valuable crop.

If any boy who reads this has been inclined to bemoan the hardships of his lot and to grow impatient and rebellious because he has to work hard for a little money, or to perform his filial duty by helping his parents, let him think of the career of Horace Greeley. Not one of them all has so hard a time as he had amid the snows and the rocks of New England. Work as steadily as they may, they do not work so hard as he worked. If their prospects for the future seem dismal, they are brighter than were his when, clad in homespun, he started out on foot from his father's Pennsylvania farm, having all his possessions on his back, and only fifteen dollars in his pocket with which to begin his struggle with the world. If they are poor, he was some poorer. Even the mere growth of invention has made them rich as compared with him. The knowledge for which he had to delve comes to them on the surface; it is all about them. Opportunities of instruction and guidance which he could not hope to get are now free to every boy.

Yet, after all, the task of building up character and developing the moral muscle is as difficult now as it was in Horace Greeley's youth. The temptations to dangerous indulgence are the same and every successful resistance made to them increases in the same measure the strength and capacity for further resistance. The chances for American boys are as good to-day as they ever were; but the pitfalls are as many also.

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ENGLISH-SPEAKING CARICATURISTS.

BY C. M. FAIRBANKS.

IT is told of the days when Nast's caricatures of certain public men in the United States had made their faces as familiar as their names throughout the country, that the late John Kelly, Tammany's once eminent Grand Sachem, was walking down Broadway in New York. Suddenly he paused before a long-legged gentleman who wore a full beard and eye-glasses. The tall man stopped too. Mr. Kelly smiled, then hesitated, and when the long-legged gentleman's features relaxed responsively, and the light of mutual recognition was reflected from his gleaming glasses, Mr. Kelly put forth his hand and introduced himself to the Hon. Carl Schurz. Nast's familiar caricatures had made them acquainted and they met thus for the first time, each with the unuttered thought: "Well, your face is certainly familiar to me."

Both men had been victims of Nast's powerful satirical pencil. He had discovered their salient features, and while perhaps concealing or slighting their beauties, had exaggerated their characteristics broadly in the pages of the widely circulated paper for which he was then drawing; but in all the distortion of burlesque, the features of the men had been retained, and, though they met in the street as strangers, a common sympathy made them shake hands.

And that is the first principle of successful caricature; to retain a marked and unmistakable resemblance to the person operated upon, while using him to point a moral and adorn a tale. It is, of course, the first essential to the popularity of the artist that the object of his attack be always recognizable.

The meaning of the word caricature is not always understood, perhaps. In its original Italian form, *caricatura*, it signified to overload and thus to exaggerate. The art itself is indeed contemporaneous with the very earliest Greek and Roman art.

To omit all merely historical record of the birth and development of the art of caricature, and to come at once to the era of English comic art, it may be stated in a word that the first manifestations of this irresistible method of *reductio ad absurdum* in questions of public affairs were introduced into England from Holland, odd as that may appear, about the year 1710, when Dr. Sacheverell, the famous Tory parson, preached politics from his pulpit, and became the object of attack on the part of the Whigs. It was nearly fifty years later that the name of the newly introduced art was introduced into Dr. Johnson's excellent dictionary.

The caricature is, by nature, a thing of the moment, called forth by some question of the time, and which, like the wasp in the unscientific belief of the schoolboy, loses its sting where it has once implanted it. And for this reason works of caricature commonly have no permanent value, as, often, their art value is small; but no more interesting records of the temper of the times can be found than the collected drawings of Hogarth, the first of English caricaturists, Gillray his greater successor, or in a later day Cruikshank, Leech, and Nast.

Strictly speaking, caricature is whatever may be distorted or exaggerated in art with ridiculous intent, but its practitioners have come to be divided into two classes: those whose cartoons are directed to the destruction of opposing parties in politics and public abuses, and those gentler souls whose shafts are aimed at social foibles and passing follies. From Hogarth to Nast, the men who have achieved lasting distinction in the warlike field of political caricature may be counted upon the fingers of the hands, and without the thumbs either. But of comic artists there have been a plenty,—social satirists, simple humorists, whose mission has been to amuse and whose darts, aimed at human frailties, have not wounded.

The earliest English caricature was commonly anonymous, scurrilous, and not well executed; but its coarse and pungent wit suited the times. The English school of caricature, of which William Hogarth was the most distinguished example, was not fully established until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Hogarth's political cartoons created a sensation in their day, but his lasting fame is founded upon the social satires that came from his pencil in series and that he liked to call moral comedies. He was a

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wonderful story-teller, condensing whole acts of the drama, so to speak, into a single plate, and with unsurpassed delineation of character. But he was a strong and a positive personality, and was cordially hated by his artistic as well as his political contemporaries for certain qualities of arrogance and intolerance.

At the time of the death of Hogarth in 1764, James Gillray, who was destined to succeed him as the leader of English caricature, was seven years of age. He was in turn a strolling player, a student in the Royal Academy—the formation of which not many years before Hogarth had opposed—and a designer and engraver. He developed, with the early manifestation of his bent for caricature, a wonderful skill in seizing the vulnerable points of the object of his attack, and his drawing was better than any thing known before his time, in black and white, in point of design and composition. Moreover Gillray was not "a hired libeler," as were some of his lesser rivals and predecessors, perhaps not excepting the great Hogarth. He chose his own subjects and expressed in his cartoons the results of his own convictions. It is in respect of this independence and originality of conception that there have been so few worthy followers of Gillray among the hundreds of draughtsmen in the generation since his death in 1815. His collected works form a political history of the greater part of the reign of George III., besides giving pictures of the social life of the times not to be had otherwise.

Thomas Rowlandson, who was born a year before Gillray, and whose earlier pictures were in the political spirit of Gillray's, is chiefly known now among collectors of his pictures of the social and sporting life of the English people. He studied art in Paris and London, but his career in the former city was interrupted by an early inheritance that upset his moral balance, and he soon dissipated his fortune in gambling and other vices in the French capital. Returning to London he drew only as his needs required, but he was versatile, imaginative, and skillful, and was praised for his work by Sir Joshua Reynolds and applauded by his countrymen. He died in poverty in 1827.

Early in the present century one Isaac Cruikshank, now all but forgotten, won some passing fame as a clever draughtsman of political satires. His chief claim to the regard of posterity was that he gave to the world that very delightful artist, George Cruikshank, who only a few years ago died in London, mourned by a whole people with a feeling warmer than that of simple respect. George and his less distinguished brother, Robert, studied and worked with their father, and both entered public life as political cartoonists. But George's ambition presently led him into the footsteps of Hogarth, whose moral comedies he aspired to imitate; and with greater skill with the pencil or the etching needle than had his illustrious example, he presently achieved a new place in the public favor by his telling pictures in series, illustrating the foibles and vices of society and always pointing an unmistakable moral. He drew with great spirit and unbounded humor, employing with skill an immense number of figures and the utmost detail in accessories, and making every thing contribute to the telling of the story in hand. George Cruikshank was the last of the school of caricature that grew up under the reign of George III. He was the first of the modern school of accomplished pictorial satirists. He avoided the coarse and brutal tendencies of the art of his youth, and elevated it. The grossness that passed for wit in that earlier day is never found in the plates of the admirable and lovable Cruikshank. In a long life before the public he never drew a picture of which he need have been ashamed.

Following upon the advent of Cruikshank came the elder Doyle, "H. B.," and later his better-known son, Richard Doyle, the designer of the present title-page of London *Punch* and of many a grotesque fancy and comic scene. Then followed Robert Seymour, who invented Pickwick, the Fat Boy, and Mr. Winkle, about which creations Dickens was engaged to write sketches, and who killed himself presently when he found to his chagrin that the writer and not the artist was dominating the joint work and winning the applause from the public that the artist fondly fancied belonged all to himself.

The establishment of *Punch* in London in 1841 was a great event for the caricaturist, and in the pages of that paper have since appeared many of the cleverest and drollest pictures of the brightest men in the history of the art. Caricature then became an element in periodical literature, and the weekly

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paper has taken the place of the etched or engraved plate of the printshop window of less than a hundred years ago. John Leech was the first political caricaturist of *Punch*, and he has been succeeded by John Tenniel, a clever draughtsman and a dignified cartoonist, but lacking in Leech's drollery and exuberant humor. Leech was a satirist and the series of his drawings up to his retirement more than twenty years ago makes an unparalleled record of the political and social incidents of the time. Leech and Tenniel too have developed the resources of the art of caricature, though the later artist's range is narrower, as his technical skill with the pencil is greater than that of his immediate predecessor. The comic and satirical artists of the present day, here and in England, certainly are more skillful and finished draughtsmen than were the vigorous and violent men of a generation ago; and though bitterness in political caricature has not entirely disappeared, their drawings are characterized by greater good humor and a more innocent spirit of jollity. Our latter-day satirists and grotesque artists too have a mellower and finer humor, and their shafts of merriment oftener penetrate without pain and leave no poisoned wound.

Of the kindly satirists and amiable humorists of the *Punch* school, the most excellent of all was Charles Keene, who died a few weeks ago at an advanced age. He loved to play with the oddities of the Scotchman, the dominie, the green-grocer, and the old fogy—man and woman. He was a consummate artist and his humor in the delineation of character put new life and point into many an old joke of which he made use in his pictures.

George Du Maurier is the present comic historian of English society. He has had a great vogue and great influence on the manners and fashions of his day. A most careful and painstaking draughtsman, with a certain technical mannerism quite his own, he, more than any one else, has pictured and formed the social fashions of the time. His earlier drawings were of children, the healthy, hearty, picturesque children of English homes we have since learned to know so well. Later the relations of parents to their children came in for good-humored treatment, and finally the esthetic tendencies of modern society came in for their share of his humorous attention. His pictures for a dozen years past form a panorama of English society and its hobbies. He has drawn always without bitterness or malevolence.

His later drawings have commonly represented the parlor, the music room, the ball room, the hunting field, and the fashionable London promenade, each peopled with the same *dramatis personæ*. His letterpress would fit one picture, perhaps, almost as well as another. But years hence, when our ways and hobbies and fads, if you please, shall have changed, then we must turn back to Du Maurier's drawings for the best and most complete pictures of English society ever drawn.

Contemporaneously with Du Maurier's charming pictures in *Punch* have been Lindley Sambourne's manneristic but clever caricatures on current topics, Harry Furness' very clever drawing of parliamentary characters and subjects, and Carbould's neatly drawn, if somewhat commonplace sketches of sports afield.

Benjamin Franklin was the first American caricaturist, as indeed he was the father of American humorous literature. He knew Hogarth in London, and the last letter that the Englishman ever received was from the American humorist, diplomatist, and philosopher. Franklin was in London during the years immediately preceding the war of the Revolution, and he employed his pencil as well as his pen in the cause of a peace that was not to be.

From Franklin's time to Nast's there was no recognized caricature in this country. Even the war of the Rebellion evoked nothing of great merit in the way of caricature, though there were evidences in a rude way of a propensity to comic art, and many pictures bearing upon the issues of the day and illustrating the heated condition of the public temper were printed in the newspapers, in handbills, and especially upon envelopes. A scrap-book filled with these envelopes bearing all sorts of defiances and threats, collected by William B. Thomas, postmaster at New York during the War, is now in the museum of the Historical Society of New York City.

But it was the war that produced Th. Nast. Then but a boy of eighteen, and but just returned from the campaign in Italy where he rode with Garibaldi, the young Bavarian artist was fired with patriotism, and he drew a series of inspired pictures for *Harper's*

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Weekly, emblematic of the virtues of peace and union and of bravery and patriotism. They were a comfort to the citizen in those trying days, and a cheer to the soldier whom they reached by the campfire. He was drawing then in dead earnest (as indeed he has ever done) but there was no element of caricature in these earlier works of the devoted young artist. It remained for Andrew Johnson, on his famous tour "round the circle," to touch Nast's sense of the ridiculous and give first inspiration to that comic genius, the development of which placed him in the list with Gillray and Leech. His pictures in *Harper's Weekly*, which had so much to do with the breaking down of the Tweed Ring, which surrounded and emptied the New York City treasury, have never been excelled in power, in fertility of invention, fearless aggressiveness, and cutting wit. In fact, so irresistible was the force of his lampoon that the guilty robber chief, Boss Tweed, sent an emissary to suggest to the cartoonist that if he desired to realize his original ambition of becoming a painter of historical subjects, provision would be made for his studying abroad, at whatever cost, if he would only leave the country. It is not necessary to say that Mr. Nast remained at his post, and Tweed it was that left.

There are sure to be differences of opinion on questions of party politics, and it cannot be expected always that men will agree as to the fairness of Nast's partisan views as expressed in caricatures. But it is certain that they are honest views always, and strictly those of the man whose curious signature is so well known. Mr. Nast has always been a defender of American institutions, a devoted guardian of the public schools, a friend of the soldiers, and, so far as "the time has given it proof," he has always been on the side of right.

Nast's work has had the greatest influence in the development of our present caricature. Other and younger men who have won recognition have been his imitators and disciples; and their condition has been improved and their work better appreciated and rewarded by reason of his achievements and influence.

Joseph Keppler, of *Puck*, Bernhard Gillam and Grant E. Hamilton, of *Judge*, are men who show the influence of Nast in the field of political caricature. Keppler had advantages of art training in Vienna, where he was born, and in Italy, but it was a long time after he came to America before his work attracted any attention except for certain artistic and graceful characteristics. He drew with great facility for several papers in New York and St. Louis, but it was not until he started *Puck* that he found the right field. He is a capital caricaturist, but his merit lies chiefly in the clever and comical delineation of the suggested subject, and it does not show that he is a man of especially strong convictions. His style is broad and Teutonic, and he is often powerful and always fearless.

Bernhard Gillam has made a rapid success on *Judge*. He studied law as a young man, meantime sketching at his leisure, and later did work for the *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Puck*, and *Judge*. His work is often original, but is apt to be ponderous in its humor and lacking in pure fun. He draws well but with apparent care rather than with an inspired pencil. Mr. Hamilton, of *Judge*, a still younger man, has a clever vein of humor and the faculty of expressing it. He began life as a machinist, started out first under the tuition of a house and sign painter, and afterward painted cheap auction pictures, meantime sending sketches to the New York illustrated papers until he had won recognition.

Among the comic artists and social satirists—character artists as some of them like to be called—there are a number of men in New York who draw charmingly. They are primarily artists, whose ambitions are above the comic work that they do so well, men who expect some day to be painters, and some of whom will realize their ambitions. C. Jay Taylor, for instance, is a graceful and talented draughtsman who has done much black and white of real artistic value, but who is entitled to rank with the comic artists by reason of his satires on the "Tailor-Made Girl" and the fashionable set of New York. M. Woolf is a veteran who aspired in early life to paint but now draws comic sketches of the child-life in the tenement districts. Fred Opper, of *Puck*, was one of the earliest of the men to find fun in the discomforts of the man who lived in the suburbs, and in domestic emergencies and mishappenings, and within certain definite limitations he is humorous. Syd. B. Griffin is a newer man with a facility with the pencil and an apparently inexhaustible fund of humor. Eugene Zimmerman was one of *Puck's* importations from Switzer-

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land, whose forte lies in the grotesque. He is now on *Judge* and no one of the comic artists of the day seems fuller of fun of the broad and irrepressible character.

Thomas Worth, of *Texas Siftings*, is one of the veterans in caricature. He has perhaps done more work than any of his contemporaries in the same period, and if it has not won for him a high place in comic art, it is for no lack of industry. C. G. Bush, of *Harper's*, is one of the clever comic artists who have studied for higher things. He is a finished draughtsman in serious work as well, but as a caricaturist he deals with the grotesque countryman or grotesquely citified ward "heeler" in a style quite his own.

But the list of the pictorial humorists and satirists of the day in New York is almost without end, and even the admirable men among them are so numerous that I cannot mention them all. I must content myself with a sort of condensed catalogue of the remaining names of the fanciful delineators of the droll or humorous incidents or aspects of our modern life. There are, for instance, W. L. Sheppard, the veteran and inimitable artist of the Virginia negro, and P. Newell, an amusing interpreter of Southern darkey character; Syd. B. Griffin, the droll; Erhardt, Dalrymple, and Verbech, clever young men of promise; F. G. Attwood and J. A. Mitchell, *Life's* accomplished and genteel humorists; and Dana Gibson, Charles Howard Johnson, Van Schaik, and H. M. McVickar, a quartet of most talented artists, whose work, artistically and technically, is superior to that of most of their fellows and who perhaps are too serious delineators of character to be classed among the comic artists whose chief mission is to make fun.

Many of the men whom I have mentioned are entitled to a place in the list of the comic artists of the day chiefly on account of their cleverness with a pencil. They are not as a rule originators, and the funniest of their subjects are often suggested by unknown satirists. Indeed, the good-humored satirists of these comic peers borrow their ideas to such an extent nowadays, that the furnishing of suggestions for comic drawings has come to be a regular business with certain choice spirits who see the possibilities of fun—and incidentally of gain—in the passing follies of contemporaneous society.

SHALL FRANCE HAVE AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY?

BY VICOMTE GEORGE D' AVENEL.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

A REACTIONARY movement is at the present time sweeping over Europe. One hundred years after the revolution of 1789, labor, freed then by so many struggles, is again uttering cries apparently as bitter as those coming from the galleys. The demands made on all sides are rather bewildering, and, even after close attention and study, fail to reveal any feasible object. On listening to them one cannot resist the impression that the impelling motive with many is a desire to greet the dawn of the twentieth century marching under an economic banner whose remarkable inscription should read, "Ask us to do almost nothing. Ask us to do without almost nothing."

According to these new demands, it would seem that the very word economic ought to be banished from the language, recalling, as it does, a race of impostors called "economists," who invented a science which has recently been proved false in every particular. "You have learned that it was said to the ancients," write the editors of the socialistic gospel of the new times, "that the price of every thing depends upon supply and demand. The truth is, that the price depends upon the state, which can determine it according to its own good pleasure. As you workmen form the majority in the state, its good pleasure ought to be secondary to yours; and you have only to dictate the laws." Such is the language which the socialists called "collectivists" are addressing to the people.

If there is a man old-fashioned enough or brave enough to dare to take up openly the defense of this old political economy, to which we owe in great part our modern prosperity, his words would cause upon the lips of the public a smile of pity, the signification of which would be as follows: "It is all in vain

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that you seek to deceive us; we are no longer your dupes, for we know now what we ought to know. We know that the abundance of productions does not make a cheap market, nor their scarcity cause the price to rise. We know that there are needed only good laws and the appointing of a sufficient number of careful inspectors in order to fix satisfactory prices for all commodities. But as the economists never knew how, nor wished to make these beneficial laws, it follows that they were wicked men and their science a wicked science, without compassion and even without justice."

That is not a pleasantry. The real end sought by these "advanced men" is to keep all in a relative poverty, to prevent all workmen from becoming rich, because as soon as they grow rich, they become patrons and capitalists; and of patrons and capitalists, these reformers see no need. The minister of the interior struck a strong blow at the fallacy of their schemes, a few weeks ago, when in defending before the tribune a former workman who had became a millionaire, he said to the party advocating these new views, "You wish that workmen should be favored in order that they may make their fortunes, and yet whenever any among them have made fortunes and have become capitalists, you immediately hold them as such in horror."

In theory, socialism is the most respectable thing in the world, as its avowed object is to put in motion the forces of the state in order to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, those men who earn their bread from day to day, and to whom life from the cradle to the grave is always stern and often cruel. These workers whose lot is so hard, form, moreover, the immense majority of the nation. If it were possible for public authority by decree to lighten and sweeten their lives, whether by diminishing the hours of labor without reducing their wages, whether by increasing their wages without lengthening the time of work, or whether by lowering the cost of food, of rent, of clothing, without lowering also the rate of their pay, I should say emphatically that the ministry that did not propose the laws for such a purpose, and the deputies who did not vote for them would be unworthy citizens, and, if they called themselves Christians, discreditable to their profession.

But in practice, the state is radically powerless in the domain of private relations. It is of no import that it *ought* to interfere in them if it *cannot*, it signifies nothing that its duty ought to be very widely extended if its power is quite limited, quite null. And the attempts to legislate concerning workingmen's affairs are worse than useless, since they have no other effect than to injure them, by paralyzing the natural voluntary movements of modern society to come to their help in various ways.

In 1848 there was passed in France by the provisional government a law fixing the maximum length of a day's work in factories and shops, at twelve hours. At that time as in our day there was a great agitation about social reforms. The right to labor, progressive taxation, and *a day of ten hours* were the demands made then, which demands show that the preceding generation was less exacting than ours.

In order to give a certain point of satisfaction to these views the law of 1848 was passed. It was a good law, was duly recorded in the Bulletin of the Republic, and then lay dormant for thirty-five years. When it was awakened, in 1883, in order to do service, there had been great progress, wages had increased, the average length of the working day had diminished—the sum of twelve hours being now very rarely reached. Indeed, it is found that a day of ten hours, which less than half a century ago the laboring masses foresaw as a dream, and the middle ranks considered without doubt as a menace, is now almost the normal state, the present reality. Seventy-two out of a hundred workers labor ten hours a day, or less than ten hours; eighteen work eleven hours, and only ten work twelve hours or more.

It is very necessary in this study to understand perfectly the sense of the words work and workman. They are generic terms which include a thousand different species. This fact is one which the advocates of the eight-hour day do not consider. Shall all occupation, all employment be called work,—that of the office boy, which consists in remaining seated in an antechamber; that of an employee smoking his pipe behind a wicket whence he answers the questions of the public? Shall the name of work be restricted to purely manual labor? But this admits of intervals of rest which make up part of the whole day, and shall such intervals be included in, or deducted from, the length of the day? The men of toil who bear the heavy

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burdens have times of repose longer or shorter; there is not a ditch-digger who, leaning upon his pick, does not have now and then a little chat with a comrade. On the other hand in factories where the machinery works without interruption, the rôle of many workmen consists, it is true, of simply watching it, but the attention must be continuous.

The same work may demand more or less effort. Many men might tell you that according as to whether they work by the hour or the piece, they put forth varying degrees of effort. In one case they are satisfied simply to fill out their day; in the other they are ambitious to accomplish as much as possible. The fatigue which can be endured in the two cases varies greatly in amount. In the presence of the infinite degrees of meaning to be given to the word work, it is readily seen that eight hours may be too long or too short for a day.

The easiest tasks are those commanding the least pay, on account of the great number of persons ready to do them; as these tasks are poorly remunerated it is necessary that those who engage in them should work a greater length of time in order to earn enough for a livelihood. And precisely because they are easy a greater amount of time can be given to them without taxing the strength.

In fact the uniform day of eight hours without uniformity of salary is a great humbug. Far from contributing to the equalization of the condition of laborers, it would increase in a marked degree the inequalities which now exist. To-day the workmen on small wages eke out the sum by making longer the days. When they shall not have a chance they must resign themselves to be more poorly fed, clothed, and housed than now, and the distance between them and their comrades in the more skillful trades will be still more augmented. There are already countries in which the workmen toil from morning till night without complaint, to earn that which a Parisian laborer will spend after dinner in pleasure. And not only between countries is this difference noticed, but between the provinces of the same country; and in the same city some men earn two, three, five, ten, times as much as others, according to the trade. And in each trade, each factory, each shop, there is a scale of wages corresponding to individual ability and to the special character of the work. But there is in each place only one, or very nearly one, price for flour and for meat, and for all the necessities of living.

In order to set forth a true knowledge of this question and to give to the argument a solid basis, the minister of commerce instituted the commission of work which collected the testimony of laborers; the minister of foreign affairs asked of ambassadors reports of the condition of labor in the different nations of the industrial world. These reports and testimonies are very instructive.

They show that the wages of different men vary from two to eight francs [a franc is about nineteen cents] a day in the north of Spain, from one to about ten francs in Prussia, and from one to twelve in Austria. These wages are not at all proportional to the cost of living. So in France high and low wages are not proportional to high and low provisions. Living is much higher in Paris than in Havre, but wages are higher in the latter than in the former city. Between Paris and the province in general the difference in wages does not correspond to the greater cost of living in the capital, but to the greater skill of the Parisian workmen.

Again the highest paid daily wages do not always result in the greatest yearly gains. There are interruptions in work of which the eight-hourists do not seem to take account in their project, interruptions arising from the season and from the nature of the industry. There must be, to offset these interruptions, higher wages for the available time of work; compensation must be regulated according to the occupied parts of the year and days of the week. Nothing has been said, either, of the vacations taken at the will of the workmen. There can scarcely be found a man who works regularly six days in the week the year round. Would the advocates of the eight-hour system prevent such a one from making up lost time if he wished so to do? In every trade wages undergo notable fluctuations, resulting from supply and demand, against which as yet no one has decreed abolition.

Sometimes it is the abundance or the scarcity of hand-labor which causes the variation, as in the case of compositors who after having received during the first half of this century more than double the wages of the other workmen in the printing offices, since the time of the improvement of the printing press have been obliged to be satisfied with

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almost their old rates. At Copenhagen the pressmen are still paid as high as twelve francs a day, goldsmiths and saddlers twelve and a half francs; and yet the average price paid to workmen in the capital of the little kingdom of Denmark, is only about three and one-fourth francs per day. At Amsterdam after the discovery of the diamond mines in South Africa the number of available workmen being no longer sufficient for the demand, wages rose to four times their former rates. Naturally they have since diminished.

Sometimes it is the prosperity or the depreciation of the industry at which the men are engaged which affects the price of labor. In Belgium the average sum paid to miners (counting men, women, and children) was in 1889, 869 francs, about 54 francs more than that paid in 1887, and 86 more than in 1886. The depression which for several years affected the miners, was overcome by the advance in the price of coal, but the advance in coal made harder times for other workmen.

Another complaint is that the remuneration of labor increases much less, proportionately, than the profit of capital. Certainly, but it is also diminished much less according to the losses sustained by capital. The yield of one of the greatest coal mines in Anzin, after having been valued at 1,200,000 francs and having given 40,000 francs dividend, has dropped to one-eighth of this last figure, or to 5,000 francs annual revenue, and to 150,000 francs in capital. If the returns are valued to-day at 500,000 francs, the increase is the good fortune of those holding shares of long standing, but those who bought an interest sixteen years ago at the high rates of that time, are yet not to be envied.

Among the methods of increasing wages, profit-sharing is at first sight one of the most seductive, and at a second view, one of the least practicable. If capital did not lend to labor the aid of its almost infinite elasticity in recovering itself and repeatedly resuming enterprises which, before final success is reached, swallow up millions of money, workmen would often find themselves out of employment altogether, because manufacturing establishments would not be able to support the losses nor even the lack of profits; nor, indeed, could they be established at all without a pre-existing capital. In order that work may be able to do without capital, it is necessary that the workers themselves be capitalists, that which the most skillful among them are becoming each day. But then they cease to be workers. Persons change, but situations are changeless. It is so trite a saying that it seems almost idle to repeat it, that no human force can ever organize a state of things in which capital will share with labor in all gains, and reserve to itself alone all losses.

The legal reduction of daily work to a definite number of hours—for the reformers seek to make the length of the day arbitrary and not optional—would be a dangerous and a hypocritical transaction. Either the law authorizing it would be held a dead letter, and those so disposed would make the day of such a length as would suit their own wishes; or if by miracle—and it would require one—it could be enforced, the sum total of work done yearly would be lessened from twenty to twenty-seven per cent. Production would consequently be reduced in proportion. What must necessarily follow regarding the rate of wages and the price of merchandise?

As a first consequence of the diminution of production, all the necessities of life would increase in value. The middle and poor classes of society who are obliged to devote the greater part of their earnings to the necessities of life, would find themselves compelled to retrench in the matter of the luxuries or comforts, simple as they may have been, in which they could formerly indulge. They would have, it is true, more time for recreation, since they could command sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Those industries and trades which are of secondary necessity or supply luxuries, having henceforth only the patronage of the rich, of little importance in comparison with that of the great masses of workmen, would languish and decline. Wages everywhere, as a consequence of this, would be reduced, since those no longer needed in these establishments would seek employment elsewhere and there would be more workers than business for them. The men would emigrate to the country and agriculturists would employ enough of them to make up the loss of labor which the shortened day would cause them; a few would thus be provided for but the standard for wages everywhere would be a lower one.

Rich families or those in easy circumstances would be disturbed by this state of affairs, but they could reduce their expenses without great personal inconvenience. But

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the working classes would have to endure cruel miseries; all the weight of this crisis would fall on them. The material gain accruing from the multiplied inventions of this remarkable century which has nearly doubled wages within the last fifty years and at the same time diminished the length of the day about one-sixth of what it then was, would be for a long time lost.

The socialists put the cart before the horse; they think by shortening the day to increase wages, while it is just the contrary that is true. It is by increasing wages that the day can be shortened. For, while at higher pay there will be found some men who would continue to work as long as before in order to earn more, others would be content with the former pay and would work less. This would be regulated according to the taste of the individual. It is in this way that the day has been shortened within fifty years, and in this way, let us hope, it will continue to shorten itself. But all the power of the state, wielded by the most determined tyrants, would be incapable of reducing it by law, even a quarter of an hour, without ruining those whom they pretend to enrich.

But it will be said that I have built up here absurd hypotheses, only to furnish the easy pleasure of being shown their absurdity. It will be claimed that there was never any thought of applying the eight-hour regulation to all trades, tasks, and employments. The idea is much less ambitious than this, and embraces only the great industries such as gas works, mines, and factories of all sorts, all those places in which the working masses are as much more oppressed as they are more numerous. This class of establishments, it is claimed, from the very fact of the great numbers employed, make necessary some kind of administrative power; and they are the only ones over which the state would attempt to exercise any authority.

But those employed in these larger industries form only a very small part of the entire class of workers. By what right should they be the objects of a favor so unjust as that which seeks to help them to the detriment of others?

The remedy for workmen ought to be sought, not in the increase of their wages, but in the reduction of their expenses, in measures which tend to lessen the cost of living, making cheaper the prices of provisions, of clothing, and of rent.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

IF he who makes two spears of grass grow where but one grew before, should be counted a public benefactor, as the old proverb says, what shall be said of the man who shortens the sailing route between New York and San Francisco by ten thousand miles? In the answer to that question may be found an incentive to ambition that has led to the waste of hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives; while the execution of the project thus suggested, is the most magnificent engineering enterprise now before the world or ever attempted. To connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by means of a ship canal has been the dream of fortune-hunters and engineers for more than three hundred years. It was a dream, if one may be allowed the expression, that culminated in a most depressing nightmare at the Isthmus of Panama.

That the attempt to dig through Panama failed miserably is known to all, but to suppose that the failure there decided the fate of interoceanic communication is ridiculed. Indeed those who have seen the country as I have, and understand the conditions, are confident that, within twenty-five years, ships will find two routes from sea to sea, of which one will be this much decried and much abused Panama route.

The other route, and the first to be completed, necessarily will be that by Lake Nicaragua. On the 14th day of March last Mr. Warner Miller, formerly senator for the state of New York, and a small party of engineers, capitalists, and newspaper writers sailed from New York for the port of San Juan del Norte, commonly called Greytown, on the coast of Nicaragua. Mr. Miller was (and is) the president of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Co., a concern that had within a recent period acquired the right to con-

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struct and operate for one hundred and ninety-eight years a canal from sea to sea by the way of Lake Nicaragua. For about two years this company had been at work on this ship highway and Mr. Miller had determined to see for himself and through his guests to invite the whole world to see what had actually been accomplished in the work his company had undertaken. How the party was cast away in the Caribbean Sea and coral where the buccaneers used to maroon unfortunate merchant seamen, and how they were eventually rescued and accomplished the object of their journey need not be related here. But the facts in regard to the canal are all important.

To understand these facts properly the reader must either look at or recall a good map of Nicaragua. The most conspicuous feature of this map is a lake 110 miles long—not so very much smaller than Lake Erie. The lake's outlet is the San Juan River, that by several mouths empties into the Caribbean Sea. For half the distance from the lake to the sea the San Juan has a deep, rocky channel with a gentle current save at three places where tumbling rapids are found. Below the last of these rapids comes in the San Carlos River from Costa Rica, and thereafter the San Juan is everywhere obstructed by shifting sand bars.

To create a ship channel from the lake to the Caribbean it is proposed to build a dam sixty-one feet high across the San Juan at a point just below San Carlos. This dam will back up the water until two of the rapids are buried beyond reach, while at the upper rapid the blasting out of some thousands of yards of rock will open the way clear through to the western shore of the lake. The summit of the dam is practically the summit of the lake.

The route from the dam to the sea is not so easy to accomplish. As the water rises behind the great dam and flows over the northerly bank of the stream it will find there between two parallel ridges a valley that runs in almost a direct line from the dam to the west end of the lagoon at San Juan del Norte. By building up these ridges where they are too low, the engineers propose to make a navigable lake of the valley and call it the Machade basin. At the end of the valley a low ridge is found and they will cut a channel through that and make a lake of another valley beyond, which leads in the same direction. This will be called the San Francisco basin. Then another cross ridge (and a big one, too) is encountered which will be served in like manner, and after making a third basin they will reach the end of their limit of summit level navigation. Two locks will lower the vessels to a small basin from which a third will lower them to the sea level, the sea from that point being about ten miles away. The low ground is a marsh with a sand subsoil, through which dredges are now cutting their way. The highest point through which a cut must be made is 327 feet above the bottom of the canal, while the cut through the entire divide ridge is 3 miles long and 150 feet deep.

On the west side of the lake the Pacific is reached by a like scheme. A small river will be dammed to make a basin, and the divide ridge which is only 41 feet above the lake, will be cut through to connect basin and lake. Three locks and a ditch will complete the channel to the sea.

Besides this work a harbor must be created on each coast. On the Pacific side a bend in the coast line needs only to be improved by two stone breakwaters a few hundred feet long to make it just what is wanted. On the low-lying Caribbean coast it will be necessary to build two long breakwaters to protect the harbor entrance and then to dredge out the lagoon within to make room for the shipping.

Now, although by this route the distance from sea to sea is 169.4 miles, the length of ditch to be dug is but 26.8 miles, the rest of the route being through the navigable lake, river, and basins. The reader who revels in figures will be pleased to learn that the total excavation will amount to 70,000,000 cubic yards, while the rock and earth fills for dams and embankments will amount to 10,000,000 cubic yards.

Such are the plans for the Nicaragua ship canal. We arrived at the eastern terminus, where an American settlement of engineers, etc., called America City, has been formed, on April 2, and straightway began to look about us. We found first of all that we could enter a harbor and land at a pier. The harbor was not complete for great ships, but 1,015 feet of the length of one pier and 300 of another had been built and the effect of those piers had been to open a ten-foot channel across the bar that had been three or four feet out of water before the piers were made. The waves had dug out the channel. The piers

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had demonstrated the effectiveness of the plans for a harbor at the eastern end of the canal. Then we overhauled the charts and field notes of the engineers. We found that the surveys were the best and most extensive ever made for such a work; that the country had been gridironed by transit and level so that minutely detailed topographical maps of the region were before us—that, in fact, 80 miles of lines had been run for every mile of the proposed canal. We found that borings had been made along the entire route so that complete knowledge of the kind of earth and rock to be excavated was had.

Then we turned to the buildings. There were the quarters for the chief engineer and his officers—airy, dry, and comfortable wooden structures, and yet, as we afterward learned, less pretentious and less expensive than the cottages erected at Panama for foremen of gangs of laborers. There were the hospitals—no more to be compared in appearance and cost with the palatial sanitariums at Panama than a spruce bark camp is to be compared with a Fifth Avenue mansion, but when the record of deaths was inspected, well able to speak for themselves. Last of all was the machine shop—a great one-story establishment much like the shops in navy and ship-building yards—fully equipped with no end of machinery, as well as the plant for making iron and brass castings.

Next we examined the railroad they are building to carry materials, etc., along the route of the canal. For six miles this road runs over what was once called an impassable swamp. The Yankee engineers built a corduroy road first, wading with their men in water that averaged four feet deep to do it, and then ballasted it with sand. It is ten miles long and as substantial a piece of new road as was ever seen, while its equipment includes three new locomotives, half a hundred cars, steam shovels, etc.

Meantime we had seen that work on the ditch itself had been begun. Engineers know that the actual digging is not of so much importance at first as is the work of properly preparing to construct the canal. Nevertheless the preparatory work was so far along that two great dredges were scooping up sand from the channel at the rate of 3,000 cubic yards a day each, and had made a ditch of full width, 1,300 feet long and 20 deep.

Only mention need be made of the telegraph and telephone lines put up, for they are essentials in these days, and to the clearing of some thirty miles of the route; while the fact that about ten miles of eight-inch pipe is on hand to draw a supply of pure water from the hills for the use of the men, can have but passing reference. But what is beyond question the most important piece of information gained by the inspectors remains to be told, and that was as to the cost of the work so far done. The original estimate for the cost of the railroad was $60,000 per mile. Enough has been done on it to show that it will cost about $35,000. The estimate on the cost of digging the sand from the east end of the canal was 40 cents a cubic yard. The actual cost will be less than 25 cents. The great breakwater will be 1,700 feet long. The cost of the 1,015 feet built shows that when done the outlay will be about two-thirds of the original estimate. In no work completed has the cost even equaled the amount set aside by the engineers for the purpose, let alone exceeding it.

In undertaking to construct this canal Mr. Miller must first get money and men. To get the money he must convince capitalists that the canal will pay. To get the men he must convince them that they can live and work along the route of the canal. More than that he must see that the affairs along the route, as the work goes on, are honestly managed, for had the money sent to Panama been honestly used instead of stolen, ships would be sailing now from sea to sea.

Of the honesty and economy of the management of the Nicaragua affairs I have such testimony as opponents of the scheme could afford. I met a number of such men. One of them laughed jeeringly because we had arrived at San Juan del Norte without having a fête day in our honor; because the only salutes fired by the employees in honor of the President of the company were sundry charges of dynamite placed where they would blow stumps out of the way of the dredges; because we walked over the route; because there was neither free wine nor fireworks at the villages we passed on the San Juan.

"When Lesseps came to Panama they spent half a million in his honor," said one man. And that was true. To paraphrase a Frenchman's expression on a different occasion, every thing done at Panama was magnificent, but it wasn't ditch-digging. The fact is, the contractors who have come up from Panama to get contracts in Nicaragua

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say they can make nothing worth mentioning out of the work offered them there, which means that the Panama wastes are not to be repeated.

In the matter of labor the company can get both natives and Jamaica negroes. They have had an average of 1,000 men employed for over a year, to whom they pay $20 a month and board. We were told at Managua that the best class of native laborers, the farm hands, could not be had for less than $25, but that at that price all the men wanted could be had. It is certain that the same price will bring as many negroes from Jamaica as can be handled, while $20 brings more men than are needed just now.

If the men must die at Nicaragua as they did at Panama in spite of elaborate hospitals, is the canal worth the sacrifice? Must they die so? Is there not a difference between the two localities?

During our stay in Nicaragua we visited Granada, Managua, and Leon, the three principal cities of the country. It would be a pleasing task to tell of all their characteristics, but of their apparent healthfulness there was no doubt. The streets were wide and clear of offal, the houses neat, the air everywhere sweet. Afterward we visited Panama and found the stenches everywhere, and particularly around the market, horribly offensive. Certainly there was a difference in the sanitary measures prevailing in the two localities, but there must have been more than that. There must for instance be a difference between the soils. Further than that there is a difference in the air, due to location. A look at a map of Central and South America shows that the Panama route is about two degrees further south (a small matter); it lies under or to the west of a knuckle of land or mountainous cape; it is well down behind the northern end of South America, and so hidden from the trade winds. At Nicaragua the trade wind comes booming along unimpeded all the way from the Madeira Islands to San Juan del Norte. Then it strikes the low-lying hills of the interior, and gathers up the malarial exhalations of the forest and carries them away. Month in and month out the wind is northeast on the Caribbean coast and northeast on the Pacific as well. The air stagnates at Panama; it is always moving over the entire Nicaragua route.

However, let the hospital records at San Juan del Norte be given: From November 1, 1889, to December 31, 1890, fourteen months, 1,347 medical and 322 surgical cases were treated, of whom 23 died. Of the deaths 5 were due to accidents, and 12 to climatic diseases. Since an average of 1,000 men were employed in a hazardous occupation (one liable to accidents), the death rate will compare very favorably with that of any city in the states. Of the scores of Americans employed by the company not one died of disease, and yet they lived and worked for months at a stretch in the swamp along the Caribbean coast where rain fell steadily every day—it rained at the rate of 306 inches a year—so that they never had a dry thread on them when at work.

Perhaps our own experience there, though brief, may be taken into account. Our party numbered old men and young, those used to roughing it and those who were not. We tramped for three days through the woods, along the cleared trail, up hill and down, through rain storms and in the hot sunshine. We became heated and thirsty with our walk and sat down by the streams to cool off and drink copiously of the water found there. We used neither lime nor whisky "to kill the germs," as we had been instructed to do before leaving the states. In fact, we disregarded all the advice our friends had given us. We traveled up the river and across the lake in steamers, we stopped in the cities and everywhere, walked about in the hot afternoon sun, which even the natives avoid, because time was short and the view to be had of tropical life was long. According to rule and travelers' tales we should have died. Nevertheless, a healthier, happier party of tourists than we were never saw the southern cross. The tropics are unhealthy in spots, perhaps, but Nicaragua is not in one of the spots.

The reader will remember that a bill passed the Senate, last session, binding the Government to indorse the bonds of the Nicaragua Canal. It failed in the House, and it will not be introduced again. It is a great pity, for had that bill become a law, the stock and bonds on which commerce using the canal would have had to pay interest would have represented the cost of the canal. Now we know what the canal will cost, but who can tell how many millions of stock and bonds it will have to carry? It is proposed to issue securities and sell them for what they will

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bring. It is supposed that $100,000,000 of stock and $150,000,000 of bonds, at the outside, will suffice. Chief Engineer H. G. Menocal estimated the cost of the canal at $65,000,000 cash; a board of engineers who reviewed his figures, but did not see the ground, raised the estimate to $90,000,000, "in order to have an outside estimate"; while President Miller tells everybody who asks that the cost will reach $100,000,000. That is to say, in order to raise the cash needed to build this canal the company expect to float $250,000,000 worth of bonds and stock. They think the bonds should bring 66 cents on the dollar if the stock is thrown in as a premium. Somebody is going to make a heap of money out of this canal.

Certainly no one need doubt the success of the canal once it is opened. The official reports of the United States Bureau show that in 1879 the vessels trading from our own eastern coast and from Europe to the west coast of the Americas aggregated 2,700,000 tons, while in 1885 the trade had increased to 4,250,000 tons. Lesseps said that in 1895 there would be a traffic aggregating 10,000,000 tons for his canal, but Mr. Miller says modestly not less than 6,000,000 tons can be depended on. According to a report made by Congressman Hardy, of the Committee on Commerce, the traffic "in sight" is not less than 8,000,000 tons. At $2.50, the proposed toll per ton, the income on 6,000,000 tons will be $15,000,000, which will be very good interest indeed on even $250,000,000 cash, let alone $250,000,000, of which three-fifths may be called water. The ditch is planned for the largest ships, and it will have a capacity of between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 tons a year. It saves over 10,000 miles of the sailing route between New York and San Francisco, and over 7,000 in the distance between Liverpool and San Francisco. The sailing distance between Liverpool and Yokohama is shortened by 3,000 miles. The ships will not only take the canal route, but because of distance and time and therefore cost saved, commerce must increase very rapidly. It will increase so rapidly that the full capacity will soon be reached.

Among our party were two engineers sent out by British capitalists who wished to investigate the scheme with a view of investing. One of them was Captain H. F. Gooch, of the British army, and the other Mr. H. F. Donaldson, of the Manchester Ship Canal. They were united in their opinions of the work done and the prospects.

"Do you think British capitalists will think well of Nicaragua bonds?" said I to Mr. Gooch. He replied, "I think they will be hungry for them."

MODERN METHODS OF TREATING INEBRIETY.

BY H. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE agencies for combating the evils of intemperance were never so strong, never so well organized, as now. The cause of Christianity itself has not more valiant leaders, more devoted workers, than are enlisted in the struggle against alcoholism. But is there any genuine prospect of victory in the battle royal, and if not, why not? Has the issue, after all, been made sufficiently broad? Have all the available resources on the side of right and virtue been called out? Two divisions of the same great army have borne the brunt of the fight thus far, and right nobly have they struggled, each for the same end. One division has used the persuasive force of the moral law, the other the physical interference of statutory enactment. Is it not time to admit that neither method is alone sufficient to cope with the issue; that both allied are in fact inadequate to the tremendous emergency?

Where are the reserves? What has become of the Third Division, so long silent that those in the battle-front have ceased to rely even on its moral support? What is science doing to sweep with victory a battlefield so long fought for that the blood of wounded soldiers wets but the dust of their fallen ancestors? Science has been the laggard in the fight and that, too, when it has claimed the issue as peculiarly its own.

The physicians composing the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety assumed a grave responsibility twenty years ago when at their first meeting they declared that drunkenness was a disease.

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The first words of Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, the chairman of that meeting were:

> This is not a temperance but a scientific gathering, made up of men having charge of the asylums and homes already established in the United States for the cure of the unfortunate victims of alcoholism. In the beginning of the present century, insanity was regarded as a visitation of God's displeasure, and not as a disease, the subject of scientific investigation and amenable to treatment. The important subject of inebriety is regarded now as was insanity some seventy years ago; the disease being considered irremediable and its victims as forever doomed.

Before that meeting adjourned, the association adopted a pithy declaration of principles to which it has ever since adhered. It affirmed:

> Intemperance is a disease.
>
> It is curable in the same sense that other diseases are.
>
> Its primary cause is a constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression.
>
> This constitutional tendency may be inherited or acquired.
>
> Alcohol has its true place in the arts and sciences. It is valuable as a remedy, and like other remedies may be abused. In excessive quantity it is a poison and always acts as such when it produces inebriety.
>
> All methods hitherto employed having proved insufficient for the cure of inebriates, the establishment of asylums for such a purpose is the great demand of the age.
>
> Every large city should have its local or temporary home for inebriates, and every state one or more asylums for the treatment and cure of such persons.
>
> The law should recognize intemperance as a disease and provide other means for its management than fines, station houses, and jails.

Here then is the acknowledgment made by science two decades ago, that the solution of the most difficult feature of the great problem lies exclusively within its domain. Such a declaration logically limits the scope of general temperance agencies to the work of prevention. The task of reclamation and cure is assigned to the physician. But consider for a moment what would have been the effect if society had yielded to the medical profession the self-imposed burden. Suppose that temperance societies and individual workers had confined their influence and efforts to those still untempted or not yet fallen, and had dealt with the drunkard only with doctors' prescriptions and the restraints of a "home." Would the army of inebriates be larger or smaller than it is to-day? Or make the question a present one, and let it be asked if medical science is prepared now to cope with its share of one of the greatest social tasks of the age.

When it comes to a study of the progress made in the treatment of inebriety—dipsomania is the medical term—it should be remembered that the subject is comparatively a new one. Intemperance as a social evil is as old as the race. In its aspect as a recognized disease, it hardly antedates the present generation. Indeed, it can by no means be said that it is universally so regarded to-day. Medical men, most of them, recognize it as such, but many experienced men and women who have studied the evil for years believe it should be fought in all its stages as a vice and sin. The unequivocal declaration of the Association for the Cure of Inebriates twenty years ago caused a great deal of controversy. It was considered a dangerous doctrine. Many there were, and still are, reluctant to admit that inebriety is a disease, lest such admission should seem to palliate the offense and relieve the inebriate of responsibility. But the association of experts in response to the cry raised, reaffirmed its declaration and further declared that "the effect of poison on the blood and nervous system and the reflex action of this morbific agent upon the whole physical structure is the same in the virtuous as in the vicious and that antecedent or subsequent moral conditions are incidental to the main fact of disease"; and further, that, "any average percentage of public crime being accounted for by the fact of the confirmed inebriety of the criminal does not in our opinion increase the responsibility nor should it add to the punishment of such offenders."

The stand taken by the association attracted even more attention in England than in America and at the request of a committee of Parliament in 1872 two delegates from the association went to London to give their views upon the subject of the control of habitual drunkards. A special committee of the House of Commons made an exhaustive investigation, embracing every topic within the range of inquiry, from the pathology of inebriety to the practical usefulness of prohibitory laws. The result was an indorsement of the American affirmation that inebriety was a disease. There followed a more extensive and thorough

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test of the asylum idea than has been given in this country, and, it is said, with somewhat better success. Prominent members of the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriates have admitted to me that greater progress is now being made in the hospital treatment of inebriety in Europe than in this country.

Twenty years' study and experiment in the treatment of inebriety has brought little change in the methods of even the best practitioners. It is declared to be a specific disease, but the regular schools of physicians have no specific remedy for it. It may be said in general terms that they do not even attempt to cure it by medication. But inebriety is not one of the small and diminishing number of incurable diseases in the estimation of physicians. The records of well-managed inebriate asylums show a good percentage of what are asserted to be radical cures. But the whole method of treatment can be described in a sentence. Inebriety, the physicians tell us, rarely exists without complications, most of them, of course, sequelæ of intemperance. The manager of an inebriate home aims first to cure the incidental diseases. Then he relies almost solely upon time and enforced total abstinence to cure the inebriety. No medicine is used except harmless palliatives to make less intolerable the extreme cravings of appetite. The remedies are simple anodynes, such as are employed in cases of extreme pain or nervous excitement from any cause, and they are not curative. An honest practitioner will admit that the only advantage which an inebriate home as now conducted, has over a jail in the treatment of drunkenness, is that at the former institution greater attention is paid to an inmate's general physical condition and that, therefore, a cure can be effected more quickly, and probably in a greater proportion of cases. Some account should be made of the superior moral influences of an asylum, but the physicians make little account of this feature of treatment.

Most specialists in the treatment of dipsomania affirm that persuasion, reasoning, and other methods depending upon a patient's will power for success are of no greater avail in combating the disease than they would be in the treatment of insanity. Their explanation of cases of sudden reformation, such as often occur, is that the victims never suffered from true dipsomania. Some drunkards then are not dipsomaniacs. The problem of diagnosis is not a clear one to the non-professional mind. Dr. L. D. Mason, of Brooklyn, Vice-president of the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, and consulting physician of the inebriate's home at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, which is the only institution of the kind near New York City, illustrates the difference between true and false dipsomania by two typical cases within his knowledge:

A convict suffering the tortures of an ungratified appetite for liquor seized an ax in the prison workshop and chopped off his left hand. He shouted for whisky to check the hemorrhage. A dipper half filled with the liquor was brought. The man plunged the bleeding limb into it for an instant, then snatched up the basin with his remaining hand and before he could be interfered with he drank it all.

A business man of good family had been in the habit of drinking to excess for years. On Sunday especially he almost invariably drank to the point of intoxication at his club or among his friends. One Sunday, his wife, just before she went to church, produced a bottle and poured out a glass of whisky.

"John," she said, "if you will drink, I wish you would drink at home. Here is whisky, and if you must have it, drink it here and don't expose its effects in public."

When the wife came home, the whisky was untouched, and John never after touched liquor.

The man who cut off his hand for a drink of whisky, Dr. Mason says, had true dipsomania against which any and all means of moral suasion would be powerless. The man who voluntarily abandoned his cups, the doctor declares, never had dipsomania. In other words, it is only the intemperate man who has lost the power of voluntary reformation who is a dipsomaniac. How large a proportion of so-called drunkards are embraced within this class the doctors themselves do not pretend to say.

This question has recently been much debated among medical men: How long a time is required with the best known means of treatment for the cure of true dipsomania? The appalling answer is: Between one and two years. And even then there is no certainty of results. The proportion of cures at the Fort Hamilton home is about 44 per cent and that is a representative institution in

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that regard. "But," say the doctors, "it is unreasonable to expect speedy or more numerous cures. The patients do not come into our charge until they have been ten years diseased, on the average. And in most cases they have in complication other troubles even more serious than the dipsomania. It is an open question, whether the health of the drunkard does not suffer more from the exposures and neglect of sanitary laws to which his habits subject him than it does from the whisky he drinks. So if we cure in one year or two years what he has been ten or twenty years in contracting, we are accomplishing a great deal."

In states which authorize the commitment of habitual drunkards to homes for inebriates on application of their families or friends, the term to which confinement is limited is, the doctors say, much too short. Three months is the usual period, whereas a year should be the minimum, with power vested in a medical board to extend the time.

There have been heralded before the public, scores of "cures for drunkenness," nostrums of every name and nature which the makers put forth as antidotes of alcoholic poisoning. Most of them have been worse than humbugs. The American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety has had some forty of the mixtures analyzed with the result that they all proved to be either inert, useless liquids or compounds of alcohol itself. It is not surprising, therefore, that the members of the association have become tired of making such investigations and that they are inclined to condemn indiscriminately every "cure" that is publicly offered.

This is probably why an experiment in the West looking to the cure of drunkenness by a specific remedy has attracted more attention from the general public than from the medical profession. The people of Illinois and Iowa have become more or less familiar within a year or two with the testing by an Illinois physician of bi-chloride of gold as a specific in the treatment of dipsomania. The experiment has met with such apparent success in the treatment of five thousand cases that some influential secular papers have demanded the adoption of the remedy by public institutions which admit inebriates. There was held at Des Moines, Iowa, a few weeks ago, one of the most remarkable reunions ever assembled. It was in fact a reunion of ex-drunkards, about one hundred in number. They formed a state league and arranged to hold yearly meetings to celebrate their release from the bonds of appetite. They gave a banquet at which the mayor and other prominent citizens were guests and the manner in which the temperance problem was discussed in the after-dinner speeches was interesting, to say the least. A few sentences from the president of the association, Editor Robert Harris of the Missouri Valley *Times*, spoken with characteristic Western freedom are worth quoting:

> The intelligent, big-hearted, whole-souled, genial men are the ones who succumb to the insidious influence of liquor. They are the kind who have the love of mankind in their hearts—they are the ones that fall by the wayside. The man who is so stingy that he won't say his prayers for fear that he will have to give thanks to the Lord, don't come to the institute. He goes down to the grave a sober man, but it is not because he is better than his brother who has fallen. Missouri Valley, Iowa, the city in which I live, is not a very bad city in the drinking line—just an average prohibition city; but since I made my pilgrimage to Dwight I have sent thirty-two of the boys to that place or to Des Moines to be cured, and I am proud to say that they are all sticking to the faith, and are to-day as sober men as can be found in Iowa. I am not egotistical, but I believe that my cure has done more good to the temperance cause in the city in which I live and in western Iowa than all the temperance lectures ever delivered there. I was known as a drinking man. Now I am known as one who was thoroughly cured, and hundreds of my friends have gone and done likewise.
>
> The state should take this treatment in hand. The liquor habitué is afflicted with a disease worse than insanity. He has a chance for his life in this cure, and why should not the state furnish the institute? If the state owned the institution for the cure of drunkards, there would be no need of prohibition laws, for when a man has gone through the treatment he ceases buying liquor, and if all drinkers will quit buying, the saloons will soon close.

The new treatment consists in the administration of bi-chloride of gold in solution hypodermically and through the stomach for a period of about three weeks. Its effect in destroying the appetite for narcotics is said to be immediate. In fact, it is the practice of the physician to allow the patients to drink all the pure whisky they want while

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under the treatment. But none of them call for the liquor after the third or fourth day. It is voluntarily discarded and the appetite, it is said, never returns. The reports submitted show only five per cent of failures or relapses in five thousand cases treated during ten years. But is not such news too good to be true? When we are told that a judicious use of the hypodermic syringe for three weeks will banish intemperance from the land, we must not be blamed if we hesitate a little about accepting the glad tidings. The only point I urge is that the evidence is worthy most careful investigation by the best scientific minds, in order that a pardonable intolerance may not deprive society of the fullest benefits of what may be a most valuable discovery.

There is one other system of asylum cure of inebriety which deserves consideration. It is that employed at the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men. It is an institution some fourteen years old, which enjoys the patronage of many of the most prominent men in the metropolis. Its directors and trustees are such men as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Cornelius N. Bliss, the Rev. Dr. William Taylor, and Charles Lanier. The late William E. Dodge was the most active and liberal of its founders. Its large and attractive building is upon Madison Avenue near Central Park. The managers of the Christian Home seek to cure inebriety by saving the soul of the inebriate and in no other way. The first question asked of an applicant for admission is, "Do you earnestly desire to become a Christian?" Two or three religious services are held daily in the chapel of the institution and much personal work is done by the manager and his assistants among the inmates. Charles A. Bunting, the manager, is an interesting man and some of his experiences and opinions are as interesting as he is himself. Fifteen years ago he was a hard drinker. He was converted at one of Moody's New York meetings and he says his appetite for liquor left him in answer to prayer. That he says is the experience of every drunkard who is cured in his institution. He affirms uncompromisingly that indulgence in the appetite for alcohol comes not by disease but by sin. The appetite he declares is not inherited. He says:

This is proved by two-thirds of all who come to us. One-half and more had neither intemperate parents nor grandparents. Association was the cause in two-thirds of all the cases we have had in this Home, showing conclusively that it is a habit acquired, and that in 1,290 instances the habit was acquired after becoming of age and leaving the domestic fireside. If such a sin is hereditary, why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the boys catch this "disease" and its terrible blight and curse does not fall upon the girls of those homes?

I asked Mr. Bunting if he succeeded in subduing the appetite in any except those who professed Christianity.

"We don't expect to," he replied. "We can do nothing for them if they will not accept Christ and His promises."

The reports of the Home show that 3,212 men were admitted during thirteen years. Of these 2,716 professed to be converted and 496 did not. The number who "remained steadfast as far as can be ascertained" was 2,026. This is a much larger proportion of cures than the Fort Hamilton institution under the most enlightened medical supervision reports. The answer of the doctors would be that none of the so-called cures at the Christian Home were real cases of dipsomania, for none of them remained long enough to be cured according to the medical system. Inmates of the Christian Home remain on an average a month only and Mr. Bunting says the appetite for liquor leaves them as miraculously as did his own, and without any of the torturing pangs which torment the physicians' patients. The doctors must at least admit that if the men reclaimed at Mr. Bunting's home are not strictly dipsomaniacs they are doomed to become such unless rescued and that the work is a grand one.

Investigation of the modern methods of treating inebriety yields an insight full of horror into kindred evils which are taking deep root in society. The appetite for narcotics is rapidly taking new and more dangerous forms of indulgence. The number of victims of opium in various forms, of cocaine, of chloral, of hashish, of every new and powerful drug which becomes known is almost beyond belief. There are many people, physicians say, who are constantly in search of new forms of narcotic indulgence. So rapid is the growth of the opium habit that even if the liquor problem were solved, society would find itself face to face with an evil almost as gigantic and far more deadly. The danger is far more insidious because more secret.

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There are some figures available which give an idea of the hold it has upon the nation. The importation of opium during 1890, the estimate being based partly upon official returns and partly upon conservative estimate, and making small allowance for the great quantities which are smuggled, was about 900,000 pounds. In 1880 the official report was 533,451 pounds. To get an idea of the quantity consumed per capita take the figures for 1890 and reduce them to grains. The result is 1,382,400,000. Five grains of morphine or opium would be for a person unaccustomed to its use a dangerous and usually a deadly dose; and yet the figures furnish twenty-three such doses for every man, woman, and child in the land.

When we array before us for review all the evidence with regard to the treatment of inebriety is it after all as conflicting as it at first appears? Those who deal only with the souls of the sufferers condemn the medical plans. Most of the doctors denounce offhand the idea of cure by specific remedies and make light of the efforts to effect a physical regeneration by purely moral and religious agencies. But is any single method the only right way to deal with the evil? Are they not all good? Because one method fails to succeed in a certain case or class of cases while another system proves efficacious, should the first be condemned and the second be pronounced the only true method? What is needed to-day more than all else in dealing with this most vital problem is a broader, more liberal spirit of co-operation.

THE SWANS AT RAGLAN.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

AROUND the tall and turreted keep-tower
No ripple broke the water's dark repose;
As though to mark each languid summer hour,
Its dying petals dropped a pale wild rose.

We watched upon the mirror of the moat
The clear reflection one dim doorway made;
Half hid among the steely reeds, a boat
Lay keel-uplifted, broken and decayed.

Only the topmost branches of the beech
Felt the soft wooing of the lover breeze;
The soothing quiet was too sweet for speech,
Melodious with whispered harmonies.

And as in wide-eyed dreams we lay the while,
Where boughs inwoven made a leafy night,
There sailed around that lily-cintured isle,
In silent loveliness, two swans snow-white.

In majesty they passed us, breast to breast,
Leaving a dimpling wake as on they bore;
Like wraiths that hastened on some spectral guest,
They vanished swiftly, and were seen no more.

Through all the years, as Time on fleet foot flies,
Whene'er beneath green beechen boughs we lie,
From out its moat great Raglan's tower will rise,
And those majestic swans go sweeping by.

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Woman's Council Table.

GIVE THE RICH MAN A CHANCE.

BY ELIZABETH EMERSON.

A WOMAN may write on the title of this article with perfect freedom, I think, because women are engaged in raising money for a variety of reforms, for the support of the churches, and are expected to contribute to promote every sort of benevolent and charitable enterprise. We depend on our rich men for large contributions, therefore they should be considered in our plans. They should be treated fairly; and their sympathies not divorced from worthy merciful institutions. I send this article to the *Woman's Council Table* that others may be led to ponder on the subject.

What a trial it is to be rich and have poor relations! That is, if one is sensitive and permits applications for financial help to annoy the conscience. When riches come to one, they are over-estimated by everybody but their possessor. He is worth a million dollars, one says, when, in fact, he cannot count up more than two hundred thousand. The editor of a metropolitan daily wrote a friend of mine recently, asking this question: "How many millionaires are there in your city of eighteen thousand inhabitants?" My friend went to the banks and propounded the question and to Dunn's and Bradstreet's Agency reports and looked up the record of the rich men and found that there was not one millionaire in the city. It was rather humiliating, for there were several well-to-do manufacturers, bankers, and speculators, but of millionaires not one.

It is singular, since we have not less than six men whose local reputation is that they are worth from one to four millions each, but not one of them reckons his wealth at any of these fabulous sums.

The class of people who look on from comparative poverty, estimate a man's wealth after this fashion, by what a house is worth, a farm, a bank; and a bank may represent but very little capital; indeed, it may screen the poverty of the stockholders or of a bank officer and misrepresent them.

Some of our rich men become the prey of their poor relations, because the poor, from their standpoint of poverty, overestimate wealth and think it is a panacea that can heal all the troubles that poverty brings.

There are, however, some things which a rich man cannot do, even with money; for instance, he cannot satisfy the claims of all his poor relations, because their imagination exaggerates both their needs and the power of money to satisfy them. Give to every one just what he asks, and gifts very soon become a dangerous means of support. Industry and honest labor produce equable desires as well as a contented spirit. The rich, by their gifts, often generate poverty and in time render those they help utterly helpless to aid themselves. This is true, when the time of failure and bankruptcy comes.

No plan of life is well made which does not encourage self-reliance and economy, industry and independence of character.

One or two generous rich men in a church may dwarf the benevolent spirit of eight or nine hundred people who worship in that congregation. If there is an organ to buy, the two rich men give two-thirds of the money; is the preacher to pay, the people contribute what they think is their share and the rich men pay the balance, if that amounts to half the claim. If a new church is to be built at a cost of $25,000, the two men agree to give three dollars for every one that the people subscribe.

Here is where rich men see an opening to contribute. They do it generously, with a good motive, but people of moderate means study the situation and think "we shall be excused. We will hide behind our poverty, then enjoy the privileges of the church and let the rich men cancel the bills."

These rich men are permitted to build our hospitals, endow our colleges, and establish public libraries; the poor are benefited by these institutions. Is it not true that the Roman Catholic Church is the only one whose members are trained to give small sums systematically from their small incomes to help build merciful institutions?

We are sometimes in danger of imposing upon our rich men, though I do not suppose any of them give too much. It is not often

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that we hear of a man failing financially because he gave too much to the church, but when a rich man sees that others out of their small income neglect to give their proportion, when rich and poor are helping a common cause, then it is that the rich may be offended. It is imposing upon them, and, what is still worse, the reflex influence hurts the people of moderate means more than it does the rich.

Have we not fallen upon times when a good many people think it is wicked to be rich, and that, too, without considering whether their wealth was obtained by legitimate or doubtful means, by conducting an honorable or a disreputable business? There are people who hold that it is a crime against society for one man to be worth twenty-five or fifty millions of dollars, yet Solomon was a millionaire, and he and some other rich worthies in ancient Israel seemed to be favored with the divine sanction.

I do not plead for rich men because they are rich, but I insist that equal justice should be measured to rich and poor alike in their social relations. The rich man is entitled to fair treatment in his acts of benevolence as well as the poor man. His contributions should not excite envy or jealousy. The fact is a man should receive the kindly judgment of his fellow-men, even if he is worth forty millions and his neighbor is not worth one dollar, since by studying his millions you may learn that the man is a Chase or Hamilton in financial management, and it may be that his talents created his millions. How often a rich man is the prey of every good cause that is in need of funds!

Not a few rich men are goaded to be suspicious of preachers and solicitors of money; they grow chary, put on a coat of mail, think how they can decline and not offend the solicitor, or they often put down a small sum as a self-inflicted penalty for being rich, and thus become the target of criticism. Stephen Girard subscribed one hundred dollars to a good cause because a preacher requested it, but the minister remonstrated that he expected five hundred dollars and said, "I am disappointed." Girard asked for the book, erased his subscription, and bowed the preacher out of his office.

The thankful acknowledgment of a contribution, even if the sum is small, is good policy, besides being a good business rule.

The best education for rich people is obtained in these ways:

First, let them give. Giving educates one to give. It brings its own joy to the donor. To learn to give, however, after wealth has come to one is a hard lesson.

Second, the churches assume to influence the rich to be generous, but is not their work a partial failure? A multitude of our rich men do not come under the direct influence of the church; and so many men are growing rich that the unsanctified rich people, holding their unsanctified riches, make one of the chief dangers in our civilization.

Dare I make this bold inquiry: Are the few rich people who attend church preached to plainly, pointedly, and powerfully about the temptations and sins to which wealth exposes them, as the Great Teacher states their case in the New Testament?

Third, the rich provoke one another to give. One gives a large sum to the church or a benevolent cause and another is provoked to do the same. I have found but few rich men who were studying what to do with their surplus wealth. Said one of these men to me, a millionaire, a widower, with no children, "I am an uneducated man; I did not have the privilege of schools in my boyhood or early manhood; I spent my life on the Mississippi River, working on steamboats, and at night we would tie up at a town or city and I would attend the theater or a negro minstrel show, but now, as I grow older and think of my early life and then look upon society as it exists to-day, I pity the young people who spend their evenings in the way I spent mine. If I had been favored with books and teachers, I could have secured a good education by a wise use of my evenings. Now I have a good business education, and I have plenty of money; this is true, you are the only person that has ever suggested to me that I would be wise in using a portion of my wealth to promote the cause of education, and I can assure you," said the man, "it is just what I have been thinking about occasionally for more than five years."

"Well, how about my case?" I inquired.

He replied, "I will give you my check for one thousand dollars for your educational enterprise."

At the present writing, that man is devising liberal things for the needy of his city and state.

What I ask is this, give the rich man a chance.

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THE SPANISH CREOLE.

BY ANNIE R. KING.

IN the South the Spanish woman is rapidly creolized; in New Orleans she soon becomes one of a numerous sisterhood inhabiting the *faubourg d' en bas*.

Here where gaiety is the rule, their vivacity excites little comment; still they keep their charm, their individuality. The Spanish women, while conforming to the general dictates of fashion, dress according to their own interpretation of her laws. They innovate, yet adhere to all beliefs of what their mothers considered becoming in dress. They love flowers as they do children, both are their constant companions. The child clings to them, the flower rests in the folds of their dress or in the glossy braids of their hair.

The women are coquettish, yet flirtation is with them by no means a fine art; their frankness of speech frequently borders on coarseness. This may be attributed to the fact that for centuries the ear has been accustomed to receive direct compliments from even the casual passerby.

The Spanish wife is jealous of any attention paid her husband; her method of remedying the evil, is neither to pout nor pine in silence; with firmness, yet with flashing eyes, she prohibits the man from ever speaking to or looking at the so-considered rival again. Whatever oath she takes in marriage to obey her husband is an elastic one; she always retains her independence, and from the start in connubial life, she is master in the home.

The Spaniard is hospitable to a degree, and never has a doubt that the housewife will make the unexpected guest thoroughly welcome. There is no false shame about quality of wine, quantity of viands, or coarseness of napery. The best the house affords that day is placed before you in simple hospitality. She knows it is well prepared, deliciously seasoned; she trusts to your indulgence for all shortcomings. Life means to the Spanish woman an exchange of civilities between persons of congeniality. She is pleased and you must be a brute if you are not so too. She has none of the supersensitiveness of American women; introspection is an unknown word to her. She is not mentally broad, though in later life she is prone to become physically so.

She is always a Romanist in religion, believes in the historic church, would burn heretics, yet rebels against interference from any less in importance than the Pope. She performs scrupulously her religious duties, yet criticises with unbridled tongue her parish priest.

She takes no part in organized charities, for the church absorbs the individual in its commonwealth. It dispenses charity through bands or societies, and only asks the individual to contribute his quota to the support of the enterprise. Spanish women seldom read after their common school education has proclaimed them fit aspirants for matrimony, yet now and then they do read the book fingered years before by father or grandfather. They are usually fair musicians and play by preference selections from the operas, or concerted pieces bristling with runs over the piano keys. They sing, too, the songs in vogue at the moment.

Whenever it is practicable they speak French to the children and care but little for the English language, though they have a sincere admiration for the American.

They take no part in political wrangles either in state or country; their creed is, that money carries the day, therefore, get all you can, leaving your neighbor to gather up the remnants, and do not criticise or envy. They are not ambitious for their sons; monarchical traditions possibly still clinging to them, they realize that offices are for the chosen few—an upper set—and not to be placed within reach of every or any American.

They rarely speak of revisiting Spain, for such a voyage would necessitate an outlay of money, and the impossible in their vernacular is ever to have more money than is just adequate for the moment. Why kill one's self with work? Yet they are not lazy. The house is always exquisitely clean, and the beautifully fashioned and fitting costumes they wear are generally the work of their own hands. They look upon Spain as the American does upon heaven, as a land far,

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far away, where fate *may* some day place them.

They never intrigue to an end, they state simply what they want, and expect their friends to aid them in getting it.

They present a restful contrast to their American sisters. While the American woman labors to push herself socially beyond whatever position she may have been placed in, chafes over domestic occurrences, has spasms of despair over her failure to find a mission, bemoans her small value as a factor of the world, the Spanish woman knows, or at least recognizes, no social scale. Whether her friend sells cigars, or is in the commission business, he is her friend, and is endowed with ideal rank. He is like herself an exile from the kingdom of "the what-might-have-been." A laugh greets the daily mistakes in domestic service, which form the burden of the American woman's complaint; she has her mission from her birth—to be a true friend, wife, and mother.

She *floats* down the stream of time; the American *swims*. She dances through life to the accompaniment of jests and compliments; the American marches through it to martial music. She has no end in view, all thought is for the present moment; the American lives to leave an impress on her time. The Spaniard reaches an end; the American a destination; death comes after ease no less than after struggle.

George Eliot said that God made women to match the men, so that it rarely happens that even in the South the Spanish woman marries the American man. The Spanish man cannot be taken too seriously, the American woman cannot be taken lightly; a balance of power is struck, and the nationalities live side by side in harmony, separated by a stream of deep individuality.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD OF LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

IN my last article I spoke of a new scheme of co-operative housekeeping about to be tested in London. To none will it appeal more directly than to the literary women whose numbers are continually increasing in the metropolis. William Morris, dreaming Utopian dreams, may declare the perfect life for man and woman alike to be made up of an evenly balanced combination of manual or domestic and brain labor. But in actual life those who have worked intellectually to good purpose know that they have little energy left for other undertakings. Already in London one sees women, like Mrs. Lynn Linton, for example, living in Queen Anne mansions where for a good price they are spared all domestic responsibilities, or, like Miss Olive Schreiner (when she is in town) established in the Women's Chambers on Chenies Street, where expenses are small and men not allowed on the premises.

One watches with interest every innovation that affects the conditions of life for literary women, now that this life is being broadened and developed so rapidly. Perhaps of all the changes that have taken place in woman's world, none has been so great and none so little realized as that between her old and her new position in literature. One has only to remember how fifty or even twenty-five years ago the woman who wrote was exceptional, tolerated by a few, sneered at as a blue-stocking by the many, and then to see how, nowadays, she is accepted as a matter of course. One of the leading London publishers, talking to me the other day, told me he was more and more struck, as time went on, with the conspicuous part English women were playing in the literature of their country. Every day, it seemed to him, more came with MSS. and schemes to submit to his consideration, and, what is of further significance, these MSS. and schemes were also growing daily in commercial value and importance. It is only right, in passing, to call attention to the fact that woman's very literary success threatens her literary excellence. In literature the number of its professors is not the main consideration.

In London the literary woman has also become a greater social factor than she ever was before. Since the days when George Eliot gave her Sunday afternoons in St. John's Wood, the house of the literary woman has been a favorite rendezvous for artists and writers and all the principal thinkers and

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workers of the day. A dinner at Mrs. Humphrey Ward's and an afternoon at Miss Jean Ingelow's or Miss Mary Robinson's (Mme. James Darmesteter) will show how well they are able to gather around them all the people best worth knowing.

And this change in woman's literary and social position has led to a more satisfactory state of affairs in her financial relations. The well-known literary woman commands the same prices as the well-known literary man.

Of course there are literary women the world over, and in towns like Paris and Boston and New York, they take a very prominent place. But it is above all in English-speaking races that woman has within the last generation boldly adopted literature as a profession, and for all English-speaking races London is the headquarters. The British Museum alone would be enough to attract her, even as it proves a magnet to the literary man. To be sure, in the British Museum one seldom sees the women who have made the greatest reputations. I remember, on my first visit, how eager I was to have all the celebrities pointed out to me, and how disappointed when the official, who was showing me around asked me if I had never heard of the poor "devil" who came to drudge for the great man or woman. And indeed, most of the women who are daily habitués of the Reading Room—and they are many—are the veriest hacks, making research on commission or drudging for publishers and editors on a starvation wage. There are exceptions, however. Two women of note who are very regular frequenters, though one more correctly speaking is a scientist, are Miss Clarke, known as an astronomer, and Miss Lucy Smith Toulmin, a learned authority on old English MSS. and texts; while there are few English—or American for that matter—literary women who do not spend an occasional day in this most fascinating, if most badly ventilated of all reading rooms.

Now that the literary women of London have became social leaders in the large literary and artistic set, now that their influence is so keenly felt in the publishing world, it may at first seem strange that they have not combined forces and formed themselves into some sort of an association, defensive and progressive. But that they have not is really a proof that they understand their position too well, and that they frankly realize the doctrine preached by women reformers, that when the two sexes share the same interests and work, they should meet on equal grounds. Women as well as men who write, belong to the Society of Authors. When the society was started Mr. Walter Besant promised man's strong protection to all poor, weak women authors. But Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in good strong language, protested, declaring that if women were not received as members on exactly the same footing as men, they would far better not be received at all.

At the annual meeting men and women are present in equal numbers and show equal interest. At the annual dinner both sexes are very evenly represented; though at the three dinners which have been given as yet only one woman has been asked to join in the after-dinner speaking, but at this I am not surprised. It is a curious fact that, while English women have had endless practice in public speaking, the good speakers are in a sad minority; indeed some of the chief political orators among women here are Americans. And when it comes to an after-dinner speech they do not seem to have the faintest idea as to what is expected of them.

But there is one distinction made in this society to which, strange to say, no woman has so far taken objection. The Council and Executive Committee are composed as exclusively of men as the two Houses of Parliament. Since many women of high literary standing are included among the members, it would seem but a fair arrangement if they too were represented in the management of the Association.

I know of only one instance in which the literary women of London have acted quite independently of men. For two years a few have joined together and met at what they called the Literary Ladies' Dinner. Both years there has been but a small attendance—not more than twenty-five I think, and last year one could not help noting how few of those who had been present on the previous occasion came to the second dinner. I believe that a third will be given this spring. The idea is a good one, if the name of the function could be changed—"Literary Ladies" is too pretentious. But the dinner brings together women whose work should be a bond of union.

Of women who are journalists essentially and of the work they do in London, there is so much to be said I must wait to talk about them another time.

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WOMAN'S WORK IN AMERICA.

BY CATHARINE HUGHES.

Men can do best, and women know it well,
Pre-eminence in all and each is yours,
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.
—*Anne Bradstreet.*

IT IS the history of woman's struggle for an "acknowledgment" of her part of the world's labor that forms the subject of the recent book "Woman's Work in America."* The book has been criticized as being one-sided in its demonstrations—which it certainly is. But it will be only by extremely one-sided efforts put forth for a long time yet to come, that any thing like an equilibrium can be restored to the unjust balances used for ages in estimating the work of the sexes. Critics have said too, "Why divide work into man's part and woman's part? Is it not enough to be a factor in the world's growth?" And the critics are right again in their question—it is enough to be a factor. The book itself openly grants this, but it denounces the injustice of compelling one of the component elements to go unrecognized. That all of the remuneration, all of the recompense of reward, should go to only one of the two factors involved, is sufficient ground for making a formal division of work.

The book comprises eighteen chapters, each one of which is written by a different woman and each woman is a specialist in the subject of which she writes. The same method of procedure has been pursued by all, which shows a well-laid scheme and fine generalship in its execution on the part of the editor. The early difficulties surrounding woman's entrance into the different fields considered; her steady perseverance in the face of all opposition; the success which slowly crowned her efforts and proved her actions right; the constant widening of opportunities for others of her sex in each of the invaded fields, until the fact that they are toiling there wakes no feeling of surprise—form the general framework to which the special history of each calling is adapted.

Very logically the opening chapter and the two following it are devoted to woman's education. In the different sections of the United States—the East, the West, and the South—the history of the whole development and growth of the important movement is carefully traced. It is shown how the entering wedge was at first driven which by degrees forced a way for women through common schools, high schools, and even colleges. At every step men raised their hands in holy horror at their unbecoming aspirations. But the victorious women steadily pursuing their cherished aims gradually quieted the wild apprehensions of evil consequences from their acts.

Education prepared woman for careers in literature and in journalism; and the chapters treating of these two fields show that their competency in the work soon led to the opening of these callings without reserve to all who wished to enter them.

The story of woman's introduction into the practice of medicine and that of law shows that in these professions perhaps the bitterest opposition of all was met. And these are the very two professions in which time has proved that there was pre-eminent need of their services. Strange it is that it should ever have seemed to anyone out of place that women should minister to their sisters in sickness, or plead for them, and by their very presence protect them when involved in the troubles of a court room.

The chapter graphically setting forth what woman has done and can do in the state may be summed up by saying it does exactly what was accredited to "good Queen Bess" by an early American poetess in a finely sarcastic couplet:

She hath wiped off the aspersion of her sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the Rex.

In entering the great marts of industry women were implored "to stop and consider what homes would become if they were to take their places beside men in the field of toil." The writer points out how purely sentimental was the cry, as the great majority of women had always toiled at work often every whit as rough, as coarse, as that done by the men. She makes clear, too, the vast amount of good done to the poorest, most oppressed class of wage earners from the fact that many

*"Woman's Work in America." Edited by Annie Nathan Meyer. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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among the better classes of women have gone into active business.

It is shown that certain women have gained for themselves a world-wide reputation by their public labor in seven fields of philanthropy,—charity; the care of the sick, of the criminal, of the Indian; in anti-slavery work; the W. C. T. U.; and the Red Cross. It seems impossible that any could ever learn of such lives and yet honestly say that women should have no voice regarding the institutions of the state, institutions including prisons, reformatories, industrial schools, and the like, in which they have labored so effectively.

The work done by women in all of these fields in which they have only gained a fairly independent foothold, is often critically compared with that done by men, and denounced as being inferior. Of course it is, as a whole, much inferior. The different circumstances under which it was wrought could lead to no other consequence. Women fought for the right to work, defended themselves when at work, and were painfully aware that frequently they were held up to ridicule before the world. On the contrary, all things worked together to cheer and inspire men in their tasks. Women assisted them in every possible way, not least of which was the ready "acknowledgment" of their ability. As the fabled Muses—and what a contradictory conceit it was that feigned those wise beings as of the female sex—in a figurative sense inspired man's soul for his calling, so in a practical sense woman, by her encouragement and her manifested faith in him, nerved his arm and strengthened his will and assisted him to do his best. Had she toiled under similar circumstances, a critical comparison of her work with his would be a fair proceeding.

Yes, "man can do best," for justice, opportunity, encouragement have always been his. They will soon be woman's also, and then it will henceforth be a question only of how to accomplish in the best way the highest good of the world.

THE ARTIST MADAME BERTHE MORIZOT.

BY T. DE WYZEWA.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from "L'Art dans Les Deux Mondes."

WOMEN painters are not lacking in the history of art; but that which is entirely wanting is the distinctive painting of women, the painting expressing the particular aspect which things should present to feminine eyes and minds. There is no doubt that this aspect is very marked, and moreover very delightful, and that it ought to be expressed in an artistic form. It might be maintained that women have not a distinctive style of thinking or of feeling and that therefore literature and music do not hold for them special provinces. But they certainly see with their own eyes; and what they see is very different from what men see.

However, a very few women in the past have attempted this art of feminine painting. The pastels of Rosalba Carriera and the portraits of Madame Vigée-Lebrun—which have none of the qualities of genuine works of art, expression, design, color—are impregnated with a special charm marked enough to keep them from being lost in the crowd of valueless paintings. They succeeded in spite of their faults, in producing a vision of that world which all instinctively feel to be very different from the world which men see—a world sweeter, lighter, more fleeting.

If neither Rosalba Carriera nor Madame Vigée-Lebrun knew how to transfer this vision from their minds to canvas after the manner of true artists, they at least have the merit of respecting it and of holding it worthy to be transferred. Most other women painters, on the contrary, seem to have had only scorn for their distinctive visions, to have tried to efface them from their sight; and if their pictures have always the air of having been painted by their hands, they also seem to have been seen through the eyes of their brothers. Several of them have succeeded marvelously in assimilating men's ways of seeing; they know accurately all the secrets of design and of color; they would be considered as true artists were it not for an unpleasant impression of artfulness and of untruthfulness which one experiences in look-

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ing at their work. Something gives out a false ring in whatever they do in this line of art. It is not a natural world which they paint. One feels that they have placed their skillful hands at the service of other eyes.

The fact that she looks at things with her own eyes is the first merit of Madame Berthe Morizot. Every one of her works offers the same indefinable charm; at the first glance they reveal an original view which is purely feminine. But Madame Morizot is not content with merely attempting to reproduce her individual impressions; she knows how to adapt to them the most perfect means suitable for the work; so that she may be said to have created an art, homogeneous, complete, comprising all the qualities which ought to constitute an art, and which is absolutely exquisite. Yes, it is not too much to say that the works of Madame Morizot, in their special characteristics, touch even upon perfection. Nothing is out of tune in them; nothing is lacking in all that which can invest them with the most noble artistic value, the delicate sensations of a woman.

The excellence of her art I believe is due in large part to the happy chance which gave her for a teacher Edward Manet; and which thus from the beginning attached her to the impressionist school. The impressionist method is especially adapted to true feminine painting. Its exclusive use of clear tones accords with the lightness, the transparency, the easy elegance, which should constitute the essential traits of woman's painting. And, more than the process, it is the principle of impressionism which contributes to make of it a method of feminine art. A woman should perceive the universe as a graceful and mobile surface, infinitely variegated, over which passes, as in a fairy scene, an enchanting cortége of transitory impressions.

Among all the artists of the school of impressionists, Madame Morizot is the only one who in every particular has maintained its principles without any exaggeration. In truth, she seems to have had no other masters than her own eyes. The world is for her only a delightful drama in which nothing of an unpleasant or distressing character has a part. A harmony of soft variations, of light and graceful forms, is the one object of her paintings, her pastels, and designs. The figures appear there as shadows, but as shadows so charming and having such a soulful expression that no one can regret the relief and the life which they lack.

But, if from the first she has shown the essential qualities of the artistic temperament, she has never ceased trying to give to these qualities a purer form. Her last works differ greatly from her earlier ones; the harmony of colors is sweeter, the figures more clearly defined, the design firmer. I fear, though, that in time she will become too anxious to give to her figures the relief and energy she admires in the works of the great masters. But these masters were men, and there is not one of them who, with all his genius, would not have envied Madame Morizot for her tender touches and her womanly impressions. Her last works are in truth masterpieces.

Madame Morizot however is not celebrated; the public scarcely knows her name. Her style is as yet appreciated by a very small number of persons; the mass of the people in all lands admire the more pronounced and showy works.

CONGRESS PROMOTES WOMEN.

BY MISS E. L. MORSE.

MEN, women, and clerks, constitute the three main divisions of human life in Washington. The men and women are much like their brothers and sisters everywhere; in fact they might be called a brotherhood and sisterhood of the world, since in the nature of things a national capital draws to itself representatives from all lands. Even conservative China is gradually permitting the little celestial wife to toddle about after the fashion of other ladies in diplomatic circles. And exclusive Corea felt the wings of female ambition expand as soon as the first delegation raised its eyes to that conventionalized goddess of liberty—the Indian squaw—which surmounts the dome of the national capitol.

But the clerks form a little world of their own, which satellite revolves around the central government, always at the toe of the con-

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gressional boot, in company with its faithful body-guard, the civil service commission.

As it has been remarked of the first attempts at organizing governmental offices—when three departments constituted all the paraphernalia necessary to transact the business of the new world—that Benjamin Franklin was the Post-Office Department, and carried the mails in his hat; probably the first clerk served without a regular appointment as he collected the letters which the wind distributed, when the Department incautiously raised its hat.

Uncle Samuel's housekeeping closely resembles individual enterprises and woman occupies a relative position under the national banner to that which she is expected to fill in smaller principalities; where she is frequently called upon to collect paper, strings, hammer, nails, etc., forming an arabesque very like a spider's web—if she had that little creature's power of outlining its path—in her zeal to collect all the implements necessary for the head of the house to execute a *chef-d'œuvre* in domestic art, while the said man, after a more or less successful use of the contents of the little domicile together with some not inventoried, steps back, surveys his finished work, beams on his helpmeet and with elation somewhat disproportioned to the success of the enterprise—from a feminine point of view—promptly leaves her to bring order out of chaos and restore harmony to the deranged household. Now how *could* he get along without her? At all events, she thought that she could not get along without him—and here she is.

A characteristic street scene in Washington, is the procession of clerks entering the various Government Buildings at nine o'clock in the morning, and issuing therefrom in the evening at four o'clock, daily. From eight to nine a. m. the streets and parks are gay with clerks wending their way from the railway stations, as many of them live in the pretty suburban places, a few even having their homes in Baltimore, forty miles away. The street-cars are over-flowing with them and not infrequently a cycler darts along on his phantom steed, which makes his country home an independent possibility. Of this army of clerks—they are numbered by the thousand now—a goodly proportion are women; and it is difficult to realize that thirty years ago there was not a woman among them. The history of their getting a foothold and increasing in numbers is most interesting to those who value woman, and watch her work and advancement.

It has been a mooted question as to which department was the first to introduce women, the Post-Office Department or the Treasury. But to General Spinner women owe more than to any other one man, as in all his official life he never failed to urge the value of "female clerks," or to defend them against Congress and the political world generally, when the inexpediency of their appointment was asserted.

It is related in the Post-Office Department, that a man died, or resigned—a very unusual circumstance according to departmental statistics—however, as he surrendered his position either from necessity or choice, two ladies were appointed in his place, by way of experiment, and the salary which he had formerly received was divided between them, by which distinguished consideration each became the recipient of forty dollars per month. One of those ladies is still in that department. The other was fortunate enough to be able to resign after twelve years of service. They made fine records for themselves and advanced the interests of all women. Cautiously and gradually, with strong congressional influence, other women were admitted and their salaries increased to fifty dollars a month, until, when it was discovered that they were doing double the amount of work for one-half the pay that the men received, they naturally expressed great dissatisfaction; and the manifest injustice finally induced Congress to "fix" the salary of the "female clerk" at seventy-five dollars per month, on which the "collective she" continued to work with patience and fidelity, until daily consideration of the matter led her to believe that the work itself should command the salary, and the question by whom it had been executed ought not to enter into the transaction. Justice is blind, it is said, and believing thoroughly in the immortal goddess, who surely ought not to discriminate against women, being clad in their mortal garments herself, they began to petition for the same pay for the same work. So they bored, bothered, and begged every congressman who had not a heart of adamant, for equal consideration.

The first bill for equal pay for equal work, was prepared by the joint effort of Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, and Senator Trumbull,

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of Illinois, and introduced in the Senate on the last day of the session, March 4, 1869, a very unusual proceeding, showing interest and earnestness not often met with in the rush and press of business at the close of the short session of Congress.

It was a very difficult bill to draw, as women were creeping into the departments by the strength and energy of their political friends against the vigorous opposition of those who had the protection of a vote. One would find some interesting reading on the subject in the files of the "Congressional Globe" of those years, as it never failed to call forth instructive remarks from members in both Houses of Congress, whenever the question of salaries came under discussion—as is inevitable once a year, when the annual appropriation bills are in order—involving as it did, the question of women or no women in the departments. Therefore, to word the bill so that it should be operative for the salaries of women and yet not detrimental to their appointment, required legal skill as well as long experience in congressional word-building and the ways of intricate legislation generally. It is true—and not surprising—that this bill was defeated in conference committee, but the ball was set rolling and there were a few earnest workers for the cause of woman, who improved every opportunity to agitate the question of her work and wages, and some faithful friend was always ready to take the floor in either House of Congress when the appropriation bills came up, and advocate no discrimination in salaries between male and "female" clerks, supported by the powerful words of the United States Treasurer, faithful General Spinner, in favor of the latter.

Up to this time, no woman in any of the departments had received more than nine hundred dollars per annum, while the male service was classified into first, second, third, and fourth class clerkships, with salaries graded respectively at $1,200, $1,400, $1,600, and $1,800, per annum. The connection between class and salary occasionally causes embarrassment, as in the case of a young man who thought that his services during an exciting presidential campaign had been sufficiently valuable to entitle him to live at the expense of the government. In reply to the notification that he had been appointed to a fourth class clerkship in the Treasury Department, he answered, somewhat testily, that if he could not have a first class clerkship he did not want any, blissfully unconscious that his annual income would be reduced six hundred dollars by the exchange.

BALLAD OF SWARIN THE SEA KING.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

[It is doubtless very savage—that valor of the old Northmen. Snorri tells us that they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth with sails set and slow fire burning it; that once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild, bloody valor; yet valor of its kind; better, I say, than none.—*Thomas Carlyle.*]

IN the hall of Swarin the Sea King the thanes were heavy of mood,
Though red on the carven benches shone the light from the pine-tree wood,
Ablaze on the hearth, and golden it flashed on the many-folden,
The fair-dyed, woven hangings where the bed of Swarin stood.

Night-long had the leeches pondered the lore of the woodland green,
Runes scored on the bark of birch trees whose quivering branches lean
To the east, and wan for sorrow they waited the weird of the morrow,
For sore their hearts misdoubted what the brooding Norns might mean.

For the strength was shorn from Swarin. As a storm-uprooted oak
Lay the Lord of the Ice-Hills mighty in the play of sworded folk,
But the white hair, oft uplifted by the whistling sea-wind, drifted
Like foam on the blue-stained bed-gear, and the women's sobs outbroke.

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Sudden the gray lips parted with a glad, far-echoing cry:
"Long is the road to God-home, but behold! my feet draw nigh.
Wide on the wold the faring, but the hours of night are wearing,
And my day of days is dawning in yonder pallid sky.

"Make room, O heroes of Odin! room at the mead-crowned board!
Yet shamed am I that I fall not by bite of the singing sword
Amidst the eager rattle of spears, the thorns of battle.
Shall Swarin die as a coward? My hearth-friends, lift your lord."

Then the wail waxed great and grievous, and the gleemen rent atwain,
Their shining harpstrings witless to mend the people's pain,
For love's eyes, nothing blinded, wist well that the king was minded
To go home that day to Odin and his heart of death was fain.

But the Dauntless of Spirit raised him and called for his war-array.
And in crested helm they dight him and steel shirt gleaming gray.
On his gold-rimmed shield they bore him, his banner of fame before him,
And the horns blew up as for battle, while they took the seaward way.

Then the pale world glowed with sundawn, and over the blue sea-floor
Fell a ruddy shaft like a pathway to Odin's open door.
With gold was the king's helm smitten, and the dragon-keel was litten
And the blazoned sails, and the sea-runes cut deep in the flashing oar.

On the deck they laid King Swarin, with treasure for Odin's need,
Fur cloaks, and hammered war-gear and many a silken weed,
With gold of the world's desire, and they hid the seed of fire
In the heart of the foam-necked sea bird, while the war-host wept for the deed.

But in seemly guise his kinsfolk heaped store of priceless things,
Glittering stones from the earth-caves, and battle-spoil of rings,
On the mail-girt breast of the Fearless, and smiled to his smiling, tearless,
And wished him weal in his faring, for their hearts were the hearts of kings.

Last knelt his daughter beside him and kissed him soft and sweet,
And lifted her child to nestle once more where the great heart beat;
Till the sunny ringlets blended with the hoary beard,—then wended
Shoreward her way full queenly, guiding the youngling's feet.

And the dragon leapt from the tether, the golden beak sprang free,
And blithely the ship ran over the blue hills of the sea,
Whilst a long cry followed after, but the white waves foamed with laughter,
And the salt wind sang in the cordage the song of Æger's glee.

And the keen gray eyes of Swarin, whilst the clouds sped by above,
Waxed dreamy as maiden's musing on her blossoming days of love,
For afar from his gaze had drifted all sights save the east sky rifted
By the ruby gates of God-home, and his heart had peace thereof.

But the fire-seed yearned for harvest, for the praise of those who reap,
And the stealthy flames, a-whisper, crept up the bulwark steep,
Whilst wide o'er the Sea Queen's acre rang the shout of the Battle-Breaker,
As the reddened sword of Swarin in the bitter wound stood deep.

Clear rose the hero's death song: "Thus my count of slain I fill.
Welcome me home, All-Father! On earth have I wrought thy will.
Now are the bright doors parted, and over the gulf, leal-hearted,
I clasp for thy cloudy garment and follow thy footsteps still."

The wild fire wrapt the sea bird from topmast unto wave,
But loud laughed out King Swarin on the latest breath he gave,
For flashed in the flame-rent spaces gold shields and glimmering faces
Of Odin's Victory-Wafters, the Choosers of the Brave.

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PROTECTIVE AGENCY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

BY MARY ALLEN WEST.

NOTHING is so defenseless as a poor woman alone in a great city. Sharpers look upon her as lawful prey; sewing-machine robbers and chattel mortgage fiends dog her footsteps, and their more infernal brother pursues her; city courts seem in league with her tormenters, and the grave her only place of refuge. But if these powers of evil can be made to know that back of every such woman stands the best womanhood of the city, a wall of defense is thrown around her. To build this wall is the work of the Protective Agency.

In your sheltered homes you have never made the acquaintance of the chattel mortgage and sewing-machine fiends; let me introduce them to you. A laboring man is stricken with consumption; he is sick for months and every cent of his savings is used up before death comes. The mother has kept bread in the mouths of her five children by the very hardest work; now come funeral expenses that must be met immediately. She cannot bear the thought of a pauper burial, so mortgages her scanty furniture for twenty-five dollars to bury her husband. The usury exacted is at the rate of two hundred per cent in a state where eight per cent is the highest interest allowed by law. By washing and scrubbing and almost starving she keeps up the monthly payments exacted on penalty of taking her furniture; at the end of the year she has paid the amount of the loan twice over, yet it has all been swallowed up in interest, not one cent applies to the principal. She breaks down from overwork and fails to make one payment; her goods are seized under power of the chattel mortgage, the family broken up, the mother sent to the hospital, and the children scattered. This is the work of the chattel mortgage fiend.

Or the victim is a sewing-woman, earning her living with a machine; it is getting worn, and a smooth-tongued chap persuades her to exchange it for a new one of improved pattern, "on easy payments." He takes the old and brings the new, by whose aid she makes all the payments but one. Then sickness comes; she fails to make that payment on the day due, and this fiend takes her machine. In a case which came to my knowledge today, the entire amount was fifty-six dollars of which only four remained unpaid. She implored him to give her back her old machine with which she could earn bread for her children, but he would not. Or the woman and her little girls are subject to criminal assault, and what little protection or redress she might claim of the courts must be purchased at such a fearful cost that she dares not seek it.

All these things and many more, became known to philanthropic women in Chicago through their work for women and they determined to put their united strength back of the weakness of their poor sisters; the Protective Agency is the result. It was a union movement of the leading women's organization of the city. At a meeting of representatives of these bodies in the fall of 1885, it was decided that the Chicago Woman's Club, as the largest and most representative one, should take the initiative and invite the co-operation of the others. This was done and resulted in the formation of the Agency, with a governing board consisting of representatives from about twenty of the most influential women's societies in the city. Mrs. Caroline M. Brown, founder of the Woman's Club and prime mover in the organization of the Agency, became its president and continued to be so till her removal to Cambridge, Massachusetts, compelled us to elect her successor. After two years, the Agency was reorganized on a more independent basis, the governing board being now elective instead of representative. Its objects and general working remain the same.

The center of power is the agent, a frail little woman, Mrs. Charlotte C. Holt, so quiet she would slip through a crowd unnoticed, yet fully charged with that dynamite whose chief ingredient is moral courage. She is wise as a serpent and during her four years' service has so won the respect and confidence of the courts that whatever case she presents is sure of respectful hearing. An attorney is now constantly employed to look after these cases in court; both agent and attorney always exhaust every other means of securing justice before resorting to the courts. As the Agency becomes known, the number of cases that are thus settled increases; often

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the simple knowledge that their poor victim has such a backer, is sufficient to make a scamp disgorge his ill-gotten gains or pay the money out of which he was attempting to cheat a poor woman.

During the last year 1,614 cases have been entered on our books; of these 454 were for wages withheld and other debts, of which $3,599.30 was collected; the total amount collected during the four years is $8,582.50. Often the smallness of the claim is very pathetic, as it measures the destitution that makes its collection a matter of vital moment. But whether the claim be fifty cents or fifty dollars it receives respectful attention. Fifty-six were chattel mortgage claims, which resulted in the saving of many hundreds of dollars and preventing the breaking up of several families. There were twelve cases of criminal assault and several of abduction of young girls for immoral purposes.

The Protective Agency secured the first conviction of a man for inveigling girls into the notorious dens of the Wisconsin pineries; it has secured a law which curtails the power of the chattel mortgage fiend; working in conjunction with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other organizations, it has succeeded in raising the age of consent in Illinois from ten years to fourteen, and in getting laws by which in abduction cases, previous character under eighteen years of age, shall not be called in question and by which girls under eighteen can be rescued from the dens into which they have been entrapped.

To make the work of a Protective Agency most effective it is necessary to have a chain of organizations in the principal cities, so that villains escaping from one city may be traced into another; such national organization has been planned but is not yet perfected.

OBJECTIONS TO COLLEGE TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

THE world seems of late touched with the mania of gathering information by means of questions on all manner of topics addressed to all manner of people. As a way of reaching average opinion the postal-examination system has merits, though so many addressed have no opinions, or no time to write them, that it is, after all, only a minority report which is thus made up.

But a recent trial of it has proved interesting as showing the average objections to college training for girls. To the sweet girl graduate of high, normal, and private schools in a large Eastern city four questions were addressed. They were asked if they would like to go to college, if they meant to go, and if not, why not; and finally what objections they had heard urged against such training. Seventy-seven answered, and of these, sixteen had no desire to go, sixteen meant to go, and the rest would like to, but could not—chiefly for lack of money. A few were unwilling to postpone so long their entrance into society; and one, a normal graduate, was of opinion that though she might know more after four years at college, she would be no better fitted to teach.

But it is the answers to the last question which are most instructive, as showing the prejudices still ruling the average mind. The chief objections urged are: "College training is unnecessary; women need to learn only household duties. They soon forget all they learn, have no use for it in after life, do not remain single long enough to profit by it. It is useful only to those who have to support themselves or who enter a profession. It makes women masculine, causes loss of pretty, lady-like ways; makes them strong-minded, vain, independent, disagreeable, dissatisfied with home life, injures the health, unfits them to be economical wives, destroys the maternal instinct, and hinders them from marrying."

Now it may be useful to note how entirely the social fallacy underlies most of these objections. Substitute "men" for "women" in them and more than half of them become absurd. But is education one thing for men and another for women? Precisely, answers society. A man's education is for his individual profit in knowledge and character, society gaining in turn from his gains. A woman's training is for the good of the home; she cannot be considered apart from her

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special mission as mother and home-maker. In that case, our homes are still, in the main, "dolls' houses." There are, of course, numbers of people who think all college training a mistake; who oppose it equally for boys and girls, urging, with slight variations, these same objections. This is at least consistency if it is not good sense. But the people who believe in it for the average boy, should show cause why the average girl may not equally profit by it; why only the exceptional girl who means to teach or take a profession should be given it. The question, indeed, resolves itself into this: Has a woman a right to life on her own account? If so, then the good of society will give to her, as to her brother, the broadest development, and trust to profit indirectly by her culture as it does by his; no more, no less.

A late writer in a magazine, like these objectors, lays the blame of declining marriage on college training and the "selfish ambitions" it fosters. And, always with the good of society in view, he recommends, as a cure, earlier marriages. Let the girl be trained in household arts so that the youth can afford to marry, and then let her be given home and children to absorb her energies and the "selfish ambitions," which it is so wrong for her to cherish, will wither. But it is precisely the best mothers of to-day, the most intelligent and conscientious, who mourn over their intellectual deficiencies, their imperfect, old-time training, because they feel these deficiencies with their children. They form classes and literary clubs, because,—"I want to know something for my boy's sake—my girl's." If the younger women want knowledge for their own sakes, it is, perhaps, because this reason has not yet come into their lives.

Let us be rid of the idea that a college training is only for teachers. The boy goes, not because he is to be teacher or lawyer, but because it is the best education of a gentleman. Until his sister goes for like reason, because it is the best culture of a lady, we are still in the backwoods. Let us be rid, too, of the fancy that the higher education is, in some vague way, inimical to marriage and the common lot. If there is comfort in statistics, they show that college-bred women marry like their sisters, only a little later. Statistics long since disproved the "injury to health" objection. As for the moralists who cry that women's extravagance and love of dress hinder marriage, they must surely see that a society life fosters these passions, while an intellectual one such as college training should develop, controls them by substituting nobler ambitions.

Meantime college women are warned by these objections not to be vain, disagreeable, independent, or "anxious to occupy positions more suited to men." There is, indeed, a certain vagueness about this last, and we all know vain and disagreeable women who are *not* college-bred. But behind the criticism is a truth. It is part of the mission of college-trained women to-day, to recommend that education to the average mother. If we are open to criticism because of deficient social grace and tact, the cause will suffer, for, as Howells tells us, "It is certain that our manners and customs count for more in life than our qualities."

ELIZABETH THOMPSON, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President of the W. C. T. U.

PROBABLY no figure in the current group of distinguished men and women in America is less accentuated to the average eye than that of this great character. Nor is she even a voice, so few have either seen or heard her, but her life is a melody full of tenderness, nay, an anthem rich and holy. There is something pathetic about the reflection that Elizabeth Thompson will never be personally known to the American people, for her days on earth are well-nigh numbered. Nearly two years ago a paralytic stroke benumbed her faculties, and she sits in the eclipse of her great and beautiful powers, waiting for the call that will be so welcome to one whose thoughts and sympathies have, for almost a lifetime, dwelt in the world invisible. But there is perhaps nothing more pitiful in the varied elements of this melodious life set to the minor key, than her gentle

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query, not infrequently reiterated in the ears of sympathetic friends, "I wonder how it was that when I so loved God and loved humanity I was not better guided in my giving?" This despondent note was not heard in her life until weakness of body had caused a loss of tone, so that we may well believe her benefactions to have been much more efficient than she is now inclined to think.

Riding down Fifth Avenue with her from the elegant home in which I was entertained at the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. in New York City, 1888, Elizabeth Thompson said to me in that full, mellow voice which is so characteristic of her, "I might have had a carriage of my own, and an elegant home in New York City, but I was just fool enough not to desire them." I had induced her to be present at our opening exercises, securing a private box for her, as her dread of the public amounted to an idiosyncrasy. She remained during my annual address and gave a partial promise to be present in the evening, when the flag of all nations, designed by her for our society, and one of her many unobtrusive gifts, was to be formally presented to the convention by the Rev. Annie Shaw; but when the evening came Mrs. Thompson was not there, and next morning I received a note of apology saying that she had fled to her country home in Connecticut.

I suppose that she has received tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of letters in the last quarter of a century asking for help. She told me they came by the peck and half bushel; that her home seemed like the whispering gallery of humanity's sorrow and sin, and that the weight of her sympathy in reading these letters became so heavy a burden that she was wont at frequent intervals to change her place of residence, so that her whereabouts was kept hushed up among her friends. I know I have for years regarded it as treason to tell any one where she lived, because she was pursued not only by letters but by visits from persons in distress.

To my gifted and accomplished friend Mrs. M. P. Hascall, of New York City, wife of a lawyer, daughter of a judge, and devoted all her life to the study of religions, I owe my introduction to the great philanthropist. It occurred in 1876, I think, at which time Mrs. Thompson was greatly interested in Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, who painted the famous picture entitled "Signing the Emancipation Proclamation," which Mrs. Thompson purchased for twenty-five thousand dollars, and presented to the American people through the Congress—a picture which is perhaps the most prominent single painting at the National Capitol. Mrs. Thompson was greatly interested in the philosophic and scientific studies of Professor Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, then of New York, and I met her at a morning class where ladies of wealth and thoughtfulness were wont to assemble, my friend Mrs. Hascall among the rest. She afterward called upon me, and we talked for hours. With affectionate but keen scrutiny I then imprinted once for all upon the photographic plates of memory, a woman of medium height and proportions as symmetrical as they were generous, of quiet and womanly attitudes, with a head and face quite remarkable, the head noble in all its outlines, rising dome-like above the ears, with a fair full brow indicative of great intelligence, and the arching line of perception, benevolence, reverence, reflection; dark brown hair, simply parted and arranged after the olden style; brown eyes full of sweet and tender brightness; a clear complexion tending a little toward the olive; a nose sculpturesque and strong; a mouth full of the most motherly and winsome qualities; and a smile of infinite intelligence and good-will; a pronounced chin to balance her broad forehead; and that mellow, pathetic voice of which I have spoken.

She told me her history. Her maiden name was Rowell. She was born in Vermont, in Caledonia, the same county that was the native home of both my parents. She was of sturdy stock, the daughter of a farmer, born into a home where hard work was plenty, with an honest father of good habits and good life, but not, I judge, of high spirituality; and with a mother who must have been a saint according to her daughter's definition, a woman of the deepest and most intuitive nature, in whom the spiritualities welled up of their own sweet will, nor needed to be superinduced by study, culture, observation, or any outside help; her body, soul, and spirit, being the home of the Spirit of God. She had many children and a hard life. Elizabeth told me that she could never put into words the pity, the compassion, the tenderness she felt toward her mother, and from this fountain had flowed

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all those tides of a larger sympathy that have since gone almost to the ends of the earth. Her mother was beautiful in body as well as in soul, and bequeathed her nature and gifts, both interior and exterior, to her daughter Elizabeth. Neither had, in any degree beyond the rudiments of the English language, the training of the schools, but to both the great open book of nature and of the soul gave constant and devoutly treasured lessons.

I do not know just how it came about, but a Boston gentleman of the highest culture, a graduate of Harvard University, in the same class with George Bancroft and others of our most distinguished men, a bachelor who was living with his mother and sisters at the Hub, was traveling through Vermont on a pleasure trip one summer, and in some casual way, as we are wont to call it, met Elizabeth, who was, I judge, enough younger than he to have been his daughter. I suppose that her great beauty and earnestness of nature attracted him. Some months after, if I remember right (for I am giving only impressions), they met at a concert in Boston, to which she had been escorted by her uncle whom she was visiting. From that time their acquaintance and friendship went on until they were married, not, as I judge, with the approval of the aristocratic ladies in his home, but at least without any revolt on their part.

Elizabeth came to the magnificent residence of her husband, finding a library of the choicest and most varied selections from the authors of all literary nations, Mr. Thompson being well versed in five languages, and delighting to read the works of Dante, Goethe, and Voltaire in the original. It was a wonderful world into which this lovely country maiden, heretofore living in the beautiful out-doors of Vermont, that bewitching Switzerland of America, was thus suddenly ushered. Her husband set about educating her, but you might as well have tried to make a hot-house plant out of a fragrant wild rose. She liked to hear him read aloud, and thus by observation gained a great deal of knowledge, but did not set herself to the definite and consecutive pursuit of books. They traveled much by carriage, doubtless because she greatly loved the country, and their summers were passed in the most beautiful scenery of New England.

Once, not many years before his death, when they were summering in Brattleborough, that gem of a town embosomed in hills, he came to her one evening with a formidable looking document, and said, "Elizabeth, I have made my will and bequeathed every cent I have in the world to you."

She said: "Oh, why did you do that? I am not wise in worldly ways. I should not know how to expend it as you would have wished. I should be the prey of the designing, and should be caught in the meshes of the law."

"In what way would you like then to have me change my will," he said, "for all I have must go to you."

She looked out over the lovely evening landscape and into the calm heavens, then down upon this manufacturing town where there was so much misery, and said: "Perhaps I can use it for the good of humanity while I am alive, but as to its final use I am not willing to have the responsibility. Can you not leave it for my benefit during life, and say that at my death one-half of it must go to the poor women of Brattleborough, and the other half to the poor women of Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, where we have so often stayed?"

So simple was her heart, so much it dwelt in the concrete misery that she had witnessed with her own eyes, so little was she cognizant of the causes of human sorrow, and so absorbed in the impression of their effects. He said very little to her, but when, a few years after, his generous heart had ceased to beat, the will was found to be drawn just as she had desired it. And so she became a widow at about thirty years of age, with a fortune whose annual income was about one hundred thousand dollars. She would never touch the principal, and her tastes were very simple. Society had no attractions for her, and her dress was always of the plainest, though in good taste. She wore no costly ornaments. "How can I," she said, "when so many lack bread and shoes?" She dressed according to the laws of God, that is, there was no ligature anywhere about her clothing, and she was a loyal adherent of that blessed medical faculty, Doctors Diet, Sleep, and Open Air. She does not seem even to have desired that delight of almost every woman's heart, "a home of her own," but lived in boarding houses and at hotels and in the homes of her relatives. She told me that the first thing she did when she had any

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power over money was to build her mother a lovely home and surround her with every comfort, trying to atone to her she loved best for the hard life she had led so long. She has no relative whom she has not helped to the utmost of her power, first to education, then to a start in business or to a home. The curse pronounced upon him that provideth not for his own household will never lie on her. Every true heart must incline to call Elizabeth Thompson blessed, and first of all, those hearts bound to her own by ties of kindred and affection. "Her brothers and sisters, her nephews and nieces, all owe their education and start in the world, and many of them their entire support, to her kindness and generosity." This sentence I quote from a recent letter written by one of them.

She managed her own business affairs, and became quite a notable business woman. Her check book was her fairy-wand, and I have been told that at the close of every month she had drawn out the entire installment for that period, often going beyond it. When the paralytic stroke came upon her, and others took her business in hand, it was found that there were twenty-eight families in a New England town where she was then living, entirely dependent upon her bounty. Any toiling aspiring inventor who had a patent to bring out and no money with which to do it, and no influence to back him; any author with a worthy book to publish who could not get a hearing; any educator with a theory for the better teaching of the young; any reformer who would advance the cause of temperance or of woman or of the industrial classes, was sure to find assistance from Mrs. Thompson. She gave for the advancement of the cause of peace and arbitration; she was devoted to the kindergarten; she was an enthusiastic believer in the spiritual power of music over the human heart, and paid musicians and orchestral leaders to give open-air concerts for the people. She was a student of heredity and sent out books by tens of thousands to the leaders of thought whose post-office addresses she obtained by means of college catalogues, philanthropic journals, reports of great societies, and they never knew where the books came from.

She said to me, "If I should let you have ten thousand dollars a year to expend in publishing temperance items in the press of this country do you think you would know just how to use it?" And relatives of hers assure me that this was her intention, but the purpose had only been formed when the illness came on from which she is not likely ever to recover. She was greatly interested in Father McGlynn and his anti-poverty society. She believed that the theater might be redeemed, and made a school of humanitarian teaching and culture, and in this hope expended tens of thousands, from which she realized perhaps her greatest disappointment.

There was a sadness about her that I think came from finding so often that the gratitude of many whom she helped was nothing more than a lively remembrance of favors to come. There was a loneliness about her like that of all great characters. She found few who drank in of her spirit; indeed in one of the towns where she had lived longest I heard her spoken of as "a temperance crank, an eccentric woman who didn't know how to get any good out of her money."

Probably no woman has lived in America who has had a personal acquaintance with more distinguished persons (I mean distinguished in the work of philanthropy, reform, and the effort to bring about a universal brotherhood) than Elizabeth Thompson. For the most part when they would do good their hands were empty of the wherewithal, and they naturally sought one who regarded herself as the almoner of the Heavenly Father's bounty. But her benefactions have been almost wholly secret, because those whom she has helped were persons of such a character that she would not betray their need, and the great enterprises that she has fostered pertained to education and philanthropy, and were assisted by her in a personal way, for, woman-like, she delighted to give to the person rather than the society; so that the element of privacy seemed to her to be an essential feature of her beneficence. I remember her sending me once a check for an exigency in which she had helped me before, but which now had ceased to exist, and I returned the money. A more astonished letter I never received, for she was not wont to be treated after that fashion, so she said; and I think this action may have given me a vantage ground in her confidence.

I do not intend to represent Elizabeth Thompson as a model of perfection. She has erred in judgment many times, no doubt. She is not so orthodox as I wish she were, but a

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heart more saturated with a sense of brotherhood I have nowhere found in literature or life, and I know that she would have loved to be an avowed disciple of Christ. She has looked at me many a time with an unutterable sadness in her beautiful face, and said, "I wish I could believe as you do. It would be such a happy and such a restful thing." She does believe in God, in immortality, in duty, in destiny, but alas, the Light that never shone on sea or shore, which is the Light of Life, has not been to her a steady guiding star.

I am sure that all good men and women will feel toward her the same affectionate reverence and gratitude that I do. Nay, they have known few who are so well deserving of their love, their faith, and prayers.

WHAT SUPPORT A WIFE MAY CLAIM FROM HER HUSBAND.

BY LELIA ROBINSON SAWTELLE, LL. B.

Of the Boston Bar.

By common law and by the law of all our states, a husband must provide his wife with necessaries. Much judicial wisdom has been spent in defining this term "necessaries," and in applying it to various cases, but the term is a broad one and elastic, many things being properly regarded as necessaries to the wife of a wealthy man which would be luxuries to the wife of a poor man. The station of life, the manner of living, and the financial standing of a man are all taken into consideration. In an old English case a man was sued for the board and lodging of his wife—who had left him because of his ill-treatment—her maid, and her lap-dog. The bill for mistress and maid had to be paid, for the judge considered that a waiting-maid was necessary to the wife of a man in the defendant's rank of life, but the lap-dog was held to be a luxury, and the bill for its board and lodging was thrown out.

An eminent judge once remarked, "It is said in the books that necessaries consist only of food, drink, clothing, washing, physic, instruction, and a suitable place of residence." Construed with regard to the pecuniary means of the husband, this definition is still fairly accurate, though how far and in what lines of study, a husband could be compelled to pay bills for his wife's "instruction" is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps a course at a cooking-school would be safely considered a necessary, if the fees were not too extravagant. Medical attendance may or may not be a necessary, so say our courts, according to the kind. A Massachusetts judge once decided that a clairvoyant's attendance was not a necessary, but a luxury, and the husband was not required to pay the bill.

Many people suppose that a husband must pay any and all debts contracted by his wife, but this is not so. He must pay her bills contracted for necessaries, but only if he fails to provide her with suitable necessaries otherwise. If he is a rich man, but provides his wife only with calico dresses, she may go to a store and buy herself suitable clothing, to a reasonable amount, of silk or wool or other proper material, and may have the garments made up by a dressmaker at reasonable prices, and the husband must pay the bills, even though he has forbidden these very parties to give his wife credit. But if he purchases suitable goods and brings them home, even though the colors are not becoming to her complexion; or if he gives her credit at a particular store; and if he then notifies other tradespeople not to trust her on his account, this is all he is legally required to do, and the price of further purchases made by her cannot be collected from him. If a husband has notified certain tradespeople or the public in general not to give credit to his wife on his account, or if husband and wife are living apart from each other, then anyone who furnishes necessaries to the wife cannot rely upon the husband for payment unless assurance first be had that the husband is not actually furnishing his wife with suitable necessaries of the particular kind.

A few months ago a lady was obliged to leave her home and husband, although he desired her to remain. By my advice she went to a friend who knew enough of the circumstances to believe that the separation was unavoidable, and obtained board with her. As soon as the husband learned of this, he sent a formal notice to the lady not to harbor

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his wife or give her credit on his account. Some months later when the case came up for a hearing, the court was satisfied that the wife was living apart from her husband for justifiable cause, and rendered a decree for a separate maintenance. This decree dated only from the time of the hearing, but the somewhat heavy bill already run up for board and lodging also had to be paid by the unwilling husband.

It is only in the capacity of agent that a wife may bind her husband by her contracts. The mere fact that she is his wife and living with him, or living apart from him for justifiable cause, is sufficient to authorize her as his agent, to contract, in his name, debts for necessaries. But she may also make other contracts of any and all sorts, if he gives her authority, as his agent, so to do. And this authority need not be written, though it may be. Any words or acts of the husband showing that he knows his wife is trading at a certain store for articles other than necessaries or is purchasing real estate in his name or buying horses on margins, and that he is willing she should do so, is sufficient to constitute her his agent for these contracts and to bind him by them. But this is not because she is his wife. He could make anyone else his agent for such purposes in precisely the same way. But unless she does have some special authority to act for him, his wife cannot bind him by any contracts except those for necessaries already referred to.

At common law and in the great majority of states, a wife, however wealthy she may be in her own right, may yet claim and receive from her husband necessaries suitable to his means, however poor he is. And there are very few states where a wife's property may be taken in payment for necessaries for herself or for the family, even if the husband is penniless and cannot pay. Unless, of course, the wife contracts for necessaries on her own credit instead of his, in which case she and her property may now be held nearly everywhere. But the support which she can claim is only such as accords with her husband's means, not her own. And he is the sole arbiter as to the place where the family shall live and the manner of life, so that it be reasonably healthful and comfortable. In a recent case, a wife owned a fine house and estate where she wished to reside with her husband and family, but he required her to live elsewhere with him in a much humbler fashion, probably expecting her to lease her own place and apply the rent-money to family expenses. It was held that she must go with him where he chose to establish the family domicile, and that if she refused so to do, it would be desertion on her part.

Every husband must support his wife, so long as she is his wife, whether they continue to live together or not, unless the separation is due to her fault, in which case, if he can prove it to the satisfaction of the court, he is relieved from all further responsibility for her support. If there is a separation caused by his fault, and if he refuses to support her apart from him, there is in nearly all our states some process by which, without applying for divorce, the injured wife may yet compel her husband to provide reasonably, according to his means, for her support, together with a decree of court authorizing her to live apart from him, and, perhaps, also, giving her the custody of minor children.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT IN THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN.

WHEN the Board of Lady Managers, appointed by Congress to promote the interests of women in connection with the Columbian Exposition held their first meeting last autumn such powers as the National Commission had conceded to them were of the vaguest sort. So evident was this that it was generally assumed that all that was expected of them was simply to ostentate themselves. This conclusion was emphasized by the election of Mrs. Potter Palmer as president, who, up to that time, was known to the public only as a brilliant social leader. While the authorization of this board by Congress was in a manner designed as a recognition of the good work women had done at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia and later at the Cotton Centennial at New Orleans, their creation proved nothing and whether the

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work of the Board of Lady Managers was to be of any real value or not, remained to be determined by its own action. With the most exquisite discretion and loyal industry Mrs. Palmer led in the work of solving this problem.

After the obtaining of an appropriation of $36,000 per year for the current expenses of prosecuting their work, and also suitable provision for a woman's building, the most important concession secured by the Board of Lady Managers was from the chief of the Bureau of Installation. As soon as it was decided that woman's work should be specially and not separately exhibited, the ladies requested that there should be printed on all entry blanks a question asking whether the particular article entered for exhibition is the product in whole or in part of woman's work. This request was granted. As an act of Congress provides that the Board of Lady Managers "may appoint one or more members of all committees to award prizes for exhibits which may be produced in whole or in part by female labor," the Board was certain of being able to appoint women on all juries of award where women had taken any part in producing the article to be considered. It is an interesting and significant fact that of the thousands of entry blanks which have already been received there is a very small proportion indeed that do not answer the question as to whether women have been employed in its manufacture in the affirmative. Mrs. Palmer in speaking of this in an address before a Chicago Women's Club, said: "When I asked the Board of Control at the time they were prescribing our duties, how many representatives we were to have on the juries which would pass upon exhibits that were wholly or in part the work of women, his reply was that we might appoint all the members that were to award prizes in departments where women's work was to be judged. I modestly insisted that we name only one-half of such juries, for I knew—although I did not tell him so—that otherwise we should have the appointing of all the members of most of the juries of the Exposition."

It is the intention of the Board of Lady Managers to present a complete showing of the work of women at the present time. To this end there will be some desire to indicate just what part of the work exhibited has been done by women, so that persons passing through the Exposition can distinguish it at a glance. In addition to this it is quite probable that in the women's building there will be a showing of the most important and interesting works that women have given to the world. The Board are also arranging to make a thorough canvass in order to discover the condition of women wage workers. They propose to ascertain the amount of child labor employed; the proportion of wages that women get for their share of the world's work; whether their taste and delicacy of touch are of distinctive value, and to enlarge upon the work of statisticians by bringing to light salient facts in regard to woman's work which have never yet been made a matter of record. In order to secure the concurrent action of women of different nations, the Board of Lady Managers are arranging to send petitions to foreign governments, through the American Ministers, asking each of these governments to appoint bodies of women to co-operate with them. The power of the state being so much more considered abroad than here, an appointment of this kind, it is believed, would be considered at once a compliment and a command. Furthermore, to women indorsed by their government all doors would be opened. The Hon. James G. Blaine is especially interested in this department of the work of the Board and has assured them of his assistance.

The name, Board of Lady Managers, together with the statement that has been given wide publicity that the Board is for the most part composed of ladies of leisure who have no comprehension of, or sympathy with, bread-winning women, has created an erroneous impression. The fact is that a large proportion of the Board are practical business women. There are among them farmers, real estate agents, photographers, painters, editors, authors, doctors, lawyers, philanthropists, and also capitalists. In this connection the fact is of interest that with the exception of the removal from the office of secretary of Miss Phœbe Couzins, there has been nothing to mar the harmony and good feeling existing among the members of the Board. Furthermore, it is but just to state that since Mrs. Palmer was elected to the office of president of the Board she has worked as industriously and persistently as any wage-earner could for the furthering of the interests of everything connected with the forthcoming Columbian Exposition. In ad-

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dition to refusing to accept any remuneration for her services she has paid from her private purse for such office help as has been needed as the funds appropriated will not be available until July.

The securing of a woman's building has been an important part of the work of the Board of Lady Managers. The building will be four hundred by two hundred feet. On the first floor there will be, in addition to entrances, main gallery, and toilet rooms, two large audience halls, a model hospital, a model kindergarten, a library, and a bureau of information. The second story is devoted to an open colonnade, parlors, reception, committee, and dressing rooms, a model kitchen for demonstration lessons, assembly and administration rooms, and the office of the president. The adding of a third story is being considered, and it has been decided that the building shall be ornamented with roof gardens. In this building will be held the congresses of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary. This organization, although under the direction of the Commission, is in no way connected with the Board of Lady Managers, who deal exclusively with the objective exhibit, while the World's Congress Auxiliary deal entirely with theories, their motto being, "Not things, but men; not matter, but mind." The Isabella Association, which is often confused with these two organizations, is in no way connected with the World's Columbian Commission.

Just at present a systematic canvass is being inaugurated by the members of the Board of Lady Managers, in their respective states and territories, in accordance with a report of the committee on immediate work, in regard to the industries in which women are engaging.

PERFUMERY-MAKING AS AN OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

BY COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

IN mediæval times when feudalism and oppression were rampant, a knowledge of the arts and sciences was confined to a small number of persons, even people of the highest rank being ignorant and unlettered. Much of the learning was buried within the gray walls of the cloister, the cowled monks and the hooded sisters being adepts in the preparation of certain perfumes and lotions, which were much in request. These secrets were jealously guarded, and many of the formulas of the present day have been derived from old yellow manuscripts and quaint black-letter volumes which have been transmitted from generation to generation as precious heirlooms.

In those days men were unversed in the gentler arts, and on the women of the family devolved the duty of compounding sweet odors, unguents, and powders that were to make one forever beautiful; also salves to heal the wounds of their husbands and lovers. Old-fashioned plants such as lavender, bergamot, the cabbage rose, and the fragrant jasmine were cultivated for the purpose, and the chatelaine surrounded by her handmaidens, distilled, by means of rude appliances, sweet-scented waters from the delicate blossoms.

As far as the ladies of modern times are concerned, perfumery may be regarded in the light of a lost art, its manufacture being almost exclusively carried on by men.

In the battle for bread, many women have strayed from their legitimate sphere, and have essayed to become blacksmiths, butchers, tooth pullers, etc., in order to earn a living.

Most of the trades and professions are overcrowded, and women clamor for something to do which is at the same time womanly and remunerative.

It seems never to have occurred to them that by adopting perfumery-making they might solve the money-getting problem, and at the same time engage in an occupation refined and elevating and lucrative. Most persons imagine that a knowledge of chemistry is necessary, but this is a mistake, as many successful perfumers are not chemists, although an acquaintance with the fundamental rules of chemistry is of inestimable value to one who intends to engage in the business.

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There are many points in favor of this employment, and not one objection. It requires no arduous labor either of brain or body and is devoid of monotony. Another great recommendation is the small amount of space requisite and its cleanliness. The business can be carried on as well in the parlor as in the laboratory. It is a most fascinating occupation and eminently adapted to ladies who are thrown upon their own resources. It is not difficult to learn, and once acquired it is a perpetual delight.

Women are better equipped in every respect than men to make successful perfumers. One of the most important requisites is a nice sense of smell, which is possessed to an eminent degree by the majority of women, as their olfactories have not been dulled by indulgence in smoking and drinking, as is the case with many men.

The most delicate manipulation is necessary in order to produce good results, five-sixteenths of a drop too much or too little often materially changing the odor. The perfumer must, besides, appreciate the influence of time and temperature upon his goods as this is an important element of success.

Almost every woman has an inherent love for flowers; women as a rule have fine sensibilities and are better acquainted with their distinctive odors than the sterner sex who pay but scant attention to such matters.

Not only is the almost limitless domain of perfumery open to feminine breadwinners, but they are also at liberty to engage in the kindred arts of manufacturing cosmetics and flavoring extracts.

Most women use cosmetics in some form, and many of the goods put upon the market are exceedingly harmful and cost enormous sums. They can be manufactured at home at a fraction of the price and without the innocuous ingredients.

Pure cooking extracts are difficult to obtain, and the making of them also offers a wide field for the enterprising woman. Most of the flavoring extracts bear no resemblance to the fruits they are supposed to represent, and besides they often contain deleterious substances and cost a good deal.

A perusal of the foregoing remarks will convince even the most skeptical of the manifold advantages which might accrue to women who desire to learn some profession by which they can maintain themselves, and in the pursuit of which there is nothing repulsive, unpleasant, or unwomanly.

A practical chemist who is an expert in all the various branches, makes a specialty of giving instruction in the art to men employed in the business. He says that women are becoming much interested in the subject and are eager to acquire a knowledge of it. During the last twelve months he has taught several ladies, some of them merely learning it as a source of amusement, while others have applied it to the practical purpose of money-making.

One lady in particular, who took a course of lessons, owns an extensive raisin-ranch and also cultivates many rare flowers. She became an expert and now makes a business of compounding perfumes from the sale of which she derives a fine revenue, as she disposes of her wares at an excellent profit.

TO THE REFORMER.

BY MARIE BRUNEAU.

All things come round to him who waits.—*Spanish Proverb.*

OH! thou who pinest for the truth to grow
In weedy waste or on the steppes' wan snow,
Who criest out thine anguish, moaning low,
While Time pours from his urn the years in even flow,
Be comforted; the season waits a space,
As one, ere weighted words, scans the unconscious face
Till o'er it, like some pattern of rare lace,
The soul's responsive, mystic legends race.

All things sweep round to him who waits,
Holding his breath in agony,
Or calmly gazing toward eternity,—
Life's lessening thread, the open shears, the Fates
Grown sweet to the palled vision,—yet, though late it seem, most late,
Truth's time must surely come to those who, trusting, wait.

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THEOSOPHY AND MADAM BLAVATSKY.

THE death of Madam Blavatsky in London, last May, ended an active and mysterious career. It is not likely that the mystery of her life will ever be dispelled: those who believe her to have been the teacher of a religion and a morality will retain their faith; those who regard her as an impostor of a high class will not modify their judgment. Mystery was one of the elements of her success; it gave her an interest to which no one who was brought in contact with her could be entirely indifferent. Those who met her in New York a few years ago recall a dark, thickset woman of strong face and searching eyes; eminently unattractive through her habit of constant cigarette smoking, but stimulating, and, in her way, fascinating.

Russian by birth, and accused on apparently good grounds of being a spy in the service of the Russian government, she seemed to belong to no country, but, like the religion she professed to teach, to represent the universal principle of life. She affected the East rather than the West, because the vagueness and mysticism of Oriental thought were attractive to her, and also because they served her purpose. She seemed to be familiar with all parts of the world, her information was of marvelous reach, and her mind of a very comprehensive order. Her conversation had an amplitude of interest and knowledge which was in itself a fascination, although the critical listener often discerned in it distinct traces of superficiality. She was a woman of a very marked personality; she carried others with her by her strong individuality, and converted a good many people to her views who would not have fallen under the spell of a less potent impostor. For an impostor we believe Madam Blavatsky to have been. This does not mean that she was at all times and in all things dishonest. The things she taught had a natural attraction for her; her own temperament fell in with the vague doctrines of theosophy and especially with the thaumaturgical side of it.

Madam Blavatsky came to New York about eighteen years ago, and the conversion to her views of Colonel Alcott, who was then a spiritualist, speedily followed. Other kindred spirits were drawn within the magical circle, and a few years later the New York Theosophical Society was organized. Madam Blavatsky's rooms were the scene not only of interchange of opinion and the organization of a new religious society, but of mysterious and apparently supernatural occurrences.

After remaining in this country five or six years Madam Blavatsky returned to India for the purpose, as she said, of enlarging the work of the Theosophical Society. Her stay in India was marked by a multitude of reports of marvelous occurrences with which she was connected, and also of palpable impostures in which she was detected. The London Society for Psychic Research became interested in these stories, and Dr. Hodgson went to India for the purpose of studying Madam Blavatsky's performances on the ground. After a careful investigation and personal examination of various individuals who had been concerned in Madam Blavatsky's alleged miracles, Dr. Hodgson made a report to the Society for Psychic Research, in which he pronounced Madam Blavatsky an unblushing impostor. This report was a serious blow to the Theosophical Society.

Madam Blavatsky left India three or four years ago and returned to Europe, fixing her residence in London, where her striking personality and her plausibility have shown themselves in the increased interest in theosophy among a certain class of English thinkers. That Dr. Hodgson's characterization was just and accurate is the belief of most people who did not come under the spell of Madam Blavatsky's mind; but although proven an impostor, her influence over a large class of persons has undoubtedly been very great, and has given the Theosophical Society a great impetus not only in England but in this country.

In its broadest terms theosophy starts with the assumption of the existence of God, that He may be directly known by contact with the human spirit, and that the end of all knowledge is to secure this immediate contact; that contact conveying, among other things, mastery of the spiritual and physical forces of life. So far as its original stand-

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point is concerned theosophy as now proclaimed as a world-religion has been the faith of all great religious natures; for such natures arrive at the idea of the existence of God not by a logical process but by direct perception. The difficulty with theosophy lies not only in its vagueness but in the fact that it opens the door for every sort of self-deception and imposture. Miracle-working, which has been the incident of the very highest spiritual development, is among many theosophists the end of their research. They are mere wonder-seekers, persons of the smallest religious instinct and the slightest spiritual development, who are hungry for the supernatural, and who vulgarize, as in the days of Christ, religion into mere magic.

That there are profound and noble ideas in Oriental philosophy and faith, no intelligent person questions; but those who have looked into the theosophical movement cannot but feel that its interest is not so much in its fundamental ideas as in a certain attractive Orientalism which surrounds them, and above all in the marvelous possibilities of human action which it professes to open up. It professes to hold the key of all religions and regards each as good in its place. It interprets Christianity as an historical expression of racial character and human need and Christ as a great teacher; but it has the same regard for Mohammed and the faith which bears his name. It substitutes for belief in a God manifest under historic conditions a vague and undefined Energy whence all things proceed and to which all return again. The condition of India is the best comment on the essential force of such a system as theosophy; it utterly fails to help a struggling race; its adepts withdraw, according to the theosophic tradition, into remote retreats and India sinks lower and lower. Its pretended miracles are proven to be impostures of a very crude kind.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

This letter comes to us from a lady of a New England state, and as it relates to a subject which now, lamentably, requires serious discussion, we give it in full:

Dear Sir:—Should a lady bring suit for a breach of promise? I have two sisters, one of whom was engaged during one year to be married to a lawyer. He broke the engagement that he might propose marriage to another lady.

The other sister was engaged to a gentleman for about eighteen months, and had made all her arrangements to be married; but the man broke the engagement and immediately began to pay attention to another lady, whom he married.

What can be done to correct this evil in social life? It has depressed the lives of my sisters and put a cloud into our family sky which has remained there for a number of years.

Very truly yours,

———, ———

It seems to be indisputable that cases of the kind described by our correspondent, so sadly, are increasing in this country. Perhaps the rapid growth and extension of the class of traveling commercial agents has had something to do with their multiplication. Most of these men are honorable in all their dealings, and many of them are the loyal husbands of faithful wives; but some of them, unquestionably, are as destitute of moral principle, so far as women are concerned, as the pirates and bandit barons of a former day. They are like the old-time sailors who had a wife in every port. In their wandering life they feel free from social and moral obligations, and they look on every woman as fair prey. They may not be many, but as they pass from place to place they can leave a trail of broken pledges and sorrow and suffering inexpressible.

It is painfully apparent, too, that there are large numbers of other men who have thrown off the old American respect for womanhood, so honorable to this country, and so provocative of well-deserved praise from foreign visitors. Indications of this deterioration appear in the decrease of courtesy toward women, in the great cities more especially. It used to be the proud boast of an American that in this country an unprotected woman could travel far and near and mix in any crowd without danger of encountering even a glance from which she could take reasonable offense, and with the sure confidence that in every gentleman she would find a delicate defender. In these days ladies traveling on city railroads and walking in city streets complain that they are abashed and outraged by the insolent stares and even the actual intrusion of shameless and impudent fellows dressed like gentlemen. To the great honor of the poor people, such a degradation of manhood is rarely observable among them, but rather among men who pretend to social

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superiority. The evil seems to have been of foreign importation, and to have come in with the imitation of foreign manners. In Paris, for instance, a lady alone on the public streets is always liable to be insulted by men followers, by audible comments on her looks, and even by actual address. In London, as many recent exposures have proved, men of nominal social elevation make it a business to prey upon girls and women who are without immediate protection. These fellows are careless of the consequences, and they are of a bottomless depravity, brazen, cynical, and utterly vile.

These indications of failing honor and increasing turpitude are otherwise and further displayed in conduct like that described by our correspondent. Such scoundrels deserve and should receive bitter punishment. Yet if the women deceived and flung aside by them seek to administer the punishment by means of a suit for breach of promise, they punish themselves, necessarily, more than they avenge their injuries on the authors of their sorrows. They must bare their wounded hearts to the whole public, and the public is not tender and sympathetic, delicate and considerate. They make themselves subjects of gossip and, it may be, scandal; inevitably, too, of ridicule from the flippant and evil-minded. The seclusion and sanctity of domestic life are invaded, and the most sacred of feelings are exposed to the vulgar gaze. The woman who sues for breach of promise is sure to be accused of the merely mercenary motive of seeking to plaster sentimental wounds with money damages. She becomes a public character at once, and is in danger of being classed as of the number of depraved women who lure men to make them their prey.

Hence the advisability of discontinuing the action for breach of promise of marriage altogether has been much discussed among lawyers and legislators. It has been questioned whether experience has not proved that the legal remedy for a sentimental wrong is worse than the disease itself, both for the individual and for society. We see that the ability to bring the action does not prevent the increase of such perfidy. The statute law and the courts are unavailing to stay its progress. The cure, apparently, must be found in the cultivation of a public sentiment more elevated as to the solemnity of an engagement of marriage.

Women themselves, we are sorry to say, are partly responsible for the light regard of the obligations of betrothal on the part of men. Some girls will enter into an engagement of marriage, of all contracts the most solemn and most momentous, in a spirit so near frivolity that afterward they will break it in mere petulance or fickleness, sometimes repeating the process and vainly rejoicing over the multiplicity of their discarded conquests. Worse still, as in the instances so painfully described by our correspondent, women even justify and encourage dishonorable breaches of promise to their sisters by marrying men guilty of the perfidy, even when it is within their knowledge. The most effectual punishment such dishonor could receive would be the complete social ostracism of the men capable of it. They ought to be branded by all women and forever excluded from their company, when the promise is broken, and by whomsoever it is broken, in lawless and indefensible contempt of its obligations. Such men are guilty of a breach of trust and confidence, one of the most grievous sins against the very foundations of all social society.

Except in very rare instances, an engagement of marriage should never be entered into unless it can be announced and is announced to the friends and acquaintances of both the parties. Public sentiment surrounds marriage with its most wholesome and effectual safeguards, and it should likewise erect its muniments about the betrothal of marriage.

THE LEAVEN OF HERESY.

For several weeks the press of the country has been proving that religion is still the most interesting subject—by the amount of attention and by the prominence it has given to theological matters. We must take leave to doubt that the public is as much exercised about the particular matters as the papers are; but the public is certainly interested in religion, and therefore reads the theological columns. The religious views of many prominent clergymen are being examined and in a sense tried by the newspapers; and there is below the surface indications a certain amount of real theological disturbance. The Reformed Presbyterians are having some trouble with ministers who believe they ought to bear all the responsibilities and do all the duties of American citizens. Dr.

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Bridgman, an eminent Baptist pastor of New York, has gone into the Protestant Episcopal Church in a thoroughly commendable fashion; having changed his views he behaved like a Christian gentleman and went to the church holding and teaching his revised opinions. That was wiser than the attempt so often made to "reform" one's own denomination and its theology.

A number of other changes of this quiet and gentlemanly self-transfer to more congenial theological air have been reported in the papers. Obviously this is the way to do it if it is to be done at all, and it should be done whenever a clergyman must for the satisfying of a good conscience preach a doctrine at odds with that of his denomination.

There is a deeper interest in the cases of Drs. Briggs and Heber Newton of New York; and for several reasons the general public may wisely suspend its judgment until fuller light is given upon the matters in controversy. The facts are difficult to compress into a short article, but are about as given below. Dr. Briggs is a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, a Presbyterian institution for training young ministers. It is plain that there should be no question of the doctrinal loyalty of a man in that position That the question has arisen in the case of Dr. Briggs seems to be due to a certain pugnacity and aggressiveness in his temper and methods. Whether he is actually heretical to Presbyterian belief must be settled by the proper tribunals, since Dr. Briggs vehemently denies that he rejects any part of his church's creed or adds to it new tenets. On the face of his published views there seems to be a very clear hostility to the Westminster Confession of Faith respecting the infallibility of the Scriptures and the sanctification of believers after death. He has his own method of reconciling the apparent difference; and there can be no doubt that he is thoroughly loyal to Presbyterianism in his sympathies. The main matter is his resolute adhesion to what is called the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. He accepts and maintains conclusions respecting the history of the Hebrew Scriptures which are revolutionary and would require very serious modifications of the orthodox view of the Old Testament; such, at least, must be the judgment of the general religious public. The result of a reading of Dr. Briggs' conclusions is a feeling that the Bible contains too many errors to be considered "the Word of God." In short, the doughty critic has shocked orthodox feeling. We believe that the last word cannot yet be spoken respecting these matters of Higher Criticism. Further study may prove that the critical judgment of Dr. Briggs is as imperfect as his controversial temper.

Dr. Heber Newton has for several years attracted attention by the boldness and originality of some of his sermons. In general terms, Dr. Newton may be said to reject the Reformation theology which is recorded in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. He seeks to return to the poetic simplicity, breadth, and non-committalism of the ancient creeds. The Articles define and prescribe things to be believed which are not defined and prescribed in the ancient creeds. He holds that these Reformation doctrines and definitions are not binding upon him as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Here, too, the proper tribunals must decide.

There is one large view of all these controversies. The agitators represent to a certain extent a strong tendency in the church of to-day to concentrate upon "the simplicity that is in Christ," to dispense with fine definitions of faith, and to find theology in the hymnal rather than in the creed. There can be no doubt of the existence and powerful character of this feeling. Whatever tends to free us from definitions of things beyond knowledge, whatever takes all from us but Jesus Christ and salvation by Him, meets with a certain sympathy in the laity of all churches. But on the other hand, the iconoclastic method of reform and the practice of hunting for orthodox mistakes with a brass band find no sympathy in the general Christian public. Drs. Briggs and Newton and a few score more would hardly be missed by the great communions to which they belong. What their denominations have to do, if they degrade them from their high office, is to make it clear to the public that the "reformers" have stepped outside of their several church standards of belief. Nor is the error of an old church a sufficient foundation for a new one. The public will ask what else besides the errors of the Westminster Confession and the Thirty-nine Articles a new communion has to offer to a world weary of religious strifes.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE Chevalier Alain de Triton, the hero of the novelette by Miss Grace King in this impression of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, is a historical character, and the story is founded upon matters of fact in history. A description of the principal character was discovered in a historical collection belonging to an old Creole gentleman, Mr. Z. de Moruelle. As a historical romance it depicts faithfully the times in which the scenes were enacted and the city of New Orleans where the characters lived.

ALL through our late discussions of protection, in political campaigns, a number of our statesmen have made pilgrimages in the summer time, to Europe, where they have made economic questions a study. The state of Maine has furnished a good quota of these distinguished travelers. Senators Frye and Hale have crossed the Atlantic, looked upon the institutions, and made notes on the conservative governments of the old countries. James G. Blaine occupied himself for nearly a year in Italy, France, and England in this sort of student life just before the present administration went into power, and we imagine that he gathered a fund of information which is of great service to him now in negotiating with Italy about the conduct of the mob in New Orleans, and in treating with England about the seal fisheries in Behring Sea. It so happens that the Speaker of the last House of Representatives, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is now traveling as far east as Rome, Naples, and Pompeii, replenishing his mind with facts and theories concerning capital and labor, parliamentary usages and royalty. It is a very hopeful sign when our great statesmen make of European nations a summer school which they attend after this fashion.

IN the temperance work of these times the women occupy the field. The W. C. T. U. does not admit men, except as honorary members; it is a woman's crusade, and is not this organization a good illustration of woman's ability to organize, to govern, to conduct campaigns, to make literature, and to keep mankind stirred up to see what they are doing? Men as temperance reformers, like Gough, Jewett, and others of years gone by, have died or retired from the field. It will be interesting history, by and by, to read what the women have accomplished. They are making a new and novel piece of history in this reform. Woman's power to bring about results in the social fabric by an exclusively woman's movement will be watched closely to the end. It is the first great attempt of a woman's organization to deal with a gigantic wrong in the lives of men, and on its final issue depends very largely the world's future judgment of woman's ability for managing great public questions.

THE temperance movement is receiving organized support from two industrial sources, of which there seems to be but little appreciation. The freight and passenger traffic of the railroads of this country, in the operation of which some 689,912 persons are employed, is practically controlled by 600 corporations, and of these no less than 375 prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors by their employees. The action of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in the same line, illustrates the helpful influence which may be exerted by labor organizations. Mr. Arthur, the executive head of the organization, is authority for the statement that "whenever a member of the order is known to be dissipated, we not only expel or suspend him, but notify his employers, and during the last year 375 were expelled for this cause." While this is purely a matter of business with the railroad companies, and indeed with the engineers, these rules serve, in a measure, to promote the spread of temperance.

WE Americans may congratulate ourselves that we do not have a Monte Carlo, such as is found where a Russian noble recently lost by gambling 800,000 rubles, and then said there was nothing left for him to do but to commit suicide, and shot himself. A number of suicides have occurred within a year from the same cause at the same place. Even the Prince of Wales is reported as having been caught in the wheel; he lost heavily, and Queen Victoria was obliged to come to his rescue with a fabulous sum of ducats to save the honor of the royal family. In Chicago the new mayor, a couple of months ago,

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warned the gamblers to leave the city; scores of dens were closed and the operators took the first trains in search of new homes. Why should we not have an organization in this country besides the municipalities to contend with gamblers? We do not have a Monte Carlo, but from the sale of options in the great exchanges all the way down to the saloon where men throw dice as a game of chance our towns and cities are honeycombed with places for gambling. Is not this blot on our social structure—which appears at times almost everywhere as an attachment to base ball and political contests and fairs—a problem which moral reformers must soon meet for the protection of the weak, and for the safety of society itself?

AFTER a prolonged discussion the trustees of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art have yielded to the popular demand and hereafter the building will be open to the public on Sunday. The objections which have stayed the action of the trustees until this time have been, first: that the collection was the result of contributions from individuals most of whom were opposed to the opening on Sunday, and second: the assertion by the clergy that it would be a "perilous experiment" opening the way to amusements of a degrading class. After considering an endless petition containing the names of many hundreds of citizens these objections have been over-ruled. New York is now in company with Boston and Philadelphia where similar institutions have been thrown open to the public on Sunday for ten years.

ONE of the curiosities of taxation is found in France, where the government still levies a tax on doors and windows. To the peasant in his small hut this tax amounts to a little more than three francs a year, but in the towns it rises to seventeen francs annually for each family. Nor is the United States behind in the matter of ancient laws, for in Massachusetts there has been a provision since colonial days for the taxation of incomes derived from a profession, trade, or employment, but with the restriction that income derived from property shall be exempt.

THE tendency of great gatherings in both church and state seems to be westward. The Farmers' Alliance and labor people held their great convention recently in Cincinnati. The Presbyterian Synod met in St. Louis. The General Conference of the M. E. Church will meet next May in Omaha. President Harrison made his tour to the Pacific Coast, and preparations for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago show it to be a magnet which draws enterprises of every variety toward the setting sun. For at least two years to come our alert and enterprising western fellow-citizens will have exceptional influence in locating great bodies of people among them.

SECRETARY FOSTER of the Treasury Department has appointed a commission of three persons, Messrs. Grosvenor, Kempsted, and Powderly, to go to Europe and investigate the steerage passenger business at European ports by interviews with the agents of steamship companies. American Consuls in European countries have recently sent to the Government at Washington a number of important reports, which will aid the commission in their investigations. With the material the commission will furnish, Secretary Foster hopes to influence legislation in the next Congress on immigration. The press of the country has kept agitated the question of pauper and criminal emigrants coming to the United States from foreign countries until reform is now begun.

THE great strikes which have been the disturbing influence in Belgium political and industrial life for so many weeks, have been withdrawn. The conflict centered between the combined forces of the working classes on the one hand, and the landed proprietors, capitalists, and large manufacturers on the other. The peculiarity of the demands made by the strikers was that they were confined solely to the extension and increase of political rights, namely, the revision of the National Constitution and the concession of universal suffrage. The present limited franchise restricts the electorate of Belgium, with its 6,000,000 inhabitants, to 133,000 voters, composed almost exclusively of the classes representing the wealth of the country, giving them almost absolute control of the government. It was probably for the purpose of retaining this great power that the action of the workingmen met with such strong opposition. The desperate character assumed by the laboring classes as the strike progressed, heightened somewhat by the appearance of the National Militia under arms, called forth an emphatic expression of opinion from King Leopold, favoring the conces-

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sion demanded by the strikers, in which the upper classes reluctantly concurred by granting, finally, the desired changes. The outcome of this struggle is especially significant in that it is the victory of labor over capital in one of the most important industrial centers of Europe. Thoughtful people everywhere will watch with interest the use which will be made of their success by the Belgian working classes.

THE position of the Roman Catholic Church on social questions is defined by the Pope in his recent encyclical. Divine law forms the basis of the manifesto, and forces the rejection of the socialist solution of the social problem, which would abolish private property, substituting a collective and common ownership. Concerning the relations of the state to the individual, the Pope disputes the right of the state to interfere with individual freedom or more particularly as it is termed, "family intimacy." Great emphasis is laid upon the value of labor associations, which shall have for their purpose the promotion of the mutual interests of the working people. Without suggesting any new remedy, the conclusion is reached that universal coöperation in line with Christian influence is the solution of the social problem.

IT appears that the recent legislation adopted to check desertions from the army is acting precisely as intended. April and May are considered the worst months of the year in point of desertions, and the present administration of the War Department must be gratified over the result for April. In April, 1886, there were 286 desertions; in April, 1890, the number was 201; in April this year the decrease was nearly fifty per cent, there being only 112 desertions.

THE convention held at Cincinnati the last of May was significant by reason of the formation of a new political party. The new organization consists chiefly of the Farmers' Alliance, the labor organizations, and social reformers. The platform demands the abolition of national banks, advocates the "subtreasury plan," favors free coinage of silver, a tax on incomes, the election of President, vice-President and Senators by popular vote, and the Government control of natural monopolies.

IT would seem that the highest possibilities existing within the social clubs of modern life lay hidden until discovered by women. They saw there a practical means of education which might be made to bear toward adults a relation which is not strained in comparing it to that which the school bears toward children. Rapidly they began utilizing them as a means for disseminating practical knowledge and broader culture. What may be accomplished in this manner is plainly shown by the results attending the efforts of the Woman's Street-Cleaning Aid Society and the Health Protection Association. The quiet, educative influence exerted in these two clubs aroused a popular sentiment which overthrew in the metropolis of the nation, political ascendency and compelled the execution of sanitary laws.

IN May 1816 in the city of New York, the American Bible Society was organized. The constitution adopted declares: "The sole object shall be to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment." On May 13 of the present year it celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. The reports read show that during its existence it has received over $20,000,000 and distributed 54,000,000 Bibles. Among the quiet forces lifting the world up toward the highest liberty, one is overwhelmed at the thought of estimating what proportion of power may be due to this society.

A WAVE of doctrinal discussion, or of discussion over long standing customs and threatening innovations, seems at the present time to be sweeping over the whole Christian church. Scarcely a denomination has escaped its influence; if not marked enough to affect the whole body, some prominent church has been disturbed by its inflow. It is a time of agitation; but in agitation all reforms are born, and all insidious evils are discovered and uprooted. It is a hopeful time. No lurking, skulking foes can now escape the alert eyes of the aroused people; and no tyranny, arrogance, or cowardice can, under an assumed garb, stand in the way blocking true progress. If in the outcome it shall appear that the cords of ancient usages have been lengthened, the stakes of the fundamental doctrines will also have been strengthened, and, within the enlarged habitations, Christianity will move with greater freedom and inspire stronger zeal.

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C. L. S. C. COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1891-1892.

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle never had presented to it a more complete or broader course of study in the text-books and in THE CHAUTAUQUAN than the one arranged for the coming year.

The books to be used by Chautauqua students are: "Main Facts of American History" (illustrated), by D. H. Montgomery; "The Story of the Constitution," by Francis N. Thorpe; "Initial Studies in American Letters," by Prof. H. A. Beers; "The Social Institutions of America," by James Bryce; "German Course in English," by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson; "Two Old Faiths—Hinduism and Mohammedanism."

THE CHAUTAUQUAN has engaged a large number of discriminating, thoughtful writers. The literary, scientific, philanthropic, practical work of the world will be treated by masters in these respective lines.

American History will be a particularly interesting subject in these pages the coming year. One striking feature will be a series of papers on the Battles for American Liberty. One of the Counselors, Edward Everett Hale, has promised to write of the Colonial Life in the United States, giving picturesque descriptions of the houses, amusements, dress, manners, etc., of this period of our land. There will be by historians valuable papers on the Town Meeting, the Shire System, Grants made by the King, Trading Companies, Early Presidents of the United States, States made out of Colonies, and States made out of Territories, and Land Tenure in America. There will be a unique treatment of the Rebellion: papers on Anti-slavery in the North and Slavery in the South.

The scientific research in the United States is of more value each year, and that our readers may be acquainted with this work THE CHAUTAUQUAN has engaged Major J. W. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, to furnish five articles on this usbject.

The interest which the present age has in Physical Culture will be fostered by practical papers by an experienced and vivacious writer. There will also be papers on Physiology and Botany.

Bishop Vincent will select the Sunday Readings.

Papers unusually valuable will be presented from time to time on Science, the Handmaid of Agriculture; Scientific Use of Food; Adulterations of Food; the Animal Industry.

Among the many subjects will be found the History of Political Parties in America; the Growth and the Distribution of Population in the United States; the Financial System of the United States; Our Educational System; American Morals; the Organization and Personnel of the Patent Office.

Post-graduates who were delighted with their course of study last year will be no less pleased with the one for the coming year. English Literature is the special department of work. The well-known author, Maurice Thompson, will discuss the Theory of Fiction-Making and Poetry since the time of Pope. There will also be comprehensive articles by eminent authors on the First Novels in English, the Modern Tendencies of Novels, and English Poetry and Poets.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR JUNE.

WORLD OF TO-DAY—HUNGARY.

1. A Hungarian Magna Charta of freedom and liberties exacted of the king in 1222. 2. Of the charter granted by the English King John at Runnymede. 3. General Janos Hunyady, made governor of Hungary in 1445. 4. The son of General Hunyady, the glory of whose reign survived in the adage. 5. Mathias Corvinus. 6. For his merit in Christianizing his people. 7. "His Apostolic Majesty." 8. House of Magnates and House of Representatives. 9. They have a common sovereign, a common army, navy, and diplomacy, and a customs-union. 10. It is derived from the little river, Leitha, which separates lower Austria from Hungary.

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THE STARS OF JUNE.

1. It is a double double star. To the naked eye it appears slightly elongated: through the opera-glass two stars appear, and through a larger telescope each of the components separates into two. 2. It is the celestial lyre of Orpheus, at the sound of whose entrancing music, wild beasts forsook their fierceness to gather round and listen, streams halted in their course, and even rocks and trees were charmed. 3. The most remarkable of the known annular nebulæ. 4. Altair. 5. The constellation Delphinus, which appears in the east above Pegasus, is sometim s so called from its diamond shape. 6. Due east, above the Dolphin, it appears with its four principal stars in the form of a cross, whose upright piece lies along the Milky Way. 7. In Cygnus, a minute star, scarcely visible to the naked eye. 8. It is nearest to the earth of any of the fixed stars in the northern hemisphere. 9. A beautiful maiden with folded wings, bearing in her left hand an ear of corn. 10. A fine nebula. 11. About 3:00 a. m. Owing to the revolution of the earth on its axis, the entire celestial sphere appears to revolve uniformly once daily around the earth, or at the rate of 15° an hour. From horizon to summit the sky measures 90°. Aquila will reach the summit in six hours. 12. The Serpent Bearer (Ophiuchus). With his feet on Scorpio and grasping the "Serpent," the head of which is marked by a group of small stars just south of Corona Borealis, the tail extending nearly to Aquila. 13. That of Æsculapius, the Father of Medicine. Pluto complained of him that his skill had restored several to life, at the expense of depopulating Hades; whereupon Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt, but afterwards placed him among the constellations.

ENGLISH PHRASE AND FABLE.—IX.

1. These floures white and rede
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
2. The violet. See Sonnet XCIX. 3. Evening primrose. 4. Marigold. 5. Cowper. See "The Task," Book IV., line 765. 6. The pea. 7. The flower into which Hyacinthus was transformed. It is evidently not the modern hyacinth, but some species of iris, being described as of a hue more beautiful than the Tyrian, and its petals marked *Ai*, the Greek word for woe, in token of the grief of Phœbus over the death of Hyacinthus. 8. Jasmine. 9. Daisy. 10. "Hymn to Light."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. R. Palmer, New York City; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Guernsey, Independence, Kan.; Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt, Ontario, Canada.

Secretary—Mrs. James S. Ostrander.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Miss Clara L. Sargent.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT.—For the last time in our undergraduate course we salute the members of '91. We are about to graduate; for four years we have studied together and looked forward to the day when from some one of the Assemblies, perhaps from Chautauqua itself, we might receive our diplomas; the anticipated hour is at hand.

We have found the experiences incident to C. L. S. C. life delightful; we have made acquaintances that will be helpful in the future; some of these are choice souls whose friendship we shall ever prize. It is gratifying that so many appreciative words have been said in commendation of our course of study. The books of the course have brought gladness to the farmhouse during the long winter evenings, and the room of the mechanic in the city has been made cheerful by the presence of noble men and women who have talked with the artisan in print. Large boys have grown to be men, and girls have developed into women, while they have met around the table of the local circle; life will seem and will be different from what it otherwise would appear and be. A number of young people have been aroused to the need of an education, whose names are now on the rolls of preparatory schools or colleges. Even college graduates have found pleasure in reviewing topics studied in academic days, and have enjoyed the themes presented more than when preparing for daily recitations. Some have written to us from chambers of sickness, testifying that pain has been forgotten while reading or hearing others read the subjects treated in our volumes and in THE CHAUTAUQUAN;

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more than one diploma will be received by those unable to leave the house; all honor to our invalid graduates. It also gives us great satisfaction to know that the spirit of Christ has breathed through the pages of our literature and science, so that a number have been stimulated to take up their crosses and follow their Lord.

During the quadrennium, the President has had little opportunity to see his fellow-students, and has been able to communicate with the Class only through the monthly "chats" of these columns; but now even these must cease; parting has come; he shakes hands with each member of the Class, wishes for each all possible joy, and says good-by.

THE Class of '91 is to be congratulated upon the fact that Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has consented to write the Class Poem to be read on Recognition Day.

FULL fifty Assemblies are to hold their sessions during the summer of '91, and many of our classmates who are denied the privilege of visiting Chautauqua will find a cordial welcome at some sister Assembly.

ALL members of '91 who expect to be present at Chautauqua or at any of the Assemblies are urged to be on time in sending in their reports, as the Chautauqua machinery requires much less oiling when frequent stops do not have to be made for "belated" and "exceptional" cases.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.
First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.
Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.
District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. Ernest P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.
Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.
Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.
Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

"MY regular course of Chautauqua reading is almost finished. It has been a delightful year; next year will be my last in Chautauqua reading unless I take the post-graduate course which I presume I shall do. I have worked hard, but have labored under great disadvantage, as I have never been able to meet with a class and have no idea how the other students do their work."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; the Rev. Russell Conwell, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. T. F. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; Mrs. E. C. Chapman, Oakland, Cal.; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; J. C. Burke, Waterville, Kan.; the Rev. M. D. Lichleter, Allegheny, Pa.
General Secretary—Miss Ella M. Warren, 342 W. Walnut, Louisville, Ky.
Prison Secretary—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.
District Secretaries—Miss A. M. Coit, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; the Rev. E. S. Porter, Bridgewater, Mass.; Miss Anna C. Brockman St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. Chas. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.
Treasurer—Welford P. Hulse, 112 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Assembly Treasurer and Trustee Union Class Building—Geo. E. Vincent.
Building Committee—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

A '93 WHO has been "brought to light" by the Chancellor's letter of inquiry replies: "Many thanks for the reminder and words of encouragement that came to me on the 17th. I am far behind. The reading goes on slower than it will when I get more used to going to school again. I appreciate this opportunity and do not mean to lose any of the benefit of it. I am a busy housekeeper and during the past year have had an unusual amount of care but I have studied very thoroughly as far as I have gone."

"WE are enjoying our readings very much and are delighted with the Bible memoranda, which we are finding a real mine of good things. I am also taking the Garnet Seal books and am enjoying every bit of them. We shall take the Book a Month for our summer reading when we have a great deal of leisure. We have entirely lost all relish for light literature and thank the Chautauqua Circle for two very pleasant years with promise of many more."

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"Ubi mel, ibi apes."

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.
Vice-Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N. Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C. L. S. C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.
Secretary—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.
Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.
Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.
Building Committee—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEMBERS of '94 as well as of other classes will

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be interested in the announcement of the new summer courses, which offer supplementary reading in standard authors for the summer months. Those who have not been able to keep up to time with their reading for the year, will of course complete the required work first, but we are sure that many will find time for the delightful recreation offered by these courses, especially since they are to be "personally conducted" by so wise a guide as Professor Beers.

A '94 FROM South Dakota records her experience of the year as follows: "I commenced the course for '90-1 last November and have kept on with ever increasing interest. I did not send my name earlier, fearing I might not be able to complete the year's work, as I do all the work for my family including the entire care of four children, but I have never done it better or more easily than since I commenced the C. L. S. C. readings; and what at first I was inclined to regard as a task has grown to be a pleasure which I should be very sorry to give up. I shall allow no ordinary obstacle to prevent a completion of the course.

A CALIFORNIA '94 writes: "I inclose application for the Garnet Seal Course. The C. L. S. C. has given me a desire for a higher education. It is the grandest movement of this century."

FROM Maryland: "Inclosed please find application for Garnet Seal memoranda '90-1. I have been a school-teacher for four years and have read many books on educational matters, but none have given me half so much pleasure as the Chautauqua books. The benefit derived from the C. L. S. C. far exceeds my most sanguine expectations."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

IN behalf of the beloved Pioneers who come annually to Chautauqua, I send to each member of our Class of '82 whose face we have not seen, but long to look into, "greetings" and a personal invitation to be present with us this coming season at Chautauqua. Not only to those who come semi-occasionally, but to those who have never been there we say, come! Wherever you are, Chautauqua honors you! Pioneers from the family altar of Pioneer Hall where the vestal fire is ever burning send to brothers and sisters this invitation, together with loving, helpful thoughts of all that is good and uplifting, saying, Come to Chautauqua. Come to see our Hall, your Chautauqua home. We want to make arrangements this coming season for the observance of our tenth anniversary, which will occur next year. Come to tell us what you have done in the past years, what you are doing now, and what you purpose doing in the future.—*President of the Pioneers.*

A MEMBER of '86 writes: "The delay in returning the annual circle report is due to my wish to induce all our readers to join the regular C. L. S. C. I had hopes that I could secure all of them for regular membership but the small fee seems to stand in the way as they are all working girls who must earn all the money they expend. I can never express to you all the C. L. S. C. membership has been and will be to me. I joined the Class of '86 when fifty-five years of age and from that day to this much help and enjoyment have come through its delightful studies."

The following names are added to the list of the graduates of the Class of 1890:

Mrs. Eda Smitten, California; Jennie R. Messer, Connecticut; Nellie A. Noyes, Mrs. James F. Todd, Illinois; Mary D. Brackenridge, Indiana; Mrs. James E. Bell, Mrs. Emily F. De Riemer, Iowa; Helen Newbert Brainerd, Mrs. Florence M. Merrill, Miss Lucilla Reed, Cornelia R. Tilton, Maine; Ella Stewart Hopkins, Georgianna F. King, Lizzie L. G. Stage, Michigan; Leona M. McKinney, Mississippi; Mollie Caldwell, Frances M. Steele, Missouri; Mrs. Hannahette Baker, Louise M. Henermann, Hiram Jason Knapp, Jennie C. Webber, New York; Alma Wood, Ohio; Sue R. Reighard, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Mariam R. Warriner, Wisconsin; Kate M. Middlemiss, Canada; Mrs. Eleanor Elwes, England; John Laker, India.

ERRATUM.

To the Editor of The Chautauquan:

DEAR SIR:—Please permit me to correct a strange and most annoying oversight in my article on the major planets in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June. I have there said, though what could have induced me to say it I cannot imagine, that the satellites of Uranus never cause eclipses of the sun and are themselves never eclipsed by the shadow of Uranus. The statement is wrong and indefensible, for the fact that the satellites revolve nearly at right angles to the plane of the planet's orbit does not prevent them from coming, at certain times, between Uranus and the sun.

Very truly yours,

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

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HOW TO ATTEND A CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

BY JEAN HALIFAX.

IN the first place, if you are not a full-fledged Chautauquan—and, therefore, thoroughly posted as to the subjects under discussion—as soon as the programs of the Summer Assembly which you think of attending are printed, procure a copy, and read up on the topics of the lectures and discussions before you start Chautauquaward.

Of course, if you are a Chautauquan of the first water you are already thoroughly posted in regard to the subjects under discussion. But to the forlorn outsider it is slightly embarrassing, to find himself puzzling over some eloquent sentence of Dr. ——'s, with a most unintellectual, un-Bostonian, un-Chautauquan blankness of expression, long after some wide-awake C. L. S. C.-er by his side has that same statement nicely packed away, classified, and labeled, in some corner of his brain, if not in his note-book. Therefore, so warned, be armed; and escape this calamity by becoming so wise that you can follow each speaker as closely as—the C. L. S. C.-er.

So much before you go, as regards your mental preparations. As for the physical part of your outfit, that depends largely on whether you camp or board. If you choose the latter you avoid a good deal of petty work, but you also lose much of the pleasure of these summer schools.

The boarder's name is Legion; he has already learned all that he needs to know. But the camper's band is not so large, and a few suggestions may make the days—and nights—of the Chautauqua season more comfortable to those who attend for the first time.

Tents, cots, and furniture can be rented on the grounds; but it is better, and usually less expensive, to take with you as far as possible the necessities of daily life, and these are not so numerous as one is inclined to think.

As for the location of your summer home, if you are obliged to engage it by letter, you must often content yourself with Hobson's choice. But if you can choose for yourself, a site by a hollow or mound, which will prevent any one else setting up a tent in too close proximity to your quarters, will usually prove the most desirable situation. It should also be convenient to the place where your drinking water is obtained, as it is no small task to carry water for a large party. And a large tree, or several trees, of sufficient height to shelter your tent from the sun, will keep it much cooler than if it stands all day long in the hot sun. There are places where the sunshine is needed, of course, but I speak only of sites in general—of no particular Chautauqua Assembly grounds.

Often the large double tents are as cosy as some of the cottages. With the central portion curtained off from the sleeping apartments on either side, a carpet laid down over the boards, a bright cover on the big pine table, and a softly shaded student lamp shining on the family group gathered around in camp or rocking chairs, one such I remember that was as pleasant and as comfortable as any cottage.

Take one hammock at least. If your party is a large one, take several. When you are resting between classes the hammocks will soon prove to you their usefulness. They can be made of ducking, with a rope put through a hem at either end, and the children of the party can swing in them to their hearts' content.

A folding cot and bedding, dish-pans, cooking utensils, a tin wash-dish, tin pails, tin cups, towels, table cloths, etc.; a chair or two; if you wish it, a plain, light kitchen table; but if your goods are packed in boxes, these will serve as cupboards, and a few boards laid across them will resolve the whole into a table which answers its purpose very well. Lengths of carpet or rugs, though not necessities, add to the cosy, home-like look of your tent.

A small mirror can be fastened to a tent post. Even if you are above any little vanity, you may like to know that the "sweet disorder in the dress" is as slight as the poet would advise. Take along games for amusing the children, if you have younger ones in the party. Wear dresses that dust and water will not injure.

And, most important of all, attend the classes regularly, and be punctual. If you do not, you not only miss much yourself, but make the class work harder for the leader.

I hope that by this time you have decided to go to Chautauqua—somewhere and somehow. There are many off-shoots of the Chautauqua by the Lake, planted all over the country—little saplings now, some of them, but destined in the not far distant future to become grand monarchs of the forests.

The "groves were God's first temples"—a fitting place for these summer schools.

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THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1891.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK. THE Chautauqua Assembly has become an established factor in the history of American summer seasons. The coming session numbers the eighteenth since its founding, and the great length of time devoted to it, from July 1 to August 24, forcibly marks the growth of the interests attaching to Chautauqua since the first session which opened and closed inside of two weeks.

The preparations making for the coming fête are on a greater scale than ever before; but this is only repeating a fact connected with each of the seventeen previous years, which proved in every case the wise foresight of the management. Each year has demanded more than its predecessor, and that there has been no disappointment in the supply is proved by the fact that the demands still increase. No better assurance than its past history gives, could be asked either by the management or by those participating in the benefits of the institution. All must be convinced by this time that Chautauqua's birthright is success.

The detailed public program is given in the present impression of this magazine. Greeting the eye from the pages necessary to contain it, appear the names of many of those who from the platform in former years not only delighted the audiences, but also won for themselves feelings of personal interest and friendship; the sight of the familiar names calls up pleasant memories and excites glad anticipations for the coming session. There is also a plentiful sprinkling of new names all through the list, names belonging to persons who have awakened public interest in themselves, and whom Chautauqua people especially will wish to know.

All topics of timely interest will be thoroughly discussed. American history occupies a large place on the program. Among the noted speakers who will lead the thought of the audiences out into these great fields are Professors John Fiske and John B. McMaster, who are known as the greatest authorities in this line of study. To the great social questions now uppermost in public attention much thought, as will be seen, is to be given. Prominent among the speakers on such themes is Mr. Jacob Riis, author of the recent popular book, "How the Other Half Lives." No one is better qualified than he to present in a forcible and convincing manner the necessity of the public consideration of the tenement-house problem. Unusual interest has been shown in all of the arrangements pertaining to the art of teaching. Col. Parker, of Chicago, is to be the Principal of the Teachers' Retreat, and is to speak on several occasions from the platform.

Dr. H. R. Palmer still continues as General Director of the School of Music, and the entire faculty remains the same as last year, which makes any comment unnecessary. The Boys and Girls' Class and the Normal Courses will be conducted on the established plan. The School of Bible Study remaining under the general management of Dr. Harper, is to be, as heretofore, at once elaborate and specific in all of its subdivisions. The Schools of Language with their competent corps of teachers are fully equipped for the highest class of work. Woman's work in its various phases is to have full representation both in class-room work and upon the lecture platform.

The C. L. S. C. department stands at the very forefront of all the interests of the Assembly, and has received its corresponding amount of consideration. All of the regular exercises connected with it will be carried on as usual. On Recognition Day, August 19, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will deliver the address to the graduating class.

Chancellor Vincent will be present during the session. President Miller, as usual, will conduct the Assembly Sunday-school. Mr. George E. Vincent, to whom, as vice-chancellor, most of the arrangement of the program is due, will take the general management of the platform.

ACTON PARK, INDIANA. THE committee of arrangements are pushing their preparations for the seventh annual session of the Acton Park Assembly. All will be in readiness by the opening day, July 23; and a rich program of the exercises which are to fill all the days until the closing one, August 10, will soon be ready for publication. The President and the Superintendent of Instruction are the Rev. E. L. Dolph, D. D., and the Rev. J. W. Dashiell.

Among the leading speakers already engaged are Dr. John Williamson and Dr. H. A. Buchtel, the latter of whom will give the address on Recognition Day, August 5.

The interests of the C. L. S. C., whose prospects in the surrounding territory are good, will be furthered by all possible means, and the

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special plans devised for this purpose will be announced at a later date.

BAY VIEW, MICHIGAN. THE characteristic which has won for Bay View its reputation is, that the most of its lecture course is planned to supplement the work done in the University Schools, and is thus made to yield the most effective results. For the coming season, July 22–August 12, the special lecturers will be Dr. J. M. Buckley, Mrs. Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford, Mr. Louis C. Elson, Homer Moore, Prof. C. J. Little, Prof. J. B. De Motte, Pres. Stanley Hall, Dr. C. M. Coburn, Dr. L. Dickerman, and Miss M. E. Beedy. The general course embraces such names as the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Dr. S. A. Steele, Mr. Robarts Harper, Bishop John P. Newman, George W. Cable, the Rev. A. J. Palmer, the Rev. Robert McIntyre, Miss Florence Balgarnie, the Rev. D. W. Fiske, Egerton R. Young, H. H. Emmet, and others.

For Recognition Day, August 8, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has been invited to deliver the address. For the numerous departments of instruction able leaders have been provided.

Numerous improvements have been made on the grounds since last year, and every effort has been put forth to make the coming session, which will be the sixth in the history of Bay View, the most successful one yet held. The President is Mr. H. M. Loud, and the Superintendent of Instruction is Mr. J. M. Hall.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA. THE managers of the Beatrice Chautauqua announce some rare attractions for the approaching Assembly to be held from June 23 to July 6 inclusive. A few of the names included in the long list of speakers are Sam P. Jones, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. A. A. Willits, ex-President Hayes, Dr. Powers, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Prof. Freeman, Robert Nourse, and Prof. W. W. French, the crayon artist.

The class instruction will be especially fine. The music will be in charge of Prof. C. C. Case. Madame Rosa Linde will be the soloist of the occasion, and the Swedish Male Quartet will be present for a week.

Dr. M. M. Parkhurst will conduct the Ministers' Institute. Prof. W. W. Carnes will conduct classes in elocution and give platform readings. The Sunday-school Normal Class for adults will be in charge of Dr. E. L. Eaton. There will be in all twelve different courses of study in charge of able and enthusiastic instructors. Bishop J. P. Newman is the President of the Assembly, and Dr. W. L. Davidson the Superintendent of Instruction. The great progress which the Assembly has made in the two years of its existence, bids fair to be still greatly increased during its third season.

On Recognition Day, July 2, a large graduating class will be present, pass through the usual exercises marking the day, and receive their diplomas.

BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA. THE second session of the Black Hills Assembly is to open on August 11 and close August 26. Many improvements in the buildings and grounds will then be noticed by those who were in attendance last year. Every thing is being done by the management to show that this, among the youngest of the Assemblies, means to march abreast with them all in the matter of progress. The President is Mr. T. T. Evans, and the Superintendent of Instruction, Chancellor J. W. Hancher.

For the C. L. S. C. there will be daily Round Tables. Recognition Day will be observed on August 26, on which occasion Dr. Freeman and Chancellor Hancher will be the speakers. The various classes, including those in Bible study for adults and for young people, normal training, English literature, music, elocution, and methods of teaching are all provided with experienced directors.

Among the speakers to appear on the popular platform are Prof. J. C. Freeman, LL. D., Dr. S. P. Leland, Jahu DeWitt Miller, the Revs. P. E. Holp and C. B. Mitchell, and Dr. J. D. Searles.

BLUFF PARK, IOWA. DURING nearly the entire summer, from June 3 to September 1, the Bluff Park Association will continue in session, this forming its eighth annual gathering. But of this time, only that included between the dates of July 16 and July 27 will be given to the Assembly proper. The latter will be under the direction of the President, Prof. D. L. Musselman, and the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. O. E. Hart.

On July 24, Recognition Day, the graduating class will be addressed by Dr. Charles S. H. Dunn, and the day will conclude with a Chautauqua Camp Fire and illumination at night.

The musical department will be in charge of Prof. J. H. Rheem; that of elocution in charge of Miss Orrie Brown.

The leading platform speakers engaged up to the present time are, Dr. Chris. Galeener, Dr. L. F. Berry, W. E. Muse, Esq., the Rev. J. E. Corley, Dr. T. J. Fairall, the Rev. J. H. Poland.

CHESTER, ILLINOIS. OF all the Chautauquas now in operation none has heretofore been in charge of a woman. But the Chester Assembly begins its career with Mrs. Clara Holbrook Smith as its Superintendent, who as-

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sumes the entire responsibility of the undertaking, including the engaging of speakers, and the keeping of all parts of the work in running order. This newcomer into the great sisterhood of Assemblies will hold its first session July 3-July 20.

All the departments of instruction are placed in the hands of efficient directors, Prof. H. S. Jacoby leading the Sunday-school Normal classes, and Prof. N. Coe Stewart being musical director. There will be daily Round Tables for the C. L. S. C., and the usual services will be observed on Recognition Day, July 16.

From the public platform there will be lectures by Dr. Talmage, Miss Willard, Mrs. Gen. Logan, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Prof. Charles F. Underhill, J. F. Ambrose, W. F. Crafts, the Hon. Owen Scott, Judge Robert Bell, Mrs. Mary A. Holmes, Col. C. H. Jones, and many others. One of the greatest attractions of the session will be the Ben Hur Tableaux.

Several special days will be celebrated such as G. A. R. Day, Press Day, Epworth League Day, Christian Endeavor Day, Temperance Day. That the influence of the whole Assembly may be such as to cause the stepping heavenward of all who come to its great christening party, is the desire of the management.

Chester is a thriving city of about 3,000 people situated at the confluence of the Kaskaskia River with the Mississippi, seventy miles below St. Louis, Missouri. The Assembly will be held in a grove adjoining the city, on a high bluff commanding a view unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty.

CLARION, REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. The fourth annual session of the Clarion Assembly convenes July 22 and closes August 12. In the line of improvements there have been erected since last year a Seminary Summer School Building and a Chautauqua Normal Union Hall. The hotel has been improved, and a C. L. S. C. park has been laid out, which for the coming session is to be provided with a large tent. The leading officers are the President, the Rev. F. H. Beck, and the Superintendent, Dr. D. Latshaw.

The lecturers already engaged are: Dr. W. F. Crafts, Dr. C. A. Holmes, Mrs. C. B. Buell, H. H. Moore, D. D., J. M. Thoburn, the Rev. J. B. Neff, the Rev. Wm. Branfield, Dr. Conway, Dr. C. W. Smith, N. T. Arnold, Esq., the Hon. W. P. Jenks, Dr. N. H. Holmes, Prof. A. J. Davis, Dr. I. C. Ketler.

The Normal Union Course is placed in charge of the Rev. C. C. Hunt. The Rev. L. Beers is Principal of the Seminary School.

In the C. L. S. C. Department the Round Table will meet daily. It is expected that a large number will be enrolled in the Class of 1895. Recognition Day is placed on August 8.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS. July 8-17 is the time selected for the fifth meeting of the Connecticut Valley Assembly. The date chosen for Recognition Day is July 16, on which occasion the class of 1891 will be addressed by the Rev. H. C. Farrar, D. D. The usual services, characteristic of the day, are to be observed.

The Rev. G. H. Clarke, President of the Assembly, and Prof. J. H. Pillsbury, its Superintendent of Instruction, are using every means to make the coming session the most enjoyable and profitable yet held, and they have excellent prospects to cheer them in their endeavors. A large new building, containing Normal Hall, C. L. S. C. Headquarters, and Director's Office, is now ready for use.

The departments of instruction are the Normal Union Course, Music, Elocution, and Kindergarten, presided over respectively by Prof. J. H. Pillsbury and the Rev. G. H. Clarke, Prof. G. C. Gow, Prof. R. G. Hibbard, and Miss Bertha Vella.

The leading speakers for the session are the Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D.D., the Rev. W. L. Davidson, Prof. Daniel Dorchester, the Rev. C. M. Melden, the Rev. H. C. Farrar, D. D., the Rev. H. C. Hovey, Prof. C. T. Winchester, Robert Collyer, Dr. Russell, D. W. Robertson.

Musical attractions are Miss Bell Goldthwaite and the Ladies' Schubert Quartette.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA. The following speakers have promised to lecture at the Council Bluffs and Omaha Assembly during the coming season, July 2-21: Lyman Abbott, Lysander Dickerman, John J. Ingalls, James A. Green, L. H. Vincent, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. Emory Miller, Mrs. Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford.

F. O. Gleason, the President, and the Rev. A. H. Gillet, the Superintendent, are furthering all plans to make the season, the third one in the history of the Assembly, the best yet held. Many improvements are made on the grounds.

The departments of instruction to be open are the Normal Class for Sunday-school workers, an Itinerants' Club, and lecture courses on literature and comparative religion.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is to deliver the address on Recognition Day, July 16. Through the entire session the members of the C. L. S. C. will meet regularly at their Round Tables.

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FREEMONT, NEBRASKA. THE first meeting of the Freemont Assembly is to be held June 23-July 6. Preparations for a fine and prosperous opening have been made. An auditorium capable of seating 3,000 persons has been constructed, as also have other buildings suitable for Assembly work. The leading officers elected are for President, the Hon. Jacob Fawcett, and for Superintendent, Dr. A. W. Patten. Their aim is to bring this young Assembly to the front as a vigorous member in the numerous sisterhood.

The Chautauqua Normal Union, the Ministers' Institute, the Teachers' Retreat, and special courses of lectures are the departments of instruction for which provisions have been made.

Bishop Vincent delivers the Recognition address on July 2. The Round Table will meet daily.

The lecturers engaged are Dr. A. A. Wright, Prof. E. S. Shelton, W. F. Crafts, C. F. Creighton, A. K. Goudy, James Clement Ambrose, Conrad Haney, W. M. R. French, Leon H. Vincent, Robert McIntyre, the Hon. John M. Thurston.

GLEN ECHO, WASHINGTON, D.C. THE Glen Echo Assembly sprang into life with a gift of eighty acres of unincumbered land situated on the high banks of the Potomac River, and on the very boundaries of the Nation's Capital. With its magnificent river front, delightful shade, running streams, leaping cascades, and picturesque rock forms, it is an ideal location for such an institution. Two great buildings are now nearly completed, the amphitheater of stone and iron, which will seat six thousand people, and the Hall of Philosophy, of stone. The sites of other buildings soon to be erected are already chosen farther up the stream; these buildings are an Academy of Fine Arts, lecture halls, a chapel, and Class Headquarters.

The general program arranged for the opening season, June 16—July 4, comprises lectures, concerts, readings, spectacular entertainments, and other features. The speakers will be Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Hon. John J. Ingalls, Chancellor John H. Vincent, Dr. W. R. Harper, the Rev. Russell Conwell, the Rev. Thos. Dixon, Prof. John B. DeMotte, Dr. Lysander Dickerman, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. W. L. Davidson, Mr. James A. Green, Dr. Samuel G. Smith, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Thomas Nelson Page, Maurice Thompson, Dr. George L. Spinning, Mr. H. A. Moore, P. von F. Mamreov, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Miss Annie Shaw, Prof. W. A. Scott, Leon H. Vincent, Miss Jane Meade Welch, and others. In the way of music there will be concerts, in which the Washington Marine Band, the Rogers Orchestra, and a grand chorus of 500 voices will be heard. The New York Stars, the Swedish Male Quartet, and other first-class musical organizations will appear. A large chorus pipe-organ is to be ready for the Opening Day.

The summer school is to continue through July and August. Departments of instruction provided for embrace special classes, including Music, French, Physical Culture, Oratory, Delsarte, and Kindergarten; the Institute of Biblical Literature; Sunday-school Normal Classes, and Christian Work. There will be several special courses of lectures.

The President, Mr. Edwin Baltzley, the Superintendent, Dr. A. H. Gillet, and all the other officers of the association are making the best of preparations for all of the C. L. S. C. interests. The Assembly will start off with daily meetings of the Round Table, and there will be the customary observances on Recognition Day, June 25.

Thus thoroughly well equipped in all particulars fot its first session, every prospect for this favored new Assembly is most auspicious.

HEDDING, EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE. AUGUST 16-22 is the time selected for the sixth session of the Hedding Assembly. It is the aim of the officers—of whom the Rev. J. M. Dutton is President and the Rev. O.S. Baketel, Superintendent—to make this the best season in the series. All departments of instruction are manned by most competent directors. The session of the summer school—known as the Hedding Academia—continues from July 25 through till the close of the Assembly.

The C. L. S. C. Office is placed in charge of Mrs. Rosie M. Baketel. All questions of interest to the members of the C. L. S. C. will be freely discussed at the Round Tables. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer will give the Recognition address on August 20.

Among the lecturers are the Revs. J. W. Adams, D. W. C. Durgin, R. S. MacArthur, D.D., and J. M. Buckley, D.D., Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the Revs. T. J. B. House, Brevard Sinclair, Prof. Olin A. Curtis, and others. W. E. Thomas has charge of the music, with his celebrated orchestra, and the Ariel Ladies' Quartette. Among the special features of the season are out-door band concerts and stereopticon lectures.

HIRAM, OHIO. PRESIDENT E. V. Zollars and Superintendent F. Frendley, with all of the other officers of the Hiram Assembly, are putting forth every effort to win for the undertaking the support which is due it from the

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surrounding country. The program for the second season, to be held July 9–31, is a remarkably fine one. Audiences will be addressed by G. W. Bain, Gen. W. H. Gibson, the Rev. Geo. R. Leavitt, the Rev. F. D. Power, Hon. E. B. Taylor, Hon. W. I. Chamberlain, the Rev. H. R. Pritchard, President C. L. Loos, the Rev. J. Z. Tyler and others.

The departments of instruction, including Bible study, Secular Normal, Sunday-school Normal, art, music, elocution, are all placed under the care of most competent leaders.

Recognition Day occurs on July 28, when the Hon. W. I. Chamberlain gives the address to the Class of 1891. In the afternoon there will be several short speeches and a reunion of the members of the C. L. S. C.

ISLAND PARK ASSEMBLY, ROME CITY, IND. THE dates of the opening and closing of Island Park Assembly are July 29 and August 12. For the coming session, which will be the thirteenth, various improvements are being made in the building of cottages and the beautifying of the grounds. The Rev. N. B. C. Love is both president and superintendent. The leading platform speakers are Bishop J. W. Joyce, C. C. McCabe, D. D., Robert McIntyre, D. D., Gen. R. A. Alger, J. F. Spence, D. D., Samuel W. Small, D. D., J. C. Hartzell, D.D., D. H. Moore, D. D., Col. J. H. Brigham, J. P. D. John, D.D., Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. L. Dickerman, A. J. Fish, D. D., Sylvester Scovell, D. D., I. R. Henderson, D. D., L. E. Prentis, D. D., the Rev. A. E. Mahin, the Rev. B. A. Kemp, the Rev. C. W. Wade, Prof. A. A. Graham, Dr. Mary A. Allen, Miss Adelia A. Powers, Mrs. D. B. Wells, Mrs. McClelland Brown, and others.

Classes in painting, drawing, book-keeping, elocution, kindergarten, physical culture, are provided with excellent instructors. The director of music, Prof. J. J. Jelley, will be ably assisted by Miss G. Smith, Madame Carrington, Mrs. Willett, and other soloists.

The C. L. S. C. will have unusual attention, Dr. Fish having special oversight. He will give a series of lectures on topics of great interest to them, and will be assisted in this work by the Rev. J. M. Mills, and Prof. Zeller.

There is ready for use a neat and commodious C. L. S. C. building.

Bishop J. W. Joyce and Robert McIntyre, D.D., are to be the speakers on Recognition Day, August 5. Other exercises on this occasion will be the procession, recitations, and singing. A grand illumination at night will close the day.

KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS. THE seventh session of the Kansas Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Oakland Park, June 22—July 2, inclusive. It has been the aim of the management to make the program for 1891 eclipse that of any former session, and to equal that of any Assembly platform. The superintendent is J. B. Young, D.D., who has had charge of this work for the last five years. Among the platform speakers are the Rev. Sam Small, Robert Nourse, P. S. Henson, D.D., Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, Ph.D., Herrick Johnson, D.D., Capt. A. J. Palmer, E. B. Graham, Dr. Tyler, Dr. J. B. Young. The Washburn Glee Club will be present and entertain the hearers.

Special days are G. A. R. Day, Epworth League Day, Y. P. S. C. E. Day, etc.

C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, July 2, will be of unusual interest this year, with songs, marches, passing through the Golden Gate and under the arches.

The grounds are being improved and ample accommodations will be made for all who may attend this Chautauqua of the West.

KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. THE departments of instruction ably provided for by the Kentucky Assembly are the Institute of Sacred Literature, Sunday-school Normal, Secular Normal, School of Methods, Music, and the W. C. T. U.

The regular Recognition Day exercises are to be participated in July 9; the Rev. W. T. Poynter being the chief speaker of the day. The prospects of the C. L. S. C. are reported as improving all the time.

On the popular program appear the names of the following speakers: Robert Nourse, Dr. Lockwood, Senator Daniels, Robertson Brooks, Thomas Nelson Page, A. P. Burbank, J. W. Lee, Robert McIntyre.

A special feature in the way of entertainments will be the Ben Hur Tableaux.

The President of the Association is Dr. J. L. McKee, and the two Superintendents are Prof. W. D. McClintock and the Rev. C. P. Williamson.

This, the fifth session of the Assembly, is to open June 30 and close July 10.

LAKE BLUFF, ILLINOIS. AT the time of writing, the detailed announcements of the Lake Bluff Assembly have not been forwarded. The coming session is to open August 5 and to continue to August 16. Recognition Day is to be observed on August 13. Such arrangements are being made as will keep the Assembly up to the former high standard of exercises.

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LAKESIDE, OHIO. THE Lakeside Assembly holds its fifteenth annual encampment the present season from July 15 to August 6. A partial list of speakers for the session contains the names of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Bishop John H. Vincent, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Thwing, the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the Hon. William McKinley, the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, the Hon. Joshua Crawford, Dr. David H. Moore, Dr. D. H. Muller, Dr. John F. Marley, Dr. Thad. A. Reamy, Judge W. R. Warnock, the Rev. W. A. Hale, Prof. Lysander Dickerman, the Hon. L. J. Beauchamp.

Classes are to be instructed during the session in the Sunday-school Normal Lessons, in kindergarten work, art, physical culture, political ethics, in the W. C. T. U. work, and in music. Mr. Alfred Arthur is the director of the School of Music and he has given great care to the arrangement of all the courses.

The leading officers of this veteran Assembly are President Dr. L. T. Belt and Superintendent Dr. B. T. Vincent. In the long line of successful seasons, none ever presented a more promising outlook than does the present.

The daily Round Tables of the C. L. S. C. will be conducted by Dr. B. T. Vincent. Chancellor Vincent will deliver the address to the C. L. S. C. graduates on Recognition Day, July 25.

Special days will be devoted to the interests of the Epworth League, the W. C. T. U., the American Sabbath Union, the National Reform Association, the G. A. R., the Sunday-school, and other organizations.

LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA. LAKE TAHOE is described as a charming spot. "Its beautiful shores and magnificent surroundings are a perfect enchantment. It nestles most delightfully among glorious old mountain peaks that lift their heads from five to ten thousand feet toward the stars, and yet its surface is more than six thousand feet above the sea. Little steamers sail its clear, cool, placid waters, swinging around capes and promontories, and darting in and out of coves and bays of marvelous beauty. If one would find grand scenery, panoramic views, Italian skies, gorgeous sunsets, salubrious air, pure water, dense forests, aromatic pines, profound solitude, roaring torrents, romantic excursions, rest and recreation, hotels and cottages, tents and camps, fishing and hunting, boating and bathing, he can find all and more in and around Lake Tahoe."

An Assembly will be held here for the coming season continuing from July 28 to August 7. The President is the Rev. E. W. VanDeventer, D.D., and the Superintendent is the Rev. W. A. Quayle.

The program as at the present time is arranged: Lectures to be delivered by President Quayle, President Hirst, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. W. H. Withrow, Col. Copeland, the Rev. Hallenbeck, Prof. J. Ivy, Dr. Selah W. Brown, Prof. C. L. Logan.

Class work will be carried on in natural history, art, and general history. There will be an Itinerant Club and a University Glee Club, and provisions are made for a Children's Class.

August 3 has been chosen for Recognition Day, on which occasion Dr. W. H. Withrow will be speaker.

LAKE MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA. SOUTH DAKOTA is to have a new Chautauqua Assembly, and one of the best. The Lake Madison Chautauqua Association was incorporated last fall. The Assembly grounds, which comprise sixty acres beautifully located on Lake Madison, have been platted by landscape engineers, and extensive improvement thereon are now in progress. The first Assembly will be held from July 15 to August 5, and one of the finest programs ever given in the West will be presented. Dr. Talmage, Joseph Cook, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Frank Beard, and Prof. J. C. Freeman are among the speakers already engaged. Recognition Day is July 30.

A fine musical program will be given, and the Teachers' Retreat and W. C. T. U. School of Methods will be special features of the Assembly. Many of the leading societies of the state have arranged to hold their annual meetings on the Chautauqua grounds during the Assembly. It is confidently believed that the Lake Madison Assembly will be a great success from the beginning, and that its influence will be strongly felt in the future of this young state.

LANGDON, NORTH DAKOTA. THE Assembly to be held at Langdon this year is at this time of writing in a very indefinite condition. Last year at the first Assembly in this place it was decided to hold the coming one at Bathgate but it is now hoped to have a course of lectures at Langdon in July. There is no doubt if the meeting is held that there will be new interest and a corresponding growth. Mr. N. C. Young, of Bathgate, is President.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. THE dates July 13 and July 24 mark the opening and closing of the sixth meeting of the Long Beach Assembly. Those having the responsibility of the undertaking are cheered by the present encouraging outlook and are anticipating the best C. L. S. C. season known on the coast. The interests of the members have been closely studied

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in the preparation for the coming season. On July 22 the graduating exercises of the Class of '91 will take place and during the day there will be addresses by Dr. S. H. Weller, Dr. A. C. Hirst, and Dr. P. S. Henson. There will be a Round Table in the afternoon and a banquet in the evening.

Full arrangements have been made for imparting instruction in the following subjects: Sunday-school Normal, English history, art, music, photography, and cookery. Able instructors and pleasant class rooms have been provided.

The general audience will have the opportunity of hearing lectures by Dr. Manley Benson, Dr. H. M. Homma, the Rev. W. A. Quayle, Dr. W. H. Withrow, the Rev. J. W. Hallenbeck, Dr. J. D. Driver, Dr. Bugbee, Prof. W. S. Monroe. The Assembly has as its President and Superintendent respectively S. H. Weller and Dr. A. C. Hirst.

LONG PINE, NEBRASKA. DR. J. T. DURYEA and the Rev. J. D. Stewart, the President and Superintendent of the Long Pine Assembly, with all the other officers are pushing toward completion all the plans for its fifth season, to be opened on August 1 and to continue until August 16. For the general program they have secured as speakers Dr. J. S. Ostrander, Dr. A. Turner, the Hon. J. P. Dolliver, the Hon. C. H. Vanwyck, the Hon. J. S. Morton, Dr. A. R. Thain, the Rev. A. W. Lamar, President W. F. Reigland.

The indications are that a large Class of C. L. S. C. readers will be enrolled for 1895. The class of the present year will receive the Recognition honors on August 15. The speaker on this occasion is to be Dr. A. R. Thain.

The departments of instruction, manned by efficient leaders and provided with pleasant quarters, to be in session during the Assembly, are the Sunday-school Normal Union, Natural Science, Music, Art, and the W. C. T. U.

MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI. THE annual session of the Missouri Assembly will be held July 3-15. The four preceding seasons at Pertle Springs having been prosperous in every way, the promoters are determined to make of the fifth an even greater success, and to that end have inaugurated many new features which will add to its popularity and usefulness. The leading officers of the Assembly are Prof. C. H. Dutcher, President, and the Rev. J. Spencer, Superintendent.

Well conducted departments of study to be opened are the Chautauqua Normal Union, Music, New Testament Greek, Old Testament Hebrew, Missouri State Training School, School of Methods of Church Work, W. C. T. U. School of Methods, Kindergarten.

Among the speakers and lecturers who will discuss general subjects will be the Rev. C. C. Woods, D.D., the Rev. John W. Geiger, the Hon. J. C. Tarsney, Dr. Geo. P. Hays, the Hon. E. W. Stevens, the Hon. T. F. Willets, the Hon. L. L. Polk, the Rev. Robert Nourse, Mrs. Alice Williams, Mrs. C. C. Hoffman. Three concerts by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers will be given during the meeting, and two concerts by Dr. Perkins. Negotiations are in progress to have present the Hon. John J. Ingalls, Bishop Bowman, and Bishop Hendrix.

Recognition Day will occur on July 11.

MONONA LAKE, WISCONSIN. THE Monona Lake Chautauquans will gather this summer for the session which is to make the number of their annual meetings reach a round dozen. A ten days' encampment it is to be, lasting from July 21 to July 31. The program is so far completed at the present time as to give a fair summary of the attractions to be offered. Dr. J. H. Barrows, Russell H. Conwell, Gen. George A. Sheridan, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, A. P. Burbank, Mrs. Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford, the Rev. A. J. Palmer, Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, Mrs. M. V. Terhune, Mrs. M. E. Sangster, the Rev. W. F. Crafts, and others are to speak from the platform.

The department of music is to be in charge of Dr. Palmer. The Sunday-school Normal department has at its head Dr. J. A. Worden, who is also Superintendent of Instruction for the Association. The Hon. W. L. Main is the President.

Dr. J. L. Hurlbut gives the address on Recognition Day, July 29. There will be daily Round Tables.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE. THE ninth annual session of the Monteagle Assembly will open June 30 and close August 26. The President is Major R. W. Millsaps, and the Superintendent is Dr. Wm. H. Payne.

For the platform the following are among the speakers already engaged: W. R. Garrett, J. J. Taylor, D.D., Miss E. F. Andrewes, the Rev. R. Lin Cave, ex-Governor A. S. Marks, G. H. Baskette, the Hon. J. D. Richardson, Prof. J. B. DeMotte, W. B. Murrah, D.D., M. B. DeWitt, D. D., W. R. L. Smith, D. D., Chancellor J. H. Vincent, Governor W. J. Northern, Mrs. Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford, J. G. Harris, D. E. Bushnell, D. D., Bishop C. B. Galloway, T. F. Gailor, D.D.

A special feature of the session will be the Southern Authors' Week, during which lectures

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will be given by T. C. DeLeon, James Lane Allen, J. Wm. Jones, Alcee Fortier, and Harry Stillwell Edwards, with a literary conference, Wm. M. Baskervill presiding, July 29. Other distinguished writers will be present.

The Summer Schools, embracing the school of pedagogics, primary methods, grammar school, schools of languages and literature, science, music, elocution, art, and physical culture, are all presided over by specialists.

August 11 is the date of the C. L. S. C. Recognition Day. The annual address and presentation of diplomas will be made by Chancellor J. H. Vincent.

MOUNTAIN GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA. A FIVE days' session of the Mountain Grove Assembly is to be held this summer, August 7–11, inclusive. The first day is set apart for temperance work.

Recognition Day occurs on the 8th. There will be the grand march, the passing under the arches and the Golden Gate, the formal Recognition, and addresses, the presenting of diplomas, the Round Table, and the Camp Fire. August 9 is Missionary Sunday. Epworth League Day occurs on the 10th, and Sunday-school Day on the 11th.

Among those to speak on these different days are Mrs. C. B. Buell, the Rev. T. F. Clarke, Mrs. T. L. Tompkinson, Mrs. R. Hinkle, the Rev. E. H. Yocum, Mr. Charles Barnard, Mr. Thomas Lippiat, and Miss Eva Rupert.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND. THE Assembly of the present season opens August 4 and closes August 18. Dr. W. L. Davidson, the Superintendent of Instruction, has charge of the program and has already secured a number of fine attractions. The President of the Association is the Rev. C. B. Baldwin.

Class work along many lines will be in the hands of competent and experienced instructors. Music (under the directorship of Prof. W. S. Weoden), physical culture, photography, art in its various departments—including wood carving, elocution, kindergarten—astronomy and microscopy, Bible exposition and Ministers' Institute are some of the departments.

The following names give but a hint of the rich program in preparation : Dr. A. A. Willits, Dr. M. C. Lockwood, Jahu DeWitt Miller, James A. Green, Dr. W. A. Spencer, Judge Selwyn Owen, the Rev. R. H. Gilbert, Frank Beard, Dr. L. C. Muller, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Dean Alfred A. Wright, the Rev. Henry Tuckley, Gen. W. H. Gibson, Peter von Finkelstein Mamreov, Leon H. Vincent, Dr. W. L. Davidson, Dr. C. R. Manchester, Mrs. Frank Beard, Robert Nourse, Dr. A. H. Gillet, Prof. J. C. Freeman, Prof. W. H. Dana.

Recognition Day will be observed August 13, and it is expected that a large class will graduate. Dr. A. A. Willits will be the speaker on the occasion, and the day will close with a Camp Fire.

NEBRASKA, CRETE. THE announcements of the Nebraska Assembly show that a most inviting program has been prepared for its seventh annual session to be held in June 30–July 10. The audience will be addressed from the platform by Professor J. C. Freeman, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Mrs. von Finkelstein Mountford, the Hon. Will M. Cumback, the Rev. E. R. Young, Frank Beard, Mrs. Frank Beard, Miss K. F. Kimball, the Rev. Geo. W. Miller, D.D., and many others.

The departments of instruction provided for by the management are the Sunday-school Normal, Bible study, music, literature, and art. The leading officers of the Association are the Rev. Willard Scott, President, and Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Superintendent.

The interests of the C. L. S. C. are to be promoted by daily Round Tables. The C. L. S. C. Office will be in charge of Mrs. M. H. Gardner. Miss K. F. Kimball gives the address to the graduating class on Recognition Day, July 8.

NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. THE twelfth season of the New England Assembly opens July 14 and closes July 24. Instruction in the following classes has been arranged: Sunday-school Normal, special course in Bible history, New Testament Greek, music, and physical culture. The Superintendent of Instruction is Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. The President is the Hon. B. B. Johnson.

On July 23, Recognition Day, Dr. M. E. Gates, President of Amherst College, gives the address. The usual exercises will form the order of the day.

The names of the lecturers are as follows: The Hon. George Makepeace Towle, Dr. E. B. Andrews, the Rev. J. M. Durrell, Dr. A. W. Small, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, the Hon. J. M. Langston, Dr. Geo. M. Stone, Leon H. Vincent, Prof. D. Dorchester, Dr. H. C. Hovey, Dr. J. B. Thomas. Besides there will be nine addresses on Temperance by distinguished speakers.

Music will take a prominent place in the entertainments. There will be several concerts and a variety of instrumental music. There will be stereopticon lectures, fine readings, and entertainments given by a humorist, E. W. Emmerson, a magician, G. H. Pray, an impersonator, H. T. Bryant.

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NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, CANADA. During the coming session of this Canadian Assembly, to be held July 11–August 30, daily Round Tables will convene. On Recognition Day, August 29, Miss K. F. Kimball is to be one of the speakers, also the Hon. R. Harcourt. The prospects of the C. L. S. C. are reported as good.

The platform speakers are to be the Rev. Dr. Clark, Dr. Daniel Mark, the Rev. Drs. Dawe, Walk, Potts, Hart, Prof. Austin, the Hon. W. H. Howland, and many others.

The departments providing competent instruction are those of pedagogy, art, music, literature, and science.

Mr. J. N. Lake is the President, and Dr. W. H. Withrow, the Superintendent of the Assembly.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, MAINE. The time hitherto devoted to the sessions of this Assembly has been extended nearly a week for the coming summer season,* the seventh in its history, this session to last from July 28 to August 15. But a glance over the crowded program will convince all that there has been no attempt to spread two weeks' talent over three weeks' time. The management—Mr. Freeman Hatch being the President, and the Revs. G. D. Lindsay and A. T. Dunn, the Conductors—have planned to make almost every hour of every day present some especial attraction. The only burden which the Assembly imposes on those who attend is the burden of choice as to the good things which are offered.

Among the platform speakers are the Revs. C. E. Melden, R. D. Grant; Drs. C. H. Spalding, J. S. Sewall, R. S. MacArthur, A. W. Small, W. N. Brodbeck, A. Dalton; Profs. W. S. Battis, C. H. J. Ropes, G. H. Palmer; Major H. S. Melcher. There will be an afternoon with the King's Daughters, when the Misses L. A. Newhall, Ella Robinson, and Alice Bucknam will speak. Special days are Socialistic Day, G. A. R. Day, Temperance Day, Young People's Day, Missionary Day, College Day, and Grangers' Day.

August 11 is Recognition Day. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer addresses the C. L. S. C. graduates.

The departments in which classes are taught are the Sunday-school Normal, practical cookery, elocution, Swedish gymnastics (under Prof. W. A. Robinson), and music (under Prof. Morse).

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY. The fourth annual session of the Ocean City Assembly continues through two days, August 6 and 7. The second day is to be devoted to the C.L.S.C. members and to the graduating class. On both days there will be Round Table meetings and Vesper Services.

The time of the short session will all be thoroughly occupied. Dr. D. W. Bartine, the Rev. J. B. Haines, the Rev. C. B. Ogden, and others will lecture.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY. The Ocean Grove Assembly will celebrate its seventh session July 11–22.

The Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., will officiate as President, and B. B. Loomis, Ph.D., as Superintendent of Instruction.

Of the speakers who are to appear on the platform for this season, the following have been secured: Bishop John H. Vincent, the Rev. Geo. K. Morris, D.D., the Rev. John H. Coleman, D.D., the Rev. John F. Clymer, D.D., and Philip Phillips.

Able instructors have been engaged for the various departments. The Rev. John F. Clymer will be in charge of the Normal department, the Rev. B. B. Loomis, Ph.D., of the Post-graduate, and Mrs. B. B. Loomis, of the Junior department.

Recognition Day, July 22 will be honored with due observance, the program including addresses by Chancellor Vincent, Drs. Stokes and Loomis, and the C. L. S. C. March.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE. Preparations on a large scale are making for Recognition Day at Ocean Park Assembly for the coming season. This day will occur on July 30. The Recognition address will be made by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. In the evening there will be a Grand Concert by the Ariels, of Boston, Mrs. Martin Dana Shepard, and other artists.

The Assembly for '91 promises to be one of the best yet held at this resort, in its concerts, entertainments, Normal Union work, lecture course, musical and young people's departments, school of oratory, and other features.

The list of speakers contains besides others the following names: Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Dr. T. L. Townsend, the Rev. C. A. Vincent, the Hon. G. R. Stone.

The session opens July 21 and continues ten days, or until August 2, every one of which is full of interest.

OTTAWA, KANSAS. At the Ottawa Assembly the session for the present year is to be held June 16–26. Eleven times preceding this have the loyal Chautauquans gathered at this place for their annual meetings; and the past success adds to the present happy anticipation.

The prospects are reported as good. Dr. D. C.

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Milner, and Dr. J. L. Hurlbut are President and superintendent, respectively.

Music, drawing, literature, Greek, Hebrew, Bible study, Church work, and the different divisions of the Sunday-school Normal, are the departments in which instruction is provided.

Prof. W. D. McClintock, the Rev. G. P. Hays, Frank Beard, Mrs. Frank Beard, the Rev. E. R. Young, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Sam Jones, Mrs. von Finkelstein Mountford, Will M. Cumback, and others are to be the lecturers.

On Recognition Day, June 24, Dr. J. T. Duryea makes the address.

OXFORD, ENGLAND. THE plans for the Oxford Assembly are not yet known, further than that the session will open on July 31, and continue through the whole of the month of August. It is probable that the same general methods pursued in previous years will be again adopted for this session, as they have always met with favor. They are the outgrowth of a blending of the general plans followed at Chautauqua with those used in the English University-Extension movement.

PACIFIC COAST, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA. THE managers of the Pacific Coast Assembly—the President being Dr. A. C. Hirst, who also fills the office of Superintendent—have fixed the date of the opening of the twelfth session on June 24. That day and Recognition Day, July 10, with which the season is to close, will be the festal days of the occasion. The graduating class in the state is a large one and it is expected that many will be present to receive their diplomas. Dr. A. C. Hirst will give the principal address. As usual the day will be a general celebration. Great prominence will be given to C. L. S. C. work through the entire session.

The departments of study open during the session will be conducted largely by those to whom they have been entrusted in former years, and will include Sunday-school Normal work, history, language, literature, music, science, and art.

The Assemblies which have been held in past years at Pacific Grove are a sufficient guarantee to the public that the program outlined for the coming summer will not be lacking in any respect. On it as lecturers are the names of Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. W. H. Withrow, Prof. Homer B. Sprague, Prof. John Dickinson, Prof. E. Distrilla, Prof. E. E. Barnard, Dr. J. H. Wythe, the Rev. Selah Brown, the Rev. Robert McKenzie, Mrs. E. M. Stanton, Mrs. Florence Williams.

The spirit of progress is present at Pacific Grove, and each year the public interest increases.

PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS. ON the Piasa Bluffs Assembly grounds since last year have been erected a fine new hotel and several cottages; the grounds have been greatly beautified. Ample provisions are being made in every particular for the fourth annual session, July 30—August 19. Dr. Fry, the President, Dr. Lenig, the Superintendent, and all the other officers have spared no pains in their preparations.

The Rev. Dr. Coxe has charge of the Normal work, which forms the chief feature of department study of the session. The Superintendent directs all of the C. L. S. C. work. There will be daily Round Tables and Vesper Services. Dr. Benj. St. James Fry will deliver the Recognition address on August 13. A banquet and Camp Fire in the evening will close the exercises of the day.

The best program ever presented at this Assembly is the one arranged for the coming season. It contains at this early date the names of the Rev. Dr. Coxe, Peter von Finkelstein-Mamreov, Rollo Kirk Bryan the chalk talker, the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, James Clement Ambrose, C. F. Williams. Music is to form a prominent feature of the entertainments.

RIDGEVIEW PARK, PENNSYLVANIA. THE Assembly of Ridgeview Park will hold its second session during the coming summer, beginning July 30, and continue in session for two weeks, or until August 12.

The true old-time Chautauqua spirit of enthusiasm marks all the efforts put forth by this young Assembly. Its management undaunted by any difficulty have their faces set toward the success which they must surely win.

The general program consists of lectures, elocutionary entertainments, concerts, stereopticon views, class drills in Chautauqua work, graduating exercises, and the teaching of natural science, elocution, and music.

Arrangements have been concluded with the following speakers: the Rev. J. A. Brandon, Dr. E. M. Wood, the Rev. J. B. Koehne, the Rev. J. C. Oliver, the Rev. W. C. Weaver, John R. Clarke, Dr. S. E. Burchfield, Prof. A. M. Hammers, Gov. Pattison, the Hon. T. M. Marshall, the Hon. H. White, Major Dane, Dr. D. H. Wheeler, Dr. D. H. Muller.

Full arrangements are not yet made for the C. L. S. C. meetings, but Recognition Day has been set for August 10.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, COLORADO. THE present date is too early for a statement of particulars as to the Rocky Mountain Assembly. The dates for the opening and closing of the fifth annual gathering have been fixed for July 8 and July 29.

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The following are to be the departments of instruction open: Sunday-school Normal Union, science, music, elocution.

The officers in chief are the Hon. R. H. Gilmore and Dr. A. H. Cameron, respectively the President and the Superintendent of the Assembly.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK. A PARTIAL list of the speakers engaged for the Round Lake Assembly for the coming summer is the following: Bishop J. P. Newman, D.D., the Rev. Henry A. Buttz, D.D., Prof. James Strong, S. T. D., Chancellor C. N. Sims, D.D., the Rev. Wm. V. Kelley, D.D., the Rev. Frank W. Russell, D.D., the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D., Col. Judson A. Lewis, Prof. Edward Fabian, Prof. S. L. Bowman, Prof. LeRoy F. Griffin, Chas. D. Kellogg, the Rev. Joseph Zweifel, the Rev. R. L. Savin, Prof. W. M. H. Goodyear, Prof. Melvil Dewey, the Rev. George H. Clark, Prof. Wm. J. Baer, the Rev. H. C. Farrar, the Rev. W. H. Groat.

There will be class drill in the following departments of study: the academic, assembly, theological, art, college preparatory, language, music, oratory, kindergarten, stenography and typewriting.

Thirteen annual sessions have preceded this coming one, which is announced to convene July 27 and to close August 13.

The customary Recognition Day exercises will be observed on August 13. All the management are seconding the efforts of the President and Superintendent, the Rev. Wm. Griffin, D.D., and H. C. Farrar, D.D., to make this gathering better and broader and brighter than ever.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS. THE seventh annual Assembly of the San Marcos Chautauqua will be opened on its beautiful grounds on June 24. Recognition Day occurs on July 16, and it is hoped that all in the vicinity who are reading the course will attend the Assembly, and that all graduates of 1891 will take their diplomas in person. A fine program is being devised for the day which will comprise all the customary exercises. It is not yet determined who will be the speaker.

President E. P. Reynolds and Superintendent Rev. H. M. DuBose have bent all their energies to make the coming session the best in the history of the Assembly. The speakers who have promised to appear on the platform are the Rev. Sam. P. Jones, Gov. Will Cumback, Mr. Eli Perkins, Mr. Robert Nourse, the Rev. P. C. Archer, the Rev. E. W. Alderson, Dr. M. C. Lockwood, the Hon. E. G. Senter.

Able directors have been chosen for the following departments of instruction: teachers' normal, oratory, physical culture, kindergarten, art, schools of language.

The closing day of the Assembly will be July 22.

SEASIDE, NEW JERSEY. THE opening exercise of the eighth session of the Seaside Assembly will be a service of song held on the evening of July 5. Recognition Day will be Thursday, August 27, on which occasion the address and presentation of diplomas will be made by the President, George C. Maddock.

Instruction will be given in biology, mathematics, political science, languages, Bible study and Sunday-school work, literature, Delsarte, kindergarten, art, writing, music.

Prominent lecturers are to be J. W. Mendenhall, D.D., W. W. McLane, D.D., Edward M. Deems, A. M., John F. Crowell, Litt. D., S. D. McConnell, D.D., W. C. Wilbor, Ph.D., Edward J. Hamilton, D.D., Francis T. Patton, D.D., LL.D., and the Hon. W. H. Arnoux.

The closing day of the session will be August 28.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK. THE Silver Lake Assembly will open July 7 and close August 6. The session is thus lengthened from twenty-five to thirty-one days. Quite early in the season occurs the C. L. S. C. Commencement Day, July 16. The speaker is not yet determined upon, but the day will be especially emphasized.

The list of prominent speakers includes the names of the Rev. C. A. Vincent, Dr. Milne, A. S. Draper, Prof. W. L. Sprague, Lewis Swift, Prof. J. L. Davies, J. S. Halaplian, Dr. Berry, the Rev. H. V. Givler, J. C. Ambrose, Dr. A. B. Leonard, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Robarts Harper, Gen. W. H. Gibson, Gen. Veazey.

The departments are school of theology, schools of languages, stenography, typewriting, music, each of which is well manned. The chief officers of this the fifth annual session are the President, the Rev. H. C. Woods; Superintendent, the Rev. T. F. Parker.

TEXAS, GEORGETOWN, TEXAS. THE Texas Chautauqua will hold its fourth annual session beginning July 1 and closing July 18. There will be some improvements in grounds and buildings to accommodate the growing patronage of the Assembly. The President is the Rev. W. H. Shaw, who also is Superintendent of Instruction.

A fine platform program of lectures, concerts, stereopticon exhibitions, etc., has been provided. Some of the leading speakers are Robert J. Burdette, R. W. Douthatt, C. E. Bolton, Sam P. Jones, W. B. Palmore, A. Coke Smith.

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The Assembly provides for a first-class summer Normal for school teachers, Prof. C. C. Cody, Principal; a Sunday-school Normal, of which the Rev. J. D. Scott is Director, and schools of music and elocution under competent instructors.

A well organized and thorough Teachers' Institute, a Sunday-school Normal, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and other schools are all under able instructors.

The C. L. S. C. daily meetings of the Round Table are to be held at the pavilion. A full program for Recognition Day, July 15, is provided.

The "Chautauqua Idea" is growing more and more in favor, and the outlook for the work in Texas is hopeful. A larger attendance than ever before is confidently expected for the coming summer session.

WASECA, MINNESOTA. THE dates, July 1–21, are fixed for the opening and closing of the eighth session of the Waseca Assembly. J. F. Chaffee, D.D., is the President in charge, and Dr. H. C. Jennings, Superintendent of Instruction. The leading speakers are Dr. Lysander Dickerman, R. W. McKaig, D.D., the Rev. W. F. Crafts, the Rev. T. E. Fleming, D.D., Dr. C. F. Deems, C. F. Underhill, James A. Green, Prof. J. C. Freeman, Bishop J. H. Vincent, Prof. E. H. Foster, Prof. C. H. Cooper, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Mrs. Lydia von Finkelstein Mountford, Dr. C. H. Stocking, Dr. Arthur Edwards, Dr. John Strafford.

Able instructors have been procured for the following departments of instruction: music, Teachers' Retreat, Itinerants' Club, athletics and physical culture, art, Sunday-school Normal, kindergarten, French, stenography, elocution.

Dr. D. F. Deems will deliver the address on Recognition Day, July 21.

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS. A NEW Assembly is to be opened at Weatherford July 1 and to continue until July 8. Careful preparations are being made in order that the first session may prove so enjoyable and so profitable to all that it will settle the question of the permanency of the institution.

Daily features of the program throughout the session will be the devotional exercises, the Ministers' Class, the Woman's Class, the Sunday-school Normal, and Bible study.

Prominent lecturers will be ex-Governor R. B. Hubbard, Dr. B. F. Boller, Dr. A. B. Miller, Dr. R. M. Tinnon, the Rev. A. H. Stevens.

WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE. THE session of 1891 will be the fifth in the history of the Weirs Assembly. The dates are July 20–24.

Leading speakers engaged as yet are the Rev. N. T. Whittaker, D.D., Dr. C. C. Rounds, U. S. Senator J. H. Gallinger, the Hon. McKinney, Dr. and Mrs. M. V. B. Knox, the Rev. J. K. Ewer.

The time of writing is too early to give details concerning the departments of instruction; arrangements are now being made for them.

All the exercises center in the C. L. S. C. As during last year there will be expositions of practical circle work. Recognition Day occurs on July 23; the special exercises are yet to be determined.

WILLIAMS GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA. AFTER a pleasant and profitable experience of seven years, the Chautauquans of Williams Grove are looking forward with eagerness to the next Assembly to be held July 15–24. The prospects for it are very encouraging. W. D. Means is President, the Rev. T. S. Wilcox, Superintendent.

The lecture platform will be occupied by Joseph Cook, C. N. Sims, George P. Haze, W. L. Davidson, Dr. Morrow, the Rev. J. H. Hector, and others.

The Normal Department will be in charge of several leaders; the C. L. S. C. will be conducted by the Rev. H. C. Pardoe; provision will be made for the kindergarten.

Mr. Cook, Dr. Sims, and possibly Governor Pattison will take part in the Recognition Day services, July 22. The C. L. S. C. interests are growing, and it is expected that a large new class will be organized.

WINFIELD, KANSAS. THE fifth annual session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly convenes June 23 and closes July 3. The leading officers are the President, J. C. Fuller, and the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. B. T. Vincent, D.D.

The departments of instruction opened in charge of excellent leaders are the Sunday-school Normal, School of Music, Elocution and Oratory, School of Pedagogy, Ministers' Institute, Mothers' Meetings, W. C. T. U. School of Methods.

Recognition Day will be observed on June 30. Elaborate arrangements are made for the C. L. S. C. ceremonies. The speakers of the day are to be G. W. Muller and Dr. B. T. Vincent.

The speakers engaged for the lecture platform are Sam Jones, Dr. Tupper, Dr. Willets, Prof. Dinsmore, Robert Nourse, Sam Small, Dr. Geo. W. Miller, Robert McIntyre, and Mrs. A. S. Benjamin.

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A FOURTH OF JULY THOUGHT.

THERE is a love of country which comes uncalled for, one knows not how. It comes in with the very air, the eye, the ear, the instinct, the first beatings of the heart. The faces of brothers and sisters and the loved father and mother, the laugh of playmates, the old willow-tree and well and schoolhouse, the bees at work in the spring, the note of the robin at evening, the lullaby, the cows coming home, the singing-book, the visits of neighbors, the general training,—all things which make childhood happy, begin it.

And then, as the age of the passions and the age of the reason draw on, and the love of home and the sense of security and property under law come to life, and as the story goes round, and as the book or the newspaper relates the less favored lot of other lands, and the public and private sense of the man is forming and formed, there is a type of patriotism already. Thus they had imbibed it who stood that charge at Concord, and they who hung on the deadly retreat, and they who threw up the hasty and imperfect redoubt on Bunker Hill by night, set on it the blood-red provincial flag, and passed so calmly with Prescott and Putnam and Warren through the experiences of the first fire.

To direct this spontaneous sentiment of hearts to our great Union, to raise it high, to make it broad and deep, to instruct it, to educate it, is in some things harder, and in some things easier; but it may be, it must be done. Our country has her great names, she has her food for patriotism, for childhood, and for man.

"Americans," said an orator of France, "begin with the infant in the cradle." Let the first word he lisps be Washington. Hang on his neck on that birthday and on that day of death at Mount Vernon, the medal of Congress, by its dark ribbon; tell him the story of the flag as it passes glittering along the road; bid him listen to that plain, old-fashioned, stirring music of the Union; lead him when school is out at evening to the grave of his great-grandfather, the old soldier of the war; bid him, like Hannibal, at nine years old, lay the little hand on that Constitution and swear reverently to observe it; lift him up and lift yourselves up to the height of American feeling; open to him and think for yourselves on the relation of America to the states; show him upon the map the area to which she has extended herself; the climates that come into the number of her months; the silver paths of her trade, wide as the world; tell him of her contributions to humanity, and her protests for free government; keep with him the glad and solemn feasts of her appointment; bury her great names in his heart and into your hearts; contemplate habitually, lovingly, intelligently, this vast reality of good; and such an institution may do somewhat to transform this surpassing beauty into a national life which shall last while the sun and moon endure.—*Rufus Choate.*

THE SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.

WHAT is Serving God? 'Tis doing Good to Man.

What maintains one Vice would bring up two children.

It is wise not to seek a Secret and Honest not to reveal it.

He that by the Plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

The Heathens when they dy'd, went to Bed without a candle.

Liberality is not giving much, but giving wisely.

When you're good to others, you are best to yourself.

Half Wits talk much but say little.

Most fools think they are only ignorant.

He is not well bred, that cannot bear Ill-Breeding in others.

Content makes poor men rich; Discontent makes rich men poor.

Too much plenty makes Mouth dainty.

To-morrow every Fault is to be amended; but that to-morrow never comes.

He that sows Thorns should never go barefoot.

Drink does not drown Care, but waters it, and makes it grow faster.

Different Sects like different clocks, may be all near the matter, tho' they don't quite agree.

If your head is wax, don't walk in the Sun.

Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it, is.

'Tis a laudable ambition, that aims at being better than his Neighbors.

All would live long, but none would be old.

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There are three Things extremely hard, Steel, a Diamond and to know one's self.

Hunger is the best Pickle.

Graft good Fruit all, Or graft not at all.

'Tis hard (but glorious) to be poor and honest; an empty Sack can hardly stand upright; but if it does, 'tis a stout one!

No one can be happy without virtue.

Little Strokes, Fell great Oaks.

You may be too cunning for One, but not for all.

Genius without Education is like Silver in the Mine.

You can bear your own Faults, and why not a Fault in your Wife?

Hide not your Talents, they for Use were made.

What's a Sun-Dial in the Shade?

Tim was so learned, that he could name a Horse in nine Languages. So ignorant, that he bought a Cow to ride on.

The Golden Age never was the present Age.

Glass, China, and Reputation, are easily crack'd, and never well mended.

Who is powerful? He that governs his Passions.

We May give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct.

Love and Tooth-ache have many Cures, but none infallible, except Possession and Dispossession.

Don't judge of Men's Wealth or Piety, by their Sunday Appearances.

Friendship increases by visiting Friends, but by visiting seldom.

If your Riches are yours, why don't you take them with you to the t'other world?

'Tis not a Holiday that's not kept holy.

The busy Man has few idle Visitors; to the boiling Pot the Flies come not.

Calamity and Prosperity are the Touchstones of Integrity.

Generous Minds are all of kin.

Old Boys have their Playthings as well as young Ones; the Difference is only in the Price.

Philosophy as well as Foppery often changes Fashion.

A great Talker may be no Fool, but he is one that relies on him.

When Reason preaches, if you don't hear she'll box your Ears.

It is not Leisure that is not used.

Paintings and Fightings are best seen at a distance.

If you would reap Praise you must sow the Seeds, gentle Words and useful Deeds.

Ignorance leads Men into a party, and Shame keeps them from getting out again.

Many have quarrel'd about Religion, that never practised it.

He that best understands the World, least likes it.

When out of Favor, none know thee; when in, thou dost not know thyself.

The discontented man finds no easy Chair.

When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the Bridle and soon came tumbling out of the Saddle.

Friendship cannot live with Ceremony, nor without Civility.

He that doth what he should not, shall feel what he would not.

A long Life may not be good enough, but a good Life is long enough.

Love and be loved.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

The Tongue offends, and the Ears get the Cuffing.

He that's content hath enough.

A STUDY OF ROSES.

Two months ago the apple trees were white with the foam of the upper sea; to-day the roses have brought into my little patch of garden the hues with which sun and sea proclaimed their everlasting marriage in the twilight of yester even. In the deep, passionate heart of these splendid flowers, fragrant since they bloomed in Sappho's hand centuries ago, this sublime wedlock is annually celebrated; earth and sky meet and commingle in this miracle of color and sweetness, and when I carry this lovely flower into my study all the poets fall silent; here is a depth of life, a radiant outcome from the heart of mysteries, a hint of unimagined beauty, such as they have never brought to me in all their seeking. They have had their visions and made them music; they have caught faint echoes of rushing seas and falling tides; the shadows of mountains have fallen upon them with low whisperings of unspeakable things hidden in the unexplored recesses of their solitudes; they have searched the limitless arch of heaven when it was sown

with stars, and glittered like "an archangel full panoplied against a battle day"; but in all their quest the sublime unity of Nature, the fellowship of force with force, of sea with sky, of moisture with light, of form with color, has found at their hands no such transcendent demonstration as this fragile rose, which to-night brings from the great temple to this little shrine the perfume and the royalty of obedience to the highest laws, and reverence for the divinest mysteries. Here sky and earth and sea meet in a union which no science can dissolve, because God has joined them together.*—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.
—*Robert Herrick.*

I AM STILL LEARNING.

IT was in Michel Angelo's old age that he made a drawing of himself in a child's go-cart with the motto *Ancora imparo*—I am still learning. And one winter day toward the end of his life, the Cardinal Gonsalvi met him walking down toward the Colosseum during a snowstorm. Stopping his carriage, the Cardinal asked where he was going in such stormy weather.

"To school," he answered, "to try to learn something."

Slowly, as years advanced, his health declined, but his mind retained to the last all its energy and clearness; and many a craggy sonnet and madrigal he wrote toward the end of his life, full of high thought and feeling—struggling for expression "and almost rebelliously submitting to the limits of poetic form; and at last, peacefully, after eighty-nine long years of earnest labor and never-failing faith, he passed away, and the great light went out. No! it did not go out; it still burns as brightly as ever across these long centuries to illumine the world."†—*W. W. Story.*

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*Under the Trees and Elsewhere. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company.

†Excursions in Art and Letters. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"IMPATIENT TO MOUNT AND RIDE."

AND you want to learn how to ride, Esmeralda?

As you are an American, it is reasonable to presume that you desire to learn quickly; as you are youthful, it is certain that you earnestly wish to look pretty in the saddle, and as you are a youthful American, there is not a shadow of a doubt that your objections to authoritative teaching will be almost unconquerable.

There are girls who seem utterly impervious to teaching by gentle methods. Is it not a matter of tradition that Queen Victoria owes her regal carriage to the rough drill-sergeant, who, after making endless respectful suggestions, with no effect upon his pupil, horrified her governess and astonished her, by sharply saying: "A pretty queen you'll make with that dot-and-go-one gait"? Up went the little chin, back went the shoulders, down went the elbows, and, in her wrath, the little princess did precisely what the old soldier had been striving to make her do.

If you were a German princess you would be compelled to sit in the saddle for many an hour without touching the reins, while your patient horse walked around a tan bark ring, and you balanced yourself and straightened yourself and adjusted arms, shoulders, waist, knees, and feet, under the orders of a drill-sergeant.

If you were the daughter of a hundred earls, you would be mounted on a Shetland pony and shaken into a good seat long before you outgrew short frocks, and afterward you would be trained by your mother or older sisters, by the gentlemen of your family, or, perhaps, by some trusted old groom, or in a good London riding-school.

But you object that you cannot afford to pay for very careful, minute, and long-continued training; that you must content yourself with such teaching as you can obtain by riding in a ring under the charge of two or three masters, receiving such instruction as they find time to give you while maintaining order and looking after an indefinite number of other pupils. Your real teacher in that case must be yourself, striving assiduously to obey every order given to you, no matter whether it appears unreasonable or seems, as the Concord young woman said, "in accordance with the latest scientific developments and the esoteric meaning of differentiated animal existences."

You are to be your own best teacher, you understand, and you may be encouraged to know that one of the foremost horsemen in the country says: "I have had many teachers, but my best master was here," touching his fore-

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head. "Where do you ride, sir?" asked one of his pupils, after vainly striving with reins and whip, knee, heel and spur, to execute a movement which the master had compelled his horse to perform while apparently holding himself as rigid as bronze. "I ride here, sir," was the grim answer, with another tap on the forehead*. —*Theo. Stephenson Browne.*

THE BENEFITS OF A STROLL.

THE practice of sauntering may especially be recommended as a corrective of the modern vice of continual reading. For too many of us it has come to be well-nigh impossible to sit down by ourselves without turning round instinctively in search of a book or a newspaper. The habit indicates a vacancy of mind, a morbid intellectual restlessness, and may not inaptly be compared with that incessant delirious activity which those who are familiar with death-bed scenes know so well as a symptom of approaching dissolution. Possibly the two cases are not in all respects analogous. Books are an inestimable boon; let me never be without the best of them, both old and new. Still, one would fain have an occasional thought of one's own, even though, as the common saying is, it be nothing to speak of. Meditation is an old-fashioned exercise; the very word is coming to have an almost archaic sound; but neither the word nor the thing will altogether pass into forgetfulness so long as the race of saunterers—the spiritual descendants of Isaac—continue to inherit the earth.

There is little danger that the lives of any of us will be too solitary or lived at too leisurely a rate. The world grows busier and busier. Those whose passion for Nature is strongest and most deep-seated are driven to withhold from her all but the odds and ends of the day. We rebel sometimes; the yoke grows unendurable; come what may, we will be quit of it; but the existing order of things proves too strong for us, and anon we settle back into the old bondage. And perhaps it is better so. Even the most simple and natural delights are best appreciated when rarely and briefly enjoyed. So I persuade myself that, all in all, it is good for me to have only one or two hours a day for the woods. Human nature is weak; who knows but I might grow lazy, were I my own master? At least, "the fine point of seldom pleasure" would be blunted.†—*Bradford Torrey.*

*In the Riding School: Chats with Esmeralda. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

†A Rambler's Lease. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

PICTURESQUE HOUSES.

THE Americans have not the art of making houses or a land picturesque. The traveler in Southern California is enthusiastic about the exquisite drives through these groves of fruit, with the ashy or the snow-covered hills for background and contrast, and he exclaims at the pretty cottages, vine and rose clad, in their semi-tropical setting, but if by chance he comes upon an old adobe or a Mexican ranch house in the country, he has emotions of a different sort. There is little left of the old Spanish occupation, but the remains of it make the romance of the country, and appeal to our sense of fitness and beauty. It is to be hoped that all such historical associations will be preserved, for they give to the traveler that which our country generally lacks, and which is so largely the attraction of Italy and Spain.

Instead of adapting and modifying the houses and homes that the climate suggests, the new American comers have brought here from the East the smartness and prettiness of our modern nondescript architecture. The low house, with recesses and galleries, built round an inner court, or *patio*, which, however small, would fill the whole interior with sunshine and the scent of flowers, is the sort of dwelling that would suit the climate and the habit of life there. But the present occupiers have taken no hints from the natives. In village and country they have done all they can in spite of the maguey and the cactus and the palm and the umbrella tree and the live oak and the riotous flowers and the thousand novel forms of vegetation, to give every thing a prosaic look.

But why should the tourist find fault with this? The American likes it, and he would not like the picturesqueness of the Spanish or the Latin races.*—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

TOO MUCH PERFUMERY.

YOUR worship is almost destroyed in church. One smell is before you, another behind you. The odors of sanctity are manifold abominations. If you repair to the concert-room, the air is polluted and waiting for you. Good manners forbid a gentleman to hold his nose while talking with a lady drenched with cologne or lavender. One may almost recognize his friends, as dogs do game, by their peculiar odor.

Every one affects a peculiar smell. We might almost name persons by their favorite odor. Miss Vanilla smiles yonder; next her the charming Miss Orris-root. There are several of the

*Our Italy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Lemon Verbena family present, and yet more of the Lemon family. Then, there are the Bergamots, the Orange-blossoms, the Bitter Almonds, and other old and respectable families.

Once in a while comes a lady of transcendent good taste, wholly inodorous. She does not carry a sandal-wood fan. She wears nothing kept in a camphor-wood trunk. Her silks have neither been hung in a cedar closet, nor smoked with French pastilles. Her gloves smell of kid leather—as they ought to. No myrrh, no incense, no nuts, blossoms, fruits, seeds, or leaves, have been crushed to yield for her any odor of offense. She is pure as water, and as inodorous; as bright as a pearl, and as scentless; witching as an opal, and as devoid of perfume. Oh that she might live a thousand years, and be the ancestress of ten thousand just like her!*—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

UZ GAUNT was, in the writer's experience, the most level-headed of farmers. He once remarked, "Town folks smile at my vim and way of putting things, but I'd rather be next neighbor to Natur' than to most of the town folks."

That remark impressed me many a year ago as a nugget of pure wisdom, and now, when on the shady side of forty, I still think it wiser than any casual remark, learned essay, or eloquent oration I have ever heard in town.

It is a sad error to suppose that a rustic is akin to a fool; and a citizen's real worth may be measured by his manner of speaking of the country people. That a significant difference obtains can scarcely be denied, but it is not one that altogether exalts the dweller in town and degrades the farmer.

The thrifty farmer may see nothing that attracts in the ball-room, and fail to follow the thread of the story or be charmed by the airs of an opera; but has he not a compensation therefor in the Gothic arches of his woodland, beneath which tragedy and comedy are daily enacted? And what of the songs at sunrise, when the thrush, the grosbeak, and a host of warblers greet him at the outset of his daily toil?

I prefer an oak-tree to a temple; grass to a brick pavement; wild flowers beneath a blue sky to exotic orchids under glass. I would walk where I do not risk being jostled, and, if I see fit to swing my arms, leap a ditch, or climb a tree, I want no gaping crowd, when I do so, to hedge me in. In short, I prefer living "next neighbor to Nature."

I am free to admit I know very little about the town. It has ever been a cheerless place to me: cold as charity in winter, hot as an oven in summer, and lacking nearly all those features that make the country well-nigh a paradise in spring and autumn. Vividly do I recall the saddest sight in my experience—that of seeing on the window-sill of a wretched tenement house a broken flower-pot holding a single wilted buttercup, and near it, was the almost fleshless face of a child.

To be indifferent to the town is to be misanthropic, says one; and is affectation, says another. Perhaps so; I neither know nor care. It concerns me only to know it is the truth. None loves company better than I; but may I not choose my friends? If I prefer my neighbor's dog to my neighbor, why not? I have not injured him, and if harm comes of it, it is the dog that suffers. Have not most people far too many friends? Hoping to please all, you impress no one. You hold yourself up as a model, and the chances are you are secretly voted a bore.

Certainly, he who lives where human neighbors are comparatively few and far between, runs the least risk of social disasters.*—*Charles C. Abbott, M.D.*

OH, WHICH WERE BEST?

OH, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you whom release he must;
Which life were best on summer eves?

—*Robert Browning.*

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN WESTMINSTER.

I WANTED to be taken to the Poets' Corner. "Of course you do," said she; "there are rows of Americans there now, sitting looking mournful and thinking up quotations. If I wanted to find an American in London, I should take up my position in the Poets' Corner until he arrived. You needn't apologize—it's nothing to your discredit," remarked Miss Corke, as we turned in among the wonderful crumbling old names, past the bust of George Grote, historian of Greece.

"Where is Chaucer?" I asked, wishing to begin at the beginning.

"Just like every one of you that I've ever

*Beecher as a Humorist. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

*Outings at Odd Times. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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brought here!" Miss Corke exclaimed, leading the way to the curious old rectangular gray tomb in the wall.

"There, now—make out that early English lettering, if you can."

"I can't make it out. It is certainly very remarkable; he might almost have written it himself. Now, where is Shakspere?"

"Oh, certainly!" exclaimed Miss Corke. "This way. And after that you'll declare you've seen them all. But you might just take time to understand that you're walking over 'O rare Ben Jonson,' who is standing up in his old bones down there as straight as you or I. Insisted—as you probably are *not* aware—on being buried that way, so as to be ready when Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning. I won't say that he hasn't got his coat and hat on. Yes, that's Samuel—I'm glad you didn't say Ben was the lexicographer. Milton—certainly—it's kind of you to notice him. Blind, you remember. The author of several works of some reputation—in England."

We looked at Shakspere, supreme among them, predicting solemn dissolution out of "The Tempest," and turned from him to Gay, whose final reckless word I read with as much astonishment as if I had never heard of it before:

> Life's a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, and now I know it.

This has no significance at all read in an American school-book two thousand miles and a hundred and fifty years from the writer of it, compared with the grim shock it gives you when you see it actually cut deep in the stone, to be a memorial always of a dead man somewhere not far away.

"That you should have heard of Nicholas Rowe," said Miss Corke, "is altogether too much to expect. But he was poet-laureate for George the First—you understand the term?"

"I think so," I said. "They contract to supply the Royal Family with poetry, by the year, at a salary. We have nothing of the kind in America. You see our Presidents differ so. They might not all like poetry. And in that case it would be wasted, for there isn't a magazine in the country that would take it second-hand."

"Well, Mr. Rowe was a poet-laureate, though that has nothing whatever to do with it. But he had a great friend in Mr. Pope—Pope, you know him—by reputation—and when he and his daughter died, Mr. Pope and Mrs. Rowe felt so bad about it that he wrote those mournful lines, and she had 'em put up. Now listen!

> To those so mourned in death, so lov'd in life,
> The childless parent and the widowed wife—

meaning the same lady; it was only a neat way they had of doubling up a sentiment in those days!

> With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
> That holds their ashes and expects her own!

"There's a lovely epitaph for you, of Edmund Spenser's, 'Whose divine spirrit needs noe othir witnesse than the workes which he left behind him.' You will kindly make no remarks about the spelling, as I perceive you are thinking of doing. Try and remember that we taught you to spell over there. And when Edmund Spenser was buried there came a company of poets to the funeral—Shakspere, doubtless, among them—and cast into his grave all manner of elegies."

"Of their own composition?" I inquired.

"Stupid!—certainly! and the pens that wrote them!"

I said I thought it a most beautiful and poetic thing to have done, if they kept no copies of the poems, and asked Miss Corke if she believed anything of the kind would be possible now.

"Bless you!" she replied. "In the first place, there arn't the poets; in the second place, there isn't the hero-worship; in the third place, the conditions of the poetry-market are different now-a-days—it's more expensive than it used to be; the poets would prefer to send wreaths from the florist's—you can get quite a nice one for twelve-and-six.

"We used to have all poets and no public, now we have all public and no poets!" she declared, "now that *he* is gone—and Tennyson can't live forever." Miss Corke pointed with her parasol to a name in the stone close to my right foot. I had been looking about me, and above me, and everywhere but there. As I read it I took my foot away quickly, and went two or three paces off. It was so unlooked-for, that name, so new to its association with death, that I stood aside, held by a sudden sense of intrusion. He had always been so high and so far off in the privacy of his genius, so revered in his solitudes, so unapproachable, that it took one's breath away for the moment to have walked unthinkingly over the grave of Robert Browning.

Miss Corke said something about the royal tombs and the coronation chair, and about getting on; but, "if you don't mind," I said, "I should like to sit down here for a while with the other Americans and think."*—*Sara Jeanette Duncan.*

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* An American Girl in London. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Summer Reading. A collection of such thrilling short stories as only Elizabeth Stuart Phelps can write, composes the volume "Fourteen to One."* The situations in them are, to quote from her own words, "too preposterous for fiction." The sketches are the histories of real tragedy, folded in the "film of fiction."——A group of tales presenting in a most effective manner different phases of plantation life in the South is contained in the book "Balaam and his Master."† Natural, entertaining, original, the different characters form excellent companions for leisure hours.——A book of dialect tales whose scenes are laid in the Southern States, is "Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi Stories." ‡ Bright, wholesome sketches they all are, full of charming originality and presenting a series of fine analytical studies.——"Ryle's Open Gate" ‖ is a tale of a summer spent in a rambling old house in a small out-of-the-way fishing village. Character studies of the surrounding people form the bulk of the book, which will furnish easy reading for a stray half hour.——That in human experience "still waters run deep" was never more strikingly set forth in fiction than in "Mademoiselle Ixe." § It is the story of a woman whose life was thoroughly controlled and outwardly calm, apparently oblivious of self and yet concealing a constantly burning sense of bitter wrong and an unwavering determination to be avenged at any cost. The strength of the book lies in the fact that in spite of the many intimations scattered all through its pages, the dénouement comes to the reader as an utter surprise. Bound in unique form, long and narrow, so that it can be slipped into the pocket, it will form a convenient as well as a delightful book for travelers.——A volume of short sketches, such as the recent one by Arlo Bates called, "A Bcok O' Nine Tales,"¶ gives to that author the best possible opportunity to use his versatile powers. From richest humor to deepest pathos *via* all the graduated steps in human feelings, the reader is led back and forth. The stories are all separated one from another by a brief "Interlude," the keynote of which is quiet irony applied to the foibles of modern society.——"A Violin Obligato"* is a touching story of an old man whose life from a practical standpoint had been an abject failure because he made the sad mistake of being too ideal. The other sketches in the book, like this one, are mostly those of persons whose lives were made somber by sadness, but whose characters were rich and bright with noble purposes, high aims, and visions of the true and beautiful.——Of "Criquette,"† with its dainty paper covers, clear print, wide margins, etc., it must be said that the mechanical part of the book is very fine; the translator has done his work well; but the story itself, one of life on the stage, has no especial interest or merit.——One of the oddest conceits that was ever spun from the brain of an author is that set forth in "Tourmalin's Time Cheques."‡ A vivid imagination and a facile pen have made it one of the most delightful of light stories.——Mystery and love—a small amount of the former, a large supply of the latter—are the principal elements composing "The Sardonyx Seal."‖ These most familiar ingredients are mixed in a manner not at all original, and yet the result is a fair production marked with a pleasing individuality of character.——"The Iron Game" § is a very readable story of the Civil War, with a complicated plot, and full of tragic scenes. At last the right triumphs; all ends in a very satisfactory manner; and peace settles down over two new households founded after long and deeply tried love experiences.——"The Rector of St. Luke's"¶ depicts in its hero and in several of the persons introduced in its pages great nobility and strength of character. The book

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* Fourteen to One. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price, $1.25.—† Balaam and his Master. By Joel Chandler Harris. Price, $1.25.—‡ Otto the Knight. By Octave Thanet. Price, $1.25.—‖ Ryle's Open Gate. By Susan Teackle Moore. Price, $1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

§ Mademoiselle Ixe. By Lanoe Falconer. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. Price, 50 cts.

¶ A Book O' Nine Tales. By Arlo Bates. Price, $1.00.—

* A Violin Obligato and Other Stories. By Margaret Crosby. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.00.

† Criquette. By Ludovic Halevy. Translated by Arthur D. Hall. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally, and Company. Price, 50 cts.

‡ Tourmalin's Time Cheques. By F. Anstey. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, 50 cts.

‖ The Sardonyx Seal. By Belle Gray Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

§ The Iron Game. By Henry F. Keenan. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $1.00.

¶ The Rector of St. Luke's. By Marie Bernhard. Translated by Mrs. Elise L. Lathrop. New York: Worthington Company. Price, 75 cts.

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is well sustained throughout, the interest awakened at the beginning increases until the finale is reached.

The readers of translations from the German are deeply indebted to Mrs. M. A. Shryock for her unique selection of the novel "Elizabeth,"* it is outside the usual type. It is a timely piece of work treating of the "incompatibility in married life" and divorce; the author's views of divorce are from the Bible standpoint. The translation is delicate in style and refined and elegant in expression.

Theology. THE pages of Mr. Gladstone's latest book are full of solid thought, conservative and cautious, yet with a scholarly sweep of reasoning and force of argument which cannot fail to convince. The themes are all connected with Biblical criticism and their treatment goes to show that the Scriptures are justly called "The Impregnable Rock."†——Vol. XIII. of "The People's Bible"‡ deals with the Book of Proverbs. The character of this valuable series is so well known that it is necessary only to call attention to the fact that another volume has been issued. ——A thoughtful and stimulating study of Dante's "Divina Commedia"‖ has been made by Dr. Harris, in which is emphasized and honored the spiritual sense of this great poem. Its philosophy and its allegory are made subjects of special inquiry, but there is a commendable absence of the fanciful interpretations given to every peculiarity of structure and incident by some would-be enlighteners.——The allegorical-mystical method of interpretation is somewhat overdone in Mr. Latch's "Indications of the Book of Genesis,"§ but the book deserves respect for its consistency and earnestness.——All the references to temperance and intemperance in the Bible have been collected and the facts and arguments arranged under their respective heads in "Bible Temperance Studies."¶

* Elizabeth. From the German of Marie Nathusius. By Mrs. M. A. Shryock. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Price, $1.00.

† The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. By The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles. Price, $1.00.

‡ The People's Bible: Discourses upon the Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnal's. Price, $1.25.

‖ The Spiritual Sense of Dante's "Divina Commedia." By W. T. Harris. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $1.00.

§ Indications of the First Book of Moses. By Edward B. Latch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.50.

¶ Bible Temperance Studies. By M. Josephine Griffith, B. S. Chicago: Press of the W. T. P. A.

It is a strong argument against the use of intoxicants.——Dr. Hurlbut has done a useful service for the leaders of family worship who feel themselves incompetent to decide what chapters of the Bible are most profitable for devotional purposes. He has selected a Scripture passage* for each day in the year, suitable in length, and so arranged as to follow the general current of history and to pass from Genesis to Revelation within twelve months.——"A comprehensive selection of the living thoughts of the founder of Methodism, as contained in his miscellaneous works,"† is the explanatory subtitle of a valuable compilation. From Mr. Wesley's writings, sermons excepted, the articles and paragraphs which seemed to the compiler most worthy of consideration, have been separated and systematically arranged so as to show the vital points of the teachings of early Methodism.——Mr. Wesley's original selection of Psalms‡ for every day in the month and for special occasions, has been given a new dress by the publishers and deserves wide use as a handbook of Methodist worship.——Earnest and helpful are the suggestions in Dr. Van Anda's little book on "Prayer: Its Nature, Conditions, and Effects."‖ A careful perusal can scarcely fail to lead to a wiser use of

> The soul's sincere desire
> Uttered or unexpressed.

——Mature thought and reverent treatment enter into Mr. Davies' discussion of the "Doctrine of the Trinity."§ It meets and answers every objection that could reasonably be raised against the statement that all the evidence of the Old and New Testaments is in favor of the doctrine that three persons co-exist in the unity of the Godhead.——"Fire from Strange Altars"¶ throws the light of its flame into the far distant past, showing the religious cults of "the land between the rivers," the gods of the Phœnicians, and the faith of the Pharaohs. To gaze upon these polytheistic eras is to turn back with increasing faith in the one imperishable religion and the world-God, who alone is able to satisfy the human heart and mind.——The many lessons for our everyday life which may be learned from the history of the prophet Elijah**

* Scripture Selections for Daily Reading. Compiled by the Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D.D. Price, $1.00. † Living Thoughts of John Wesley. By James H. Potts. Price, $2.00. ‡ Select Psalms. Arranged for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By John Wesley. ‖ Prayer: Its Nature, Conditions, Effects. By C. A. Van Anda, D.D. Price, 45 cts. § Doctrine of the Trinity. The Biblical Evidence. By Richard N. Davies. Price, 90 cts. ¶ Fire from Strange Altars. By the Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Ph.D., D.D. Price, 90 cts. ** Elijah, the Man of God. By Mark Guy Pearse. Price, 50 cts. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

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are set forth in the graphic and original style so characteristic of the writings of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. It is full to the brim of wise spiritual counsel.

Miscellaneous. THE outdoor studies of Mr. Hamilton Mabie in the volume "Under the Trees and Elsewhere"* are irresistibly charming. Through such sympathetic interpretation Nature has new delights for the house-weary person and she offers to him a repose of spirit not to be found anywhere else. "The Forest of Arden" has a magical influence; it lifts one from the prosy everyday life to one of unfailing sympathy and strong thought, in fact into the regions of the ideal.

The flower lover and amateur gardener will find pleasure and excellent suggestions in Mr. Ellwanger's "Garden's Story."† From early spring to late autumn he follows the succession of plants, calling attention to their beauties and suggesting how they may best be made to give a wealth of bloom. These "charming attendants" of all gardens, the bees, birds, and butterflies, are shown to be fascinating utilitarians.

The pleasing, good-humored style in which Charles Dudley Warner writes of Southern California, under the title of "Our Italy,"‡ makes this part of the United States more alluring than ever. Notes on the climate and resources supported by interesting statistics make it a valuable study. Picturesque sketches of places and people, with profuse illustrations give a very attractive book.

The journal "Garden and Forest"‖ for the year 1890 forms a fine volume when bound. The good type, fine illustrations, and interesting reading matter make it a very desirable work for one's library.

No doubt the future will have clubs industriously studying "Meredithese," and with good results too. One of the appreciators of the poet and novelist George Meredith § writes entertainingly of his characteristics. He seems to have got at the heart of Meredith's power, but it is only to one who already knows the excellent qualities of his style that this book will appeal, and for those there is much pleasure in it.

"Mine own romantic town"—Edinburgh*—receives royal treatment at the hands of Mrs. Oliphant. In an extremely fascinating style she writes of the kings, queens, scholars, and poets—all that has made Edinburgh one of the most interesting of cities. Sixty illustrations add interest and beauty.

"Our Common Birds and How to Know Them,"† a small, plain volume, serviceable for practical field use, is a fairy in disguise, by its magic peopling of even barren places with charming woodland inhabitants that are unseen to the ordinary eye. The book contains sixty-four plates.

"The Compounding of English Words,"‡ at once so vexing and so important in these days of printing, telegraphy, etc., has been discussed and somewhat extensively revolutionized by F. Horace Teall. He deals tersely and lucidly with the points in question, and with exceptional consistency throughout, though from the complex nature of the case, some inconsistency necessarily ensues. The discrepancies, which in the dictionaries continually present puzzling annoyances, are obviated, to a reasonable degree, by the broad, plain rules here proposed.

Of Andrew Lang's "Essays in Little,"‖ the biographical sketches are excellent. They display good taste in selection and treatment and will serve as a worthy passport to the volume of essays, several of which are quite ordinary.

Bishop Vincent's "Study in Pedagogy: For People who are not Professional Teachers" § is prepared to aid the child's friends to supplement his school education. It is a dainty little book in every respect. Though containing no new truths, the contents are fresh and bright in presentation, and adapted to accomplish a more far-reaching usefulness than the bulkier, more complex treatises designed for professional teachers.

* Under the Trees and Elsewhere. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, $1.25.

† The Garden's Story or Pleasures and Trials of an Amateur Gardener. By George H. Ellwanger. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ Our Italy. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $2.50.

‖ Garden and Forest. A Journal of Horticulture, Landscape, Art and Forestry. Conducted by Charles S. Sargent. Volume III. New York: The Garden and Forest Publishing Co.

§ George Meredith. Some Characteristics. By Richard Le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. New York: United States Book Co. Price, $2.00.

* Royal Edinburgh. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Macmillan and Co. Price, $3.00.

† Our Common Birds and How to Know Them. By John B. Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.50.

‡ The Compounding of English Words: When and Why Joining or Separating is Preferable. With concise rules and alphabetical lists. By F. Horace Teall. New York: John Ireland, 1197 Broadway. Price, $1.25.

‖ Essays in Little. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.00.

§ A Study in Pedagogy: For People who are not Professional Teachers. By Bishop John H. Vincent. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham, 13 Cooper Union. Price, 60 cts.

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The striking features and the peculiarities of a country seem to impress themselves at a glance upon such a veteran traveler as M. M. Ballou, and in his "Aztec Land"* he gives in his usual entertaining manner the impressions which come from a look at Mexico on all sides,—her history, her climate, her products, her people, and her scenery.—Mexico is seen from a different point of view in Janvier's entertaining "Stories of Old New Spain."† The most delicate lines are used in drawing the romance and the wild life of the people.

The prince of guides is W. W. Story in "Excursions in Art and Letters."‡ He throws new light upon old subjects and illuminates them. Michel Angelo, Phidias, and the Elgin Marbles, the art of casting plaster among the Greeks and Romans, a talk with Marcus Aurelius, and distortions of the English stage are the subjects to which attention is called.

Mr. Cecil Charles' "Honduras"‖ is full of practical information of a country and people for which he shows a strong admiration. His genuine, good humored, hearty way of seeing things is very enjoyable.

* Aztec Land. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.50.

† Stories of Old New Spain. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, 50 cts.

‡ Excursions in Art and Letters. By William Wetmore Story. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.25.

‖ Honduras: The Land of Great Depths. With Map and Portraits. By Cecil Charles. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Company. Price, $1.50.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR MAY, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—May 1. Strikes in the North and East for the eight-hour day and higher wages.——Forest fires in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

May 2. Opening in Washington of the American National Conference of State Boards of Health and of the American Academy of Medicine.

May 4. Convention of the National Association of Machinists opens in Pittsburgh.

May 5. A $750,000 fire occurs in Pittsburgh.

May 6. Opening of the twenty-ninth International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Kansas City.

May 9. Forest fires do much damage in Michigan and Wisconsin.

May 14. Opening of the annual session of the Scotch-Irish Society in Louisville, Ky.

May 16. Twenty blocks of buildings in Muskegon, Mich., destroyed by fire.

May 19. The National Union Conference opens at Cincinnati and the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Denver.

May 21. Opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Detroit, Mich., and the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod at Philadelphia.

May 26. Death of the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn.——Meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union in Cincinnati, and the Congregational and Unitarian Associations in Boston.

May 27. Death of General B. B. Eggleston.

May 28. Death of Judge S. M. Breckinridge.

May 29. The American University is organized at Washington, with Bishop Hurst as Chancellor.

FOREIGN NEWS.—May 1. Prince Bismarck returns to the Reichstag.——Serious encounters between workingmen and troops in many cities of Europe.

May 2. In the Charleroi district, Belgium, 30,000 miners go on a strike.——Opening in London of the Naval Exhibition.

May 4. Announcement of the signing of a commercial treaty by Germany and Austria.

May 5. Death of the Archbishop of York.

May 6. Death of Madame Blavatsky.

May 9. The Reichstag adjourns to November 11.

May 14. The Bank of England rate is advanced from 4 to 5 per cent.

May 17. The eruption of a new volcano in Armenia destroys several villages.

May 20. Opening in Vienna of the International Postal Congress.

May 21. A new Portuguese cabinet is formed.——Pierre Loti becomes a member of the French Academy.

May 25. One hundred and sixty-five members of the Mala Vita Society in Italy sentenced to imprisonment.

May 30. The Newfoundland Legislature is prorogued after the longest session on record.——Opening in Milan of the International Peace Congress.

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Wednesday, July 1.

OPENING DAY.

P. M. 2:30—**Opening Exercises, Season of 1891.**
" 4:00—**Lecture**: "Causes of the American Revolution." *Prof. J. A. Woodburn.*
" 7:00—**Vespers.**
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: "The New World." *Prof. M. L. Williston.*

Thursday, July 2.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture Recital**: *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Northwest and the Ordinance of 1787." *Prof. J. A. Woodburn.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Readings and Ballads.** *Mrs. Chas. Waldo Richards and Mrs. Jennie Hall Wade.*

Friday, July 3.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Financial Measures of Hamilton." *Prof. J. A. Woodburn.*
" 4:00—**Readings.** *Mrs. Chas. Waldo Richards.*
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: "The Revolution of '76." *Prof. M. L. Williston.*

Saturday, July 4.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture**: "The Politics of the Declaration of Independence." *Prof J. A. Woodburn.*
P. M. 2:30—**Independence Day Exercises.**
" 3:15—**Opening of College and Teachers' Retreat.**
" 8:00—**Students' Reception** (Hotel Athenæum).
" 9:30—**Fireworks.**

Sunday, July 5.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Study.** The Epistle to the Ephesians. *Prof. R. F. Weidner.*
" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Dr. W. H. McMillan.*
P. M. 2:30—{ **Sunday School** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheater).
" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
" 7:30—**Song Service.**

Monday, July 6.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Story of Bacteria." *J. B. Burroughs, M. D.*
" 4:00—**Lecture**: "The Americanized Delsarte System." *Mrs. C. E. Bishop.*
" 8:00—**Readings.** *Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Tuesday, July 7.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: I. "Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
P. M. 4:00—**First Tourists' Conference.** "The English Lake District."
" 5:00—**Lecture**: "Marriage and Family Life in the Bible." *Prof. R. F. Weidner.*
" 8:00—**Musical Entertainment.** *D. W. Robertson, Fred Emerson Brooks, and Jennie Hall Wade.*

Wednesday, July 8.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: II. "The Republic of Florence." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
" 4:00—**Lecture**: "The Delphic Oracle." *Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 7:00—**Vespers.**
" 8:00—**Annual Address before the Ohio State Teachers' Association.** *Dr. J. W. Bashford.*

Thursday, July 9.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture-Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: III. "The Republic of Venice." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
" 4:00—**Second Tourists' Conference.** "English Cathedral Towns."
" **Lecture**: "Some Features of Messianic Prophecy." *Prof. George S. Burroughs.*
" 8:00—**Entertainment.** *A. S. Durston,* Reader; *D. W. Robertson,* Musician.

Friday, July 10.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: IV. "The Revival of Learning." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
" 4:00—**Lecture**: "The Study of Literature." *Prof. Wm. Houston.*
" 5:00—**Lecture**: "The Inspiration of Hebrew History." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*
" 8:00—**Prize Spelling Match,** *Conducted by Prof W. D. McClintock.*

Saturday, July 11.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture**: "Horace Mann and the Common School System." *Col. Francis W. Parker.*
P. M. 2:30—**Concert.** *Apollo Quartet and Jennie Hall Wade.*
" 8:00—**Lecture**: "Physical Culture." (Illustrated with Stereopticon.) *Drs. Anderson and Seaver.*

Sunday, July 12.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Study.** The Epistle to the Philippians. *Prof. R. F. Weidner.*
" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Dr. J. W. Bashford.*
P. M. 2:30 { **Primary Class** (Kellogg Hall). **Sunday-school** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheater).
" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
" 7:30—**Song Service.**

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Monday, July 13.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: I. "The Natives of the Northwest Coast." *Prof. Frederick Starr.*

" 4:00—**Lecture.** I. "The Struggle for Expansion, 1763–1867." *Prof. John Bach McMaster.*

" 5:00—**Lecture.** "Work for Women." *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.*

" 8:00—**Entertainment.** *Miss Maud Murray and Apollo Quartet.*

Tuesday, July 14.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Mound Builders." *Prof. Frederick Starr.*

" 4:00—**Lecture.** II. "The Western Movement of Men and Institutions, 1790–1890." *Prof. McMaster.*

" 5:00—**Third Tourists' Conference.** "Oxford and Cambridge."

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: "The Tour of the Nile in a Dahabeih." *Dr. Charles S. Welles.*

Wednesday, July 15.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: III. "Cliff-Dwellers and Pueblos." *Prof. Frederick Starr.*

" 4:00—**Lecture**: III. "A Hoop for the Barrel; the Struggle for a Government, 1776–1789. *Prof. J. B. McMaster.*

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**

" 7:00—**Vespers.**

" 8:00—**Readings.** *Miss Maud Murray.*

Thursday, July 16.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**, IV. "Aztecs and Mayas." *Prof. Frederick Starr.*

" 4:00—**Lecture**: IV. "Millions for Defense; Not a Cent for Tribute. The Struggle for Commercial Independence, 1793–1815." *Prof. J. B. McMaster.*

" 5:00—**Fourth Tourists' Conference.** "London."

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: "The Tour of Palestine, and to Constantinople." *Dr. Chas. S. Welles.*

Friday. July 17.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Philosophy of Education. *Dr. W. T. Harris.*

" 4:00—**Lecture**: V. "Who Reads an American Book?" The Beginnings of American Literature. *Prof. McMaster.*

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**

" 8:00—**Entertainment.** *Miss May Donnally and Apollo Quartet.*

Saturday, July 18.

A. M. 11:00—"What Shall We Study in the Common School?" *Dr. W. T. Harris.*

P. M. 2:30—**Concert.** *Apollo Quartet and Miss Donnally.*

" 4:00—**Lecture**: VI. "Men and Manners in America, 1789–1837." *Prof. J. B. McMaster.*

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: "Native Races of North America." *Prof Frederick Starr.*

Sunday, July 19.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Study.** The Book of Ruth. *Prof. George S. Burroughs.*

" 11:00—**Sermon.**

P. M. 2:30 { **Primary Class** (Kellogg Hall). **Sunday-school** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheater).

" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**

" 7:30—**Song Service.**

Monday, July 20.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "Manners and Morals in the Common School." *Dr. W. T. Harris.*

" 4:00—**Lecture**: "The Beginnings of Government in America." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

" 5:00—**Lecture**: "Only a Cook." *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.*

" 8:00—**Readings.** *Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Tuesday, July 21.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Greater New England." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

" 4:00—**Educational Address.** *Mr. C. W. Bardeen.*

" 5:00—**Lecture**: "Memory Training." *Prof. W. W. White.*

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: I. "How the Other Half Lives." *Mr. Jacob A. Riis.*

Wednesday, July 22.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Children of the Old Dominion." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

" 4:00—**Readings in Job.** I. "Introduction; the Prologue." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**

" 7:00—**Vespers.**

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture**: II. "How the Other Half Lives." *Mr. Jacob A. Riis.*

Thursday, July 23.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture**: "The Chautauqua Country in History." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

" 4:00—**Readings in Job.** II. "The First Circle of Speeches." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 5:00—**Lecture**: "Higher Education and the State." *Mr. Melvil Dewey.*

" 8:00—**Pronunciation Match,** *Conducted by Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Friday, July 24.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture-Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture.** "The Supreme Law of the Land." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

" 4:00—**Readings in Job.** III. "The Second Circle of Speeches." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 5:00—**Lecture**: "Modern Libraries and the Chautauqua Movement." *Mr. Melvil Dewey.*

" 8:00—**Entertainment.** *Apollo Quartet and readings by Miss Jessie Dalrymple.*

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Saturday, July 25.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Four Centuries After." The New Nation. *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*

P. M. 2:30—**Address:** "Political Equality." *Mrs. Zerelda Wallace.*

" 5:00—**Readings in Job.** IV. "The Third Circle of Speeches." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** "Two Years and a Half with Edison." *Dr. Frank M. Deems.*

Sunday, July 26.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Study.** The Book of Esther. *Prof. George S. Burroughs.*

" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard,* Bishop of Ohio.

P. M. 2:30 { **Primary Class** (Kellogg Hall). **Sunday-school** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheater).

" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**

" 7:30—**Song Service.**

Monday, July 27.

P. M. 2:30—"Bernard of Clarvaux." *Prof. C. J. Little.*

" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Is it Practicable to Simplify English Spelling?" *Mr. Melvil Dewey.*

" 5:00—**Readings in Job.** V. "The Speech of Elihu and the Reply." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 8:00—**Readings.** *Miss Jessie Dalrymple.*

Tuesday, July 28.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture-Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Hildebrand." *Prof. C. J. Little.*

" 4:00—**Lecture:** "James Russell Lowell." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*

" 5:00—**Readings in Job.** VI. "The Lord Out of the Whirlwind." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 8:00—**Lecture:** "The Good Old Times." *Dr. George Thomas Dowling.*

Wednesday, July 29.

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Dante." *Prof. C. J. Little.*

" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Washington Irving." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*

" 5:00—**Readings in Job.** VII. "The Epilogue; Conclusion." *Prof. W. R. Harper.*

" 7:00—**Vespers.**

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** I. "The Navy, Past and Present." *Mr. H. W. Raymond.*

Thursday, July 30.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Ignatius Loyola." *Prof. C. J. Little.*

" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Oliver Wendell Holmes." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**

" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** II. "The Navy, Past and Present." *Mr. H. W. Raymond.*

Friday, July 31.

GRANGE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Platform Meeting.** Addresses by men prominent in the Grange.

P. M. 2:30—**Platform Meeting.** Addresses by *Hon. Mortimer Whitehead and others.*

" 2:30—**Lecture:** "Pascal." *Prof. C. J. Little* (Hall).

" 5:00—**Lecture:** "What Wide-awake Christian Teachers Ought to Know About the Science of Theology." *Prof. R. F. Weidner.*

" 8:00—**Lecture:** "Clambering Up." *Dr. G. T. Dowling.*

Saturday, August 1.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

A. M. 9:00—**First Woman's Missionary Conference.** "Missionary Workers Equipped."

" 11:00—**Lecture:** "Hugh Miller, or The Workingman's Education." *Dr. John Henry Barrows.*

P. M. 2:30—**Address:** "A White Life for Two." *Miss Frances E. Willard.*

" 4:00—**First General Missionary Conference.** "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit for Christian Service."

" 5:00—**Lecture:** "Both Sides of the Isaiah Question." *Prof. Sylvester Burnham.*

" 8:00—**Wagner's Operas,** "Rinegold" and "Walküre" (Illustrated). Stereopticon and Chorus. *Mr. Homer Moore,* Lecturer and Soloist.

Sunday, August 2.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

A. M. 9:00—**Second Woman's Missionary Conference.** Five-minute addresses by Foreign Missionaries.
Bible Study. Selected Psalms. *Prof. S. Burnham.*

" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Dr. John Henry Barrows.*

P. M. 2:30 { **Primary Class** (Kellogg Hall). **Sunday-school** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheatre). **Young People's Bible Class** (Hall).

" 4:00—**Second General Missionary Conference.** Five-minute addresses by Home Missionaries.

" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**

" 7:30—**Song Service.**

" 8:00—**Sacred Readings.** *Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Monday, August 3.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

A. M. 9:00—**Third Woman's Missionary Conference.** "Christian Stewardship."
11:00—**Lecture.** *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Wendell Phillips and the Anti-Slavery Crusade." *Dr. John Henry Barrows.*

" 4:00—**Third General Missionary Conference.** "The Best Missionary Literature."

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P. M. 5:00—**Lecture:** "What All Women Should Know." *Mrs. C. E. Bishop.*
" 8:00—**Platform Meeting C. M. L.** Annual address by *Dr. A. B. Leonard.*

Tuesday, August 4.

OPENING DAY.

A. M. 9:00—**Fourth Woman's Missionary Conference.** "Effective Missionary Organizations."
" 11:00—**Lecture:** "Pre-Columbian Voyages to America." *Prof. John Fiske.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Shakspere and His Relation to Religion." *Dr. John Henry Barrows.*
" 4:00—**Fourth General Missionary Conference.** "The Obligation of Systematic Giving."
" 5:00—**Lecture:** "The Memory." *Prof. W. W. White.*
" 7:30—**Chautauqua Vesper Service.**
" 8:00—**Opening Exercises of the Eighteenth Assembly.**
" 9:45—**Fireworks.**

Wednesday, August 5.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "The Discovery of America." *Prof. John Fiske.*
P. M. 2:30—**Grand Concert:** *Schumann Quartet, Miss Annie Park, Miss Bertha Waltzinger, Chorus.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Critics." *Miss Agnes Repplier.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 7:00—**Vespers.**
" 8:00—**Wagner's Operas,** "Siegfried" and "Götterdammerung" (Illustrated). Stereopticon and Chorus. *Mr. Homer Moore,* Lecturer and Soloist.

Thursday, August 6.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "The Conquest of Mexico." *Prof. John Fiske.*
P. M. 2:30—**Address:** "The Hebrew and the Nation." *Rabbi Gustave Gottheil.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Letter Writers." *Miss A. Repplier.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Costume Entertainment.** "The True Life of Jacob." *Mrs. L. Von F. Mountford.*

Friday, August 7.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Las Casas, Protector of the Indians." *Prof. John Fiske.*
P. M 2:30—**Grand Concert:** *Schumann Quartet, Miss Annie Park, Miss Waltzinger, Chorus.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Reading." *Miss Agnes Repplier.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** "The Two Russian Capitals and Glimpses of the Land of the Midnight Sun." *Dr. R. S. MacArthur.*

Saturday, August 8.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "The Use and Abuse of Prejudice." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "How to Abolish Poverty." *Dr. Edward McGlynn.*
" 5:00—**Lecture:** "The Conditional Element in Prophecy." *Prof. Sylvester Burnham.*
" 8:00—**Readings.** *Mr. George Riddle.*

Sunday, August 9.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Study.** Selected Psalms. *Prof. S. Burnham.*
" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Dr. R. S. MacArthur.*
P. M. 2:30 — **Primary Class** (Kellogg Hall). **Sunday-school** (Temple). **Assembly** (Amphitheater). **Young People's Bible Class** (Hall).
" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
" 7:30—**Meeting in the Interest of the American Sabbath Union.**

Monday, August 10.

A. M. 11:00—"The Empire of the Czar." *Dr. R. S. McArthur.*
P. M. 2:30—**Question Box.** *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "History and Principles of Church Service." *Rev. W. F. Faber.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Readings and Music.** *Mr. Geo. Riddle, Schumann Quartet, Charles D. Kellogg.*

Tuesday, August 11.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Wit, Humor and Pathos of Travel." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:30—**Readings and Music.** *Mr. George Riddle, Miss Annie Park, Miss Waltzinger.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Complaints of the Farmer and Wage-earner." *Dr. E. W. Bemis.*
" 3:00—**Cottage Holders' Meeting.**
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** "Yosemite and Yellowstone." *Mr. H. H. Ragan.*

Wednesday, August 12.

DENOMINATIONAL DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Both Sides of Nihilism." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:30—**Denominational Congresses.**
" 5:00—**Lecture:** "Monopolies and Public Works." *Dr. E. W. Bemis.*
" 7:00—**Vespers.**
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** "Treasures of the Rockies." *Mr. H. H. Ragan.*

Thursday, August 13.

S. S. ALUMNI REUNION.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Gladstone." *Hon. G. Makepeace Towle.*
P. M. 2:30—**Grand Concert.** *Marie Decca, prima donna, Annie Park, Bertha Waltzinger, Charles Kellogg, Schumann Quartet, Chorus.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "What Shall We Tax?" *Dr. E. W. Bemis.*

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P. M. 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Platform Meeting.** Chautauqua S. S. Alumni.
Illuminated Fleet.

Friday, August 14.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Ireland." *Hon. G. Makepeace Towle.*
P. M. 2:30—**Athletic Exhibition,** under the direction of *Dr. W. G. Anderson.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "The Ethical Side of Social Problems." *Dr. E. W. Bemis.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Illustrated Lecture:** "A Trip to Alaska." *Mr. H. H. Ragan.*

Saturday, August 15.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Victoria." *Hon. G Makepeace Towle.*
P. M. 2:30—**Meeting of the Law and Order League.** *Addresses by Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, Hon. J. J. Maclaren, and Hon. Chas. Carroll Bonney.*
" 3:45—**Grand Concert.** *Chorus, Quartet, and Soloists.*
" 5:00—**Lecture:** "Palestine Exploration." *Rev. T. F. Wright.*
" 8:00—**Readings from his own works.** *Mr. Thomas Nelson Page.* Music: *Schumann Quartet.*

Sunday, August 16.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

A. M. 9:00 { **Primary Class.** / **Sunday-school.** / **Assembly.** / **Young People's Bible Class.** }
" 11:00—**Baccalaureate Sermon.** *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
P. M. 2:30—**Memorial Exercises.**
" 4:00—**Society, of Christian Ethics.**
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
" 7:30—

Monday, August 17.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "The Story of the Dominion." *Hon. J. J. Maclaren.*
P. M. 2:30—**Readings from his own works.** *Mr. T. Nelson Page.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "The Chautauqua Arboretum." *Dr. J. T. Edwards.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Stereopticon Lecture:** "In the Heart of the Blue Ridge." *Dr. A. H. Gillet.*

Tuesday, August 18.

C. Y. F. R. U. DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture:** "Christopher Columbus, His Life and its Results." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 2:30—**Address:** "A Life Lesson for Young Americans." *Hon. Henry Watterson.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson." *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.*
P. M. 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Promenade Concert and Feast of Lanterns.**

Wednesday, August 19.

RECOGNITION DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Address to the Class of '91.** *Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.*
P. M. 2:30—**Presentation of Diplomas.**
" 7:00—**Vespers.**
" 8:00—**C. L. S. C. Rally.**

Thursday, August 20.

A. M. 11.00—**Lecture:**
P. M. 2:30—**Grand Concert.**
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Is Polite Society Polite?" *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Meeting in the Interest of the Evangelical Alliance.** *Addresses by Dr. Josiah Strong, and Dr. Frank Russell.*

Friday, August 21.

A. M. 11:00—**Lecture.** "The Place of Our Government in the Advance of the Christian Civilization." *Dr. Gilbert De La Matyr.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture.** "What Shall We Do with Our Daughters?" *Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.*
" 4:00—**Lecture:** "Paris: Literary, Social aud Historical." *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.*
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
" 8.00—**Camp-fire.**

Saturday, August 22.

G. A. R. DAY.

A. M. 11:00—**Address:** "The Mission of Our Country." *Bishop John P. Newman.*
P. M. 2:30—**Platform Meeting.**
" 8:00—**Steoreopticon Lecture:** "Charleston to the Everglades." *Dr. A. H. Gillet.*

Sunday, August 23.

A. M. 9:00—**Bible Reading.**
" 11:00—**Sermon.** *Bishop John P. Newman.*
P. M. 2:30 { **Primary Class.** / **Sunday-school.** / **Assembly.** / **Young People's Bible Class.** }
" 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**
" 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
" 7:30—**Song Service.**
" 9:30—**Night Vigil. Class of 1892.**

Monday, August 24.

A. M. 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—
" 5.00—**Closing Round Table.**
" 8:00—**Stereopticon Lecture.** "New Orleans and the Bayou Region of Louisiana." *Dr. A. H. Gillet.*

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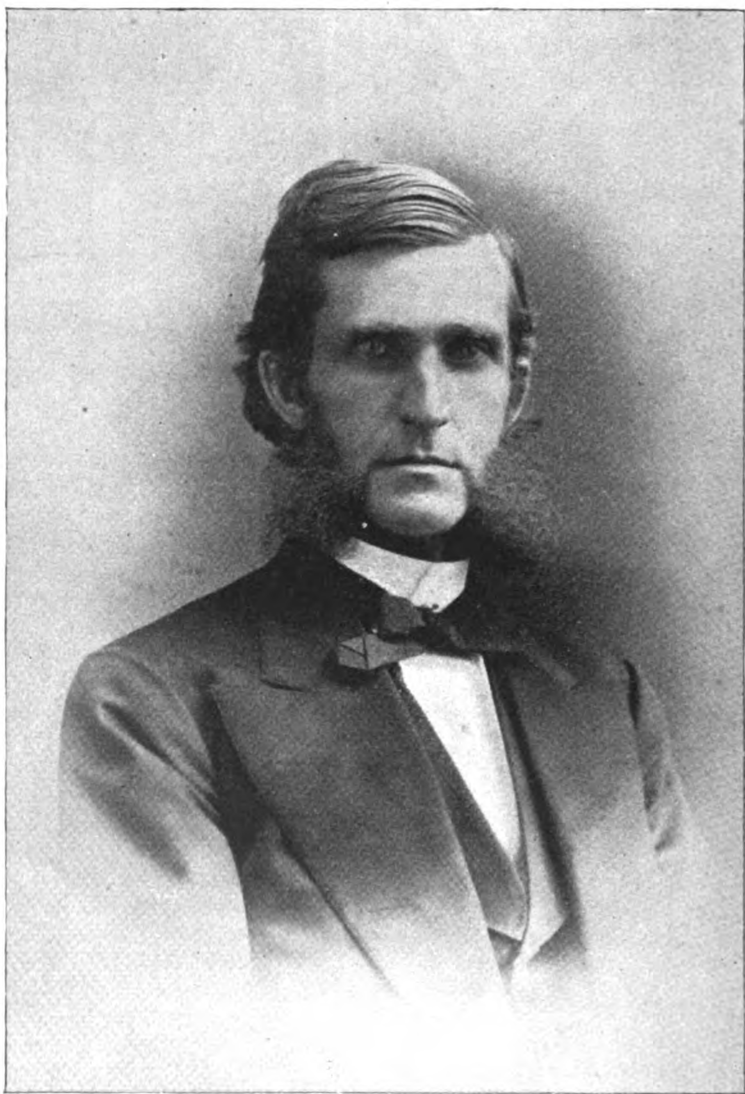

Lucius H. Bugbee

THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XIII. AUGUST, 1891. No. 5.

OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.
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OLD CHAUTAUQUA DAYS.*

BY THEODORE L. FLOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST OFFSHOOT OF CHAUTAUQUA.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, the most exaggerated ideas were in circulation in the East concerning a cosmopolitan meeting of Christian people that had been held in Western New York. They had taken text-books, and with teachers had gone into a grove to study sacred geography, pedagogy, the mission of the Christian Church, the sciences, and moral reforms. At certain times in the day a cornet band discoursed music, and the nights were made brilliant by pyrotechnics on the shores of the Lake. The effect on New England people, living five hundred miles from the shores of Chautauqua Lake, when they heard these reports, was one of wonder; some were bewildered, others sought to understand what this new departure meant; but no one seemed to indorse it fully, and it is equally true that no one openly condemned it.

"This is a magazine arranged with care and placed under that old institution called the camp-meeting. The first explosion has come and these are simply the reports of it," were the words of an intelligent and very devout advocate of that old-time meeting in the grove. Others said, "Many of the people out there, at that point where New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio almost meet, are Yankees; they went out from among us. But they have lived so long away from New England that they have been assimilated by the older settlers there. That place was first inhabited by the Indians; the French drove them out; and then the Yankees inherited the line of things that the French had prepared to their hands. This new idea is too large for that locality; it will rankle in the minds of men till it spreads its influence farther than the shores of Chautauqua Lake. Somebody has studied the place and the population, and the idea that is being put into the minds of the people is a test of the temper of the church." These and many other similar thoughts awakened by that first meeting were put into the air; they flew thick and fast among church people in the Eastern states.

These reports attracted me to New York for an interview with Dr. Vincent, because I was anxious that New England should enjoy the earliest fruit of this new growth in the church. The Doctor seemed to have leisure then; his mind was free from the numerous cares that have burdened him in later years. There was an ease and quiet in his manner which invited conversation; and he was always glad to talk about Chautauqua with people from distant points. He was gauging public sentiment and getting his bearings on the greatest undertaking of his life. One could not fail to read these things in his demeanor at that time. He had projected a great idea into the public mind and now he was quietly studying the effect. His bearing impressed me that he was conscious that he had the attention of the people, and that he was directing their thoughts to the new departure. But to read public opinion correctly is always difficult. Was it curiosity, approval, or disapproval that he was now obliged to meet? He looked me in the eyes, to see if there was harmony between my mind and his plans.

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"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Of what?"

"Why, Chautauqua."

I had not been there, and how could I tell? It was only six months old and the complete idea of his own mind had not yet appeared. With Mr. Lewis Miller, who was his partner in the conception, I was not then acquainted; indeed I had never met him and I did not approach him at this time. Mr. Miller's home was in Akron, Ohio. He and Dr. Vincent undertook the enterprise together and in its management they went forth like David and Jonathan. They believed that the Bible could be studied and Sunday-school people trained at a summer meeting in a grove. They made inquiries verbally and by letter concerning lakes and groves in different states. They studied locations together and finally went to Chautauqua Lake, where they decided to plant their idea. That the place was a wise choice has been the quick judgment of the multitudes who have gathered there summer after summer for sixteen years. In my conversation with Dr. Vincent I learned that he had so gauged the situation as to see that the new scheme was an innovation, and he hesitated in speaking emphatically concerning its future success. He was now studying the opinions of people on the first chapter of the book which sanguine persons believed was to grow into an extended history.

I saw that his mind was full of the idea; that it had already become the dream of his life. It was born amidst the pain of a thousand disappointed thoughts and baffled endeavors. He had a firm grip on the plan, though he was almost afraid to tell it. But he was not a coward. No man who has met him in the closest relations will fail to accord to him the courage of his convictions. He knew what everybody has since learned, that if the idea had success it would overturn a thousand old customs and notions among church people. He was just in the prime of life, filling an elective office in his church, and must soon appear in the ecclesiastical arena for re-election or defeat. Of church politics people heard a great deal in those days among the Methodists, and if a man in his position veered from the established order of things, he placed in peril his official title. The ecclesiastical guillotine was worked mercilessly by the manipulators of public sentiment in the Annual Conferences and in the General Conference. Fortunately, there was no question of how orthodox the Doctor was, or how heterodox he proposed to be at Chautauqua. It rather became a question of methods in teaching the Bible and in promoting Sunday-school and church work.

DR. S. J. M. EATON AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

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The danger point was the old-fashioned camp-meeting. Its gatherings were popular among the most spiritual folk in all parts of the country. It was upon camp-meeting grounds that the first Assembly had been held at Chautauqua, and to substitute the one for the other was a serious difficulty for him as an officer in a church which had been largely built up by the camp-meeting spirit.

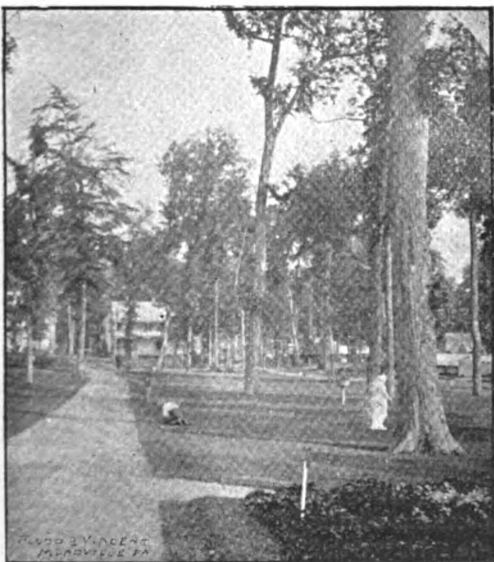
It required the courage of a pioneer and a reformer to face his own church and all churches of America with such a radical movement in the interests of religious work. One must see that religious prejudice is often eccentric and the hardest of all prejudice to overcome. Dr. Vincent feared that his new idea would awaken strong prejudice, and that for it to win the approval of either the judgment or the conscience of the church would be hard.

We had met for the purpose of looking at the new idea on all sides. I soon found that it was necessary to study the man who originated it and was to hold it before the people. His talent for talking to an audience was sufficient to make it listen, and with a novelty to talk about he would at once become an attractive and popular man on the platform.

The churches of the country seemed to pride themselves upon their dignity. Sectarian lines were drawn sharply, and each church was toiling to build up its own establishment, with very little thought about promoting united effort and fraternal feeling for the

THE OLD AUDITORIUM.

purpose of spreading the Gospel among the masses of the people. It had become painful to witness in some communities with a population of five hundred or a thousand souls from three to five church organizations, each with a pastor, and not one church able to do efficient work because there were too many organizations for the territory. This condition ot things existed to an alarming extent in the old states of the Union, and sometimes it was found in the new states. Some of the wisest men in the church deplored this divided condition of Christian people, but they were helpless; they were handicapped by membership in a particular church and their influence for reaching other churches was abridged.



LAKE AVENUE, CHAUTAUQUA.

The man to meet this occasion and lead the churches to liberty by teaching them to fraternize, to compare methods for work, to modify each other's views of unimportant doctrines, and to brush away non-essential differences, had not yet appeared. Dr. Vincent had traveled extensively among the churches. He saw this evil and had studied how to meet it. It was he who devised the International System of Scripture Lessons now in use in the Sunday-schools all over the world, and having commenced on this broad basis he was impelled to continue in the direction to which Chautauqua itself led.

The first few months after the Chautauqua meeting it was found that a great deal of

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THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY.

criticism had been excited on the point of his loyalty to the church organization of his choice. His views were too broad and his spirit too liberal toward people of every denomination. The conservative element interpreted his views and spirit as disloyalty to his own church, and it did not hesitate so to express itself. It was plain to an observing man that as soon as this new enterprise was started, Dr. Vincent was launched upon a sea made turbulent by people who did not understand him, and in part because the movement itself could not be made known in a day but had to grow to maturity through future years. In the meantime it would be an object of tenderest care and ultimately the product of masterly organization.

Dr. Vincent interrogated me until he got all my own opinions and those that I had absorbed from others. At that first interview, he impressed me as a good questioner; indeed that has always been one of his strong points. He was ten years my senior, had seen more of men and the world than I; but he looked at his work as a colossal undertaking, and seemed like a man dazed by what he had done. The blow had been struck, and he was anxiously waiting for the rebound.

He did not conceal his anxiety of mind, nor that of his associate, Mr. Lewis Miller, concerning the second Assembly which must be held in six months from the time I met him. What kind of a program should be made, and what attractions should be placed upon it to bring the people and make progress certain? In fact, he found himself the hardest of all men to follow; and he must follow himself the coming year in the same grove playing the same rôle, making programs for the people of all churches.

My mission to him was this: to ask him to go to New Hampshire the ensuing summer and establish an Assembly on this new plan at Lake Winnepesaukee. He was not to leave Chautauqua, but to embrace New England in his general plan and give that part of the country a chance at the beginning of this new and popular movement.

He expressed surprise to think that I should approach him with such a request, and said, "It is too early, the thing is not old enough; there are dangers ahead; too much prejudice will be excited, and I think we would better take more time at Chautauqua before we venture into New England territory."

My readers will remember that I had not seen the first experiment at Chautauqua Lake. All I knew about it was gathered from men and women who had been there and written about it in the newspapers. There was a good deal of wise writing done, and the press was adroitly used by the Chautauqua people. Indeed the Associated Press put enough about what was done into the daily papers of

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the country to make the movement an agitating element in church circles ; while the religious press of all churches felt obliged to give full accounts of the meetings, as things that they could not afford to omit.

I had passed through Boston on my way to New York. It was my opinion that that town had accomplished a good deal in its past history in projecting new notions on lines of moral and church reforms ; and because I lived in New Hampshire I was jealous for New England and decided that as for me, I would catch this "new bird" and put it into the grove at Lake Winnepesaukee. There were people who encouraged it. United States Senator Blair and Superintendent Dodge, of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, were in the background, besides some other sagacious and influential laymen, and a number of prominent ministers.

I thought my plan a failure for more than an hour after I had presented it to Dr. Vincent. His objection to spreading his idea out into too many places was hard to remove; but finally he expressed himself as being ready to encourage the new enterprise and agreed to be present as the head of the platform, on condition that plenty of money should be put into it and that the speakers selected should be up to the occasion. "But," said he, "you must engage the lecturers, make the program, and have some fireworks on the lakethree evenings of the meetings.". I accepted the terms gladly, promising to do my part of the work and to have everything in readiness.

W. H. H. Murray, "Adirondack Murray," as he was afterward called by reporters, was then in the height of his prosperity as pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston. I had already seen him, and he had given me his pledge to be present. I had prepared him for what might be a surprise, by telling him he would have a small audience, perhaps from three to five hundred. "All right," said he, "then I will talk to the ten thousand angels in the tops of the trees." Bishop Janes, of New York, who had for many years shown a fatherly interest in me, also consented to lecture. The good Bishop was more ready to be present because he thought the Ark needed steadying. He was a conservative man, and Dr. Vincent's new idea was a kind of shock to his understanding of Methodism. The Bishop was quick to say, "Yes, I will go," but he did it in such a paternal, kind, intense manner that he aroused my suspicions and led me to think that he believed he ought to go to superintend Dr. Vincent and all the rest of us, lest we should run away with a part of the church. When I gave Dr. Vincent these two names for the platform he was surprised. I felt that with the three men, Vincent, Janes, and Murray, my enterprise was safe. The day was won, and I joined fortune with Dr. Vincent in helping to establish the second Assembly, and that one among the hills of New England.

AN OLD-TIME CHAUTAUQUA AUDIENCE.

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CHAPTER II.

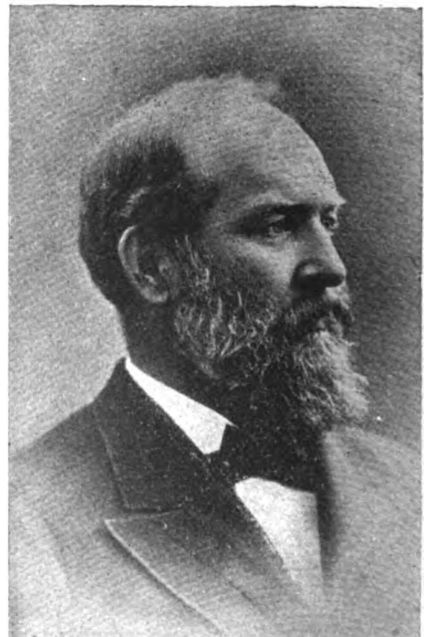
"GETTING THE LAY OF THE LAND."

THE Winnepesaukee Assembly proved to be a moderate success. At the gathering I presented to Dr. Vincent the program, which he used with skill, as he quietly introduced the new methods that had made a profound sensation at Chautauqua. There was a lack of *esprit de corps* among the people; they did not know how to act at such a meeting; they were strange; they looked at the program with some doubt, as though they were making a venture without the full consent of their will. A man of Murray's gifts and of Bishop Janes' type might have fraternized on a platform in a city, in advocating moral reforms, but there seemed to be an incompatibility between them on a Methodist camp-ground. Dr. Vincent himself was new to this particular audience and the people gathered there were mostly strangers to each other. The introduction of fireworks on the lake shore in the evening seemed to be too great an innovation for the audiences. The folks were not of the quiet, confiding sort, who accept every new thing without questioning; further, they had to be educated to adapt themselves to the program, and it was a real question whether they were ready to champion this kind of reform in religious education. There were no positive reasons given for the introduction of new ideas; we simply assumed that the Assembly ought to be held, and on that assumption proceeded to deliver lectures, sing songs, and carry out the program.

We were weak because nobody felt safe in saying that this new kind of meeting in the grove would be an exact fit in the church, or that it would fit into our civilization. However, we had to bide our time and ascertain the effect produced by what would be said and done.

A great deal was expected of Dr. Vincent, who was the recognized head of this untried movement. Those who knew Mr. Lewis Miller's relations to Dr. Vincent appreciated him at his full worth. He helped to select the ground at Chautauqua Lake, and to present the idea of an Assembly in its original form, and that he was to be of great influence in connection with Dr. Vincent in the development of the plan, was admitted by everybody who knew the men. But in New Hampshire, at Lake Winnepesaukee, Dr. Vincent was giving a practical illustration of his Chautauqua idea and everybody studied him, his addresses, his expressions in social life, and his whole plan for carrying on such a meeting. The impression had been made that here, in the brain of this man, was the beginning of a great movement; hence his personality entered into the program and the occasion in a forcible way.

Dr. Vincent was born in Alabama, was at one time a pastor in Illinois, and now lived in New Jersey, with an editorial office on Broadway, New York. He was not familiar with New England character, particularly of the New Hampshire type. These people are notable for frankness and earnestness blended with a quiet firmness, which does not allow them to greet a speaker's utterances with applause. The Doctor simply felt his way at this meeting and did not seem to be sure of his ground; besides, his idea, planted five hundred miles away, was too young to be transplanted, particularly to this kind of soil and under existing circumstances. Altogether, I think it was a premature exhibition of a grand idea that was too tender for such an open air meeting. The people were curious, but not devout; they did not act as though they were there for purely religious exercises; they heard the speakers but did not accept their teachings with promptness. We could not help believing that there was a contest in the mind of the average hearer between the old



GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

order of things and the new régime. The old order won, as was evident at the close of the Assembly by the summary manner in which they dropped the plan, the idea, the local beginning, and, in fact, everything belonging to the occasion.

Boston, that great and radical city, which was only a few hours' ride away, gave little attention to this gathering; it had been advertised very extensively; some of Boston's star lecturers were honored with places on the program, but Boston people stayed at home and let the Chautauqua idea be aired in the salubrious climate of central New Hampshire, without their presence or support. It was, in a certain sense, the germ of the most wonderful movement for popular education that had been seen in this century, but New England people failed to get their eyes open wide enough to see it. It was left for a later day reception among them, and the time for its adoption and appreciation came in after years.

Reserve in stating a cause which requires both confidence and boldness is essential to its acceptance. This reserve marked Dr. Vincent's course in the early stages of Chautauqua history. Not every place could get every thing that he put into Chautauqua; they might get him, but not all the ideas that filled his brain. Whatever was worthy of coming into his plan appeared first at his own Chautauqua; for he loved his own and that, too, with an intensity which he manifested by an enthusiasm that one would scarcely expect in a man of his temperament. I remember, in the early days, that, after an absence of eleven months from Chautauqua, as he and I sat together in a steam yacht gliding over Chautauqua Lake, when we rounded Long Point and Chautauqua appeared to view, he rose in the boat and making action and words agree, exclaimed, "Come to my arms, beautiful Chautauqua!"

He put his whole energy into the plans he was introducing at that place; soul and body, official position, reputation, every thing he had in life that was dear to him he laid on the Chautauqua altar. John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Napoleon at Waterloo, both gave their all and lost themselves. John H. Vincent gave himself and saved his life, his official position, his reputation. His cause went on to victory.

It was a freak of genius to pass by great cities and large towns with spacious halls, to leave great trunk lines of railway and wander over a lake twenty miles long to break ground in a grove which was twenty miles from the nearest city and some fifteen miles from the nearest main line of railway, to begin a movement for popular education which was to spread over all the world; but "wisdom is justified of her children" and men often build better than they know. John H. Vincent and Lewis Miller were dominated by an unseen influence to select the spot which the world has learned to know as Chautauqua.

Popular education was the cause to be presented. That is, the literature provided for young people and their teachers in Sunday-schools was to receive special attention. But it was a dry subject and had very little in it to attract public attention. Whether the novelty of a summer vacation spent in out-door study by a beautiful lake and in a charming grove, would satisfy the people as a summer outing, was a question not easy to solve; but people were to be enlisted in the cause, people of every grade of society and all sorts of religious beliefs. They were to come from near and far. No one now looking back upon the early history of Chautauqua can have a moment's doubt but what it required a great deal of faith in the cause itself, besides tact and skill to manage such an enterprise so that people who would come should receive enough of benefit to satisfy them that

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there was real meaning in the movement, and that they should be identified with it, and aid in its development as Christians and philanthropists.

There was also a financial side to the whole scheme which had to be managed with a sublime faith and a masterly spirit. At this point, as at others, Dr. Vincent never ceased to mention the name of Mr. Miller as the greatest benefactor of Chautauqua. There was no endowment, no bequest of any sort; but at once the gate fees were made the revenue that should pay the enormous bills incurred in order to secure the best talent that could be found on two continents, to present correct ideas of church life, the Sunday-school, and the Bible, and also defray all other expenses incident to carrying forward the enterprise. Financial credit and munificent contributions such as Lewis Miller furnished were a necessity; and talent as varied as that required for the promotion of any cause that ever challenged the support of a human soul must pilot this undertaking.

This was to be the center of a circle whose circumference should be the globe. Often it has been said that it was an audacious and venturesome spirit that moved Vincent and Miller to project Chautauqua; but it was a sublime effort worthy of the greatest genius in the nineteenth century and it excited admiration in the minds of all. The stake was driven; the name was put into the air, and there it stays, "Chautauqua."

Disappointments come to the brave, but they depart in a day. The people of Cleveland, Ohio, did not come; the denizens of Buffalo, New York, gave no heed. A few enterprising spirits in Pittsburgh were present, but there was no general uprising, no gravitating of the people to Chautauqua in its first or second year. It was, rather, a local institution, conducted by men who came from distant localities, but whose spirit was contagious and whose enterprise never permitted them to cease advocating Chautauqua as the most useful modern movement in the Christain church. They made an impression everywhere they went, and particularly did they enlist the sympathies of people in their cause by unselfishly leaving their own homes and going to the shores of Chautauqua Lake for the purpose of discussing great questions and creating new interests on the most advanced ideas of the times.

It was the people of Chautauqa County and of Jamestown, New York, who rallied in large numbers and paid gate fees, pitched their tents, erected cottages, and laid the temporal foundations of this new religious Mecca. In Jamestown, merchants foresaw the coming multitudes passing through their city, stopping at their stores, increasing their trade, and filling their coffers with money; hotel men had dreams of summer visitors who could not be accommodated at Chautauqua, swarming in the rooms and corridors of their hotels, giving a new impetus to their trade; preachers stationed at different points on the Lake were at the focus and they could go at small cost to see eminent men and hear their teachings. Thus they swelled the number of Chautauqua devotees. It was ambition that animated the people; in some instances it was a lofty ambition, in others it was a mercenary ambition; but whatever the character of the impulse that moved them to identify themselves with the new cause, it was done. They were stirred by the efforts of men who came from outside their locality, to put money, and brains, and influence, and organizing ability to work to make an Athens of the beautiful grove that borders the shores of Chautauqua Lake.

Another class of people contributed largely to the strength and early growth of this movement. They were found in the oil country, stretching from the borders of Chautauqua County down through the Allegheny valley to Pittsburgh. In this territory there was to be found in those early days a new and growing population, with whom "oil" was the talismanic word. It had been a profitable business to many; an excitement had been created by the discovery of oil in that territory which has been equaled only by the discovery of gold in California. People had come from the Eastern towns and cities in large numbers into the oil territory. They were enterprising, resolute business men who were bent on making their fortunes; they settled wherever oil was struck; a town of five or ten thousand inhabitants sprang into being in a month's time, and as quickly, perhaps, disappeared, as in the case of Pithole. Railroads were built, telegraph wires were stretched, schools were established, churches were erected, corporations organized; a man would make a fortune in a day; indeed, towns and cities sprang into being as if an Aladdin's lamp had been rubbed by a bewitched hand, and so made doubly efficacious

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in the production of wonders. It was new blood flowing with life and energy, coming from the heart of each little oil center, into the veins of every living cause that needed money and friends. The few old families that held older notions of life, who had been settled in this territory for many years, were forgotten in the great influx of population and the tremendous schemes for speculation that filled the brains of newcomers, who seemed to take charge of town and city governments and political parties, and to be the new power that had suddenly come in to make itself known.

It was a new country, entered and occupied by new men and new women of progressive spirit, steady nerve, and hopeful heart. Their ambition was on the stretch to make a fortune. It seemed as if a human soul was worthless as compared with a fortune in oil. Very many won brilliant success, while others lost money and heart and lived to curse speculation and the fate which had drawn them into this maelstrom of uncertainty.

The winners in the field could point to vast wealth and they built fine dwellings. Others acquired moderate means which gave them a competency. Families grew up around these men; children were to be educated and gradually they reached young manhood and young womanhood. Presently these energetic young people asked for a summer resort. "Where can we go to escape the monotony of home, of our own town?" Chautauqua appeared at the right time just when it was needed, and it became a charmed spot for these people. The beauties of the place and its work had been put into poetry, the poetry was set to music by Chautauqua's own poets and musicians. The printing press and bookbinder did their work and the books were sent abroad. The songs were sung in the parlors and by the firesides in hundreds of homes. Chautauqua was sung into the affections and lives of thousands of human souls.

THE PIER AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Thus it was in the early dawn of the Chautauqua day that the local population put out its hands and paid the gate fees, thus creating a revenue which soon placed the whole enterprise on a firm financial basis and established the center of this movement in that grove.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD CHEER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE hunger of young people for amusements manifested itself very early at Chautauqua. It was not to be suppressed by

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dogma, church custom, or the sacred character of the surroundings. Nature had prepared every thing for the exhilaration of spirit and blood in both young and old. Young people daily arrived in large numbers seeking in this retreat new liberty and congenial company. Not a few young women and young men who have rowed over the Lake and wandered along the shores in the evening shadows of the grand old trees, heard here the first flutterings of Love's silken wing, and are now enjoying married life and a home.

The grinding cares of business, of town and city and home life were left behind, while the more delightful outdoor life of the grove and Lake brought health and good cheer. It was good sense which called for the poetic in the daily life of the place and we are happy to say that this desire was met, in its early history, with a candor and frankness which drew and enlisted the sympathies of young people.

There was no attempt on the part of Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller to conceal their distaste for certain amusements that were tabooed by the rules of most of the Christian churches. Games at cards were discouraged; dancing was put under ban; and as no theatrical troupe could enter the grounds to play without the consent of the authorities, we are sure that no such company ever made application. These customs were not proscribed by any published creed, because Chautauqua has never even formulated one. There was no necessity, because people who came to the place were not favorable to this class of amusements and they needed no law in these matters. It was a prime object of Chautauqua to show that legitimate amusements could be used for pastime and recreation and to elevate the taste, without becoming a dissipation.

There was painful need of such a lesson to check the tendency of all the churches toward a mode of life that was growing too severe and was repelling young people, while it was weakening the influence of the church over them. Any movement that looked toward breaking this spell in the church was a positive gain to Christianity and a real vantage ground for the churches.

Amusements were put into the platform program at once, without any discussion, and it was left with the audiences to accept or reject, stay away or come again, just as they chose. Nobody was consulted but the heads of the institution. Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller had their ideas; they adopted their plans and the regular program revealed their creed concerning popular amusements for young people.

Frank Beard, of New York, was selected to entertain at certain points in each series of meetings. He was an artist by nature and by profession; he was regarded as a "hit" for the new order of things. With wonderful effect he made pictures with crayon on great sheets of brown paper. His caricatures were strong pieces of work and, as was evident, he had *carte blanche* from the management to use his crayon. Nothing that could be put into ludicrous form escaped his pencil. A pug dog running after a lady coming from the deck of a steamer, or lying in her arms as she sat on a cottage veranda, was a good subject. A pug dog picture was his delight. Frank set all the boys and girls in the audience wild with excitement and laughter as he drew a dog's form in outline and colored him, then put on his head, nose, ears, tail, legs, and feet. In finishing he reached a climax; the crowd roundly applauded the artist. Dogs were banished from Chautauqua by caricature. Their owners could not face the platform and then meet people who looked at the dog and then into the face of its owner and smiled. Everybody seemed to put on an annoying facial expression after seeing one of Frank's pictures, on meeting a lady with a dog.

Frank's genius was inventive. He could produce an illusion on the platform equal to Kellar and clothe it with enough of mystery to cause the observers to talk about it for days after the program was over.

When the telephone was first introduced into the country and was yet a crude invention, being tried only as an experiment, before it had been introduced into the business world as in any sense a medium of communication in towns and cities, Frank anticipated its use. He erected poles at different points in the Auditorium, stretched wires from pole to pole, and brought them to a main office on the rostrum. Then in his lecture on the telephone he talked into an oyster can, and adjusted his ear to hear, the audience being entertained by his repeating all that was said over the wires. Mr. Beard was an actor and knew the power of gesture in a lecture, and the force of good posing. He

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could make his hand or foot excite merriment in the audience, especially among the boys.

When he appeared on the platform on an afternoon or evening, his attire was faultless. In full evening dress, his appearance to a stranger, at first view, was that of a well dressed, dignified society man, with a touch of the professor in his makeup ; but his manner revealed the humorist the moment he spoke. He was a wag and a wit, and a caricaturist besides. He had studied the ludicrous, and knew that side of a line of thought or sentence as soon as he saw it. It seemed at times as if that was the only side of any question that he did study, because, as a humorist, he found fun lurking in the most unexpected nooks and corners.

Chautauqua was a good place for his genius to range. He hovered around every meeting held, and, like a rollicking boy, he was ready to poke fun at the most grave and sedate of his seniors. There were so many new plans and ideas abroad here that he found abundant opportunity to criticise and to find fault with the management. He would bring out the weak points of a lecturer, the defects of a singer, and exhibit the funny side of what they said or did so oddly and with such force, that, while he furnished a great deal of amusement, he proved to be a good critic. His criticism was not caustic, but good humor flavored all his utterances, and withal he showed so much sympathy with the object criticised, that he rendered a valuable service to both the people and the cause ; yet the very serious ones styled him "the clown of Chautauqua," and insisted that it was not in accord with the dignity of the place or work in hand to permit such spectacular exhibitions as were made. But his severest critics were always on the front seats in his audience, that is if the boys and girls did not reach there first and crowd them back.

FRANK BEARD.

In the early times, one night in every season was marked by a spectacular street exhibition. It was a procession that marched in two ranks. Each person was clothed in white ; a white hood covered head and face, with eye and mouth holes. The tunic was gathered closely about the neck and like a flowing robe extended to the feet, covering arms and hands and concealing the whole person. When such a costume was seen in the grove on a dark night, with streams of electric light and the heavy shadows of dense foliage falling alternately on it, it excited all the imaginations of childhood and brought to the view of scholarly people the witches, ghosts, and visions of history and ancient mythology.

The procession comprised about fifty human beings. The wild man of the forest, on horseback, appeared in front of the van ; and a band of musicians making wheezy sounds while trying to play a dismal tune, kept time for the marching column. The devil, monks, hermits, hobgoblins, and bewitching forms of fairy tales were reproduced in these combinations, which made a ghastly and, at times, awful appearance in these somber processions. In their march through the avenues, over the Park of Palestine, in front of the ancient tabernacle itself, they made a most weird exhibition.

For several days previous to the march, a mysterious notice was nailed to a tree :

"The Arkites Coming ; the White Folks Going to March."

That was enough ; everybody saw the point, for they read between the words what was to appear.

Dr. Vincent never dignified these novel sallies by placing them on the program, nor did he ever allow them any room even in point of time, to come in naturally in connection with the round of daily work. But Frank Beard could make a place and he did.

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HOTEL ATHENÆUM.

Night was his time, and it was usually after all other exercises were concluded that the convivial procession appeared. They were not a meaningless set of ghosts marching through the grove, to excite wonder; on the contrary they always gave an exhibition which had a substratum of ideas concerning the Normal Department, Women's Meetings, scientific lectures, or a platform meeting.

The recreations of the place often put on other forms, and, while less amusing, they were none the less restful, as they furnished a respite from the labors of the recitation room and the student's sanctum. There were promenades, flower gardens, statuary, and fountains to add to the natural attractions of the grounds; and rustic seats scattered here and there in the grove and on the lake shore invited the pedestrians to rest awhile and enjoy the beauties of the place.

Sailing and rowing on the lake became popular just as soon as the camp-meeting came to an end and the Assembly began. Ladies were especially fond of rowing and took pride in handling the oar. The management would put a band in a boat, or send the Jubilee Singers out on the water, and "music on the lake" became an inspiring feature of evening recreation. An illuminated fleet in which the steamers from Jamestown, decorated with Chinese lanterns, would come up the lake in the evening, as things of beauty, while other steamers coming down from Mayville adorned with their lights on every side, doubled the attraction; fireworks sent up from a barge or from the shore lighted up all the sky.

For such as did not care for these exhibitions and desired another sort of pleasure, there was fishing for bass, pickerel, and other fish of the deep, and this sport became a very popular recreation and pastime; bathing in these pure spring waters must be added before we complete the round of recreations.

These were the days before lawn tennis and base ball became national games, but croquet was an outdoor exercise in which social life and the skill of the player were combined. It is very remarkable that in those early times, some good, but not very wise, people expressed grave doubts as to the propriety of playing croquet, seeing fireworks, fishing, or having an illuminated fleet on the lake. It was their judgment that Chautauqua was degenerating and the evidence of it could be seen in this love of pleasure and the valuable time spent in recreation. Hence, all sorts of predictions were made concerning the evils that would befall Christianity, how its progress would be retarded and the church hindered in her work, and the young people who frequented the place have a false taste developed.

We have lived to see that excess of church discipline is a dangerous policy, because nothing has worked so much evil in the history of the Christian church during the past twenty years as the condemning of legitimate amusements, the erecting of barriers to prevent young people from indulging in reasonable and harmless recreations and amusements.

Chautauqua seized this feature of human life with a firm hand, which was guided by strong convictions and good common sense, and she has demonstrated to the world the wisdom of her course. She discriminated wisely against hurtful amusements and safely in favor of such recreations as were harmless, and thus settled doubts and brought good cheer to both young and old.

CHAPTER IV.

"THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND."

TWENTY years ago the Sunday-school was the ward of the Christian church. The method of teaching the Bible to children and young people was of a haphazard sort. There

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was no school for training teachers and officers; so that those who came to Sunday-school for an education in the Scriptures were not always intelligently and ably instructed. It was a time when the church, with an efficient Sunday-school organization, could have trained a vast army of children and young people in the doctrines and polity of the Christian church, but there was a serious defect in the methods employed for the training of teachers; therefore the Sunday-school was in danger of becoming the weakest place in the churches of the land. There was a lamentable amount of ignorance of the Bible, the church's Book, at that time among Sunday-school teachers. The geography of Bible lands, the chronology of the Bible, its doctrines, and all that pertained to exact information which would qualify men and women to be competent teachers, seemed to be lacking, except in an occasional teacher or officer.

No general effort seemed to be made to prepare instructors for teaching the Scriptures, or to furnish them with a knowledge of human nature. Whatever information children who grew up in the Sunday-school obtained, was the amount of preparation they secured in succeeding to the office of teacher. It was the fashion to have a Sunday-school connected with every church. People who could organize a Sunday-school seemed to be numerous; but teachers, intelligent in the Bible, could not be found to man these schools.

The common schools were busy teaching the rudiments of education; academies and seminaries, colleges and universities, taught the higher branches that would be needed by young people in the pursuits of life. But the teaching of the Bible was relegated to a class in the Sunday-school, where children and young people were left to the mercies of untutored men and women or boys and girls.

VERANDA OF THE HOTEL ATHENÆUM.

Anybody who will study the philosophy of Sunday-school history in those days will reach the conclusion that the progress of the Gospel in every church and in every land was retarded by the ignorance of the people who pretended to teach it. They defeated themselves and prevented the work they tried to do. Every intelligent minister who was educated for his work and knew how to do it, was handicapped by a band of unqualified Sunday-school teachers whom he was obliged to adopt as his co-workers.

It was part of the original Chautauqua plan to meet this condition of things in the Sunday-schools of the land and it was a task of great proportions, large enough to begin with, and any thing more at that time would have produced confusion. The people who joined in the movement at Chautauqua were impressed with the necessity as well as the novelty of the work.

Investigation proved that teachers in these church schools were, in many instances, poor, or working on small salaries, so that they could not purchase the books or command the time needed to prepare to teach. Often they were young boys and girls who had joined the church, and because they had a membership in the church, that was sufficient recommendation to give them the office of teacher. It was even supposed that a literary education obtained in the high school or the seminary was sufficient preparation for one to explain the Scriptures. This, however, proved to be a fallacy, and it was difficult to reach; but it was a part of the Chautauqua work to explode these theories and to show that to teach the Scriptures one must have a knowledge of the Bible, the geography of the ancient Bible world, understand the authenticity of the Scriptures, its chronology, the times, habits, and customs of the people of the Bible, know something about the doctrines, and treat the Bible as the most real book in all the world. Chautauqua undertook this task by inviting the Sunday-

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schools of every church to send one or more representatives who, like a traveler going over into the land of Canaan, would learn what was done and how to do it, get the plan and inspiration and return to the local church. One representative said, after a single season at the Lake, "I secured inspiration enough to last me for twenty years."

The novelty and practicality of the Chautauqua plan was shown first in a miniature park of the Holy Land. The whole country of Palestine was laid out on the grounds of the Assembly and became a means of object instruction for teachers and students who were interested in Bible history. The park was an accurate and valuable representation of the general outline of the country, of its hills and valleys and water courses and cities.

JACOB MILLER.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Wythe was selected by the management to put this idea into form, on the shores of the Lake. The ground selected was near the dock; the plot was seventy-five feet wide by one hundred and seventy feet long and it represented the salient features of the sacred land where Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, Samuel and Saul, David and Solomon, lived; and, greater than all, where Jesus Christ lived and died and rose from the dead, and thence ascended to heaven.

This little Park has been carefully laid out with strictest accuracy in all essential details. If one came in from the south, and traveled toward the north, he would go at once to Jerusalem, the ancient capital of the country, and from that city take a survey of the land. The Park is not located geographically right as regards the points of the compass; but the relative positions are all correct, and it was necessary to make Chautauqua Lake serve as the Mediterranean. To make the representation perfect one has only to imagine the Lake as lying to the west. Along the coast are the cities of Gaza, Ashdod, Joppa, and Cæsarea, and along the sea beyond is Carmel; the eye sees successively the city and plain of Akon, Tyre, and Sidon. Nearly parallel with the line of the Mediterranean coast extends a great range of mountains. To the south are the mountains of Judæa, with Bethlehem, Hebron, and Beersheba in sight; to the north are the mountains of Benjamin, of Ephraim, Samaria, Lower and Upper Galilee, with all the other mountains, great and small, until we see on the eastern verge the villages of Endor, Nain, and Jezreel.

There were the Dead Sea and the River Jordan and all the outlines of the Holy Land; miniature towns and cities located here and there, represented faithfully the ancient and holy country. This model, prepared at very great cost, was the general attraction for students, who, with book in hand, were led by a wise instructor from mountain to mountain, and from the Mediterranean Sea to the Valley of the Jordan, from Jerusalem to Jericho, and, indeed, to all the towns and cities of the Holy Land, two and three times a day. It was a powerful method of instructing the beginners, and its praise was spoken far and near. It furnished to many their first accurate ideas of Biblical geography.

There is always an amusing side, however, to the most serious task in life, and the Park of Palestine furnished the newspaper correspondents a splendid opportunity to say smart things and in a humorous way to excite merriment. I think it was Bishop Peck who came late one evening to Chautauqua, and as a Bible student was at once attracted to the Holy Land. Not knowing this country, he walked on as the evening shadows gathered, and taking a careless step put his foot on Hebron, one of the oldest cities in the world, and

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a good part of it was laid in ruins. The city of Damascus suffered at the hands of a group of playful children, who, at an early morning hour, were perambulating the country, and, seeing the little houses and temples arranged in exact order, they seized them. When the superintendent of the land came to look for his city of Damascus, he found that the youngsters had carried it away. Jericho suffered a similar fate, while boys and girls made their little ships and sailed them on the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. One can readily understand what a fine opportunity a reporter of a secular or political newspaper would have in the Park of Palestine, when her cities were treated after this fashion by the denizens of the grove.

MOUNT HERMON IN PALESTINE PARK.

This Park became a very useful method of advertising Chautauqua, and its effect on the public mind was well illustrated by a good old man who said on his arrival, "I came five hundred miles to see the Holy Land, which I am informed has been brought from the far East and set up at Chautauqua." When he saw it his righteous soul was vexed, because, as he declared he had been deceived. The country he knew was small but he believed it was much larger than here represented.

Another object lesson was the Jewish Tabernacle, which was located on a hill that overlooked the Lake and was presented on a scale one-half the original size. Here was the altar of sacrifice, the holy place with its altar of incense, table of shew bread, and the holy of holies, with the ark of the covenant and cherubim overshadowing the mercy seat. As one entered these precincts, he could well imagine himself with the Jewish people in the wilderness.

When I first met Dr. W. W. Wythe, he was in a tent near the pier at Chautauqua, making an angel out of mud and adorning it with gold leaf, that it might serve as a cherub in the holy place in the Tabernacle.

Farther down the hill there was between the Park of Palestine and the Jewish Tabernacle, an Oriental house, the architecture of which was copied from a house in Jerusalem. Here were to be seen, at all times of the day, men and women in the costumes of the Orient, pursuing their various vocations, illustrating the customs and habits of the people in the land of the ancient prophets and patriarchs. An Oriental museum was connected with it. Near by was modern Jerusalem, with its streets and avenues laid out with exactness; many travelers who have visited that city have pointed out upon the model, to their companions, the house where they resided and places of interest they visited.

As one goes back on the hill, he finds the sectional model of the Pyramid of Cheops, which gives at a glance the various passages, vaults, and chambers in this wonderful Cyclopean structure.

There was an old building located southeast of the Park of Palestine, near the shore of the Lake, which was of antique design. It was two stories high, with verandas running along both sides and across one end. There was no modern door in the structure, but simply a white curtain hung over the end of each room, which opened on the veranda. There was not an inch of plaster in the building, but good board partitions divided the rooms, and a stairway led from the ground to the second story. This building was "The Ark"; afterwards called "Noah's Ark," and still later was given the suggestive name of "Knowers' Ark." Here were domiciled from year to year, on their visit to Chautauqua, bishops and reformers; philanthropists, and professors of universities, colleges, and seminaries; lecturers and eminent preachers. The old structure and its near location to the shore of the Lake was suggestive of pictures we have

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seen in some publications of the olden time, which represented Noah in his ark, on the billows of the boundless sea.

The Ark found a place in the traditions of Chautauqua, rather than in its literature. It was never recognized in the program or on the platform, but it was a very battery of thought and influence, set down in the heart of the Assembly.

After spending two nights in the Ark, the Rev. Alfred Taylor's poetic muse was aroused to sing of the place and its occupants after this fashion:

This structure of timber and muslin contained
Of preachers and teachers some two or three score;
Of editors, parsons, a dozen or more.
There were Methodists, Baptists, and 'Piscopals, too,
And grave Presbyterians, a handful or two.
There were lawyers, and doctors, and various folks,
All full of their wisdom, and full of their jokes.
There were writers of lessons, and makers of songs,
And shrewd commentators with wonderful tongues;
And all of these busy, industrious men
Found it hard to stop talking at just half-past ten.
They talked, and they joked, and they kept such a clatter
That neighboring folks wondered what was the matter.
But weary at last, they extinguished the light,
And went to their beds for the rest of the night.

There was not then at Chautauqua, as now, a line of railway stretching from the Atlantic Ocean on the East and the Pacific Ocean on the West, down to the very borders of the Park of Palestine. In the early days the oil lamp lighted the tent and the public streets. There was no noise of an electric light plant located on the southern border of the Holy Land, manufacturing electricity to light up Mount Hermon and the Valley of the Jordan and the city of Jerusalem, as the streams of electricity light this Holy Land at Chautauqua in these last days. The telegraph came in, to be sure, but we had not yet secured the opportunity of talking up and down and across Palestine to the ancient tabernacle and the Oriental house by telephone.

Bible students received the greatest help at Chautauqua from the practical teachings of the Normal lessons that had been prepared by Dr. J. H. Vincent. These lessons gave a systematic and complete course of instruction as to how one should proceed to study the Bible in its various parts; and they also showed clearly the duties of the teacher and the qualifications which he must possess to make his work truly successful. When one adds these models and text-books and the living Bible at Chautauqua, to all the facilities and opportunities of this, the church's best university for preparing Sunday-school teachers for their work, one can form an estimate of the valuable and efficient work the Assembly is doing in teaching the word of God. In so plain and practical a manner is all done, and so adapted to the work are the surroundings and influences that one here at the lake side, in the most delightful climate to be found in all the land, can easily imagine himself transported to the most salubrious climate of the East, and traversing the pathway of the ancient and honorable men whose names have been preserved in the Bible.

This modern movement for the education of Sunday-school workers is at the focus ot the best civilization the world has ever seen. One needs now only to visit the place, and to have for a guide, an old sight seer whose memory is good, who can point out to him the places that have been made sacred by eloquence and song and lofty purpose inspired in human souls, in order to read in sacred places located so near to nature's heart, the story that has made the Sunday-school of the land a more powerful interpreter and teacher of the word of truth.

CHAPTER V.

AN INVITATION TO PRESIDENT GRANT.

EARLY in the morning of a lovely day in June, 1875, I stepped on board a steamer at Jamestown, with a ticket for Chautauqua. It was my week-day of rest and I set out on my first ride over Chautauqua Lake. My destination was Fairpoint. The name has since been changed, and it is now known in the business world, in geography, and in literature as Chautauqua.

A ride through the outlet is slow, because the stream has a winding channel for a mile and a half, but it is full of interest, which reaches a climax to the new traveler when the steamer emerges from the outlet into the open expanse of water known as Chautauqua Lake.

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After a journey of an hour and a half I landed in the famous grove, where, to my surprise, I met Dr. Vincent. He was suggesting improvements in the Auditorium and trying to gain the general effect he desired in the grove. He was planting ideas in the minds of subordinates and I soon found that he located one in my mind.

We had not met since the last benediction was pronounced at the Winnepesaukee experiment. That episode had cooled my ardor. I had divorced myself from the new movement.

Dr. Vincent presented at once a problem. He said, "What kind of an attraction can we get for the August meeting?"

"Why not invite Henry Ward Beecher?" I replied. "He is popular with the masses and he is available."

"Beecher is under a cloud. Can he reach the people here? This is a critical time with us. Will he hurt us or help us? What do you think?" said the Doctor.

"Well," I replied, "I think well of Beecher's pulpit and platform abilities. He has a large following in this country. I don't know your plans here. It is an anomalous program that you are making, and I may not appreciate all the bearings, but I think Beecher would attract a multitude of people."

BISHOP JESSE T. PECK, LL.D.

I saw that the Doctor's mind was troubled, that there were some things about Beecher he admired, and, if agreeable to the spirit of his plans, he would like to have him. But there were objections, and it was embarrassing to think of it. He hesitated, and finally closed the interview by saying:

"You lunch with me at Mayville to-day. My wife is up there; she has excellent judgment; I will submit the case to her and then decide what to do. If she is against it, I shall not do it; if she favors it, I think it may be done."

When the noon hour arrived and we were seated at lunch, Beecher's name was suggested, in an artless way, for the Chautauqua platform. Mrs. Vincent, promptly, and with an expression of anxiety, said:

"Mr. Vincent, are you going to have Mr. Beecher lecture at Chautauqua?"

"He has not been invited yet, but we are thinking of it. What is your judgment?"

"Well," she continued, "your movement is but an experiment and at present it is not certain that Mr. Beecher has a great following. I do not think that at this critical time I would put a man of his class to the front."

"I don't think they are both experiments, do you?"

"No, but in one particular they are very similar; in order to be safe, I should not invite him now. Let him come, if at all, in the future."

That settled the matter; Beecher did not come.

The Doctor and I went back to Chautauqua in the afternoon, where we talked about different men of great power on the platform, who might be secured for that year. At last he suggested that President Grant might be induced to visit the Lake and proposed that I go to Long Branch and invite him.

I was sceptical. "Grant does not make speeches, but his presence would attract attention to Chautauqua; the newspapers would talk about his coming, his staying, and his going, and it would give you an immense amount of free advertising, and that is what you greatly need."

The Doctor always looked on the serious side of a question, and he replied, "This is where Christianity and moral reforms can secure the public indorsement of the world's distinguished men. It will be a positive gain for the Bible, the Sunday-school, and the Christian church if the President of the United States should come here."

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"That is true, but there is Mr. Beecher, and you don't invite him, and he is a minister in the church."

"No, because it is not now expedient. Beecher preaches in his own pulpit and is known to be on the side of Christianity, but President Grant is not a member of any church. He attends preaching and is a man of many good qualities of character. I know him personally and very well, for at one time I was his pastor at Galena, Illinois. If he should come to our meeting we would make a point for the cause. And now the question is, will you go to Long Branch and invite him?"

"But," said I, "I never met him. After I came out of the army, I saw him once in Washington; but I cannot go to the President of the United States and persuade him to come to Chautauqua."

"I will give you a letter of introduction to the President and send him an invitation, by your hand. You can find public men in New York who will aid you in approaching him. There is ex-Governor Fenton of Jamestown, who may be able to suggest a plan for your visit."

"I will go," I said, "but suppose I invite the Vice-President too, Mr. Henry Wilson? He is at Saratoga Springs, and I can go that way."

This was acceptable to the Doctor and it was so arranged.

The next day I went to Saratoga Springs and here I found the Vice-President, who was resting from the annoyances of political life at Washington, by writing on his book in his room. He was surrounded with books and papers and looked like a student in his den.

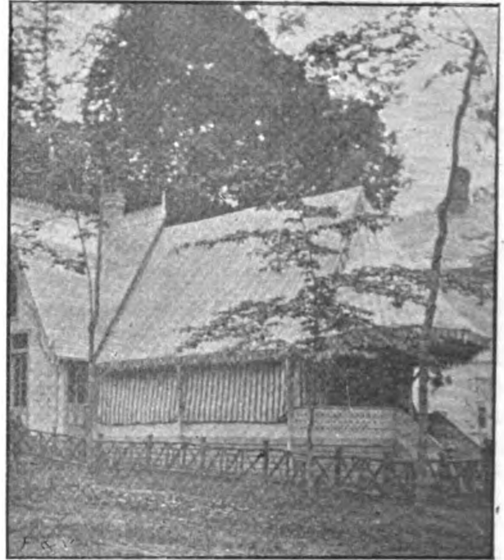
To him, Chautauqua was a new revelation. When I spoke, he heard me patiently, and with a good deal of interest. When invited to be present at our August meeting, he accepted the invitation promptly by saying, "Yes, I will come."

His expenses were to be paid, but that was all he would allow.

"Nothing, nothing at all for my address," he said. "I never accept remuneration for speaking at a religious gathering. I am in political life and hold a high office under the government and receive a salary which is sufficient for my support. I shall be pleased to serve you at Chautauqua in August."

I stated that I was going to Long Branch to invite President Grant, and bowed myself out of the Vice-President's room.

"Yes," I said to myself, "it is well"; but there had been a change in his countenance which I thought was produced by my last suggestion and it aroused my apprehension. I said to myself, "Do the President of the United States and the Vice-President ever go on journeys together, or is it their custom, in each other's company, to visit public gatherings? I have known them to attend the funeral of a prominent man together, but I think they don't hobnob much over living questions on journeys, nor do they very



BISHOP VINCENT'S COTTAGE.

often meet on the same platform at public assemblies."

Hence, I made up my mind to this,—if the President goes, the Vice-President will not go; but if the President does not go, the Vice-President will.

I went to the telegraph office and wrote this dispatch:

Dr. J. H. Vincent, Mayville, N. Y.:—Jackson will come. T. L. FLOOD.

We had arranged that I should telegraph, in cipher, the result of my visit; therefore I called the Vice-President "Jackson."

I went to New York, where I called on General Clinton B. Fisk and explained to him my mission and invited him to go with me to see President Grant, which he kindly consented to do.

The General and I went to Long Branch

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and spent the night. In the morning we were to call on the President at ten o'clock. The General was summoned to New York at seven in the morning, by a telegram, and the President was in Washington. However, I concluded to explore the ground. With a span of horses, a carriage, and a driver, I called on General Babcock, the President's private secretary. He was located in a pleasant cottage facing the sea. There was no red tape in gaining access to him. I stated my object and asked him to open the way for me and direct me to the President.

He informed me that the President was on his way from Washington to Long Branch, and said, "He will arrive at his cottage at eleven o'clock this morning."

I inquired what would be the best hour to call on him.

"About noon," he replied.

I ventured to ask General Babcock, "At what hour does the President take his smoke after his noon lunch?"

"At about two o'clock," he said. "You come down here and I will go with you; that is the best hour in the day to call on him."

So it proved. I was at General Babcock's cottage with a carriage at 1:45 o'clock, and promptly the General and I were at the door of President Grant's cottage.

It was a simple ceremony. I sent in my card and letter of introduction written by Dr. Vincent. That was enough. The President remembered his old pastor and immediately I was ushered into his smoking room.

He inquired with great interest about Dr. Vincent and his family. I then presented the written invitation from the Doctor to the President to visit Chautauqua.

When he asked, "Where is Chautauqua located? What is the distance from Long Branch? What kind of a meeting is held there?" I answered the questions briefly, finding that to each of them it was easier to make reply than to the last one. I hardly knew what Chautauqua was and therefore I was somewhat embarrassed.

I frankly said, "Mr. President, you will be part of the program. We shall be pleased to have you with us on the Sabbath day."

He replied, "I might go out on Friday night and arrive there on Saturday and be with you for the Sabbath."

"Shall I provide a special car on the Erie road for your accommodation?"

"No, that will be arranged by my private secretary."

"Mr. President," I said, "we shall be pleased to see Mrs. Grant and other members of your family, and any friends you may invite to accompany you."

"General Babcock will go with me, and perhaps one of my sons."

"Mr. President, according to the schedule of the Erie road you will arrive in Jamestown, N. Y., at noon on Saturday. Will you take lunch at ex-Governor Fenton's house, or will you pass on up the Lake?"

"Pass on up the Lake, pass on up the Lake," was the prompt reply.

This embarrassed me exceedingly, but I covered my disappointment and proceeded with the conversation.

"Mr. President, what date can you fix for your visit?"

"Give me the opening and closing days of your meeting and in a few days I will write you when I can come. I shall be obliged to time my absence by my public duties, but I think I shall take pleasure in making the visit."

All was now adjusted except the matter of lunch on the President's arrival at Jamestown. My suggestion that ex-Governor Fenton's hospitality would be extended to the President was, I saw, an embarrassment that would confront us in the days to come, unless it was settled at this interview. Governor Fenton had been a member of Congress, Governor of New York, a United States Senator, and he was the most prominent political man at this time in Western New York. I knew that a breach had been created between the President and Governor Fenton, and that Senator Conkling was the close political friend of the President. The President had turned away from Governor Fenton and recognized Senator Conkling as the leader of the Republican party and bestowed upon him the government patronage in the state. How I could get around this lunch at Jamestown and preserve peace in social circles and perpetuate harmony between political factions, had grown to be even a larger question with me than getting the President to Chautauqua.

Finally, to close the conversation and escape from the emergency, I said, "Mr. President, the president of the First National Bank, Mr. Alonzo Kent, is a Republican who supports your administration, and I am sure

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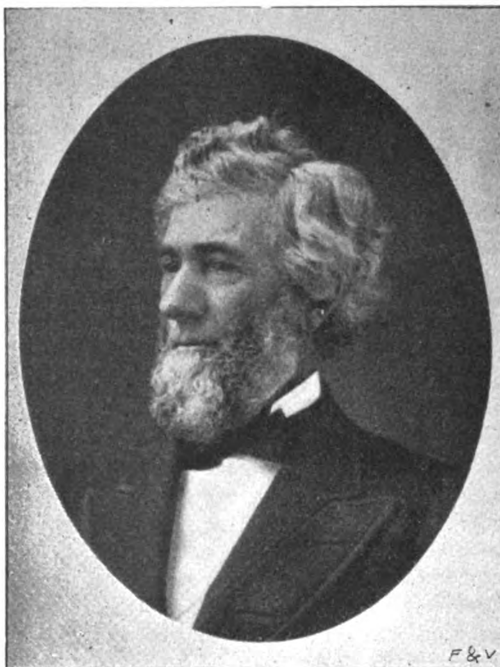
he would feel highly honored to have you share the hospitality of his house and serve a lunch for you and your party before you take the steamer at Jamestown for Chautauqua."

"Very well, I will leave that with you and Dr. Vincent."

"Now, Mr. President, permit me to suggest that Governor Washburn, from the West, is visiting Governor Fenton, and he intends to remain for several weeks in that vicinity; would it be agreeable to you if Governor Washburn, Governor Fenton, and a few other friends should be invited to lunch with you?"

"Perfectly agreeable," he said, and then bade me good-bye.



EX-GOV. R. E. FENTON.

General Babcock had bowed and retired when he introduced me. The President kept me talking while he smoked two cigars. His manner was easy; he talked freely, expressing himself with the utmost frankness on many subjects of vital interest at that time; it was pleasing to find him in real life so different from the pen pictures given of him in the press of the country as "the silent man."

Every thing now seemed to be agreeably arranged. I was pleased at having secured a promise from the two chief officers of the National Government to visit Chautauqua. I went to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch:

Long Branch, Dr. J. H. Vincent.—Jonathan says he will come. T. L. FLOOD.

My mission was ended, and I went home.

CHAPTER VI.

UNEXPECTED COMPLICATIONS.

THE public was a good deal aroused by the announcement that President Grant would visit Chautauqua in August. It excited interest in the Chautauqua Assembly, among all classes of people. "What takes the President there?" "Who is at the bottom of it?" "How was it done?" "When was he invited?" These and many other questions were asked on all sides. But the fact was there; it caught and held public attention to the place which the President was to visit.

I was a little forward in extending the President an invitation to lunch at Mr. Kent's house. It was an audacious thing to do, when it is remembered that I had never spoken a word to Mr. Kent about it nor had he spoken a word to me on the subject, nor did anybody know that I was going on such an errand except Dr. Vincent. I tendered the President the invitation to share Mr. Kent's hospitality because he lived in a fine house, was rich, was a Republican, a public-spirited man, and my personal friend, and I presumed on his generous impulses.

I expected that he would carry out my plan, but it never occurred to me how strange it would seem when I came to tell him that I had invited the President and his party, Governor Fenton and Governor Washburn to his house; that he was to serve an elegant lunch for them and provide carriages to bring them from the cars and then convey them to the steamer.

When I reached home and settled back into the quietude of the town, I was amazed at myself for being so generous with my friend's hospitality.

Early the next morning after my return, my door bell rang and it was announced that Governor Fenton was at the door. He said:

"I see by the Associated Press dispatch that President Grant is coming to Chautauqua."

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GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

"Yes, I have been to see him and he has promised to come."

"I came over to see who has charge of the arrangements, that I may show the President proper respect when he passes through our city."

This was characteristic of the Governor. He was one of the most finished gentlemen in politeness and in all the high arts of courteous deportment to either friend or foe, who can be named in the list of American politicians.

I was dazed for a moment by his inquiry, but replied that I was in charge and that the President had been invited to lunch with Mr. Kent on his arrival in the city, and I concluded, "I was going to call at your house to-day, Governor, and invite you and Governor Washburn to lunch with the President on his arrival here."

By this time we were in the parlor; the conversation, begun at the door, promised length, and we sat down to finish it.

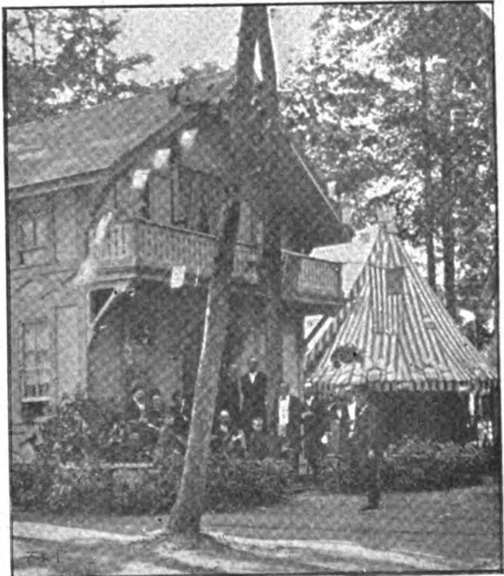
"Now," said the Governor, "this is embarrassing. I will appear to great disadvantage before the public, because I have been Governor of this state and Senator at Washington. To permit the President of the United States to pass through our city without inviting him to my house is a discourtesy that I cannot be a party to, more particularly as this will be the first visit the President has made to Jamestown. It ought to be arranged so that he can come to my house. I will provide for the entertainment of the President and his party; and any guests that you and Dr. Vincent may desire to be present, can be invited. But," the Governor added, "I must go up to Mayville and see Dr. Vincent and perhaps I can adjust it through him."

"Of course you can do that, but it is not necessary since Dr. Vincent has placed in my hands the arrangements for the President's coming, with the understanding that what I do he will approve; in other words, he will hold me responsible for arranging every thing in an orderly and proper manner."

I had a most intense desire to tell the Governor what the President had said when I proposed that he be entertained at his house, but I hesitated, and at last decided that it would be cruel to say a word about it, and resolved not to do it; which resolution I kept.

The Governor suggested that he should see Mr. Kent and explain it to him, and assured me that he would make every thing satisfactory and pleasant. That he could do this I very well knew, because he and Mr. Kent were close friends, socially, politically, and in business.

I had to decline. It was a hard thing to



PRESIDENT LEWIS MILLER'S COTTAGE.

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GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

do. I could not give him any real reasons, but I did say, "Governor, the program which we have already arranged we shall be obliged to carry out."

It hurt him, I could see, and it hurt me. It was a cruel thing to do. I did not blame him. There he was, the most prominent citizen in Western New York, entertaining Governor Washburn, and to receive this cruel treatment from a humble citizen of his own town, under the circumstances, made it appear discourteous and unkind on my part. But I was weak or I would have told him the conversation at Long Branch, and that the President refused to share the hospitality of his house.

In these complications, I thought more of the Governor's conduct than I did of the President's. The Governor was the more magnanimous of the two. It was largeness of soul and a patriotic impulse that prompted him to be so earnest in presenting his claim to entertain the President.

I think the Governor's kindly feeling toward me was chilled that morning and it always seemed that the old warmth did not return. He misunderstood my conduct and thought that I discriminated against him and in favor of another, though we never exchanged words on the subject after that morning.

We parted, and he went his way. Presently I called at the bank and was soon closeted with Mr. Kent.

"What is up now?" said he.

"Why?" I inquired.

"The Governor has just left the bank and tells me that the President is coming to Chautauqua and that you have invited him to lunch at my house. I told the Governor that there must be a mistake somewhere; that I knew nothing about it; I had said nothing to you and you had not said any thing to me. Indeed, I told him that I thought the report that the President was coming needed confirmation. 'He is coming,' said the Governor, whereupon he turned and walked out of the bank as though he was offended and disgusted with the whole affair."

"Well, I am in a pretty fix," I replied, "and I hardly know what to do. I have come to ask you to help me out of a dilemma. I have been to Long Branch and have seen the President. I ought to have telegraphed you last night for an interview on my return, but I neglected it, and the first man I saw this morning was the Governor. He called at my house and said that he had read in the papers that the President was coming, and he was told by a friend on the street that I had been to Long Branch to invite him, so he called to propose that the

THE ASSEMBLY HERALD OFFICE OF EARLY DAYS.

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President should be his guest on his way through the city."

"That is just like the Governor, and he will do it elegantly," said Mr. Kent.

"But there is something in the way. The President has declined to be entertained there."

"Political reasons, I suppose," said Mr. Kent. "The President is on good terms with Conkling, but I know he does not like the Governor. What did he say about being entertained there?"

"Well, the President said he would go to your house for lunch, and I suggested to him that we invite Governor Fenton and Governor Washburn, Judge Marvin, and a few other citizens to lunch with him, whereupon he expressed his pleasure."

"What did he say about being entertained by the Governor?" Mr. Kent persisted in asking.

"I told him at what hour he would arrive in Jamestown and asked the question, 'Will you be entertained by the Governor, or pass on up the Lake?' and like a shot from a rifle he said, 'Pass on up the Lake; pass on up the Lake,' and that ended it. Then I proposed that he take lunch at your house and he consented; and now I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken with your lunch table, but I want you to help me out of this predicament."

Mr. Kent was puzzled, but gratified. I knew well that he was a plain man, economical and methodical in all the habits and customs of his life. He objected to entertaining the President, and pleaded:

"We have no style at our house and I cannot cut much of a figure as an entertainer of great men. You must excuse me; I cannot do it."

"No, I will not excuse you, Mr. Kent; it won't do. You must do it. This will be a fine chapter in your family history to read to your grandchildren, that President Grant, the greatest General of modern times, came to your house and was entertained at lunch; besides, you have a beautiful home and your wife and daughter can do the honors of the occasion. Come, you must do it. I will not excuse you. I believe you will always look back upon the event with pride."

"You always succeed in talking me into your plans," said he, "and I should not wonder if you would get me to do this. But what will the Governor say, if I take the President to my house when he wants him as a guest at his house?"

"Let that regulate itself. The President would rather go with you, because you are unknown as a politician. He is on his second term, and is being talked of for a third term, so I think he wants to avoid new and strange political gossip. He is coming to an educational meeting and will tarry at your house a couple of hours. That is all there is in it. The Governor will be kindly treated, for I invited him to lunch with the President. You open your house and do the honors of the day. Let patriotism have its course."

"Well, I will see the ladies," said Mr. Kent, "then give you my answer."

This was done and Mr. Kent and his family decided to entertain President Grant as their guest.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S JOURNEY.

THE Republican politicians of Western New York were bewildered by the fact that the President was coming, when no political organization had invited him. By a few persons it was regarded as a piece of party disloyalty, but the President acted independent of his party in this matter, and that point could be left for him to settle with his po-

DR. STEPHEN M. VAIL.

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litical friends. We had nothing to do with that. He was engaged to be the guest of Chautauqua, and as such he came, and it was so understood by the public.

But politicians are men of many expedients, and Chautauqua County has always grown a good many of them of all sorts. At this particular time the supply was abundant; there was no immediate danger that the stock would run out, or that the quality of Republican blood would change. The lines were drawn between the Liberals and Stalwarts. Governor Fenton, with a large number of influential men, led the Liberals. Walter L. Sessions was a Stalwart and was the member of Congress at this time from the Chautauqua district, but they were all *en rapport* with Chautauqua.

The President's visit promised to create a

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

good deal of excitement among political men. They aimed at making political influence and at intensifying party loyalty in the county and state by his visit; but he was to be present on Sunday. There was no way to make a demonstration except as the President passed through Jamestown on Saturday.

In Mayville, Dunkirk, Fredonia, and all through that country, the leaders of the party and the people generally were moved as by a shock from a political battery. This was fortunate for Chautauqua.

It should be remembered that Grant was more to the people than simply President of the United States. He had recently returned from the War where he had led the armies of the United States to victory. A million soldiers whom he commanded were scattered all over the nation and in no section of the country could there be found more returned soldiers than in Chautauqua County and Western New York. It set these men almost wild to know that their great General was coming. As the Duke of Wellington and Von Moltke won distinction on the field of battle and lived in the hearts of their countrymen, so General Grant, if he had not been President, would have excited the populace in any town or city in the land to gather on the streets and in the highways to cheer him as he passed by. It was not hero-worship, but appreciation of a man who had wrought grandly for his country in the hour of her peril. Everybody, without regard to party lines, seemed to be in the spirit of the occasion to honor the great General.

Orsino E. Jones was prominent in party politics. His hand was in every public movement in the city of Jamestown and county of Chautauqua. He was a hail-fellow-well-met among men on 'Change, in social life, and in political movements. He was a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. He was General Grant's friend, whether he was coming to a Sunday-school Assembly or camp-meeting or to preside over the nation.

"Sine" went on the street to set things in order for the President's coming. He seemed to be the happiest man in town. He came to see me and talk up the kind of a reception we ought to prepare to give. "Sine" was one of the men who lead people by pure good-will. He had a daring and a courage in doing things on the street and in public assemblies in a manly fashion, and an aroma of victory in his manner which caused everybody to fall into line and move forward with him, because he was a public spirited man who believed in his town and always achieved success. So "Sine" enlisted his men a few days before the President's arrival and put up evergreen arches across the streets, flags were hung on the outer walls of public buildings and private dwellings. The streets were decorated with bunting, flags were hung everywhere, and it looked as if

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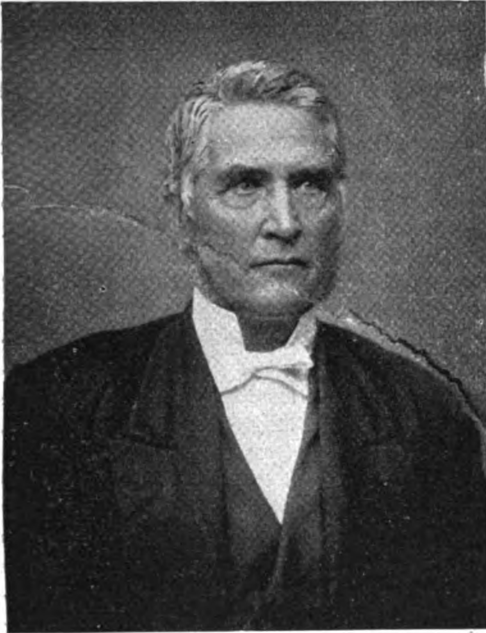


THE REV. E. J. L. BAKER.

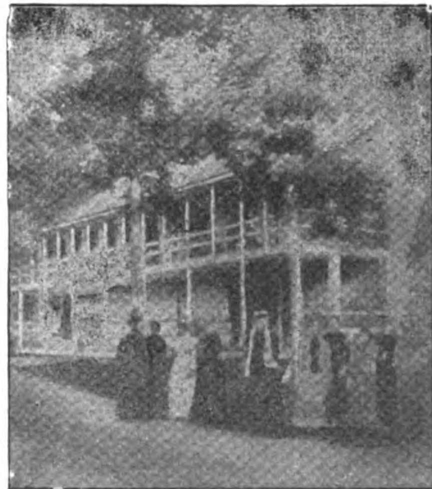
the people of Jamestown would steal President Grant from Chautauqua, for they made more preparation and display over his coming than did the people of Chautauqua.

This was a healthy condition of things. It proved without doubt the fact that Chautauqua was growing in importance and influence and that it was growing very fast. There were a great many people, taking the town and county together, for Chautauqua County was densely populated, but their blood moved slowly; it did not run quickly under ordinary pressure, but the plan for the President's visit was doing good work. It stirred Republican blood and Democratic blood and, indeed, every other kind of blood. All through that section politicians were cheering for Grant and the party, but Chautauquans cheered for Grant and Chautauqua; and when Grant landed at the head of the Lake, of all the crowds that had been at Chautauqua, that was the greatest and, as I shall presently show, that event was the turning point in Chautauqua's history.

It will be borne in mind that up to this date but one session of the Chautauqua Assembly had been held. The President was coming to the second meeting, in the second year. I do not think he knew much about the gathering. With him New York was a favorite state, as was shown in his later life when he made New York City his home. I do not know that it was true, but I could not help thinking that there might have been a little irony in his coming. Sometimes acids and alkalis seem to be in confusion, but under the manipulation of a skillful hand, they produce health and new life. This so appeared from the time of the first public news of the President's intention. New tone appeared among political men, and a new spirit entered the life and heart of the Chautauqua forces. It was a great event for these people to see this typical President of the United States on their streets, spending several days and nights among them. The anticipation was an awakening force. It produced an excitement in the public mind and caused people to forget their local organizations, churches, and parties; this, some people thought, was a part of the design, in this new departure of bringing a man of the world to Chautauqua to spend the Sabbath and draw a crowd.

It required delicate management to receive the President of the United States and his train of noted politicians, to entertain them over the Sabbath, to keep everybody in good feeling, and to bring Chautauqua out with head up, crowned and made stronger and more beautiful by the experience. To turn a great public excitement from one line and utilize it in another line, to make the world serve the church, was a feat to be noted and commended.

The first act was ended; the second was



THE ARK.

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JOHN B. GOUGH.

now to come. Dr. Vincent requested the Hon. Walter L. Sessions and myself to meet the President at Salamanca, thirty miles east of Jamestown, and escort him to Jamestown and Chautauqua.

On a bright morning of August we went to Salamanca; this was the terminus of the Erie Railroad, which here joined the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, making a through trunk line from New York to the West. The latter road ran close to the shore of Chautauqua Lake, touching two piers, Jamestown and Lakewood.

The President arrived in a special car, and there were with him as traveling companions his private secretary, General Babcock, his son, and the Hon. Oliver Hoyt, of Connecticut.

I learned here, in fact, what my suspicions had led me to think at Saratoga, that the Vice-President was not coming, though a letter from him soon after I had seen him satisfied me that he had changed his mind and would not come.

The President's party was in a state of anxiety, caused by a report which somebody had brought into his car along the route to the effect that he was to be entertained that day at lunch by Governor Fenton.

When we had shaken hands and looked over the vast crowd of people gathered at the station, when we had been amused by the curiosity of the Indians from the Reservation who mingled with the throng, and when the train had passed the music of the band, Mr. Hoyt said:

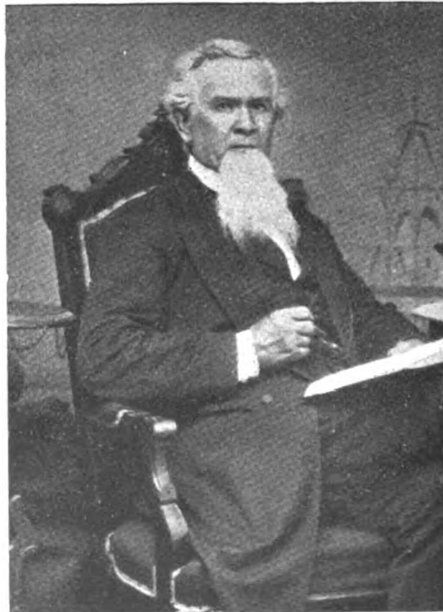
"Where shall we lunch to-day?"

"At Mr. Kent's house in Jamestown."

He quickly said, "You go and sit down by the President and tell him all about it, for a newspaper man said, just after we left New York, that we were to lunch at Governor Fenton's, and it vexes the President."

"That was the newspaper man's way of asking you if you were going to Governor Fenton's house."

I immediately joined the President and found that he was disturbed by the rumors, but more so because I had failed to give him detailed information concerning his journey after he should leave the train at Jamestown.



THE REV. JOSEPH LESLIE.

This I proceeded to do, hastening to assure him that every thing was working as planned in our conversation at Long Branch. The President was an interested observer. He inquired about the Indians on the Reservation in Cattaraugus County, which joined Chautauqua, their habits, their religious customs, and how they adapted themselves to the civilization of the white people around them; the prices of land and of horses, and the dairy

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interests of the country interested him greatly. Of politics he had nothing to say; no question of government was mentioned. He conversed as though he were away from home for rest and recreation and he seemed delighted to take up local interests.

He commented on some of the features of the Chautauqua Assembly. Evidently he had learned that it was a new departure among religious people, and that many of the most progressive and eminent people in the different churches were in sympathy with the movement, and that the religious press of all the churches had given it their indorsement. Upon these facts he based his faith in the enterprise and seemed pleased that he was about to visit the place.

It was only an hour's run from Salamanca to Jamestown. When the train pulled into the latter city we found the people crowding the railroad platform, the sidewalks, and streets. Bands and drum corps played "Hail to the Chief," and on the lawn in front of Governor Fenton's house, near the station, a cannon boomed a Presidential salute. The town was gay and in a patriotic mood; the sun shone brightly on the whole scene; the weather was charming and the city was beautiful.

When the train stopped, from the car window could be seen, on the crown of the arch which spanned Main Street, the words, "Welcome to President U. S. Grant." There were a dozen carriages in waiting for the Presidential party; citizens and dignitaries, prominent politicians, church people, waited to do him honor; indeed it seemed as though everybody was there.

Mr. Kent took the President and myself into his private carriage, which was drawn by two large black horses. The President's judgment of the horses found expression in "That is a fine looking span, but they are too fat for speed."

The lunch was elegant and consisted of twelve courses. There were seated at the table the President and his party, Governor Fenton, Governor Washburn, the Hon. Walter L. Sessions, Judge Marvin, the oldest ex-member of the Lower House of Congress now living, with other distinguished citizens. Of that company few are living at this writing. President Grant and General Babcock, Mr. Kent and his wife, and Governor Fenton are all gone.

From Jamestown to Chautauqua is a pleasant sail. There were not enough steamers or other craft on the Lake that day to serve the waiting multitude who clamored for transportation. Fortunately for all, the weather was fair, the Lake was calm, and the sail was delightful. The people remained on the decks of the steamers and enjoyed the fresh air and viewed the beautiful landscape on either side of the Lake. The stars and stripes adorned the shipping and strains of martial music from bands and stringed instruments contributed much to the joyous occasion.

The steam yacht *Josie Bell* received the President and other distinguished guests. The President went immediately to the bow of the boat and seated himself in a camp chair, where he would have a good outlook on all that was to be seen on water and land. The yacht looked like a fairy ship, so beautifully was she draped and festooned with the stars and stripes. The "Clotho Society," made up of fifty young ladies in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Jamestown, had made the boat a beautiful picture.

Other steamers, large and small, sailed on either side and in the rear of the *Josie Bell*.

A. O. VAN LENNEP.

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The great stern wheeler *Jamestown* with three thousand souls on board, was far on the right. The *Griffith*, with eight hundred people on board, sailed half a mile to the left. The *Moulton*, the *Vincent*, and a numerous fleet sailed near by, like so many ships of war, laden with loyal people, in whom party spirit seemed to vanish, for the present, amid a sweeping wave of popular enthusiasm.

When the *Josie Bell* steamed up to the pier at Chautauqua one would have thought as he looked out on the crowd that lined the shore that there was not enough room in the grove for any more people, so dense was the throng that had gathered to receive the President.

The police opened the way, and Dr. Vincent greeted President Grant and bade him welcome to Chautauqua. President Lewis Miller joined in the ceremony and, with Mr. Miller on one side and Dr. Vincent on the other, the President walked between two walls of human beings, from the pier to a place on the platform in the old Auditorium, which is now known as Miller Park.

A public reception was given the President. Speeches of welcome were made by Mr. Miller and Dr. Vincent, and the President bowed his acknowledgments.

The President was the guest of Mr. Lewis Miller, who entertained him with simple but elegant taste. Next to the cottage a tent of black and white stripes was located; it was commodious and divided into two compartments, with a wide veranda in front which the President occupied much of the time, sitting where he could face Miller Park and have a good view of the Lake. The people congregated in front of these apartments continuously, to see the distinguished guest; this was particularly true of the children, in whom the President took much interest. One little girl, with simple, unaffected manner, charmed him into conversation and finally he called her up to the veranda and took her in his arms and kissed her. This attention seemed to arouse a spirit of jealousy in the little beauty's companions because they were not thus highly honored.

A caterer, with his corps of assistants, brought an abundant supply of delicacies for the table, and the spacious Miller cottage was the scene of a large hospitality, where a goodly number of visitors were presented to the President, and many sat with him at the festal board. One could not look on the scene without being infected with the generous spirit and broad views of Lewis Miller, as he came from his great manufactory in Ohio to aid in conducting the Assembly, and now, with urbanity, ease, and elegance entertained the President of the United States and his companions in his tent and cottage home in the grove.

While Grant sat on the veranda an old soldier stood about three rods from the tent, and tears gathered in the veteran's eyes, while memories of the War filled his mind. "By Jove," he said, "the old boy looks just as he did in his tent down at Shiloh; I'm going to speak to him," and with an enthusiasm which did not consider the propriety which etiquette suggests when ladies and eminent people are present, he pressed through the crowd up to the veranda and called out, "How are you, General? I fought with you at Shiloh and Vicksburg." The President met him cordially and seemed to enjoy the liberty of the welcome.

The introduction of Chautauqua to the whole country by the President's visit was emphatic, and gave to the place a distinctively patriotic air. An agent of the Associated Press, and a number of staff correspondents from great daily papers in the chief cities, were in the President's party. In their published dispatches and letters, these men gave picturesque accounts of Chautauqua, what it was, its *personnel*, the program, the place, and its attractions.

It was a season of the year when Congress was not in session; the public mind was at rest, and no exciting questions monopolized the columns of the daily press, so that more than usual space was given to the accounts of the scenes enacted at Chautauqua Lake.

The President was in the public congregation to hear the lectures and sermons delivered during his sojourn; and on Sunday morning, at the close of the sermon, he was on the platform.

Dr. Vincent presented him with a copy of the Bagster Bible. No speech, not a word did Grant utter, but, with a graceful bow, received the book and sat down. It was intended as a souvenir of his visit, and he carried it home and was heard to refer to it several times in after years, as a peculiarly pleasing episode in his visit to the Assembly.

In presenting him with a Bible all the people who witnessed the ceremony and those who would read the story, could see the real

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foundation of the Chautauqua Assembly. It was the Book on which the whole superstructure was to be erected. This gave the enterprise a broad base, which was made known to the world, as they thought of their President who was not a member of the Christian Church, giving his sanction

PROF. W. F. SHERWIN.

to the Bible and to the Chautauqua Assembly.

At once, without discussion, church lines fell down in that grove and here was a place where men and women of every church met, and where laymen were seated on the platform with ministers. Ordination was not a password to ascend the pulpit stairs ; a spiritual democracy which recognized the brotherhood of man and the fact that all men need the truths of the great Book, was now coming to the front in our civilization.

The subsequent history of the Assembly shows that many of the most enterprising and progressive leaders in different churches, in moral reforms and education, came to the place as lecturers and teachers. It was in this way that President Grant's visit broadened the foundation of the movement. "Where the President goes, we can go," was the sentiment that spread abroad. If he had come in a later year, it would not have been so strong an example, but coming in the early dawn of the movement, it caused the people of the country to look at the rising sun.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEAD, BUT LIVING IN HISTORY.

THE talented and cultured men who joined fortunes with Chautauqua from its beginning have been many, and their words and work have been set like mosaics in the methods and literature of the place. In a long list who are now dead, there are some who stamped the impress of their personality upon the audiences, moved the multitudes by their eloquence, inspired them by song, or helped them by instruction in the recitation room.

Dr. Stephen M. Vail was my professor in Hebrew in a New England Theological School. A master of the language, he came early to teach Hebrew at the Lake. He was a character in the great throng and helped to begin the movement which has grown into the Schools of Language. "Let us keep our

P. P. BLISS.

Heavenly Father in the midst," is the motto Dr. Vail coined for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and it is so much like the plain, substantial man he was that the sentiment has its greatest force with those who best knew its author.

P. P. Bliss, whose life was sacrificed in the

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great Ashtabula railway disaster, was Chautauqua's first famous singer who charmed the people with his melodies. He belonged to the Ira D. Sankey school of gospel singers. The positive spiritual quality of his religious life was manifest in his songs. He aimed at making a religious impression on the audience he trained to sing and he succeeded; to this fact may be attributed his fame in the churches. On an August day in 1876, Arbor Day, he was introduced, when he planted the last tree and playfully said,

"Last, but not least,
The finest tree in the lot, I ween,
Spreading so broad, so tall, so green,
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful tree,
How very, very much like me."

Bishop Simpson was usually found among the most advanced friends of reforms both in church and state. He believed in the Assembly and hastened to put himself in line with its supporters. His sermons and lectures on the platform extended both his fame and that of Chautauqua, for it should be remembered that the public addresses delivered there, were printed in a daily paper issued from a press established in the grove. The paper was sent every day by mail to all parts of the land. It was this Bishop who counseled me to give up the pastorate and devote my time to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and urged, "the time is here; do it and do it now." He insisted that no man who is a minister need leave the ministry of his church to become editor of a magazine such as THE CHAUTAUQUAN was growing to be. It would reach hundreds of thousands of readers and influence them in their belief of the Bible and their attachment to the church.

It was singular that Bishop Gilbert Haven, who was even more progressive than Simpson, when visiting me in Meadville, advised against THE CHAUTAUQUAN, presenting as an argument the idea that "no magazine has lived long that was published west of New York." When questioned closely, it was found that he favored the magazine but not its location. Time has shown that he was wrong in his opinion. Success demonstrates that the westward distribution of a large and growing population creates a demand for such a magazine, and so in the future much of our literature will naturally emanate from the brains of writers and publishers who are located far toward our western borders.

That man of mild spirit, Dr. Bradford K. Peirce, came on from his editorial sanctum in Boston to visit Chautauqua in '76. He always tried to silence me if, in company where he was, I essayed to tell our experience on the Mount Washington railway. It was on a bright morning in June, 1873. The Doctor and I ascended Mount Washington on the railroad; on the way down while crossing Jacob's Ladder, he stood on the rear platform of the car. Looking across the deep ravine below, he said, "I now know what the 'great gulf fixed' means." The next day being the Sabbath, he addressed a congregation in a church at Whitefield, when he told the people, "Yesterday I stood on the platform of a car coming down over Jacob's Ladder, and felt like raising my hands and saying, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen'." Until I heard that utterance I did not know that he was so badly frightened.

His sermon in Miller Park at Chautauqua, on "Going forth sowing seed and weeping," I had already heard three times, but its deliverance on this occasion impressed me far more powerfully than ever before. I have often thought he must then have reached the climax of his pulpit power; so calm and fervent, impressive and pathetic, practical and Scriptural, he seemed like a man who was strangely gifted for the hour. He swayed his congregation on the platform and in the Auditorium, for there were people everywhere; he stamped his message on thousands of human souls and the occasion lives in the memory of the multitude, as a mountain stands in a beautiful landscape. It was his first and last visit to that shrine but the memory of the scene still abides.

General Clinton B. Fisk was delighted to find the Jubilee Singers from Fisk University (named after him) at the Assembly, as he said, "to assist him in entertaining the people." Their plantation melodies and see-saw motions while singing "Swing low, sweet chariot" and other songs peculiar to the negro cabins of the South, carried the General back to the days of the War and added to the enthusiasm with which he addressed the audience concerning the progress of the colored race.

"I have been a Chautauquan from the beginning," Professor W. F. Sherwin loved to say in the old pavilion on the hill and in the old Auditorium down near the Lake where his audience always received him with applause. He became widely known in this

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country through the Assemblies, Chautauqua and Framingham, Crete and Monona Lake, Island Park and De Funiak. All heard him sing and speak and pray. He wrote songs and music, and admirably fitted them together, adapting them to the Chautauqua work; and then, as a skilled leader, he instructed the choir and the great congregation in singing them. He was one of the Assembly's poets and in '83 he introduced a new song which runs:

Hither we come, Chautauqua's host,
A joyous, earnest throng;
We send the greetings from heart to heart,
By word and cheering song.
From hill and valley and widening plain,
With heart aglow we come,
Again renewing the altar fires
In this our woodland home.

A gentleman of kingly form and courtly manners, was the Rev. E. J. L. Baker. He belonged to the old school of ministers. His grand voice was the vehicle for many a sermon in this grove, in the olden time when the camp-meeting was in the fullness of its strength. But he was flexible enough to pass from the old to the new. He became a trustee of the Assembly, owned one of the best cottages, and always exerted a strong influence in favor of the cause he advocated. He was a good conversationalist, a kindly spirit, a person devoted to his friends. His was a commanding figure in any congregation or on any platform. All his speeches and sermons were marked with good sense, strong logic, and spiritual power.

General John A. Logan was at Chautauqua when his political star was at its zenith. A reception was tendered him in the great Amphitheater. He stood on the platform, when one by one I presented to him more than five thousand people, each person as he passed by, naming the state in the Union from which he hailed. General Logan had a vigorous, muscular way of shaking hands and when the crowd had dispersed I said to him, "General, how can you shake hands so vigorously with so many people and not grow weary?"

"Ah," said he, "there is a secret. A man does not shake my hand; I shake his. It is less wearing to shake a man than to let him shake you."

Jacob Miller, an Ohio man, brother to President Lewis Miller, a vice-president of the Assembly, and one of its truest friends, furnished the funds to erect the Museum and "Newton Hall." The name it bears marks it as a memorial to his first wife. He was a man of power in any company, and, in connection with the trustees, he helped to lay the foundations of the Chautauqua Assembly by putting his strong financial name to commercial paper in the hour of need. He never ceased to uphold the hands of the men who carried the standard in the very front of the multitude.

The morning call to prayers which in an unknown tongue rang out from the flat roof of the Oriental house and from the cupola of the Museum, was given by A. O. Van Lennep. His familiar form was always clad in a costume of the far East. He was the animating spirit among the Orientals at public entertainments and in giving the whole Assembly its flavor of life from the people of Bible lands.

Dr. S. J. M. Eaton, who for thirty years served at the head of a Presbyterian Church in Franklin, Pa., was a man of broad and generous spirit. When he saw the scope of Dr. Vincent's plans, the depth and thoroughness of his work, he went down to Washington and Jefferson College and requested that the faculty and trustees confer the degree of LL. D. on the man who was leading the Chautauqua hosts, and it was done. Dr. Eaton located himself and family in a cottage on Simpson Avenue, in the outer southern circle of cottages. It seemed to be far away from the center of activity, but his prophetic eye caught a view of the coming multitude and he often gave word pictures to his friends of how the shores of the Lake would be dotted with cottages inhabited by people who would come for study, as students thronged the groves at Athens in ancient days. When his feet pressed his veranda for the last time, his house was about the center of the city in the grove. He was among the first to join the C. L. S. C. and more than thirty seals were attached to his diploma when he looked upon it just before he died.

John B. Gough was at the Lake to tell his story of rum's ruin and how temperance raises men to usefulness and honor. I studied him with wonder, as he sat on the platform before several thousand people one day, waiting to be introduced to deliver his lecture. He extended a gloved hand as he greeted acquaintances and strangers on an August day. When he reached the steps leading to the

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platform he removed his gloves. A countryman, observing his "style," complained that Mr. Gough was "too aristocratic to have much influence as a temperance lecturer"; but that man might have learned that a sore hand is the best reason for such "style." For fully five minutes before Mr. Gough began his lecture, his hands were clinched so tight that they seemed to be bloodless. The nails must have sunk into the flesh of the palms. When he began his lecture, his fists were locked; as he proceeded to speak, the tension loosened, his hands opened and became natural. It appeared that with clinched hands he held himself, and that, as his thoughts flowed and his tongue began to move and varied facial expressions were produced, his hands were unlocked and a wonderful force spread through the whole man, giving momentum to every gesture and word, making a powerful orator whom the people heard with delight, as he presented living truths to their inner sight.

President Garfield said at Chautauqua (it was before he became President), "You are solving the problem here of how to use one's leisure."

Dr. Daniel Curry, that giant with the pen, looked at the place and studied all the work in the grove and declared to me, "This is the most complete organization I ever saw," and he was without a peer in organizing forces for great campaigns in the church.

Dr. L. H. Bugbee, President of Allegheny College, one of the talented contributors to Chautauqua literature in the early days, put his name down as the first member of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the same day that that organization was publicly announced by Dr. Vincent in Saint Paul's Grove at Chautauqua. It is a singular coincidence in history that THE CHAUTAUQUAN is edited and published, and *The Chautauqua-Century Press* is located in the very town where Dr. Bugbee lived when he unconsciously made his name the first on the C. L. S. C. roll which has increased to the enormous proportions of nearly two hundred thousand members. The frontispiece in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is a good portrait of Dr. Bugbee at that time in his life.

The Rev. Joseph Leslie, a man of local but excellent name, a trustee under both the old and new régime, called on me in the evening after I had advocated woman's suffrage for an hour and a half in a debate in the Amphitheater, to say, "When that vast audience voted for your side, it was evident you won the debate; but don't be flattered, you didn't do very much when you did beat the other man's arguments."

A. K. Warren was trained to business and he brought to his office of Superintendent of Grounds, a clear head, practical ideas, good organizing powers, and executive abilities of a high order; he was not connected with any church, but he was chosen by the managers for what he was and not for what he was not. The office was one of splendid opportunities for a man of his parts. Some of the most valuable buildings in the Chautauqua grove were erected under his supervision: the Amphitheater and Museum, the Children's Temple, the Hall of Philosophy, and Hotel Athenæum, the last named costing one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The money for these improvements had to be raised by somebody's ingenuity and generalship, because the gate fees, which at that time were the chief source of revenue, were hardly large enough to meet the expenses of the program.

But the representative men to whom we have referred are gone; the ranks were broken when they fell; their places were hard to fill; their work remains; their memory is precious; the lessons they taught cannot be effaced. Their works do follow them and as the years have passed, other noble men have appeared to fill these places made vacant. In the years to come, there will be needed men of strong character and eminent ability; men great in achievement must stand in these places to keep the wheels of progress going round and the chariot of learning moving forward.

To such as have not observed the growth of Chautauqua, the foregoing mosaics from its history will prove deficient if I should fail to emphasize the present existence of certain organizations which are the first fruits of the planting and cultivating of the past seventeen years. There has been from year to year a broadening of the base under the whole system of popular education at Chautauqua. The teaching of foreign tongues has been gradually introduced till a Summer School of Languages on a liberal plan has been established in connection with the Assembly. The Assembly itself, with many of its features, has been duplicated in nearly every state and territory in the Union. There are now nearly sixty Chautauqua Assemblies

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in practical and active operation in the United States, whose managers preserve a fraternal relation to the original Assembly. This is one of the grand results of Chautauqua in New York. It marks the decadence of open air religious meetings of the old type in this country, and the coming into their place of a new type of grove meeting for the study of the Bible, and also for the study of such literature as will aid one in gaining a practical knowledge of the Bible.

The second fruit of the Chautauqua Assembly is the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle"; it has spread everywhere; its roots have struck down into good soil in towns and cities all over the land till the list of members is counted by tens of thousands. It has become a factor in churches of every name, and a useful system of education to multitudes who do not frequent any of the churches. It is a four years' course of study for working people, business people, professional people, and people of every class. One of its chief advantages is that the student may do his reading at home and then find the examination, by writing, comparatively easy, while the diploma will mark the completion of a task which has brought to the victor renewed vigor of mind, a large fund of knowledge, and an increase of intellectual power for the real work of life.

It is in no sense to take the place of a university education, yet the C. L. S. C. does brighten and beautify human life, and it has taken such a strong hold of the people, and they have taken such a strong hold of it, that we now consider the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle one of the established educational institutions of the United States.

The permanency of these Chautauqua organizations indicates that in the "Old Chautauqua Days" men were the chief factors, men made the Assembly, men won its fame; but the men, John H. Vincent and Lewis Miller, built with so much wisdom that strength marks their work and their work abides. And now we have reached a period in history when the Chautauqua organizations are compact, well in hand, their work is well defined, and a unity which excites the admiration of statesmen is their chief glory.

Chautauqua is to be known and perpetuated in the "New Chautauqua Days," not so much by men as by the two great organizations we have characterized, the Chautauqua Assemblies and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, to which multitudes now point and say, "These are the capstones which have been laid with joy in every land under the sun."

(*The end.*)

AT EVENTIDE.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

TELL me old tales of elfin folk and sprites,
Of nymphs and satyrs in Hellenic woods,
Of fairies, in their misty solitudes,
And phantom forms that haunt the dreamless nights;
And when the paling stars put out their lights
About the orbèd goddess of the moon,
Sing me the plaintive strains of some love-tune,
Such as Apollo breathed upon the heights
Of lonely mountains when the oreads
Left timidly their coverts to behold
His radiant face; and let the music glide
To pæans as were chanted when the lads
Wreathed the fair altars where the shepherds fold
Their flocks at eve on uplands smooth and wide.

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FLYING BY MEANS OF ELECTRICITY.

BY PROF. JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

Of Harvard University.

A BELIEF is current that we shall fly some day by means of electricity, although no definite method of employing this great agent has been devised. There are two methods suggested for the application of electricity to flying. One is a modification of the so-called telpherage system which has been tried in England and Wales for the purpose of transporting small packages on a kind of aërial railway. An electric motor runs on a species of elevated railway at a great speed and since the railway can be practically an air line, deep cuttings, tunneling, and sharp curves can be avoided.

It is but a step from this method of aërial locomotion to that of a system which proposes to employ air ships. Suppose for instance that a suitable balloon should be provided with an electric motor properly fitted with screws, vanes, and rudder, and that a powerful electric current should be led to this motor by means of trolley wires which slip, or the ends of which run along elevated wires such as are now used in certain double trolley electric railroads. Such an air ship would have certain advantages over the electric railway on the ground. It would have the advantage of the steam ship—free to go through a wide stretch of air unhampered by conditions of stability of roadway or limitations of curves and gradients. It is true that it would have currents of air and head winds to contend against. These obstacles the steamship on water also encounters.

To the believer in the possibility of flying, however, this method we have outlined seems humiliating. It is not flying in the pure sense. It is telpherage. The aëronaut wishes to cut loose from the earth entirely, and to compete with the birds in an element which has been theirs for countless ages.

The method we have described deserves careful consideration; for it is the belief of many who have studied the question of flying that it is the only method by means of which man will rise superior to certain mundane limitations.

The method, however, which is thought to be the coming one, is that based upon the employment of storage batteries. In brief, it is this: A light storage battery capable of containing at least one horse-power is to turn an electric motor in a suitable air ship, and by the means of a light source of power and a light motor the problem is to be solved.

Let us see what are some of the conditions of flying. Birds apparently do not exert very great effort in order to soar, or even to rise from the earth. Let any one take a wild goose, for instance, attach one of its feet to a spring balance and measure its pull on the balance as it strives to escape. In general it does not pull more than two or three times its own weight; and in its efforts does not differ so greatly from the power a man can exert in his own peculiar way of exerting strength in a pull. A bird therefore must take advantage of currents of air in order to soar without perceptible motion of its wings.

There are, however, other conditions in the bird's art of flying. If the same duck or goose we have been experimenting upon is allowed to rise freely from the surface of a pond, it will be noticed that it springs upward and paddles heavily along the surface of the water striving to get an impulse or initial velocity in order to set its flying method in operation. Then, too, when an eagle soars, it generally throws itself down an aërial inclined plane—a species of toboggan chute—gaining in this way an initial velocity which enables it to soar without perceptible movement of its wide-stretching wings.

The smallest boy also knows that in the operation of skipping flat stones, he must give the stone an initial twist, acquiring thus a velocity which answers at any one instant to the velocity acquired by the bird in allowing its weight to fall down an aërial inclined plane. In reference to birds' taking advantage of currents of air to enable them to soar, it is pointed out that salmon in ascending rivers take advantage also of favorable eddies and currents, setting their fins suitably to accomplish this. We are inclined to think, however, that these gymnastic feats of the bird and the fish correspond to man's tobog-

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ganing rather than to his usual methods of locomotion. Any one who has seen the labored flight of a crow against the wind will be convinced of this.

It is generally conceded, however, that if we are to fly by electricity we must first be shot off from some suitable height in order to attain the requisite initial velocity.

Now let us examine the condition of a light storage battery. Great hopes were excited when the Faure storage cell was invented. Here was something which the world had been long waiting for and many prophesied that it would revolutionize methods of locomotion. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realized.

When one speaks of a storage battery one rarely has a clear conception of its operation. Few realize the length of time and the great expenditure of energy which are required to store up electricity, according to common language, in the storage cell. In the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Cambridge a gas engine which runs the lathes in the machine room charges at the same time the storage cells which are employed in one of the laboratories. If we wish to use the current from these cells for four hours they should be charged for at least six hours.

The construction of the lead storage cell is extremely simple. Each cell is provided with from six to eight corrugated lead plates and the corrugations or holes are filled with a paste made of red oxide of lead and sulphuric acid. In some cases one-half of the plates in each cell are pasted with litharge and the other half with red lead, and in this case the plates are placed alternately—the charging current is led to the plates covered with red lead and leaves the battery from the plates coated with litharge. The charging current in the process of electrolyzing the liquid of the cell which consists of sulphuric acid and water, changes the proportions of oxygen in the oxides of lead covering the plates of the cell, and when the charging current is reversed the cell tends to redistribute the proportions of oxygen in the oxides of lead.

The lead battery answers admirably for laboratory use, where the plates can be readily repeated after they disintegrate. The faults of the Faure lead storage cell are its weight and its rapid disintegration when a severe demand is made upon it. Much invention has been wasted upon this cell. It has been modified in numberless ways to overcome the defects of weight, of the buckling of the lead plates of the cell, that is the yielding and deformation of their shape. Fairly powerful batteries are now made and are supplied to the public. In certain cases the companies take entire charge of the batteries, assuming the loss from the inevitable deterioration charging ten per cent a year on the cost of the battery. In a certain limited sense therefore the lead storage battery can be said to be a success.

The weight of the average commercial lead storage battery is about 100 pounds per horsepower per hour. If one wishes to run a motor for six hours the battery should be charged for ten or twelve hours, and under the most favorable conditions; 80 per cent of the current which is used to charge the battery can be recovered by its performance.

I have said that numberless attempts have been made to decrease the weight of the lead plates of the Faure accumulator, or storage cell. My experiments lead me to believe that moderately thick lead plates are more economical than thin light ones. The expansion and contraction of the oxides of lead which are pasted into holes and irregularities in the lead plates lead to deformation of the plate. The paste thereupon drops out of the recesses or holes which contain it and the battery loses its charge. I have replaced the lead plates by porous carbon ones containing holes for reception of the lead paste and a thin backing of lead for electrodes.

This last form of storage cell was very light and would receive a strong charge; but the plates rapidly deteriorated. Apparently we must be content in the lead storage battery with comparatively heavy lead plates. Since the weight of this form of cell is so great, and since there is apparently little prospect of the weight being reduced it seems to be out of consideration in the question of flying.

A new storage cell has recently attracted much attention and it bids fair to compete successfully with the lead battery, certainly in the problem of flying. This cell is a modification of the alkaline storage battery or accumulator invented two or three years since in France by Desmazures. This cell weighs in rough terms only about half as much as a lead cell of the same capacity. One pole of the alkaline storage battery is of iron, while the other is finely divided copper. The liquid is potassium zincate. The zinc is deposited upon the iron while the copper

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being finely divided, can be readily oxidized.

Two American inventors, Waddell and Entz, have modified the original Desmazures cell in certain slight but important particulars. The result of the endeavors has been the production of a remarkably efficient accumulator. In a recent trial in Philadelphia, according to the *Electrical World*, 100 battery cells weighing, complete and filled, 30 pounds apiece, gave 75 to 80 volts and were capable of delivering 300 amperes without the evolution of gas or without serious heating. The saving in weight of the battery over the lead storage battery is about 1,500 pounds per car. A car furnished with this battery together with its motor weighs somewhat less than the electrical car of the ordinary trolley system.

There seems to be more hope for aëronauts in this new battery than in the lead batteries; but this hope is a small one; for although the weight of the storage battery has now been reduced to nearly one half, it is still very great; and the weight of the motor has still to be considered.

It is not probable that the future bicyclist of the air can support himself and progress with less than one horse-power at his command. If he employs electricity he will find it difficult to construct an electrical motor which will yield a horse-power and which will weigh under 100 lbs. With 100 lbs. in his battery and 100 lbs. in his motor, to say nothing of the weight of the gears, wings, and rudders of the flying machine, the electrical aëronaut will be heavily handicapped even for a short trip. If an initial velocity could be gained by some species of send off like a toboggan slide it is improbable that a flying machine with such a heavy electrical equipment could be made to soar, and the unlucky experimenter would speedily find himself among the débris of his machine.

The wild goose which we have taken as an example resembles one of Edison's new dynamo and steam engines combined. Its heart is the engine. Its nervous organization answers perhaps to the dynamo and its current. The simile is not perfect; but the reader can carry out an imperfect analogy and perceive that the bird's apparatus for generating nervous activity and its apparatus for applying its power are far more compact and far lighter than any electrical attachment which a man can affix to his body and which will enable him to imitate the bird. Even if a lighter storage battery should be invented of which there is increasing probability, the weight of an electrical motor still will remain necessarily great. What invention may accomplish in the way of lightening electrical motors no one can predict. At present electrical motors are too heavy to be seriously considered for the propelling agents of flying machines which are not in part balloons.

We therefore return to the first method we have described, that of a balloon ship driven by an electrical motor which is driven by a current fed to the motor by a trolley wire—in short a modified telpherage system. This method of flying, although ignominious to one who desires to cut himself entirely free from all connection with the earth still seems to be a possible solution of the endeavor to use the air as steamships now use the water. The new method of step up and step down converters would enable comparatively fine wire to be used to convey the electrical current from the wires on the earth through the trolleys to the balloon ship. The latter could therefore be at a height sufficient to move freely without any fear of touching house-tops or trees.

The step up transformer is merely the old Ruhmkorff coil. The primary of this is supplied with a powerful alternating current; a very high electromotive force is thus generated in the fine coil of the Ruhmkorff coil and this electrical pressure can be transmitted along comparatively fine wires to the machine where it is desired to obtain electrical power. At the machine the high pressure current passes into a step down converter or transformer which is simply another Ruhmkorff coil and the quantity current with low pressure is taken off the inner coil of the Ruhmkorff.

This in brief is the method of the step up and step down transformers. And it is possible that we may step up into the air by such a system on the telpherage plan. The stepping down can be accomplished electrically, but the problem of stepping down safely from flying machines still puzzles the aëronaut whether he proposes to employ electricity or some other source of power.

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ILLUSTRATION AND OUR ILLUSTRATORS.

BY C. M. FAIRBANKS.

IT is doubtful if our ideals in fiction are ever quite realized by the artists who illustrate the stories we read, and yet the charm of well-drawn pictures, scattered through the text of a romance, is undeniable. But it is a charm that our fathers rarely if ever knew, for the modern art of illustration has developed quite within the memory of many of us who are not yet willing to admit that we are old men.

It is a matter of but a dozen or twenty years since nearly all book and magazine illustrations were laboriously and very often roughly carved out of blocks of boxwood by men who, for the most part, were not artists and were without artistic feeling. Drawings upon the block were rendered by certain fixed and unsympathetic methods of the engraver, and were wholly lacking in those qualities of beautiful finish, faithful expression, and intelligent appreciation of the purpose of the designer, which characterize the pictures of to-day—than which nothing finer has ever been done in black and white.

A remarkable advance in processes of reproduction within a comparatively few years has made possible, and in fact has stimulated, a corresponding progress in the methods of drawing for reproduction. It may not be uninteresting to consider briefly how the pictures are made which beautify our American magazines and who the men are who make them.

The wood cut illustrations of the early part of the century, something of an achievement, perhaps, for those days, appear grotesque to the educated eye of these later times. They are absurdly lacking in all sense of proportion and perspective, and while the art of steel-plate engraving has never surpassed the perfection attained by the famous men of more than three hundred years ago, our early wood cuts, even in Bewick's time (excellent in scientific accuracy of detail as were his representations of British birds and quadrupeds) were almost wholly lacking in pictorial and artistic interest.

Up to within say sixty years the aim of the engraver in wood was to translate into certain set series of coarse parallel lines the artist's design. The cut thus produced had nothing, of course, of the artist's individuality. It was stiff and angular. A step in advance was taken when the artist drew in lead pencil upon the boxwood block and the engraver simply reproduced the draughtsman's lines in facsimile. Later came an attempt to represent the tone of the drawing in wood engraving, the picture to be reproduced being drawn with a brush in black and white, and the engraver by methods of his own seeking to express, as nearly as he might, the texture, color, and tone of the original. This period in the history of wood engraving dates back not more than fifteen years, in which time, however, there has developed a school of craftsmen who may be regarded as artists in everything but originality.

With the wonderful advances made in the study and practice of photography in recent years, the work of the engraver has been revolutionized. Mechanical processes have now been devised by means of which pen and ink and pencil drawings may be reproduced in exact facsimile, and drawings done in water color, and even in oil, may be rendered in relief plates, from which impressions with amazing fidelity to the original, may be taken by the ordinary process of printing.

Besides the desire for a means of perfect reproduction, the great cost of wood engraving served to stimulate investigation and experiment in the field of reproduction for illustration; with what gratifying results may now be seen in the pages of our current magazines and books. Years ago when photographs were to be engraved, it was necessary to redraw the picture upon the wood in reverse for the engraver. Some fifteen years ago it was made possible for the engraver to photograph the picture to be reproduced directly upon the block and, without the intervention of the draughtsman at all, to engrave it directly upon the photograph. This process is still employed in combination with improved methods of engraving. But nowadays the practice most in vogue is for the artist to make a pen and ink drawing in lines, which is engraved by a photo-chemical process, producing a relief plate in metal at

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something like a tenth of the cost of an equally satisfactory wood cut.

In wood engraving, as I have described it, the drawing upon the block is rendered in relief by the careful cutting away of all the plain surfaces of the block, or if it be a wash drawing, by so rendering the lights and shades in lines of varying strength and varying degrees of nearness to one another as to preserve the values and tones of the original. Our American engravers have excelled in this art, and for many pictorial subjects no substitute is half so good in respect to sympathetic rendering of the spirit and individual character of the artist's original.

In drawing from photographs or from nature for reproduction, the camera is frequently called into play to simplify the labor of copying the picture. A photographic copy of the photograph, painting, or scene to be reproduced may be taken and a print from this negative made upon what is known as plain silver paper. Directly upon this photograph, then, the artist may trace his drawing in pen and ink, using such lines as please him in expressing the masses of light and shade. The photograph itself may then be completely effaced by bleaching it out with a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol, and the pen and ink drawing alone remains, and may then be reproduced by photo-engraving.

The reproductive processes generally employed to-day in illustration are wood engraving, as already described, "process," or photo-engraving, and "half-tone" engraving. It is to the possibility thus presented of reproducing faithfully the drawing of the artist, with all its spirit and technical felicities, that we owe the perfection to which we have attained in illustration ; for the artists themselves have been stimulated to greater achievements, and a wholly new field has been opened to workers in black and white. Even color may be said to be not wholly lacking in modern black and white illustration, if one has but trained his eye to perceive it in the silvery grays and velvety blacks that lie within the range of recent processes of engravings.

No further description of the manner of wood engraving need be given. The theory of printing from the relief block is as old as the art of printing itself. Photo-engraving as it is called, covers in that name a great variety of processes, the details of which in great part, are the secrets of each engraver, but the underlying principle is the same in each. It consists in the making by photo-chemical means, of a plate in relief from which the engraving is printed precisely as in the case of the wood cut. The picture to be reproduced is first drawn with pen and ink in lines or stiffle. It may be of any convenient size. The drawing is then photographed down to the exact dimensions of the desired engraving, the reduction thus rendering the lines finer and giving the drawing an appearance of greater finish than in the original. The thin gelatine negative is then stripped from the glass and placed in reverse upon a zinc plate which has been first covered with a thin sensitized emulsion. This then is exposed to the light of day or to the rays of a powerful arc light and a print of the negative thus made upon the silvered surface of the zinc plate. The design or drawing is then etched by nitric acid, the lines to be left in relief for the purpose of printing being protected from the action of the acid by being first coated with dragon's blood, a resinous gum, which, when heated upon the plate, covers the lines of the drawing like a varnish and permits all of the unprotected surfaces to be eaten away by the acid bath. This, in a word, with such modifications in the details of manipulation as each engraver may find expedient, is the general process of photo-engraving, as it is employed in reproducing pen and ink drawings for the magazines and the daily newspapers that now undertake to print pictures.

This process, however, is applicable only to the engraving of drawings made in clear black lines. In the beautiful reproductions of photographs, paintings, and wash drawings (that is drawings made with a brush in water color) a more delicate process is employed, the present perfection of which is of quite recent date. Bichromate of potash is the essential element, and this is combined in an emulsion of gelatine upon a metal plate upon which a print of the picture to be engraved is made through a negative very much as in photo-engraving. This is then soaked in water until the gelatine swells and then it is exposed to the light, which, acting through the negative, hardens the bichromate of potash in the parts upon which the light acts, and leaves the unaffected surfaces of the gelatine easily soluble in warm water. This soluble gelatine being care-

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fully washed away, leaves a relief from which a cast may be made in plaster or other material, and in which metal relief plates may be cast for printing.

But inasmuch as a shaded surface like that of a photograph, if printed from in the usual way, would produce but a silhouette, it is found necessary to reduce this plane to a granulated surface, and this is accomplished in the "half-tone" process by photographing the subject to be engraved through the minute meshes of a very fine net or veil placed over the negative. The resultant plate, thus resolved into an infinite number of fine checks or dots presents a granulated surface, almost like the finest sand paper, from which a print may be made in the usual manner. Improved methods of producing this effect have led to the invention of an ingenious and delicate machine for ruling the glass of the negative with the finest hair lines, crossing obliquely, and so microscopic as to be hardly observable except upon very close examination. By this substitution for the veil, drawings in charcoal, crayon, or water color, or paintings in oil are reproduced with the faithfulness of the photograph, while the autographic work of the artist is preserved in facsimile in the printed picture. Something of definiteness and strength of clear color is lost unavoidably in the process of producing this granulated plate, but this is made up for in great part by a skillful retouching of the stronger blacks and whites of the original in the negative.

But despite the beauty of the soft half-tone engravings, the superiority of artistic wood cutting remains unimpaired, and a great part of the best work in our magazines is still produced by the "painter-engraver," who is able to preserve the color values and tones of the original as no photographic process is quite able to do as yet. Bright reds and yellows in nature will insist on coming out black in photographing, and the darkest blues appear as white, and these errors of the camera the wood engraver can correct.

In a recent lecture before the Art Students' League in New York upon the subject of illustration, Mr. W. Lewis Frazer said that there were practically but three profitable fields of work open to the younger American artists of to-day—portraiture, illustration, and teaching—and of these he thought there was no doubt that illustration presented the most promising field. For in two years past, he said, the American publishers had paid twice as much for illustrations as had been paid for paintings in all the American art galleries. Mr. Frazer is in a situation to know what he is talking about, and there is no doubt that he speaks truly.

Illustration is no longer to be regarded as the last resort of an unsuccessful painter. It is true that many a young man, with a high ambition beyond the making of magazine pictures to be enjoyed but for a month and then lost to sight in the charming wilderness of back numbers and bound volumes, has felt himself forced by the necessity of bread and butter—and perchance occasional cake and pie on holidays—to do what to him seemed to be hack work; but it is none the less true that among our notable painters in black and white are to be found artists of the first rank, in whose pictures is shown a thorough mastery of drawing and composition, and originality in a degree not always to be observed in more ambitious and pretentious works in color.

I cannot hope to include in an article of the present scope all the worthy names of the illustrators of our American periodicals. I may however cite some of the leading exponents of our widely famed and much admired school of workers in black and white. The present advanced movement in illustration in this country started nearly twenty years ago.

The impulse to do artistic illustration was borrowed from a coterie of talented men on the London *Graphic*, headed by Frederick Barnard, and in which were Prof. Hubert Herkomer, William Small, Charles Green, E. J. Gregory, W. J. Hennessy, Luke Fildes, the late Frank Holl, and Henry Woods. The admirable pictures of Small and Green are familiar to students of good illustrations in the magazines of to-day, and they are models of correct and spirited drawing. Adolf Menzel, the venerable painter and draughtsman of Germany, was perhaps the model for this strong school of English illustrators, and they in turn afforded examples to our own young men of a few years ago. It is to the clever, fantastical, humorous Barnard, to Charles Green, and to William Small that Edwin A. Abbey, our own most illustrious illustrator, Charles S. Reinhart, and others of the pioneers in American illustration owe very much of their early bent for black and white.

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With Mr. Abbey and Mr. Reinhart perhaps Mr. Frank Millet, a talented New Englander, should be included among our earliest illustrators, for certainly he won his spurs by clever letters as well as drawings sent from the frontier in the Russo-Turkish war when he went as correspondent and special artist. He has traveled much and drawn much, but of late years he has appeared but little except in his paintings in the galleries of London and New York. Abbey, who has been intimately associated with Millet in their rural English retreat at Broadway, is still a young man, but he has achieved wonderful things, both as to quantity and quality. His facility is not greater than his felicity. No one among the artists is more highly esteemed by his fellows, nor is he any the less popular with the public, that cannot be expected to care especially for purely technical or manual dexterity in drawing. I fancy that there is no illustrator now before the public to compare with Mr. Abbey in the charming manipulation of pen and ink, in which medium his most effective work has been done. Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1852, and pretty much his whole artistic career has been an open record. He went to England early in his career to study and he has remained to worship. Even before going aboard he gave some taste of his quaint fancy in his exquisite drawings to Herrick's old songs, and later in rural England he found out the sequestered nooks, old inns, thatched cots and hedges and gardens, which he has peopled so charmingly with the companions of Judith Shakspere's time and with the droll cronies of Tony Lumpkin and other characters of Goldsmith.

Mr. Alfred Parsons should be mentioned with Mr. Abbey because they have lived and worked together in their different fields. He is the interpreter without a rival of the beauties of the rich English landscape. His drawings to Wordsworth's sonnets and many other illustrations of country scenes have charmed an appreciative public in America.

Charles S. Reinhart is another of the Americans whose drawings bear a foreign date, for after achieving wide distinction here he sought the influences of Paris and London for artistic stimulus. He has been much associated with Mr. Abbey. But he lacks Mr. Abbey's fine poetry, and contents himself with observing and picturing the present, while Mr. Abbey is dreaming of things long ago. Mr. Reinhart, notwithstanding his life abroad, is very American in the directness of his style and in his chosen subjects for illustration. He draws with facility and, as has been said of him, with agility and his characters are always very human and very much alive.

In passing to the younger men who are now making their mark in the field of illustration, I should not neglect to mention the late Felix O. C. Darley, one of the very earliest of the American men of merit, whose illustrations to James Fenimore Cooper's novels, and of some of Irving's sketches remain to-day models of their kind. Harry Fenn, too, is one of those who were early to find means to express the picturesque and rustic beauties of our scenery, and he has kept pace with the advanced methods of picture making. His "Picturesque America," published many years ago, was at the time quite the best thing of its kind that had been done in black and white in this country.

But of the men of to-day, that is the younger men of promise, whose future is all before them, there is a host of whom I may name only the representatives. Coming nearest to Abbey in daintiness of execution and individuality is Robert Blum, A.N.A., who just at this time chances to be painting in far off Japan. Mr. Blum comes from Cincinnati, but the greatest part of his artistic life has been spent in Paris, Florence, and Venice, where he acquired a maturity and a rare felicity in the use of the pen and the brush.

W. T. Smedley, one of the very strongest of our present illustrators, like Mr. Reinhart, records the passing fancies of the day. He draws remarkably well, and his gentlemen and ladies are usually persons of fashion, faultlessly attired and have the merit of appearing really to live and move and have their being among the familiar surroundings of our daily life.

Frederic Remington, whose ambition it is to be known as the truest interpreter of the form and action of the horse, is likely to find his ambition realized. In recognition of his distinguished talents the National Academy of Design has recently elected him an Associate, and his breezy Western and Canadian and Mexican drawings (or rather paintings, for all of his larger illustrations are engraved from oil studies in black and white) have attracted unusual attention. Mr. T. de Thul-

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strup is another man who knows something of the horse, but it is not the angular beast of the Western plains that he draws. In fact while some of his military drawings have identified his name in some fashion with such subjects, there is almost nothing which Mr. de Thulstrup does not do well, but he is rather literal than imaginative.

But it would be insidious for me to undertake anything like an enumeration in the order of their importance of the clever and noteworthy artists in black and white whose drawings add a certain charm to the occupations of our leisure; and when so many of them are clever, it is not easy to find words fitly to describe the degree or character of their cleverness. I must be content to group together a few names of the men whose work is seen everywhere in these days of manifold publications of wide circulation. There is a certain group of men who observing, somewhat superficially perhaps, the traits of our *fin de siècle* civilization, find amusement for themselves in chronicling some of the elements that go to make up society. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is conspicuous among the artists of contemporary manners, and his men and women (though he repeats his types) always impress you with a sense of their true gentility. Mr. Charles Howard Johnson is of Mr. Gibson's set, while in the work of Mr. C. Jay Taylor there is apparent a little greater versatility and a taste for broad fun, together with a daintiness of execution.

Speaking of Mr. Dana Gibson's frequent use of a few familiar types suggests the fact that nearly every artist has ideals from which he is rarely able to free himself. Mr. Abbey's young woman, tall, frank, and self-contained, her charming head and full round neck well set upon her shoulders, no matter in what age he may place her, is at once as recognizable as Mr. Reinhart's American tourist or watering place belle, or Mr. Taylor's well-known "tailor-made girl." Mr. Harry McVickar's somewhat supercilious young woman is the same in what extreme of fashion he may attire her, and Mr. Van Schaik's well dressed person of the "swell set" always speaks to one of the modes of Paris.

A. B. Frost and E. W. Kemble may be spoken of together, though their manner of work is entirely different. But both are wonderfully expressive, and Frost can do with a few well placed but hasty lines almost as much as the lamented Callcott. He is a strong and skillful draughtsman and is known for his faithful and spirited scenes of hunting and camping, as well as for his humorous delineations of the life of the town. Kemble combines with a somewhat careless and unattractive sketchiness—not to say scratchiness—of style a very clever power of expressing the characteristics of his chosen types in Southern plantation life.

Representatives of what may be called the classic in illustration are Elihu Vedder, the artist of the weird and of the Rubiat, Will H. Low, whose pictures to Keats' "Lamia" serve to show his bent, and Kenyon Cox, one of the strongest figure draughtsmen we have, if one will but make allowance for a certain exaggeration of anatomical display.

Howard Pyle is known by his quaint mediæval subjects, his knights in armor and his fortified castles, quite as well as by the strong, confident method of his treatment of them; and Alfred Brennan, of lighter fancy and less powerful pen, has distinguished himself in the same field.

But now I have left myself but scant space for the consideration of a host of names that will come to the mind of every follower of our illustrated magazines. There are the charming drawings of the English cathedrals and certain Venetian scenes by Joseph Pennell, quite as light and graceful in their way for landscape as are Abbey's figures; and there is Reginald Birch, who draws pretty children; and Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood; the veteran F. Hopkinson Smith, of Tile Club fame, artist, litterateur, traveler, and man of business and affairs; and Zogbaum and Vandenhoof and Blashfield. There are Otto H. Bacher, strong and individual, and Carroll Beckwith and Willard Metcalf; and Albert Sterner and Irving Wiles and Chester Loomis, Harry Hall, Francis Day, Herbert Denman, Oliver Herford and Farney and Allan C. Redwood and E. J. Burns; together with J. O. Davidson, famous for his marines, and Carlton Chapman too, not to forget Hamilton Gibson's dainty treatment of some of nature's most charming fantasies, and so on to the end of the chapter—that must needs be a long one, to include them all, and a notable one for the distinguished names it might contain.

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WHAT SHALL BE TAXED?

BY EDWARD W. BEMIS.
Of Vanderbilt University.

THE Chancellor of the English Exchequer was once described as a mere taxing machine "intrusted with a certain amount of misery which it was his duty to distribute as fairly as possible."

Taxation has always been unpopular with those who have borne it, unless, indeed, we except such indirect taxes as tariffs and excises, whose burden is borne by many unconsciously. Yet so long as the public revenue is expended wisely, as will be assumed in this discussion, the only legitimate question we can ask is this: "Is the tax raised as fairly as possible?"

Perfection is not to be looked for in any human work, but we may reasonably demand, in such a vital matter as the raising of the rapidly increasing revenues which our public bodies need, the greatest attainable fairness or justice. Our present systems of state and local taxation are so far removed from fairness and wisdom as to awaken the wonder of every investigator that such systems endure for a year. Only the great ignorance of how to improve our methods of taxation can account for it.

When the assessed valuations of real estate in the United States increased from $6,973,006,000 in 1860 to $13,036,767,000 in 1880, while the assessed value of all personal property in that period of rapidly growing wealth declined from $5,111,554 to $3,866,227; when in New York State, similarly, real estate, according to the assessment, rose from $1,960,000,000 in 1875 to $2,762,000,000 in 1885, while personal property declined from $407,000,000 to $332,000,000, something must have been wrong. Personal property in the shape of stocks, bonds, mortgages, money, most of the annual products of industry and agriculture, equals and in the wealthier states exceeds more than two-fold all the real estate, yet over four-fifths of it escapes all taxation.

Our middle and poorer classes pay nearly all our taxes. Our rich have even concluded that they ought not to be taxed. In a most flourishing and beautiful city of the Connecticut Valley the tax collector told me in 1888 that the only people who could always be counted on as sure to protest vigorously and make trouble unless their taxes were reduced were the two richest men in the city who were never taxed on over one-tenth of their property.

In more than one large city have I been told by assessors and men of property that it was not prudent for an assessor desirous of retaining his office to assess personal property at a fair value. Usually a property owner is not forced to tell of his property. The assessor guesses at it and guesses wildly; consequently many ignorant reformers advocate the requirement of an oath from everybody as to every form of property. This has been thoroughly tried in Ohio, as Prof. Ely has shown in his "Taxation in American States and Cities." The failure is complete. So great a premium has been placed on lying that, according to universal testimony, perjury in filling out the assessment lists has become the common and expected thing in Ohio. Let every one who proposes reform by retaining the personal property tax look to the experience of this state.

The reasons for such evasion of our present taxes are easy to see. The general property tax, when originally imposed in Greece and Rome, and then revived in Europe in the middle ages and imported to this country by our ancestors, did quite truly fulfill the most widely accepted of all the canons of just taxation, namely, taxation according to ability to pay. A man's ability to pay varied with his land, his cattle, barns, and visible implements of toil. To-day, through the vast development of corporations and credits and fine homes, a man's property often consists of objects which bring him little or no income and thus do not increase his ability to contribute to the support of society. Much property is valuable only because of its cost or prospect of future income and not at all from present income. Thus, even if we could reach all property we would not attain to equality of sacrifice or fairness.

But most forms of personal property, and

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those the most valuable, being easily concealed, the honest must pay for the dishonest. The public conscience revolts at this and justifies evasion. A man knows that if his business rival escapes taxation and he himself pays, he will be fatally handicapped. If a tax of $2 on $100 were collected on a 5 per cent bond the rate of income tax would be $2 on $5, or 40 per cent, and the net interest would be reduced to 3 per cent. No wonder that, as the writer discovered in St. Louis in 1889, the widows and orphans of two years' standing of that city, whose property is in the probate courts, and so impossible of concealment, pay one-half of all the taxes on certain classes of personal property. A prominent banker tells me that in order to induce him to buy some state bonds paying 4½ per cent, and subject to taxes of nearly one-half that, the governor of the state, one of the large states of the West, illegally promised the banker exemption from all taxes.

Reform is imperative. All over the country the demand arises. As President Andrews of Brown University has declared, here is the greatest need and opportunity for change in the action of government of any within the conception of the economist or the statesman.

We may reform in two ways, according to our theory of what is the best mode of taxation. We may, believing that every man should be taxed only according to his natural opportunities, confine ourselves, as does Henry George, to taxes on the rental value of land and the purely monopoly value of natural monopolies like railroads, or we may accept the more general view that every one should be taxed according to his ability as determined by his income, and then levy such taxes in accordance therewith as will be suggested in the latter part of this paper. Let us first consider for a few moments, and necessarily in too brief form to do justice to the subject, the George, or single tax, theory.

The advocates of the single tax are mistaken in holding that all values except those of land are the product of one's own labor exclusively, and not to be taken away in any measure by taxation. All values are largely a social product. The difference between the wealth a Vanderbilt could make in the United States and among the Hottentots is due to society, or at least dependent on society. The latter, being a silent partner in all wealth production, has a right to take such part of the wealth as it can administer for the general good better than can individuals. There ought merely to be equality of burden, or fairness in the apportionment of the tax.

There are no natural rights in social questions. There is no natural right to property. We cannot exist without the state, and the state can and should regulate the holding of property solely with a view to the general welfare. The state limits even the time of our right to inventions and the written products of our brain, and in some states prevents our full control over the whisky we might produce or the houses we build.

There are other ethical questions however in the single tax. This will appear if we divide the subject into two parts: (1) the situation of affairs when the tax should be in full operation, and (2) the mode of attaining to it. As to the first, it seems probable that if only the rental value of land exclusive of improvements were taxed, industry would be encouraged, for all burdens on capital would be taken off. The rent tax would probably suffice for all the needs of government, national, state, and local.

A tax on land would stimulate its best use by the present owner or lead to its transfer to one who would so use it. The tax also would not tend to drive capital away as might be true to a slight degree with an income tax, in any one of our states, until several neighboring states had adopted the same tax. Land, of course, cannot run away. No great effect on involuntary poverty or on wages would be produced save through increase of business prosperity that might follow removal of present taxes on general property.

On the other hand such a tax, if carried out to the full extent desired, so as to displace all other taxes, would enable all save land owners, and even all new land owners who bought land for a song after the imposition of the tax, to escape any contribution to government. Henry George here wrongly holds that we should pay taxes as we do rent for rooms in a large compartment house or hotel, i. e., according to the benefit the rooms are to us, instead of according to our ability to pay, as all economists, I believe, save the disciples of Henry George, contend.

As Prof. Seligman showed, in a recent debate with Mr. George, by arguments and illustrations which deserve careful study:

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The reason that we pay taxes is not because the state protects us, or because we get any benefits from the state, but simply because the state is a part of us. The duty of supporting and protecting it is born with us. The state in civilized society is as much a necessity to the individual as the air he breathes. . . . In so far as he demands particular services he pays his particular fees. But, in so far as he is born into the state, he is bound to support it to the best of his ability.

But though the land tax as the only tax is based on a fast disappearing theory of taxation as payment for benefits received, and by allowing most able citizens to escape their just contributions is a violation of ethics, yet there seems to be no economic or ethical objection to a special tax on the rental value of land considerably higher than the tax on buildings or many other sources of income. The reasons for this are those given above, the inability of land to run away and the fact that a tax on it imposed solely according to its value independent of all improvements would stimulate business.

The George theory must also be referred to on its second side, the mode of introducing the tax. Whether done quickly or very gradually there would be loss to present land holders, but if effected gradually through several years, the tax being increased only a small amount a year, as now proposed, the writer fails to see the injustice in this phase of the matter that some, but not all, economists do. Just as we injure special interests for the good of the whole by changes in tariffs and liquor licenses, and by patents to new inventions that displace the old, so may we do in the case of any form of taxation, provided only it is done very gradually.

In a perfected system of taxation real estate taxation will occupy a prominent place, and land may be taxed higher than the improvements. But taxation on real estate will be confined to counties and their subdivisions, the state getting its revenue from entirely different sources, such as incomes and inheritances, as soon to be explained.

This separation of state and local sources of revenue is vital. As long as our states depend for any part of their revenue on local assessments, so long will towns run a race in undervaluation to escape their just share of dues to the state. The attempts of boards of equalization in twenty states to prevent this have proved the farce they always will.

As to other forms of taxation aside from that on real estate, we have already seen that these must realize the only ethical principle in taxation,—contribution according to ability instead of for a particular service rendered, as in the case of fees, or for special benefits received as is true of assessments. We have seen, too, that the general property tax, the tax, that is, on all personal property as well as real estate, was originally imposed because such property did then sufficiently indicate ability to pay, but does so no longer. The best mode of applying the principle of taxation according to ability to corporations which occupy a prominent place in the business of to-day has been carefully worked out by Prof. Seligman in several published articles. After showing the utter chaos and diversity of corporation taxes in this country, the author of the above articles urges most convincingly that the only fair method is for every state to tax such portion of the net income of every corporation doing business in the state as is the ratio of the gross receipts of the corporation in that state to its entire gross receipts everywhere.

By net income is meant gross receipts minus all operating expenses and such allowance for repairs, depreciation, insurance, etc., as are necessary to keep the works in as good condition at the end of the year as at the beginning. But all interest on bonds as well as dividends on stock and all permanent improvements or additions to the surplus should be considered as a part of the net income. Interest on bonds of a corporation are part of the net income of the business, for the bonds form part of the capital and are so treated, being very different from the debts of an individual. Among the many hundred nominally distinct railroad corporations of the United States, the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Prof. Henry C. Adams, finds but one that is making or apparently intends to make any effort to pay its bonded debt. The bonds are one form of capital. The same thing is probably true of all corporations.

The tax cannot be evaded. It is easy to require all corporations to reveal their gross receipts and the items of their expenditure. The tax would not be heavy enough to make it an object for stockholders to vote exorbitant salaries to a few officials merely to evade part of the tax by lessened dividends. The

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loss in dividends by such a process would exceed the gain in lower taxes. In Europe, where similar taxes prevail, there is no such complaint.

It is probable, unfortunately, that the federal supreme court which has declared the gross receipts tax on railroads unconstitutional, as a tax on interstate commerce, will likewise forbid state taxes on net receipts of such corporations. In that case either the national government will have to levy the tax and turn it over to the states according to gross receipts or mileage in each state, or, more probably, the next best thing will have to be adopted, namely, to tax the corporation on such portion of the value of its stock and bonds as its mileage in the state bears to its total mileage. If the state is not allowed to tax the bonds save when owned in the state, as recent decisions hold, then the Tennessee plan adopted in 1889 for the taxation of gas, water works, electric light and street-car companies can be applied also to railroads. This avoids all supreme court decisions by not directly taxing stock and bonds but by assessing the corporation on an amount *equal* to the market value of its shares of stock and its bonds. To be sure bonds in this way escape all tax, but they could be reached by a general income tax on individuals.

In addition to state taxes on the income of corporations, the communities in which they have real estate, whether depots or factories or other forms, should tax this real estate like any other owned by individuals. The tax, being imposed by a different authority from that which imposes the state income tax, would not be a double tax. Professor Seligman also argues that to place a state income tax on individuals even on that part of their income resulting from corporations, would not be double taxation. His reasons appear sound, but space forbids their presentation here.

I believe that we must go further than does Prof. Seligman in taxing, especially valuable franchises like street-car and gas companies. Possibly in case of the latter it would be better to force reductions in price rather than to increase the taxes. It is to be hoped that our cities, taking lesson of the great successes of city ownership of gas works and electric lights in this country, will soon more extensively follow English and Australian as well as German example in this matter.

But city ownership, or at least active management of street transportation, seems still distant, though a few cities have tried it in countries just mentioned, and with success. A reduction in street-car fares, too, below the convenient nickel seems hardly called for. Street-car companies are thus, as perhaps the best example we see of an absolute natural monopoly, making enormous profits, and sure to make still more as our cities grow. The investment is not even ordinarily hazardous. Yet the monopoly character of the business enables twenty to forty per cent profits on the actual cost of the plant, aside from expenditures to "influence" city councils, to be a common thing. A special tax on street-car franchises is now, May, 1891, absorbing the Massachusetts legislature. The best remedy seems to lie first in absolute prohibition of the issue of stock or bonds beyond the actual cost of the plant, and second a sharply progressive tax on the net income.

The income tax has never had a fair trial in this country. Even when the law had just been introduced by the national government toward the close of the Civil War, and the mode of administrating such a law had not been understood or the details of the law perfected, the assessors nevertheless hit the truth as to a man's income far better than they do now relative to his personal property. This is proved by the fact that the rich in 1865 and 1866 objected to the income tax as revealing to the public their real income. Who ever objects on that account to the general property tax? It is too well known that taxes under our present system bear no relation to ability to pay.

It is said that a progressive income tax would drive capitalists away. If low as it should be, it probably would not, to any important extent. It does not in Switzerland. In Zurich, under a graduated system of taxation, as shown in typical instances given by our Consul:

> An average laborer is taxed 2.1 per cent, an average mercantile employee 5.29 per cent, an average well-to-do manufacturer 10.5 per cent, and an average capitalist 25.5 per cent on the annual yield of his labor, his labor and capital combined, or his capital, as the case may be.

Besides, the movement toward income taxes is spreading so rapidly that several states are likely to adopt it at about the same time.

As no income or other tax, however, can

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be perfectly applied, and as society is interested in securing the division of large estates during the life of the owner, a moderately progressive tax on inheritance, increasing with size of the inheritance and remoteness of the party receiving it, is coming into deserved favor with all thinkers. New York, after experimenting with a 5 per cent tax on collateral inheritances, from which it obtains $1,000,000 yearly, has just introduced a 1 per cent tax on all direct inheritances above $10,000, which is expected to yield fully $2,000,000 more per annum. The tax should be somewhat progressive, as in Australia. Every one should in this connection, read Dilke's account and praise of this tax on that continent in his "Problems of Greater Britain." In one place he says:

Although large land-owners and great capitalists as a class dislike graduated taxation, it cannot be said that the institution of property as such is weakened by it or money or rich people driven from the colonies. The extreme limit which as yet has been reached by such taxation is the 13 per cent upon certain large properties in New Zealand; but this amount is borne so quietly that it is certain that a far higher rate could be sustained. The tendency of Democracy in taxation lies this way. The Australians have chiefly chosen, as I think wisely, the death duties for their experiments. . . . Introduced in the colony of Victoria by a minister, who, though not originally a Conservative, had become a Conservative before he carried it, the graduated succession duty, varying from 1 per cent on small properties to 10 per cent on large (only widows, children, and grandchildren being subject to a reduced scale), has worked well, bringing in a large amount of money without greater unpopularity than attends taxes of every kind, and it has been imitated in all the South Sea colonies.

This tax cannot be evaded. It stimulates division of estates among the living and is every way worthy of far more attention in this country than it has yet received.

To sum up: Let all our taxes on stocks, bonds, money, furniture, credits, and in fact all personal property be abolished. Let the mortgagor pay only on the value of his real estate less the mortgage and the mortgagee on the mortgage, as in California. Let the state abandon all taxes on real estate and levy income and succession taxes, distributing therefrom to the towns and cities what the latter may need after they have taxed real estate, land being rated higher than improvements. Local communities might also retain liquor licenses. Almost all of the other license taxes, such as prevail in the Southern states alone, to any extent, save in Idaho, should be abolished. Not being graded according to the profits or even the magnitude of the business, they violate all principles of just taxation.

We are behind every other nation of the civilized world in our methods of taxation. Reform cannot wait much longer. When it does come it is likely to come chiefly, I think, along the lines indicated.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*August 2.*]

"And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith valor and to your valor, knowledge."
—II. Peter 1:5.

"And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith manliness"—virtue it is in our English version, but manliness would rather represent the original—"and to manliness knowledge."

IT is evident that the Apostle Peter did not think there was any incongruity between education and religion. He was not afraid lest those who read his epistle should become too highly educated or should lose their religion in getting their education. He did not believe in the cynical maxim that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." If indeed that were true, we should want as little to do with the child as with the mother; a devotion that is born of ignorance we should do better not to possess. And yet it cannot be doubted that the Church has, at least in some ages of the world, rather hindered than promoted certain phases of education. It has promoted education up to a certain point and then has cried to the human mind, Halt! It has forbidden it to go beyond a fixed and predetermined boundary line. In the Middle

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Ages the very Bible was closed to the common mind, lest the Bible should stir men to too great thinking, should inspire them with too great independence and render them too free of the Church and of the priests. To-day in Protestant churches there are not a few, and some even in Protestant pulpits, who are afraid of scientific education, and others who labor to reconcile science and religion as though somehow they were enemies one to another that must be reconciled.

Now with all this conception of the relations of science and religion the Apostle Peter evidently has no sympathy. Nor does he think that religion is to be a kind of fringe of light about education, that it is to be an attachment and an incident, that men are to be educated with a little piety superadded, that they are to have, for example, the reading of the Bible or the Lord's Prayer in the public schools by way of a pinch of salt that will preserve the whole system of education from becoming irreligious or godless. No! He neither thinks on the one hand that there is an incongruity between the two, nor on the other hand that education can be sanctified by a little religion at the beginning by way of invocation and a little religion at the end by way of benediction; but he says, "In your faith add to your manliness, and in your manliness add to your knowledge."

If I were to modernize his language and apply it to our own time, I would say, Let your piety be an educated piety and do not be afraid of any question that can confront you. Bring to all the problems of life an intellectual courage. First, have faith in God and the invisible world, then in that faith have a courage that will dare to grapple with every problem that may come before you. All questions of literature, all questions of history, all questions of science, all questions of philosophy, all questions of theology, all questions of Biblical history, of Biblical science, and of Biblical theology—grasp them all, be afraid of none.

The spirit of this injunction is precisely the same as that of Paul's text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." There is nothing, says the Apostle Paul, that you may not bring to the test of your reasoning. Question everything. Question your immortality; question the inspiration of the Bible; question the existence of God; question what you like. There is nothing to stand finally in the court of human reason and human conscience that cannot abide the cross-questioning of criticism.

How then shall we in our faith add knowledge? Or, to state the problem conversely, How shall we in the acquisition of our knowledge add to our faith? How shall we so conduct our educational processes of this nineteenth century that instead of weakening our faith, weakening our hold on the eternal verities, making God seem less sure and real to us, they shall make our hope and faith and love more assured and certain? How shall we conduct education so that these eternal truths will be strengthened and made clearer to us, so that our religious life will be disciplined, so that we shall advance in religion while we are gaining in knowledge? It has been said that theological students even, often lose religion while they are getting theology. If that is true, they make a very poor exchange. How shall we get increased religious life in the process of getting increased intellectual life?

I believe that if we look at this question with any thoroughness, with any real depth, we shall see that the dangers to piety come from a superficial knowledge; we shall see that what is swept away by education—a genuine, deep, profound education—is not piety at all but superstition and the sooner that goes the better.

[*August 9.*]

What is education? The feeblest thing God ever makes is an infant man, the babe. He does not know how to see, nor to feel, nor to hear, nor to walk, nor to reason; he does not know anything. He is less capable than the infant of any other one of the animal creation. He can simply coo and kick and cry. That is the one extreme. At the other extreme is a Newton, who reaches out his hand and takes the planets in his palm and weighs them; tells you what are the constituent elements of yonder blazing sun; reads the message of the falling fruit and discovers the secret force that binds all the worlds in one magnificent system. What is the difference between the babe in his cradle and the astronomer in his observatory? The path that has been trodden is education. And all the processes of life are educating. The family begins the education of the child; the school takes it up when the family drops it; life takes it up when school and family drop it; while the Church takes the questions of moral life and

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of his relation to God and to eternity throughout childhood, youth, and manhood.

Education is character-building; it is man-making; and if we take education in its large, profound sense we shall be able to see that all true education promotes true and profound religion. "Knowledge," said Bacon, "is power." Knowledge is good for nothing if it is not power; it amounts to naught. As we cultivate the soil that we may get fruit in harvest, so we cultivate the mind that we may get fruit in action and in life. So I put again the question which I ask you to look at with me, How shall we cultivate this mind of ours so as to get fruit in action, in life, in character? I shall not attempt, in the brief time which I may properly occupy, to cover the whole ground of education, but I shall ask you to look at it with me in three branches, in science, in literature, and in history.

Nature is a vast and magnificent machine stored full of sublime forces. Science teaches us how to lay our hands upon these forces and make them obedient to us; it is because science has taught us the laws of nature that we can make them do our bidding. But nature is more than a machine; nature is also a book. In its pages are written transcendent truths. To study nature is not merely to learn the laws and forces which we can make to grind our flour for us, or transport us across a continent, or flash intelligence to us under the depths of the sea. To study nature is also to understand what has been written in this book, what is revealed in the pages of this book. We come to nature as we come to the hieroglyphs in ancient lands, strange inscriptions which we study for a while and out of which, by and by, bit by bit, make out some old history. So we come to the footprints of the Creator in the rocks; to the record of a life long gone by inscribed in carboniferous strata. So we come to the record of the the activities God has in the world to-day, in flower, in herb, in tree, in manifold manifestations; and as we look to see what it is that is written in this book, we draw aside the veil and behold the soul that palpitates beneath it.

[*August 16.*]

Imagination is not a creative faculty; it is not something that invents and attributes to nature. What we call imagination, that crowning faculty of the prophet and the poet, is an eye that sees beneath the veil beholding the features, that sees beneath the body and interprets the soul.

Let us see what this book has taught us as science has interpreted it in one single aspect. The Israelites engaged in war with the Philistines. They had one tent which was a sacred place where their God was supposed to abide, and here, under the shadowing wings of the angels was a box, and this box was to the Israelite what the idol was to the Greek or the Roman. The Philistines came up against Israel, conquered them, ransacked their tabernacle and carried off their box—and all Israel was in despair. The Philistines were sure they had captured the Israelites' God and the Israelites half thought so too.

That was the notion of a god at a time when the Mediterranean was the Great Sea, when the wisest men thought the world was a plain extending a little beyond the horizon of their own country, when the common phrase descriptive of Palestine was "the earth." Men talk of American pride in our country, but I do not think there is any Yankee so exalted that he will quite claim that Yankeeland is "the earth." Years of scientific training have passed by, and we have learned that we lived not on a plain but on a globe, and that this globe of ours is but a grain of sand on the vast seashore of the universe; we have learned that the stars above were not made merely as torches to light us, nor the sun to revolve about us. We have learned that this universe is immensely beyond all conception that the ancients ever had. We know that light travels 190,000 miles a second, and yet we know as we look off upon yon fixed star, if we could imagine those who dwell upon it had some telescope by which they could see what is going on upon this globe, they would see not what is transpiring to-night, they would see the Declaration of Independence first signed and the flag first run up in challenge to Great Britain, for it has taken a hundred years, though light travels 190,000 miles every second of time, for the light to travel from this globe to that. And beyond it is another star, on which the observer, if he could discern the history that is transpiring upon this globe, would behold to-night the Cross planted on Golgotha and would see thereon the dying Savior, for it has taken eighteen centuries for the light to flash from this planet of ours to yonder star. And beyond it is still another, on which if the observer were stand-

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ing to-day, he would see this globe coming gradually into existence, the first rays of light flashing from its half-illumined surface, for it has taken thousands of years for the light to travel from this globe of ours to that.

We know these things now. It is not the Bible that has taught us, nor the priest, nor the Church; it is science that has taught us. We know that that most distant globe, so far distant that it is impossible for the imagination to conceive its remoteness, is governed by the same laws that govern this, is under the same stellar regulation that governs this, has in it the same laws of light and heat that govern this, possesses the same chemistry that governs this, is, in one word, under the same divine government as this. In short we know, not primarily because we have learned it from the Bible, certainly not exclusively because we have learned it from the Bible, we know because science has taught it to us, that there are not many gods but one God, that there is not a little god but one great, sublime, transcendent God, beyond all imagination to measure, beyond all thought to conceive. You might pile all the churches together, and all the Bibles on top of the churches, and all the ministers and priests of religion on top of the churches and the Bibles, and all the teachers of religion in the Sunday-schools added to the great funeral pile, and then you might set fire to them and in one great bonfire, church and Bible and minister and teacher might be consumed, and unless the world went back to barbarism, if science remained to teach what it has taught, the world could not go back either to the worship of many gods—polytheism, or to the worship of a little god—idolatry. It might go on to scepticism, atheism, anarchism, night, and so by reaction to superstition; but if science survived, the worship of the little god or the worship of many gods would be impossible.

[*August 23.*]

What is literature? What do we do when we study literature? Not mere language, not mere words, but the heart of literature; when we study a Homer or a Dante or a Chaucer or a Shakspere or a Tennyson or a Browning?

"What is your first remark," says Taine, "on turning over the great leaves of a folio, the yellow sheets of a manuscript, a poem, a code of laws, a confession of faith? This you say, did not come into existence alone. This is but a shell that lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal; behind the document there was a man. Why do you study the shell except to bring before you the animal? So you study the document only to know the man. The shell and the document are lifeless wrecks, valuable only as a clue to the living existence. We must get hold of this existence and endeavor to re-create it. It is a mistake to study the document as if it were isolated. This were to treat things as a simple scholar, to fall into the error of the bibliomaniac."

We study nature that we may learn something of God; we study literature that we may learn something of man. And it is impossible to study literature with any depth, with any genuineness, with any thoroughness, and not learn the essential unity of the human race. It is impossible to gather together the literature of the ages and not perceive behind every book a man, and behind the mass of men a something that unites every man to every other man. The love of Ulysses for his wife, the patient waiting of the wife in loyalty for the return of her husband, is just that which you may see to-day in America; the heroism of the old Greeks is repeated in our own Civil War; loyalty to the Eagles of Rome repeats itself in the loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Affection that binds men and women together, faith that opens to them the invisible world, hope that cheers and beckons them on through the desert and the wilderness—these are the same in all ages. Not Israel alone has walked through the desert led on by pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night; every great nation that has ever wrought out a noble achievement in the world has been beckoned on its course by a divine hope flashing from the face of a pillar of fire by night and has been shielded by a pillar of cloud by day.

Paul tells us that knowledge is transitory; our philosophies and our creeds change; we prophecy in part; we ministers, though we try to present the whole truth, do present but little fragments of it; but three things, he says, abide, namely, faith, hope, and love. Now turn to the pages of all literature and see whether he tells us the truth. You see creeds altered, philosophies changed, but faith in the invisible, hope cheering the soul in the darkest hours, and love knitting together parent and child, husband and wife, patriot and compatriot, friend and friend,

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these you find the same to-day that they were when Isaac married Rebecca, or Abraham gathered the children around the family altar and prayed for the blessing of God upon wife and child and slave. If religion consists in faith and hope and charity you cannot read literature with profound reading and not have your religious life deepened and strengthened and enriched thereby.

[*August 30.*]

We study history. What is history? I suppose there are some pupils, and when I was a pupil I thought there were some teachers, who thought history to be a collection of dates, the dryest, the dullest, the stupidest theme that any boy or girl could be set to work at. But history is the record of the progress of the growth of the human race. It is the story of the way in which the infant race has grown to manhood. You ask a mother what interests her most and she will tell you seeing her baby grow. History is the story of baby's growing and how far he has gotten toward manhood nobody knows. Some of his pranks seem still very infantile, some very boyish, and his wisdom is not more than sophomoric. A young lady comes out of school; she has studied history and she knows the year in which Columbus landed on these shores, and she has an impression that Henry VIII. was not exactly a chivalrous husband, and that Luther had something to do with the Reformation, and she thinks she has learned history. To know history is to trace the river of human progress, this mystic Nile, from its secret source in the mountains to its home in the sea.

It is to know, for instance, that in the Wilderness, long, long years ago, Moses unfolded to the children of Israel the great fundamental principles that were to underlie not only the Hebrew commonwealth but all free institutions in all times to come. It is to know that Alfred the Great, the Bible student, gathered from his Bible those fundamental principles and wrought them into Anglo-Saxon law. It is to know that the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemote was the seed, the germ, out of which the English Parliament and subsequently the American Congress was to grow. It is to know how the power of the nobles slowly grew stronger and stronger against the power of the king, to know how the power of the people gradually grew stronger and stronger than that of either nobles or king. It is to know how under Cromwell it was finally established that the power of the English government should be derived from the people and not from the king, and the people should be the ruler and the king the servant. It is to know how these ideas, wrought into the fabric of English history, were transplanted across the ocean and planted in our more favorable climate and better soil. It is to know, in other words, how the very roots of our democracy run far back into the past, into the institutions of the Mosaic commonwealth, and how they have been fed by English blood on many a battle field. It is to know that England is in very truth our motherland, since all that is dearest and most sacred in our free institutions has been wrought for us on her soil and passed across the ocean by her hands to ours. To know this, or something like this, is to know English history and to know how in this all and over this all, a good God has been supervising, guiding, leading, directing, that He might make a free nation the witness of freedom unto all the nations of the earth. It is a grand history and a divine one when we study it deeply and thoroughly.

Sometimes, our eyes blinded by the smoke of our immediate battle, we wonder what is to be the destiny of our nation to-morrow or the next day. In history we climb the mountain peak, look down upon the whole battle field and see how the hosts of liberty are steadily pressing on despotism and how its cohorts have fled and are fleeing away. Standing on the deck of our ship, we are fog-bound and can scarcely see our vessel's length; in history we climb to the masthead, look up into the blue sky above, then look off upon the ocean and see the harbor not far away. As it is impossible that a man should study science thoroughly and not grow into a profounder conception of God, as it is impossible that a man should study literature thoroughly and not grow into a more charitable conception of man, so it is impossible that he should study history profoundly and not grow into a larger hope for man in God.

Interpret Him as you will, no man that ever lived upon the earth has wrought so powerfully as Jesus of Nazareth wrought. Think of Him as a man, then you will say that He was the most potent man that ever walked the earth. Believe in Him as the Son of God, then you will believe that He must have taken

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the greatest power to accomplish the great results which He was seeking to accomplish.

Open your Gospels and see what was the kind of knowledge Christ used for the world's redemption. He added nothing to the world's inventions or discoveries; He seems to have known nothing of nature as a machine, or if He knew, to have made no revelation of it; but nature as a book He read and interpreted to others. The lily told Him of the God that fashioned it. The birds sung in the air above Him, "Care not, but trust; cast your burden on the Lord." The seed dropped in the furrow told Him of the truth springing to fruitfulness in human hearts and minds, growing slowly to blossom and to seed. He read in nature's miracles what poets and prophets have been reading ever since. He was not a literary critic; He said nothing about questions of date or authorship of the sacred books, never discussed them, never disputed the question who wrote those first five books, who uttered those prophecies, who sung those psalms; but He saw love and faith and hope in that old literature and He made all the world see them; He plucked from the Hebrew Psalmist the one verse, "Like as a father pitieth his children," and as He held it in His warm hand and the currents of human sympathy coursed through His veins and fertilized it, it blossomed out into the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

He studied no history by tables of dates, said nothing of epochs or æons, told us nothing about Greek history or Roman history or Oriental history; but He saw as never man saw before, with a clearness of vision which He has given to those that follow after Him, how that all that preceded in human history was preparing the way for the coming of the King, how all that had gone before was but as spring getting ready for the summer and the kingdom of God that was finally to come to its perfection in the earth. And He gave us the keynote of history when He taught us to pray with faith, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven."—*Annual Sermon before the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Plymouth Church, Jan. 11, 1891.*

AMERICAN SPORTING ON THE SEAS.

BY J. H. MANDIGO.

To the man or the woman who is fond of things aquatic there is no kind of craft afloat that will contribute as much enjoyment for a given time and a given amount of money as the steam yacht. There is almost as much difference between the steam yacht of ten years ago and the one of to-day, as there is between the present ocean steamship and the tugboat. It goes without saying that the modern steam yacht is comfortable—she is more than comfortable, she is luxurious. Like a first class city residence she has all the modern improvements. They are stowed away in a small compass it is true, but naval architects are up with the times, and nothing is lacking afloat that you would utilize on shore, even to the porcelain lined bath tub with its hot and cold water, electric lights by the hundred, and electric bells at every spot convenient to your hand.

If you have at home so valuable a person as a good chef, perhaps you can induce him to take a yachting trip with you and cook for yourself and guests. Then you can be sure that your food will suit you during the cruise. But this must cost a good deal you say. Of course it costs, but if you have money enough to build or buy a steam yacht, it is to be supposed that you have money enough properly to equip and run her.

That prince of entertainers, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry of the New York Yacht Club was asked one day by a guest on board his steam yacht *Electra* what the expense of running the boat amounted to. "I really don't know," said the Commodore, in his off hand way, "and to tell the truth about it, when one stops to think of the cost, it takes away half of the pleasure there is in yachting." He was right. Few steam yachtsmen care to calculate the cost of their pleasure until the season is over.

While the yachting season for sailing vessels in North American waters is limited to the months of June, July, August, and September, the steam yachtsman can keep his boat in commission much longer, in fact all the year round if he wishes, and his bank

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account permits. The larger steam yachts, such as Jay Gould's *Atalanta*, William Astor's *Nourmahal*, and William Vanderbilt's *Alva* are powerful enough to make ocean voyages, and this they frequently do. The *Alva* has just returned from a Mediterranean trip, and the only reason that some of the smaller steam yachts do not make transatlantic trips is that they cannot carry coal enough to last them from port to port.

This fact suggested to designers the necessity of the happy medium known as the auxiliary steam yacht—a craft, that by reason of her well-balanced sail plan, is practically independent of the engines which she carries. The consumption of coal is reduced to a minimum in these yachts, and by calculating the chances of calms and of the prevailing winds that will be encountered on a voyage around the world, the coal can be made to last very much longer than in the steam yacht pure and simple. One of these yachts, the *Sultana*, designed by J. Beavor Webb, and built by Handren and Robbins of Brooklyn, for Trenor Park, is fitted with a Bevis patent feathering wheel which is triced up when the yacht is under sail. In all her evolutions under sail the *Sultana* has proven most satisfactory. Having the rig of a barkentine she will lie close to the wind, and it is said she tacks splendidly, never missing stays, and that her speed is very good. The *Sultana's* principal dimensions are: 187 feet over all; 155 feet water line; 27 feet 6 in beam; 15 feet draft. Her registered tonnage is 410. She has triple expansion engines, with three cylinders, 33″, 13″, and 24″, with 24 inches stroke of piston. Her boilers are of the Belleville type.

Notwithstanding Commodore Gerry's remark, the expense question as applied to steam yachts is a very interesting one. Take, for instance, the first cost of his fine steel yacht *Electra* with her splendidly furnished saloons and state rooms, her powerful engines, dynamos, search light, steam steerer, windlass, and other modern appliances, things that would have astonished the steamboat men of even ten years ago; $150,000 would be a low estimate of the cost. Since her launching at Wilmington, Del., on Easter Monday, in 1884, the *Electra* has been in constant use every season. For five years she has been the flagship of the New York Yacht Club, her owner having held the position of Commodore for that time, and $50,000 may safely be added to the original cost, for the alterations and additions made to the boat and her outfit.

Next to a man-of-war there is no place where discipline is required more than on board a yacht, for without it you can never expect to enjoy a cruise. Your first step then, while your boat is being built, is to secure a competent sailing master, a thorough engineer, and a capable steward. With the engaging of these men begins the first item of running expenses. Men of experience should be selected, and such command good wages. To them is left the hiring of help in their several departments, and they are responsible to a great extent for the good or bad behavior of the men. The owners of the largest steam yachts engage their sailing masters by the year, and pay them a good round sum—more than many a politician gets in a pretty high office. For instance, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt pays his skipper $5,000 a year to command the *Alva*. Jay Gould pays the same sum to the sailing master of the *Atalanta*, and William Astor's captain receives a like compensation for commanding the *Nourmahal*. These are, of course, exceptionally high salaries. They are paid by owners who are well able to afford it, and to men who are the most skillful in their profession. All three of the captains mentioned have commanded ocean steamers, and they are therefore navigators competent to take a steam yacht to any part of the world.

The average wages paid to sailing masters of such steam yachts as Commodore Gerry's *Electra*, Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, Joseph Stickney's *Susquehanna*, and others of their size is $125 per month. The chief officer receives about $100, the chief engineer $100, the first assistant engineer $70, the second assistant $50, the second mate, or boatswain—as he is sometimes called—$50, the firemen $40 each, the oilers $50, the quartermasters $35 each, and seamen $30. The chief steward is a very important man on board a yacht. His salary will average as much as the sailing masters, $125—while his right hand man, the cook gets $100 a month, the second cook $65, third cook $25, and waiters $45 and $30. The messman who waits on the officers gets $35, and the forward messman who waits on the crew $25 a month. The *Electra's* crew all told number twenty-eight, and the *Corsair's* about the same. This includes, besides the officers named, three quartermasters, seven seamen, three firemen, and several waiters in the steward's department.

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Thus it will be seen that the pay-roll for a month will foot up as follows:

Captain,	$125 00
Chief Engineer	100 00
First Asst. "	70 00
Second " "	50 00
Chief Officer	100 00
Second "	50 00
Chief Steward	125 00
" Cook	100 00
Second "	65 00
Third "	25 00
Messman	35 00
Forward	25 00
3 Firemen at $40	120 00
2 Oilers at $50	100 00
7 Seamen at $30	210 00
3 Quartermasters at $35	105 00
2 Waiters at $45	90 00
2 " " $30	60 00
	$1,555 00

For an ocean cruise at least $300 should be added for additional firemen and sailors, for they then have to work night and day.

The general running expenses, which include paint, oil, varnish, wear and tear of gear and machinery in the deck and engineer's departments, amounts to about $300 per month. The regular expense in the steward's department per month for food is about $800, and for clothing, uniforms, etc., for all hands, $1,500 a year.

Coal bills depend somewhat on the quality used and the fluctuation in prices, but for ordinary cruising purposes where coal is bought in Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Boston, Portland, and other ports, $2,000 will cover expense for a season. An item that sounds insignificant but is not so by any means, is the water bill. It will run as high as $90 a month and the average is $80. It costs $75 to haul a boat out on the ways, and this has to be done at least twice during the season. Two coats of paint to cover the hull cost $125, and last but not least comes the bill for putting the boat in commission, which means stripping her in the fall, of gear and sails, and putting them all back, scraping, varnishing, and getting stores on board and seeing everything in running order. This will break a $5,000 note all to pieces, so that in round figures it costs the owner of a modern steam yacht of the size of the *Electra* during a season, of say five months, about $20,000.

This is really a low estimate, for where an owner entertains, as Commodore Gerry does at Newport and other places, having one hundred guests on board at a time, the expense in the steward's department is more than doubled in a season.

A brief description of the interior arrangement of the *Electra* will give a fair idea of the interiors of modern steam yachts of her dimensions. Just abaft the forward bulkhead are the quarters of the crew known as the forecastle. The mate and second mate have rooms in this part of the yacht, where the officer's mess room is also situated. Abaft these rooms is the Commodore's private cabin. It is thirteen feet long, and occupies the entire width of the vessel. On the starboard side is a stateroom nine feet long, and eleven feet wide. There is also a bath room leading off this cabin, and a separate stairway leading through the deckhouse to the forward deck. The boilers and engines occupy the space between the forward and the main saloon, which is seventeen feet long and also as wide as the yacht. There are two staterooms for guests abaft this saloon. That very important annex, the kitchen, is situated just forward of the after cabin bulkhead and between that and the engine room. The cook's quarters are rather cramped, but it would astonish a good many hotel men to see the meals that Commodore Gerry's chef can furnish. The decorations, upholstering, and hangings in the *Electra's* cabins are of the most expensive kind and it is considered by many a privilege to be invited for a day's sail with the Commodore if only for the sake of inspecting the boat. The *Electra's* dimensions are, 172′ 6″ over all, 161′ 6″ water line, 23′ beam, and 9′ 6″ depth.

The newest, and probably the most expensive steam yacht recently launched is Pierpont Morgan's new *Corsair*. Her dimensions are 238′ over all, 204′ water line, beam 27′, draft about 15′. She will be a veritable floating palace when completed in the course of about three months. Mr. Morgan intends to use her for long voyages as well as for short cruises. She will be commanded by Captain B. H. Hawes, an old steamship captain.

The only steam yacht club in America is the American, at Milton Point, Rye Beach, N. Y. Its handsome club house stands on a rocky point facing Long Island Sound. Jay Gould and a few other wealthy men founded the club some six years ago, and to-day its members and their yachts represent not less than $50,000,000. A steam yacht race in which Mr.

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Gould's *Atalanta* and all the fastest steam yachts in American waters will compete for the $10,000 silver Cup offered by Mr. Gould, will take place this season over a ninety-mile course from Milton to New London. This is the first steam yacht race for three years, and it will excite considerable interest as the speed of these fine pleasure crafts has materially increased in that time.

Sport on the water this year will include some fine racing in the new forty-six foot class. There are a dozen yachts of this length of water line now in course of construction each of which cost about $10,000 to build. They are designed for racing purposes pure and simple, and prizes will not be wanting from the many yacht clubs and individuals who want to witness the contests of this new class of boats.

Of the rowing interests about New York little that is new can be said. The oarsman's home is on the Harlem River with its mile straightaway course, and on Decoration Day the season is opened by a regatta, which is witnessed by thousands at the finish near McCoombs Dam Bridge. The principal clubs that row on the Harlem, most of whom are members of the Harlem Regatta Association, are the Atlantas, Unions, Metropolitans, Columbias, Dauntless, and New York Athletic. Single scullers, double scull, and eight-oar crews are out for practice spins nearly every day at this season of the year.

It has been the custom of the Harlem Association to open the season with their regatta on Decoration Day, but the Passaic Association opened the season this year on their river at Newark, their crews rowing in the Harlem regatta on June 13.

Bermuda and Florida seem to be the two popular winter resorts to which the business man and his family and the yachtsman with his yacht go to avoid the chilly northwesters. The saloons of the steamers *Trinidad* and *Orinoco* of the Quebec Steamship line are thronged with a merry party of Bermuda-bound passengers every week during the month of December, January, and February. Under summer skies in a haven of rest they enjoy life for six weeks and then return to the city. Florida is fast becoming the yachtsman's Paradise. At Cocoanut Grove a number of them have organized the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, and with tarpon fishing and yacht racing they have a jolly time for two months or more. Some of the best yachtsmen in the country belong to the St. Augustine Yacht Club, and many yachts seen in New York waters during the summer months, swing at anchor in that pleasant harbor.

Lieut. William Henn, the owner of the cutter *Galatea*, that raced for the *America's* Cup a few years ago, has become so Americanized and so pleased with Florida waters, that he has purchased a light draft schooner yacht in which he and Mrs. Henn will cruise down there next winter. It is Henn's firm belief that we shall have an international yacht race in 1892. Since the *Volunteer* has been turned by General Paine into a schooner, the *America's* Cup is thought by the British to be in jeopardy. The man who designed the *Volunteer* however, is still alive and when another yacht crosses the Atlantic to sail for the Cup we shall be ready to meet her on equal terms.

AFRICAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

BY HELI CHATELAIN.

THESE stories were told by a native lad who has accompanied me to the States. He comes from Malange, about four hundred miles east of Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese Province of Angola in West Africa. The following is an exact translation of the originals in the Mbaka dialect of the language of Angola, called Ki-mbundu. The stories give us an insight into the industrial and commercial customs of the natives of Angola, and show how they imagine the animal world to be thinking and acting just as men do. The turtle-dove is for the Angolans, as for us, a symbol of innocence and chastity, but at the same time also of wisdom.

I. The Blacksmith and the Blackbirds.

Let me tell the story of a blacksmith.

He had made a lot of hoes, and said: "I will go and sell them." He set out and arrived in a village of blackbirds, and said:

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"Do buy some hoes." "Leave them with us," they said, "and call again for the wax in payment. We will go to the forest and empty the hives. Come again in three months." The blacksmith agreed to this, gave them all his hoes, and went home.

One month, two months passed; the third month came. Says he: "This is the month which the blackbirds appointed, I will go now and fetch my wax."

He departed and soon arrived at the village. All were present. "Please pay now my wax," says he.

The blackbirds answer: "To whom didst thou sell thy hoes?"

The blacksmith says: "To you."

The blackbirds reply: "Before the baobab-fiber can be hammered, the bark of the tree must be pealed; so a person must be named, to be known. Do not say merely 'It is you.' We all, who are here, are blackbirds. Our faces are alike and our color is alike. The one to whom thou soldest thy hoes, thou must name him, saying, 'Thou, Mr. Peter,' or, 'thou Mr. Dominick'; then he may pay thee."

The blacksmith's heart choked him; he could not find words to speak. He thought a while; then said: "Now I am going to have you summoned."

He left them and went home and slept. At dawn, he said, "Now I will go to have them summoned." He arrived at the court of Katete (the king of the harmless birds) and said, "I have come to accuse the blackbirds. I sold them my hoes and they refuse to pay me."

Katete said, "All right," and sent for them.

The whole lot of them came, and what a blackness filled the place! The blacksmith said, "It is I who have summoned you to court that you may pay me for my hoes."

Mr. Katete said: "You, blackbirds, why do you not pay Mr. Blacksmith?"

The blackbirds answered: "Master, truth above all. Before the baobab-fiber can be hammered, the bark of the baobab must be pealed off. So shall he first name the debtor, saying, 'Mr. So-and-so, he owes me such a debt.' We, the blackbirds, have all come; every one is here. Now let him, Mr. Blacksmith, who is sitting there, pick out from our number the one to whom he sold his hoes. We, the blackbirds, have pleaded our cause. Thou, Mr. Katete, chief of the birds, we have spoken."

Mr. Katete said, "I am at a loss how to decide this case. Thou, Mr. Blacksmith, name the one to whom thou didst sell thy hoes."

The blacksmith said, "The blackbirds."

They replied: "All of us are here. Just point out the one who bought thy hoes, and he will pay."

The blacksmith could not single him out.

Then Katete said: "Well, I cannot judge this case." Then he paused.

At that moment the turtle-dove came flying and perched on a tree, saying, "What are you debating? What case is this?"

The blacksmith said: "The blackbirds have bought my hoes, and now they refuse to pay for them. I have had them summoned before the court." They replied: 'We owe thee nothing for thy hoes.'"

The turtle-dove pondered a while; then said, "I am coming directly, and will decide your case." She flies off, out of sight. She waits a moment and returns. She alights again on the tree, and calls out: "Thou, blacksmith, bind this fellow! bind this one! bind that one! bind that other one!" The blacksmith bound them all.

In his terror, each one confessed; one saying: "It is not I." Another: "Let me loose, and I will name the debtor." Another: "It is I," and still another: "It is I." They all brought the wax and paid off their debt.

This is the lawsuit of the blacksmith, who had sold his hoes to the blackbirds, and when he came to get his pay, they denied the debt. The one who could decide that case was the turtle-dove.

To-day, when she is cooing, people say: "The turtle-dove is cooing." But it is not so: she is judging the case of the blacksmith and the blackbirds.

I have finished.

II. The Dog and the Jackal.

In olden times, the dog used to live in the bush with his kinsman, the jackal.

One day the jackal sent him, saying: "Go to the houses of men, to fetch some fire. When thou hast brought it, we will burn the dry grass of the prairie, and catch locusts, and eat."

The dog obeyed. He went, and arrived at the village. Here he entered a hut, and found a woman feeding her baby with mush. The dog sat down and looked. He forgot to take the fire. The woman has fed her child, and now she scrapes the pot. She takes

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some of the mush and gives it to the dog. The dog eats, and says to himself: "Why, in the bush I am all the time feeling the pangs of hunger; here, in the village, there is plenty of good food." He did not go back; he settled down with the people.

In the bush, where he stayed, the jackal was looking out for him whom he had sent for fire. He looked in vain.

Whenever the jackal howls, people say, "The jackal is howling, twey! twey!" But it is not so. He is lamenting and saying, "I am surprised and afflicted, I, Mr. Jackal the shrewd. The dog, whom I had sent to the village of men to get some fire, when he found some mush and tasted it, it beguiled him. He stayed there for good."

The human beings, when they lived in villages, at first they had no dogs. This is what brought the dogs, that the jackal sent his kinsman to bring some fire from the village. The dog, on coming to the village discovered the food of men, and liked it. Since then, he lives with the men.

I have finished.

III. The Sow and the Wild Boar.

In the beginning, the sow used to live in the forest with her relative the wild boar.

When they were thus together, the sow once said, "I am going to the houses to live with the human beings."

The boar answered, "To the houses? Do not go there; those beings hate us animals."

The sow insisted, "I will go to the village. I want to eat forever the food which they eat. The plants of the forest are bitter."

Thus the sow went away and reached the village. She was well received. A house (sty) was built for her, she entered it and stayed there.

After a time she had a litter of young ones. All at once the men seize her and they kill her, because now she has left some offspring.

Every time a hog squeals when it is being killed, it is trying to speak and say: "The boar, the boar, he told me, saying, 'To the village, do not go there'; but I persisted, saying, 'That is just where I will go.'" When but a little bit of life is left it, the hog yet squeals: "I am dying, I am dying, I poor hog."

In the first times, when men lived, they had no hogs. The reason why the hogs came to the habitations of men is this, that the food which men are wont to eat, is good.

I have finished.

IV. The Huntsman and his Dogs.

I often tell the story of Nianga ria Ngenga, who was a hunting man, and had two wives.

He also had two dogs, a female and a male. He used to shoot much game; then he began to think that he was no longer fortunate, that luck had left him. He said: "I will call a medicine-man, that he may prepare some medicine (charm) for good luck in hunting."

He called the medicine-man, and the medicine-man prepared the charm and gave it him. Then the medicine-man enjoined on him some precepts, saying, "When thou goest a-hunting, if thou hast been over night at the house of thy head-wife, thou shalt climb and sit on the tree-seat (a stick which the hunter sets up in a fork of a tree, to sit on while watching for the game). But if thou hast been in the house of thy second wife, thou shalt not climb upon the tree; thou shalt sit upon a white-ant hill." Nianga agreed to this. He went a-hunting and had again good luck, shooting much game.

One day, he set out with his two dogs. He arrived in the bush; he set up his seat in the tree, and went up. The dogs were sitting under the tree. A while after, the antelope came. He shoulders the musket and fires. The antelope drops and is finished by the dogs. He, the hunter, tries to get down from his seat; but he cannot. He struggles and struggles to come down until he has to give it up. Finally the sun sets.

Then his male dog thus speaks in his heart: "If I hold my peace, my master will never come down." So he speaks to his master and says: "Throw down thy hatchet, and we will save thy life. Be not dismayed, saying 'this is an omen.'" Nianga let the hatchet drop. The dog picked it up, and with it felled a young tree. The bitch carried the pole to the place and set it up against the tree.

Then the dog said to his master: "Now set thy foot on the pole." Nianga set his foot on the pole, and now he could get down. He flayed his antelope; cut it open and cleaned it out, then he tied it up in the skin.

As he was going home, his dogs said: "O master, we are going to tell thee something; but do not get discouraged, saying, 'I have met a bad omen.' Remember the medicine-man, whom thou didst call; when he had made the charm for thee, he gave thee injunctions. To-day thou forgottest one injunction; therefore didst thou stick up in the tree. And we

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took thee down. All that we have said, thou hast both heard and understood. Henceforth, whenever anything speaks, thou shalt hear what it says. When a fowl speaks, thou shalt hear it; when a goat speaks, thou shalt hear it; when a cow speaks, thou shalt hear it; when a little bird sings in the bush, thou shalt understand it. But thou shalt only hear and hold thy peace. If thou happen to tell it to any one, thou shalt die."

Nianga ria Ngenga said, "All right." He took up his antelope and carried it home. He went into the house and slept.

Early in the morning, the mush is cooked. He takes some meat; places it on a plate with gravy and mush, and gives it to the dogs. His wives exclaim: "Why all that meat to the dogs?"

Says he: "Because they are my companions who always hunt with me."

The wives said nothing more. The rest of the meat Nianga distributed among the townspeople. Thus they lived on for some time. As to Nianga, every time an animal said anything, he heard it; but he kept his secret.

One day, he was sitting outside his house with his dogs playing around him. One of his wives, the head-wife, was by the mortar, pounding manioc (cassava). All at once the fowls began to whisper, and one says to the goat, "A visitor is coming to-day. By and by they will kill thee, goat."

"No," said the goat, "it is thee, fowl, they are going to kill."

"No, not me."

"Yes," said the goat, "they will first kill thee to-day, to-morrow they will kill me, too."

Nianga, who was hearing all this, burst out laughing; when lo! his mother-in-law comes. The head-wife hearing her lord laugh, turns around to see what it is. There she sees her mother coming, dressed in rags. The woman says: "Thou, my lord, art laughing at my mother, because of her rags."

The man said: "Thy mother! I did not see her, as she was coming. I was laughing about some other business of my own, which I had just in mind."

The wife cried: "It is not true! It was my mother thou wast laughing at."

She tells her mother: "Hear, mother, thou who art coming on a visit, thy son-in-law has laughed at thee."

Hearing this, her mother was shocked, and said: "Son-in-law, thou hast insulted me."

She refuses to enter any more her daughter's house; but goes and puts up at another house, in the village. The daughter cooked some food, and took it to her mother; but she rejected it.

The woman comes and lays hold of her lord, saying: "Thou hast insulted my mother."

Her lord replies: "I have but just told thee, that I was thinking about some private matter of my own."

The wife says: "Then thou shalt tell me what thou wast thinking about. If thou wilt not tell me, then, surely, thou hast insulted her."

Finally the man said: "Let us sleep in peace; to-morrow I shall make it known." So they slept.

Next morning, the man sent word to call the people of all the town. All have come. Then the man speaks: "You, O my townsmen, listen to what I have to say, for soon I am going to die. But my death, do not remember it." Again he says: "You, my people, you know that I learned my craft of huntsmanship. When I thought my luck was failing, I called a medicine-man to give me a charm. He made it for me and gave me injunctions, saying, 'When thou hast been with thy head-wife, climb up into the tree; when thou hast been with thy second wife, never go up.' One day I went a-hunting with my dogs. I forgot the injunction of the medicine-man. I went up into the tree and shot an antelope. It fell; but as I tried to get down, I could not. My dogs cut a pole, and I came down thereby. Then they spake to me, saying: 'We have taken thee down from the tree, and thou hast heard our language. Henceforth, whatever an animal may say, thou shalt hear it. But, never let any man know of it; for the moment thou tellest any one, thou shalt die.' This I agreed to. Days passed by. Yesterday the chickens were quarreling with the goat. I heard them and laughed. I had no thought in my heart that my mother-in-law was coming. I laughed at the chickens. My wife turned round and saw her mother coming. She accused me, saying, 'Thou art laughing at my mother.' I denied it, but she insisted on knowing what I was laughing about. You, my people, are witnesses, the rule which my dogs laid on me, saying, 'Thou shalt not tell the secret to any man,' to-day my wife has forced me to break. Therefore, my people, have I called

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you together. Now I am going to die. Good-by."

The people said, "It is with God."

Nianga arose and went into the house and stayed a long time. When his wife went in he was dead.

The relatives of Nianga then said: "Thou, woman, hast killed our kinsman; for, if thou hadst not forced him, he would not have died so soon. Now pay for him."

The uncles of the woman said: "How much do you want us to pay?"

They said: "You shall pay six head of cattle."

The uncles took the cattle and paid.

Nianga ria Ngenga had married two wives. When he went hunting he forgot the injunction of the medicine man. He stuck on the tree; his dogs saved his life, and he heard their words. They forbade him to tell the secret, saying, "The moment thou tellest any one, thou shalt die." But the day his wife urged him, that same day he told her, and that same day he died. The dogs, too, died with their master.

I have told my little tale; whether it's nice or not, you know. If we shall tell more, we will tell more; if it is time to sleep, then let us go to sleep.

I have finished.

A STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

In birth, in prosperity, in health and happiness, in length of years,—in all these was Longfellow blest. Favored of gods and men, his very disposition, his temperament, was a boon seldom accorded to mortals, and the events of his life, separately and combined, seem one conscious effort to continue the first benevolence. All that one could ask at the hands of heaven and of his fellow men Longfellow received. His native powers were fostered by every attention from without and from within; he and fortune worked together, and complete development was assured. A born man of letters, a born poet, encouraged on every hand to guide his willing instinct to the highest reach of culture, easeful in matters pecuniary, happy in his home life, called to just the positions for which he was fitted, and called at the nick of time, advancing by swift degrees from the most popular of professors to the most popular of poets; widely known, widely loved,—surely here is a son of man to be envied. It all but brings tears to the eyes of the poor poet of to-day when he reads that Longfellow's verse, every line of it, was accepted, while the author was still in the greenest of the teens. Happy bard! never an objection to the offerings of his muse from either publisher or reader until so late that objection was futile, productive of nothing unless it was the suggestion of impotent judging.

So complete was this poet's success that one cannot approach him in a critical spirit without fancying a kindly shade rising and standing before him with a smile of rather wonder than reproof, as much as to say, "Brother, why put yourself to the trouble? The world has been answering you point by point and year by year ever since the dawn of song upon the workaday dark of our wondrous young land." Really, it would seem that the critic has very little to do with Longfellow. To separate and analyze his verses is very much like pulling apart the summer, hour by hour, or flower by flower, knowing only too well the while that whatever we may say of these things, combined as they were, God made the summer, the glad time for every creature with a heart to beat and feel.

Bring to bear the technics, talk learnedly of hexameters and trochaics: "But," comes answer, "behold 'Hiawatha' and 'Evangeline.'" Cry foreign influence: "But," comes answer, "'Hyperion,' 'Kavanagh,' 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' 'Hiawatha,' 'Evangeline,'—both prose and poetry, both early and mature work, it is American, if not in the entire structure yet in the spirit; these compositions and many besides were plainly enough written by one of the soil to be read and re-read by the thousands of the soil."

Plead excessive passivity, a lack of depth and of strength and of fire. "But," comes answer, "what is wiser than submission, what profit fretting and rage and despair?

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Whether for the living or for the singing of life, wherein may we better qualify ourselves than by restraint, by hiding the discord and discontent, disclosing only the harmonious and peaceful? Does it not show depth of thought and feeling when one so probes into life as to find it vain for man to struggle with the eternal mystery, to find that, whatever appearances may be, the world is what the old prophets found it, beautiful, good? And where shall skill, as well as strength, be found, if not in one that, in order to support and adorn this finding, has drawn with exquisite scholarship, with an unfailing instinct for the beautiful from the life about him not only, but from the life of all lands wheresoever, has drawn upon all sources from the savage to the man of fullest culture, from the old time and the new has so presented the message that it has sunk into the souls of his fellows as the rains sink into the thirsty ground? And even on the point of fire and verve, in the restricted sense, are not these to be found, for example, in 'The Skeleton in Armor,' in 'The Leap of Roushan Beg,' in the 'Ballad of the French Fleet,' and in 'The White Czar'? Right steady and strong, too, is 'The Musician's Tale,' especially 'The Wraith of Odin' and 'King Olaf's Christmas.'"

Again, sound the old cry of commonplace, "But," comes again ready answer, "by commonplace you evidently mean what the world can understand and love, can be interested in, can profit by, can live by. Is it the poet's mission to sing to a little coterie of critics? Where were critics without the poets to give them by practical use the rules they measure about with so nimbly in the empty space of theory? Is commonplace to be the label of the work of the one poet among us whom his people have, as a whole, found interesting, helpful, beautiful, and abiding? The very thing that you critics call commonplace, the people call genius; and the work being for the people, who shall complain when the people are satisfied?"

And so we might go on indefinitely. Nevertheless, it is our duty to approach Longfellow in the critical spirit; for he, like every other poet, is at last but a special phase, an impersonal phenomenon of the great art of song. If we are right in the assertion that art is an inheritance, that the great artists of all times and lands are governed by certain elementary rules, however they may vary in the individual exercise of them; and if we are right in finding the definition of poetry as formulated by Matthew Arnold the most serviceable so far presented—we should first recall the elementary rules, and see wherein Longfellow has obeyed or disobeyed them, should first inquire if he is one of the anointed, one that has made a powerful application of ideas to life under the dictates of poetic truth and beauty. The elementary demands of poetry, number at least these factors: first, fit subject-matter; second, clearness, simplicity, imagination, passion, music, as essentials of expression.

Not to go too deeply into detail, Longfellow's instinct for poetic matter is overwhelmingly evident; he dropped on the right matter in most unexpected places, dropped to it as by sheer gravitation. To put it another way, good hunter that he was, he had but to take his station and the game came to him from the four corners of the world. The subject-matter secure, becoming expression was fastened on at one and the same time. This is as it should be with the whole poet, so it was with Longfellow. Among the essentials of poetic expression, we cannot go amiss in naming first, clearness. Without clearness there is not expression, but merely attempt at expression. Whatever thing Longfellow tried to say, he said. This may not seem at first blush a remarkable victory; but a victory it is, a rare and glorious victory. Giants have striven to win it, and gone down, defeated.

If Longfellow had clearness, he had also simplicity; indisputably, too, he was gifted with the magic accent, the witching cadence, with music. Coming now to the grand features of imagination and passion, we proceed with more caution. Imagination Longfellow certainly had, but the prose of his life-long friend, Hawthorne, shows only too plainly that its place among his many gifts is not first. The sweep of Longfellow's imagination is restricted, so to speak, in the movement up and down. Sublimity, profundity—these are out of its way; but on the long level sweep, there it is unflagging, and the sureness and endurance go not a little way toward offsetting the daring vaults and plunges of the few, the very few, in whom this power forces us to the use of the word divine. Longfellow cannot awe and amaze us, cannot snatch us up to heights undreamed before, but he can lift us well above the

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ground and sustain us delightedly on extended journeys through regions by no means monotonous; the charm if not superhuman, is exceedingly human, native, close, and unfailing.

We must speak guardedly on the point of passion also. While the passion of Longfellow is not intense, it is always at command, and if we be not greatly moved, we journey on in a healthful summer glow, in a grateful ripening warmth. Though Longfellow has less passion than imagination, he has enough passion to keep his lines alive, to keep him what he loved best to be, not of the "bards sublime," but the "humbler poet" whose songs gush from the heart. He would fain follow and would have us follow the paths of pleasantness and peace. We must not look for it all in one man. Longfellow had a large if not leaping heart; the life current, though slow, was full, full enough to flow for many years into the life of his fellows, feeding them bountifully, the source remaining fresh and constant to the last.

If we find Whittier freer of the books, closer to the heart of nature, more penetratingly tender at times, as in "In School Days," more terrible, as in "Ichabod," if Longfellow fails to strike us anywhere with quite the force of that unsurpassable stroke of manhood, "My Triumph,"—we must remember that the fire of the dear old Quaker-warrior is more fitful, gleaming, if brighter, at longer intervals, that the bleak tracts are more frequent, the inspiration is less steady.

If we may be allowed a moment, we would say parenthetically that two stanzas of Whittier's "Lexington" exhibit the bald power which differentiates him from Longfellow:

> No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
> No battle-joy was theirs, who set
> Against the alien bayonet
> Their homespun breasts in that old day.
>
> . . . .
>
> Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
> And shattered slavery's chain as well,
> On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
> Its echo struck the world's great hour.

Deficient comparatively in quality of imagination and in quantity of passion, it may be said, too, that the censors are right in saying that Longfellow was somewhat too bookish, too content to take things second-hand, and unduly inclined toward the didactic. But let us look into these charges a little more closely. It is possible to be a poet, yes, a great poet, and at the same time be bookish; there is no doing away with Milton. Longfellow naturally and by reason of deliberate judgment found that he could make a richer accumulation through selection from the researches of others than by restricting himself to his own personal observations. He was a borrower by instinct and by resolve, but in this he had the most illustrious of precedents, and so sure was his instinct of selection, so wide his range of scholarship, that he may well be pardoned for such lack of originality as he exhibits; this, since his scholastic attainments lead us into new fields it was not possible to travel personally, and especially since his happiness of treatment is so original as to make the subject-matter pass for a personal discovery. There is borrowing and borrowing. Longfellow did not borrow his individuality of presentation; he did not borrow the secret which enabled him to speak to the heart and mind of his people and of the civilized world. In the mastery of this secret he stands with a very small company about him; this, we take it, means originality, and enough of it to set against deficiencies elsewhere.

Again, there is a chance for a detracting stroke on the point of didacticism. Overbearing didacticism is perhaps the one misfortune of Longfellow's inheritance. The old Puritan blood, elsewhere beneficent in its action, here certainly works against him as an artist. He could so far defy the Puritan marrow in his bones as to be a faithful lover of beauty, but the dry old moralist would too often force his way in and stick on a patch here and there by way of antidote and rebuke. Clear as the sight was for every shape and hue of loveliness, the Puritan film would gather, when on must go the ugly tag; for example, the last stanza of "The Village Blacksmith." In our un-Christian moods we feel that we could spare the last two stanzas of "The Arsenal at Springfield," yes, the last two of "The Two Angels," all of "By the Fireside" after the first two stanzas, and "Santa Filomena" bodily. And would we could find a way to snub, as he deserves, the old Plymouth Colony ghost for sticking on the first stanza of "The Children's Hour" when the poor poet was for the moment lost in the happy land of the young heart. Still, there is this to be said; if we are to be put to school before the poet has done with us, no

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master may be more easily forgiven this particular infirmity than the genial, wholesome instructor in whose class we find ourselves at this hour.

We have spoken of the sureness of Longfellow's instinct in tracing sight subject-matter, and of his ability to treat it when found. From the artistic point of view, however, it must be said that to find the expression worthy of the matter we must take it as a whole. When it comes to detail, off-hand work, easy, breezy, stimulating though it be, is sure to prove defective. Longfellow's artistic sense saves him in the wholeness of impression, which is the main thing, but more than this must go to the making of the consummate workman, of the chosen reporter of the master artist. Examined in detail, the work of Longfellow is so uneven as to surprise one who has simply met the romancer on his own genial terms, hearing rather with heart than head.

Dr. Holmes says the lines beginning, "This is the forest primeval," are as familiar as those beginning, *Arma virumque cano.* They are familiar, and delightfully so; but here, so far as art is concerned, the parallelism stops. The Æneid holds up, line by line, while in "Evangeline" the charm is broken at the end of the sixth line; the seventh and eighth lines are below the level of those preceding, and the ninth is a decided drop. Beautiful as this poem is in spirit and in general inspiration, one has but to catch the opening accents of that poem wafted from across the sea,

> Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
> And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands,

to learn that the tender captivating tale of Acadie is, after all, not first and last a work of art.

We have said, too, that Longfellow has the gift of music. True, but here again we must speak of the general impression, we must not listen measure by measure, we must not look for the poet's most delicious melodies, for the ravishing harmonies. Longfellow, with all his winning effeminacy—in sweetness and gentleness he rivals woman herself—could not overcome a certain crudity, a certain looseness, not hard for the lover of perfect art to forgive, but hard to overlook. Yes, while the critic finds Longfellow a whole poet, with right subject-matter and becoming expression, while he finds him thoroughly readable, he finds, too, that he falls short of the high ideal of the poet. And could this be otherwise with one whose heart has ever leaned against the heart of the masses, who was of all modern poets the voice of the people? Indeed, could one who was so warm a lover of his kind, wish to have it otherwise? There are those who think that the people read, that they know and love, pure poetry; it is a beautiful delusion. The comprehension of high art, and the affection for it, are restricted to a very few. So sure are we of this, and so honestly convinced of the importance of poetry in the common walks of life, that we feel like flinging away the critical robes, accounting them as frippery or rags in the presence of the one poet, or one of the two poets, of our day that has the master secret of getting himself read. People talk about Emerson's poetry, talk about Lowell's poetry, talk, and with somewhat more right, about Whittier's poetry, but the poetry that they read is Longfellow's; his and his only, unless we go abroad and make an exception of the message of Tennyson. Here is Longfellow's power, here is his genius; here may he divide honors with the greatest in the commanding line of song.

But all the adverse counts in, Longfellow is an artist; in a way he is our best story teller since Chaucer. Never so slipshod as Byron, his choice of themes evinces more wisdom and taste. He has points of superiority, too, over Tennyson and Morris; over Tennyson since he never forgets the inactivity, the heaviness, of the common mind—the mind most in need of the elevating ministry of song—since he always writes on the level of the throng; and over Morris, because, with never a thought of himself or another, poet or critic, he recognizes the limits of endurance of his vast clientage, so difficult to serve and at the same time maintain allegiance to austere, jealous art. Nor would we be understood to say that the critic's yielding to Longfellow's claim as an artist stops here. Exception may be taken to details of the mass of his work, but this does not prove incapacity for well nigh perfect work. If any perfect work has been done in America, the two sonnets introducing "Inferno,"

> Oft have I seen at some cathedral door,

and

> How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!

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and the second introducing "Purgatorio,"

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,

if any perfect poems are to be found in our literature these are among them. And where but among these shall we place "Curfew," "The Arrow and the Song," "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," and a few others; these being followed hard by the spirited "Skeleton in Armor," "King Witlaf's Drinking-horn," and the "Wreck of the Hesperus." It is a deft hand, too, that can pen such light and charming lines as "To the River Yvette," and the airy translation familiar as our own names, "Beware." And how many poets come to mind who have been able to hold the even excellence of the volumes, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha"? The key is not the highest; true, but it is held to; indeed, the prelude to "The Tales" is perhaps the most finished composition of the length to be found in the pages of our home writers. And this leads us to say that, lovely as "Evangeline" is, we find "Hiawatha" the more artistic production, and furthermore that it stands perhaps first among American additions to literature.

We have not space to speak of Longfellow's admirable reproduction of the song of the eternal Tuscan. Room remains for but a word more. A born benefactor of his kind, the mental endowment second only to the spiritual, a man so patterned as to be the symmetric embodiment of goodness and loveliness, a man blest with all the requisites for heaven's voice to the earth, Longfellow was the first to bring us, as a people, under the spell of beauty, to lift us into the sweet serene air of the higher life; and still must we look mainly to him to hold us where he alone could place us. The great bards sound down through other mouths, which tone their high accents to the acceptance of the common ear, but this bard speaks directly, infuses his soul without help or hindrance directly into the great soul of the world; and because of this assuredly we do not err in claiming for him, greatness, substantial, permanent greatness, of an order by itself, an order all but his own.

> It may be glorious to write
> Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
> High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
> Once in a century;
>
> But better far it is to speak
> One single word, which now and then
> Shall waken their free nature in the weak
> And friendless sons of men;
>
> To write some earnest verse or line,
> Which seeking not the praise of art,
> Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
> In the untutored heart.

THE PHYSICAL AND THE MENTAL IN HYPNOTISM.

BY ALFRED FOUILLÉE.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

According to the theory adopted by many physiologists and psychologists, consciousness counts for nothing as a factor in evolution. The composition of Hamlet, for example, was a result determined by purely mechanical phenomena in which a unique rôle was played by certain molecular changes in the brain of Shakspere. When the poet put into the mouth of his hero the tragic interrogation, "To be or not to be?" the sentiments of love of life and fear of death, and the aspirations for an eternal existence were, they tell us, only the simple "accompaniments" to the agitation of the cerebral molecules; these ideas and feelings no more co-operated in the production of the monologue of "Hamlet" than the ray of the star reflected by the surface of the sea determines the course of the star. The history of Shakspere, the history of humanity and of the world, would have been the same under all other conditions, if imagination, sentiment, and desire had had no existence.

Further, in this line of arguing, it is said that not only are the states of consciousness without action in the general history of the world, but that they do not produce the least effect, one upon another; there is not any such thing as exerting an influence. Every act has as its only cause some exterior change. If I feel impelled to withdraw my hand from the fire, it is not because I suffer

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and that simultaneously there pass into my brain certain impressions, but because the cerebral molecules are, independent of all psychical reasons, in certain reciprocal relations, and are animated by purely physical movements; the series of conditions is exclusively cerebral and material. Ideas, sentiments, and desires are incomprehensible mysteries; they give birth to nothing; they accomplish nothing; they leave behind them no consequences. Such a supposition is a scandal put upon nature, which could much better do without parasites, and yet for some blind reason, has produced this absolutely useless thing, thought, for the sole pleasure or the sole grief of contemplating its own image and of demanding with Hamlet, which were better "to be or not to be?"

The discoveries of hypnotism seemed at first sight to confirm this hypothesis and to reduce men, when under its strange influence, to inert automatons. "Behold, literally, the 'man-machine' of La Mettrie," the physiologists have said. "We can take apart and put together again before your eyes, all the machinery; we have only to press such a spring to make him act, or such a one to make him talk. Stranger yet, even after he awakens from this sleep, we can make him execute actions which he attributes to his own will power, when it is we who are holding the string of this human machine and moving it according to our will."

However, to look closer at the question, has it not been discovered that the very states of consciousness are themselves the true springs which move the automaton, are the true internal conditions of the very movements? Without doubt an idea introduced into the human head necessarily develops its consequences and tends to realize itself in actions. But precisely because there is thus a struggle for life among ideas, it is essential to make predominant in human consciences the highest, the best ideas. The force of ideas is, then, the true, the real force belonging to thoughtful beings, who are, perhaps, themselves only the ideas of the eternal nature.

A great problem of general philosophy grows out of these psychological curiosities of hypnotism which is an abnormal magnifying of the laws of sensitive and imaginative life. To our view the experiences of hypnotism are especially adapted to give us the idea of our intimate union with the physical world, and also the idea of the power which the mental force exercises in universal evolution. In the normal and in the abnormal conditions of the brain movements and ideas will appear more and more, we believe, as different manifestations of the same motive power. The experiences of hypnotism, as made known by M. Pierre Janet, are a striking confirmation of the doctrine of idea-forces; and if these experiences seem at first to relegate us to the rôle of machines, they show us very soon that by means of ideas we can direct this mechanism and make it the servitor of the moral life.

The greater number of physiologists who believe in the superfluousness of the mental, uphold the doctrine of evolution. But their hypothesis seems to us exactly contrary to the theory of evolution. As a matter of fact nothing is developed in living beings except it has for them a practical and vital use. A sensation which could not express itself in movements would be without any utility; it could then never be developed by selection, by the movements which correspond to it; it would never have been selected in the assemblage of impressions, more or less confused, produced in us by the exterior world. Life in its origin, absolutely ignores contemplation. It recognizes only action. The philosophy of evolution in refusing the power of development to all that which is not practical, consequently to everything that is not a motive power, permits us then already to deduce the thought that the facts of consciousness are not inefficacious reflections, but the motive springs of action.

When Shakspere wrote the verse beginning "To be or not to be," there was not one of his ideas, one of his feelings which had not for its correlative a movement of the cerebral molecules, caused by the prior mechanical condition of these molecules. But at the same time each mechanical state implies a psychical state of the molecules, and as a result a general state of consciousness. The mechanical, as such, is to be explained mechanically and is the subject of the natural services; the psychical, as such, must be explained psychologically and is the subject of the mental sciences. But in reality the psychical and the mechanical are united, and it is the first which forms the basis of the second. Such is the essential principle of idea forces.

Without pretending to make here the complete study of hypnotism, we wish to trace

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the general principles of what has been termed "psychological automatism."

We must bear in mind first that the brain is ruled by two great laws, excitation and prohibition. The excitation of one part of the brain by fixed thought on any determined subject produces by that very fact a prohibition as to all other parts of the brain or of the nervous system. Take away from an animal its cerebral hemispheres and the excitability of the spinal marrow will be increased so that the least excitation is liable to produce convulsions. As there are thus in the brain vibratory waves which oppose and annul one another, so there are in the consciousness ideas and tendencies which antagonize and often neutralize one another. Consciousness also is ruled by two great laws, the concourse of mental forces and the conflict of mental forces.

The laws of the brain and of the consciousness remain in force during sleep, natural or artificial. Each cerebral cellule is like a man in a confused crowd who uses his elbows to maintain his position and to advance in his own direction. Paralyze a group of men in some important point in the crowd, and they will no longer oppose any resistance to the movements of the rest of the crowd, and the general result will be modified in favor of those who still have the use of their members. This is precisely what takes place both in natural and artificial sleep. Certain parts of the brain, those which give direction to thought and action are reduced to a state of inactivity more or less marked.

Hypnotic sleep can be produced by physical causes, such as fixing the regard upon an object, or as any monotonous stimulation; one can in the same way put a child to sleep if it has not beforehand an idea of what is being attempted. But as one studies the question closer he finds there is in it a psychical element. The fixing of the regard, being a fixing of the attention, also produces a sort of a fixed idea or artificial "monoideism," which thus leads very naturally to the deduction that there is a psychical cause for hypnotism. Uniform excitement of the senses produces a deadening of sensibility; this is a general law. A uniform and long continued sensation of odor exhausts the sense of smell; the same thing happens under the same treatment to the sense of taste. All are familiar with the phenomenon of cramping. The concentration of the will and the attention upon any idea leads to the fatigue of attention, which is a sort of cramp in the will power.

There is a mode of hypnotizing which is manifestly produced by the influence of an idea, and which is frequently used after a subject has been put to sleep several times by the usual processes. It is that of simply commanding him to go to sleep. Indeed new subjects can be hypnotized in this way. It follows very logically that subjects over whom the hypnotic influence is already strong will be susceptible even to very slight suggestions of it. It is well known that many can be put to sleep by correspondence; as soon as they read the command the influence is felt. The same result is produced by means of a telephone message.

Persons of docile minds, old soldiers, artisans, all who are accustomed to passive obedience, are, according to Messrs. Liébeault and Bernheim, more impressible than those more independent persons who often unconsciously oppose a certain moral resistance to the influence. It is necessary that the idea of sleep should not be opposed by a contrary idea. This idea artificially isolated ends by provoking a sort of suspension of other ideas, which manifests itself by a partial paralysis of the brain.

This paralysis introduced into the brain by the hypnotizer, very soon develops all its consequences, both mental and physical. If the hypnotizer says to the sleeper, "You can not now open your eyes," and if this affirmation carries with it into the exhausted brain the idea of complete powerlessness, the subject utterly in vain makes an effort to open his eyes. The fixed idea of the eyes invincibly closed had for its correlative a certain nervous state of the eyes themselves which descended to them from the brain, and to which they comply. This idea, by the vibrations which are inseparable from it, has rendered immovable in the cerebral keyboard, the key which it is necessary to spring in order to open the eyes. In the same way the command, "Wake up," is an exterior excitation which falls upon an explosive part of the brain, and provokes there, with the idea of awakening, the first sensations and the first movements of awakening. The vertigo is dissipated and the person comes to himself. There is such a change of view that all the dreams of somnambulism sink at once into the under-ground apartments of the cerebral

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theater, ready to repair again to the stage at call. Here again reviving sensations and impulses respond to the idea of awakening, and, on the physical side, movements respond to these sensations.

The sleep provoked, according to M. Bernheim, does not depend upon the hypnotizer, but upon the subject. He says, "It is his own faith which puts him to sleep. No one can be hypnotized against his will, if he resists the command." There seems to be an exaggeration in this statement. M. Ochorowicz declares that he has several times put those to sleep who resisted with all their power. The reason of this is, that the influence of the idea force remained after the control of the will was lost. The idea of an extraordinary sleep, due to the marvelous power of a magnetizer, may produce an effect of paralysis even upon one who resists it. There is a lack of confidence in himself; a doubt arises; then comes an unconscious, or at least an involuntary, submission. It is a sort of fascination which gives to the very idea to which he will not voluntarily assent to submit himself, a power over him.

From the causes of hypnotism we will now pass to the effects. We have seen that the induced sleep arrests all the faculties, that of restraint, or prohibition with the rest; there is then a cessation of the power to produce a cessation. It is in the fullest sense of the word a realization of the free reign of idea-forces.

By the theory of idea-forces, as there is never a sensation, idea, or hallucination, without a corresponding movement, so there is never an abolition of a sensation or of an idea without a suppression or a modification of corresponding movements, consequently without a paralysis. If I have forgotten the name or the place of an object I cannot pronounce this name, nor make a movement to take the object from its place. It is this which M. Pierre Janet has very forcibly shown. A hysterical person who completely loses all sensibility in a member can no longer speak of or move that member. "Here then the exterior and visible side of human activity is only the shadow of its interior and psychological side."

Nervous paralysis is, on the mental side, a loss of memory. "In reality, these two things, forgetfulness and paralysis, are only one and the same thing considered from two different standpoints, as the image and the movement." In other words, to all suppression of ideas there responds the suppression of motive force, as to all introduction of ideas there responds a production of movement.

Hypnotism confirms still another consequence of the law of idea-forces, which is, that every idea not counterbalanced by another, appears as a reality. In a state of monoideism, as consciousness is reduced wholly to sensation, so the exterior world is reduced to an image. From this come all the hallucinations of the hypnotized. Every illusion which is suggested to them seems to have a real existence. If a subject is given a glass of vinegar and water to drink under the name of champagne he will find it excellent, and may even become apparently intoxicated by it. Inversely, real intoxication may be dissipated by suggestion. A bottle of ammonia presented as cologne will give a delightful odor.

On the other hand real sensations can be abolished by the idea that they do not exist. One can pull a tooth or amputate an arm while affirming to the sleeping subject that he does not feel any pain. The sensation of hunger can be abolished. A patient went fourteen days without any desire for food; his faith alone nourished him. The force of an idea receives in all of these experiences a strong confirmation.

The influence of ideas upon organic life reaches in hypnotism its highest degree and produces most curious effects, which are best fitted to show that the mental element is always found as the basis of the physical. Our consciousness, in its normal state, is formed by a group of sensations coming both from without and from within; but those from within are obscured by the others as are the stars by the light of the sun. In suppressing or restraining by hypnotism the communication of the brain with the exterior world, new perceptions furnished from within are rendered possible and their succession is able to constitute a new existence, different from the ordinary. The mental life is confined to the interior. The only impressions now coming from the outside are those made by the words of the hypnotizer. A crowd of organic sensations and of reactions of the brain upon the internal organs can now acquire an unaccustomed relief. Every idea goes directly to the organ which is in league with it, and exercises its influence upon it.

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Instead of acting directly upon the organs of the body the hypnotizer acts indirectly upon them by means of an idea; he paralyzes and restores them not with his hand, but with an idea transmitted to the brain, and by the brain to the organ.

In order better to understand this influence which the mind has over the body, we must remember that at the beginning of life all the organs were more or less under the dominance of the will, and there was a consciousness more or less distinct of the condition of each organ, and it was more easily controlled by the will. Certain persons are known now to have the power to suspend the heart beats. We can all voluntarily stop our automatic respiration. At the beginning it is probable that the consciousness was aware of all the conditions of the inner life; its perception of the states of the body was more highly developed and more capable of making accurate distinctions. Each being felt its existence; felt the working of the glands, felt all the internal movements. To-day we do not notice the normal beating of the heart or the normal respiration; but these sensations, though enfeebled, do not any the less exist in the general consciousness, mingled with the mass of other sensations. All the organs and all their movements have yet as in earlier life their representatives in the brain in the form of ideas, distinct or indistinct, actual or possible, separated from the mass or mingled with the others; they all execute their part in the concert of the consciousness. Hypnotism in suppressing the relations with the exterior world heightens all the sensations of the inner life. A person, for instance, is threatened with bronchitis; he feels an irritation in the chest and a desire to cough. Soundings here and there upon the chest provoke a cough. But such an examination is vague and incomplete. If the person is hypnotized he will instantly make known his interior condition. He will seize the finger of the hypnotizer and place it with precision over all the affected points.

There is then an exceptional accuracy of the vital senses. Now, let the hypnotizer employ the suggestion of the idea; let him declare to the person, in a certain number of sittings, that the irritation is disappearing, that the wish to cough will cease, that the disease no longer is present, and that, of course, he is not sick. This idea obscures the malady, becomes a force capable of producing physiological effects. Once persuaded that he will be cured, the cure begins. The idea of returning health takes possession of the mind, reacts against the former morbid influence, heightens the vital tone; the whole organism is strengthened and reinforced; the idea of health gives birth to health itself.

We are next going to see how this blended physical and psychical chain binds one individual to another. Between the hypnotizer and the hypnotized there is established a particular sympathy which is called the magnetic influence. The brain of the subject will recognize acts of the operator so subtle that they entirely escape the notice of all other persons. The subject is often blind or deaf to the presence or to the voice of every one save the hypnotizer; or he sees and hears only those with whom the latter puts him in connection. A very sensitive subject will follow, either in person or with his eyes, the hypnotizer all around the room, or amid a hubbub of voices will clearly distinguish his tones, imperceptible to every other ear. The reason is, that in the brain of the subject there is one point always ready to vibrate and respond; it is the fixed idea of the hypnotizer, with the particular impression which it produced. Every thing connected with this impression provokes the sympathetic reaction of the subject; all other things do not exist for him. It is a monopoly, an engrossment of the consciousness, a prohibition of every thing else by the idea-force of the power belonging to the hypnotizer.

A favorite experiment with M. Gurney was to conceal the hand of a subject behind a thick curtain, and then to touch one of the fingers which immediately became insensible or rigid. If an assistant touched another finger, even at the same time as he himself touched the one, no effect was produced upon it. Even when awake, certain subjects apparently absorbed in conversation with a third person have had a finger stiffened by the touch of M. Gurney.

This sympathy between the operator and subject makes itself felt at a distance. Messrs. Pierre and Gibert have repeatedly by the concentration of their thought and will, put a subject to sleep at a distance of over sixteen hundred feet. M. Hericourt and Dr. Dusart have made numerous similar attempts which have been successful. Not only can one be put to sleep by the force of

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concentrated thought, but suggestions can be made which the sleeper will remember. M. Gibert suggested mentally to Madame B that she should water her garden the next day at twenty minutes after two o'clock. At the very hour appointed she filled her can and carried out the suggestion.

The transmission of sensations as well as of thought can be made at a distance. If in another room M. Janet ate and drank while Madame B was in the hypnotic sleep, she thought she was eating and drinking, and there could be seen in her throat the motions of swallowing. She could tell when he put in his mouth sugar or salt or pepper. If still in another room, he sharply pinched his arm, she, asleep, suddenly cried out. Once when he burned his arm quite badly, she uttered terrible cries, and the one who was with her, watching the effects, had difficulty in holding her. The watcher did not know where M. Janet was going to burn his arm, but Madame with her other hand grasped her arm on the exact spot, as the watcher afterward learned.

The theory has been advanced that the thought of the operator is really transmitted to the subject by the intermediary of a form of speech. We cannot think, in fact, without mentally pronouncing the words, and we cannot mentally pronounce the words without pronouncing them physically also with the larynx. To think is in reality to talk low. The ideas are so inseparable from their corresponding movements that they are always translated in the larynx by muscular sounds fainter than the finest ear can possibly detect. It has been thought that one hypnotized might possess an acuteness of hearing necessary to distinguish the things said in this inner language. Some authorities have conceived that the subject might read this silent language as it is expressed upon the lips of the hypnotizer, as a deaf person can read common speech. Whatever the exact means of conveying thought from one to another may be, it must be some method of transmitting through some medium a vibratory energy. That is the only means by which the changes in one portion of matter can be reproduced in another portion. Through some medium the changes occurring in one brain must make an impression on another brain. Cause one diapason to resound, and another diapason in unison with the first will also resound. The sonorous undulations of the first are reproduced in the second by means of the aërial medium which transmits them.

We are now coming to a domain still more marvelous and still less explored as yet. According to Messrs. Gurney and Myers, many persons receive impressions of different kinds regarding an absent person who at the same moment is undergoing some intense, critical emotion. The most frequent of such impressions are either a clear vision of the absent one or the sound of his voice. This sympathy manifested at a distance is the true telepathy. M. Gurney explains the occurrence by the fact that the person passing through the crisis transmits the vibrations of his brain through some medium to the brain of the one he loves. These are simply phenomena of nervous induction similar to those of electrical induction.

As instances of this fact, it is known that Madame Severn awakened with a start, feeling that she had received a violent blow in the face. At the same moment her husband who was sailing on a lake, had been struck by the tiller of his vessel. Madame Bettany was walking in a field, when suddenly she had a vision of her mother stretched upon a bed in a dying condition. She ran for a physician and hastened to the house where she found her mother just as she had seen her in her vision. Madame C was at church, and suddenly cried, "Some one is calling me. Something is the matter." She soon received a message calling her to the death bed of her husband who was in a distant city. Two brothers who were devotedly attached to each other lived one in America and one in England. One suddenly saw the other sitting up in bed with a distressed look on his face. Deeply impressed, he noted the time, wrote to America and learned that his brother died at the very moment when he had seen him in his vision. Two sisters being together both heard their names called. At the same moment their brother in the delirium of fever had cried out for them. In this case there was a reciprocal hallucination. In other cases there have been collective hallucinations, when the same apparition appeared to several persons.

Hallucination is perception in which the objective is entirely lacking. But right here it is necessary to recall that in all perception there is a construction of the object by ourselves. To see a house is not to remain passive; it is to collect into a mass a multitude

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of separate signs, it is to interpret these signs, it is to deduce the reality from appearances, to judge of the situation in space, time, etc. To perceive, therefore, is always to imagine. Then an impression more or less vague transmitted from a distance is sufficient to constitute a datum, a center of association. The impression becomes an idea, the idea an emotion, the emotion gives an impulse to the imagination, which constructs a vision and the objective. The hallucination is the work of the one who experiences it, but it is provoked by an impression transmitted from another brain.

Up to the present time the facts of telepathy are far from offering any scientific certitude. It is necessary to make allowance for chance, for coincidences, exaggeration, forgetfulness, and hallucinations of memory. But there is nothing in it contrary to the facts of science. It is in all probability one of the methods of communication across space of which we are yet still ignorant. A telephone reproduces at enormous distances the vibrations caused by the voice. One dare not assert that certain cerebral vibrations cannot be transmitted in such a way as to produce a sensible effect.

From these considerations we must conclude that there are forces in nature which escape our perception and our consciousness. These forces probably act upon our general state of susceptibility, but we cannot distinguish separately each distinct sensation. In the struggle for life sentient beings experience only the sensations directly advantageous to life itself. We feel the agreeable and useful coolness of a glass of water; but we do not feel the animalcules without number which inhabit the glass of water. When we think of translating faithfully all realities into the language of our sensations, we are like a person who, gifted only with hearing, should attempt to translate into symphony all the events of the Punic Wars.

On the other hand, we can conceive that in certain individuals, under certain circumstances, faculties of feeling are exalted and made manifest, which ordinarily remain in a latent state. The phenomena known long ago under the name of clairvoyancy, are explained by the exaltation of certain senses. We must then admit that there are in nature unknown modes of force and in consciousness unknown modes of perception.

Physical nature shows that we are subjected constantly to forces of which we are unconscious. The earth draws us to itself by the force of gravity, and the sun attempts to lift us into the air. We are subjected to the action of the whole universe, and we react against these forces in every atom of our beings, but we are not conscious of so doing.

The progression of evolution is toward the ascendency of mental life. In the next age instead of saying that the mental is the shadow of the mechanical, it will be the mechanical which is the shadow; the mental will be infinitely the more real.

CHARACTER.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

THE flask of musk held hidden in the hand
Is soon to sense revealed;
The heart's true nature can at no command
Of ours be long concealed.

For whatsoe'er one is within his heart
Will he be everywhere;
No grace can mere environment impart,
No excellence impair.

The diamond in the mud doth still retain
Its own intrinsic worth;
The dust the winds lift heavenward all in vain,
As dust it falls to earth.

The good man, like the pillared palm, that grows
Unheeding every weight
Bound on its top, and every blast that blows,
Forever strong and straight,

Grows on, though every adverse circumstance
Against his soul may press,
With steady, strong, symmetrical advance,
In regal righteousness.

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DEATH VALLEY.

BY R. S. DIX.

OUT in the western part of our continent, where the southeastern boundary line of California touches the southwestern boundary line of Nevada, in a part of the country known as Inyo County, we find a tract of land which has for years been wrapped in a cloud of combined mystery and fear. This is the Death Valley of miners' tale and travelers' dread ; the Death Valley which got its name years ago from the direful fate which, in 1850, overtook all but two of the thirty immigrants who first explored it. The following is the story of their sufferings as told by the two survivors.

The party of thirty men were on their way to the California gold fields, and thinking they could shorten the trip, they decided to take a route farther south than that usually followed—and in that decision lay their death sentence. When they left Great Salt Lake, they went south to the valley of the Amagosa River, which rises in southwestern Nevada and flows south and then northwest reaching the marsh of Death Valley. This brought them to the Funereal Mountains seen in the map.

Having ascended the eastern slope, the party were treated to a view of natural beauties almost unparalleled, and certainly marvelous enough to lure wiser men than these fortune-hunters to a fatal conclusion. The flaming ball of the setting sun lay low in the west. The reflection of its red glare illumined far to the east the azure sky, and touched with golden points the second range of mountains which loomed up just beyond. And between the mountains upon which they stood and the second range, in a chasm five thousand feet deep, lay a valley of marvels like unto those of the Arabian Nights. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but gleaming white splendor ; not a trace of vegetation, not a creature to break the solemn silence which pervaded the place like a benediction; nothing but white everywhere, dotted here and there with twinkling pools of water.

Slowly sank the setting sun. Slowly the golden light rose higher and higher upon the mountain peaks until it drifted quietly off from the highest of them ; and slowly the flashing white turned to the softened gray of twilight, until all had faded into the calm colorlessness of approaching night. Above it all hovered the gigantic mirages, re-producing the fantastic shapes of the rugged mountains and adding to the panorama a touch of supernatural beauty which struck the rough miners dumb. Alas for them that they did not realize the extent of the mirages which gave promise of safety and water which they would never find within the confines of the valley !

When the morning dawned, they descended into the valley and commenced their journey through it to the south ; but this was soon found to be impracticable because the few pools of water they could find were so alkaline as to be useless ; then they turned about and tried to make their way out to the north or northwest ; but this was equally impossible because of the rugged nature of the mountain. At last in despair, starving and thirsting, they abandoned their teams and in small parties of about five men each endeavored to find their way out of the death trap, but all perished save the two whose tales of struggle and misery gave the valley its name and furnished substance for the stories which, for many a long day, turned the back of any wise traveler upon its salt splendor.

Of late years, however, more venturesome spirits have penetrated its mysteries, and strangely enough the love of gold was the incentive which prompted the second successful invasion as it did the first, and the account of the second trip is not less interesting, though less exciting, than that of the miners of 1850.

In the meantime the United States government made, in 1871, partial surveys of the territory, but with no practical results, so that when a civil engineer employed by some capitalists interested in borax and soda, went out to make an investigation of the place, he found not only that little had been done toward a thorough survey, but that much of that little was incorrect. At present, however, the Agricultural Department at Washington is organizing an exploring party to study the deadly peculiarities of the valley. But

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we will confine ourselves to the prospecting engineer's interesting account of its climate, geography, geology, vegetation, and animal life, and the deceptive mirages which have been so fatal to the unfortunate traveler who may have strayed in his wanderings within the bounds of the valley, only to die miserably of thirst and heat, leaving his bones to bleach among the whitened rocks which mark, as natural gravestones, his lonely resting place.

The exploring party left the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad at Daggett's Station, and—with two horses and a buckboard, upon which were packed their provisions and water, and the fodder for the horses—started for the mountains upon the west of the valley. After driving some eighty miles, they came to a spring in these mountains from whence they went east down into the southern part of the valley, and thence up the opposite range. From here they commenced to explore in serious earnest; but we have but space to deal with results and must follow in imagination only their journeyings, with the attendant hardship and danger.

Death Valley is about sixty-five miles long, running northwest and southeast, and is from five to fifteen miles wide. It lies in latitude 36° 45′ north, and longitude 116° 50′ west, and is bounded on the east by the Funereal Mountains, and on the west by the Telescope Mountains, the highest peak of which, called Telescope Peak, attains an altitude of 10,937 feet above the level of the sea. The distance from that peak to the highest peak in the Funereal Mountains is but thirty miles in an air line, and the lowest portion of the valley lies directly between them. There are about forty-five miles of this depression, which is the center of the valley, and it lies from one hundred to two hundred feet below the level of the sea; hence Telescope Peak is some 11,000 feet above the level of the valley. The depth of the valley is a most remarkable fact when we consider that it is nearly two hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean, and the lofty Sierra Nevada Mountains, as well as many other ranges, lie between it and the coast,—but this wonderful place is full of remarkable things.

Its most noticeable feature is the white and gray blanket which covers its every part, as well as portions of the surrounding mountains, and it is this blanket which makes the place of such value to commerce, because it is formed of pure borax, salt, and soda. The valley was once a great salt lake, not unlike the Great Salt Lake of Utah, but the water has slowly evaporated through the years, and as this evaporation took place the least soluble ingredients were first precipitated. Thus upon the higher levels is found the sodium biborate, or borax, then the sodium chloride, or salt, and then sodium carbonate, or soda. The salt lies in a crust from six inches to a foot thick, just above the salt marsh which covers all the bottom. Unfortunately it is not of commercial value, but the borax beds are the richest in the world; yet they have lain unnoticed for years.

Borates are found mostly in countries subject to earthquakes, such as Chili and Italy, and Inyo County experienced a great shock very recently. It is estimated that at Borax Lake in California, the springs which discharge the mineral would replace the supply of borax, were it all removed, in from three to five years, and probably so here. The springs which supplied the old lake with borates are still alive, and still discharge the stuff in solution, but are useless as drinking water, so that a man may die of thirst while by the side of the stream. It is a remarkable fact that these borax deposits are not worked, but it is probably due as much to the fearful heat prevailing in the valley as to ignorance of their existence or the distance from any railroad. No one cares to toil much in a temperature ranging from 103° to 130° Fahrenheit in the shade, yet such is frequently the heat in this terrible place. It is mitigated by the fact, however, that the humidity is practically nothing—one per cent, say, as against ninety-eight per cent in an eastern city—and therefore the evaporation from the human body, which is so rapid as to prevent any perceptible perspiration, prevents sunstroke.

Exposure to the direct rays of the sun for any length of time with no water to allay the thirst, will bring on a form of dementia which is, fortunately, only temporary, and is cured by a few hours' rest and cooling. Each person requires about three gallons of water per day there, as against three pints ordinarily, which adds much to the difficulty of travel, because it is all but impossible to carry enough water to last an exploring party from one drinkable stream to another. As the horses or oxen require the same increase in proportion, there is little hope of being able to utilize the wealth of mineral in the valley until

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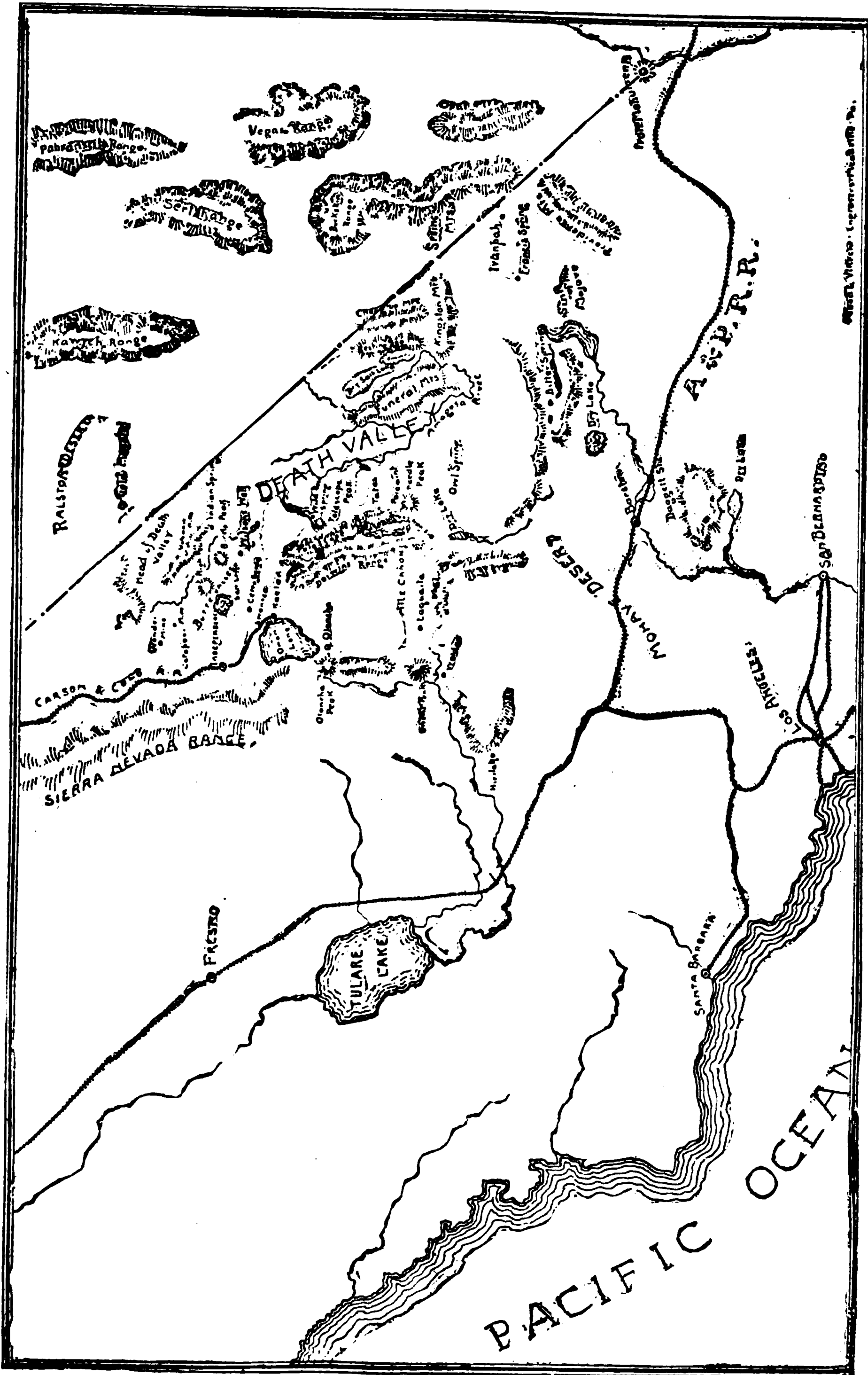

DEATH VALLEY AND SURROUNDING TERRITORY.

many more useful springs are found, or some relatively inexpensive way of introducing water into the place is hit upon.

The gathering, refining, and shipping of borax involves much tedious open air work. At Borax Lake in the Slate Range in California, four hundred miles east of San Francisco—the largest borax mine where the salt is found under exactly the same conditions as to surroundings as in Death Valley—the sodium biborate is first gathered into heaps with sharp thin steel shovels. This has to be done carefully, in order to avoid as far as possible getting either salt or soda mixed with it. The salt is easy to distinguish because of its taste, but only the accustomed eye can distinguish the soda crystals from those of borax.

The mineral is then carried in cow-hide baskets to ox carts which convey it to the refining factory—a long, shed-like, wooden structure upon the outskirts of the lake—in which are large vats, or boilers, filled with water. Here the borax is emptied into the boilers and boiled five hours, when it is purified sufficiently for shipping. The solution containing the salt is then run off into zinc-lined coolers where it crystallizes around the sides. When cooled, the crystals are scraped off and packed in bags or boxes and carried by mule-teams to the nearest railroad.

Although borax is in common and daily use all over the world, of late years, notably since the discovery of borax beds in Thibet in Asia, and in California and Nevada, where it is found in a natural salt covering the surface of the ground, the margin of profit upon it has been so small that it would be impossible to accomplish economically and practically the required amount of labor in a waterless country, even were it possible for a man, having a full supply of water, to do a full day's work in a climate whose temperature has been approached only in the Desert of Sahara and on the Persian Gulf—the report from each, respectively, being 127° and 128° Fahrenheit as the highest known temperature.

In contradistinction to the fearful heat of nine months in the year, the months of December, January, and February are painfully cold, while terrible storms of alkaline dust and sand sweep the valley from end to end, making mere existence miserable; but from year's end to year's end, there is never a drop of rain nor a flake of snow; hence the lack of humidity in the hot seasons—a lack wherein lies the only safeguard to animal life. Above where the chemical deposits lie is a slight vegetable growth consisting of mesquite trees or brush and a salt grass which is of no value. The brush attains a height of about thirty feet, but is avoided by man and beast alike on account of its terrible thorns. Still farther up the mountains are found sage brush and dwarf pines, but the intense heat and absolute absence of water prevent any form of practical vegetation. Thus the animal life is confined to the most repulsive forms, such as the lizard and rattlesnake, the scorpion and tarantula, the horned toad and, in some months, gnats. Occasionally a few blackbirds and crows hover about, but usually only in the trail of the traveler in hope of finding food in the scraps left behind.

Geologically, the formation of Death Valley is anomalous, as the pitch of its strata is to the east and they are composed chiefly of limestone and dikes of diorite and porphyry; while the strata of the Sierra Nevada are composed mostly of granite and gneiss. The presence of boracic acid in solution in the old alkaline lake was probably due to the springs which supplied it with salt and borax from tourmaline granite by the reaction of sulphuric acid on the borax and submitted to heat before emittance. Strangely enough, Owen's Lake, sixty miles to the west of the valley, is, chemically, what the old lake must have been, and from the pitch of the strata it would seem as if the alkaline springs which rise in Death Valley and the surrounding desert must originate in Owen's Lake. In an oasis called Furnace Wash lying one mile east of the valley are found seven alkaline springs, all differing in alkalinity and in temperature, and in all seasons the quantity and quality of the water discharged from them is the same.

Perhaps the most dangerous feature of the place is its mirages, which appear and disappear without any apparent reason or scientific explanation. They picture lakes and cooling shades to the weary traveler, leading him on and on in the hope of what is to come, and then in an instant are gone, leaving him without hope or succor, in an arid waste, with no water, no shade, no relief from the blistering sun or cutting sandstorm.

Not an attractive account, nor one that would encourage one to travel far in order to view the place in its desolation. Burning salt marsh at its bottom, pathless tracts of

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salt and borax just above, then the thorny brush, and yet higher the mournful stunted pine, all under the glare of a blazing sun, unrefreshed by brook or pond, and enlivened only by scorpion and snake; and last of all, the bones of hundreds of lost travelers bleaching in one's path. "Such is the Valley of Death. One does not need burial, for the body will not decay, but will simply be shriveled up to a mummy, and lie there to an eternity, imperishable, staring up at the burning sky. Here and there all over the awful plain of salt and alkali are scattered the dead bodies of men and animals preserved for all ages to come."

And yet, in the midst of this desolation, lies that which represents not only benefit but wealth for the many, and out of these direful surroundings are gathered facts which illustrate or prove the conclusions of science, conclusions which help us to protect human life, to enlighten the mind, and better the condition of man the world over. Truly the ways of the Lord are inscrutable.

TRAVELING IN PROVINCIAL FRANCE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE traveler who crosses France in a railway train on his way to Paris, or even to Switzerland or Italy, is apt to think of it only as one vast plain, almost treeless, save for long lines of poplars which follow roads and canals with monotonous regularity. This is not strange, for French engineers, in building their railroads, have kept to the levelest ground with marvelous skill, while the Alps have come to be so identified with Switzerland few remember that some of their highest peaks are, not Swiss, but French. Of other parts of this beautiful land the average tourist knows nothing.

The truth is that probably no country of its size can boast of greater variety. On three sides it borders the sea with perhaps the loveliest shores in Europe; to the east it rises with the heights of Jura, to the south with the green ranges of the Pyrenees; it has its lesser hills in the Vosges and the Cévennes, its great fertile plains in La Beauce and Le Bourbonnais, its château-crowned rivers in the Loire and the Rhone. It stretches from where bleak dawns, under gray skies, overlook the rough northern waves, to where, in radiant sunshine, olive orchards and vineyards are watered by the blue Mediterranean. And it has not only its one unrivalled capital and many rich manufacturing cities, but its silent old-world villages and sleeping forgotten towns, not merely its mountains and seashore resorts sacred to fashion, but its lonely monasteries and places of pilgrimage which have borrowed from history or poetry a certain sanctity. Better still, to the picturesqueness of France is there no less variety. What could be more unlike than Brittany, with its gray towns and serene landscape and somewhat silent peasants, and Provence, ringing with the laughter of the vintage, its shining white cities decked for the weekly bull fight, and its men and women, with true southern gaiety, always gathering their rosebuds while they may?—what more unlike than the delicate foliage of pale Picardy and the dense forests of Fontainebleau?—what more unlike than the mediæval walls of Carcassonne and the Roman ruins of Arles?

I can scarcely understand how it is that so delightful a country is almost entirely neglected by the tourist who professes to love picturesqueness and beauty as well as the correct shows of the guide-book. This summer I have been traveling in France, as far southwest as the Pyrenees, as far southeast as Marseilles, and in two months I have not met one American or Englishman or, indeed, foreigner of any nationality.

The popular idea is that Paris is the one place of world-wide fame to be seen in France. For, just as all the Alps are usually supposed to be Swiss, so Nice and the Riviera, where tourists do congregate, are apt to suggest Italy; Biarritz and Pau, also, beloved by the English, Spain. It may therefore be well, before saying anything about how to travel, to point out what makes the true provincial France worth traveling to.

In the first place then, there are comparatively few French towns, or even villages, without a fine old cathedral or church. In no part of mediæval Europe did the ecclesiastical architects work such marvels as in France,

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and even those who do not know the layman's *a b c* of architecture, to be learned in such publications as Parker's Handbook, cannot be wholly indifferent to the solemn beauty of an old Romanesque church or the grandeur of a great Gothic pile. It has become the usual thing for the tourist to make the rounds of the cathedral towns of England; but too often, if he has stopped between trains at Amiens or Rouen, he thinks he has exhausted those of France, though the latter are far more numerous. Unfortunately, of late years the modern fever of restoration has raged, wellnigh unchecked in France. In several towns, as in Moulins and Périgueux, hardly a trace of the old work remains. But still, just as the old churches took long in the building, so must they now, despite the eagerness of the French government for new "jobs," take long in the restoring, and it will be many a day before the last has disappeared and been replaced by the contract work of the modern Jerry builder. That they are going, is all the more reason for the journey in France to be made at an early date; that the least known are those which so far have least suffered, all the more reason to include in this journey many towns without commercial or manufacturing or guide-book fame. All, I fear, it would be impossible to see; often rich treasures of architectural beauty are hidden in an out-of-the-way corner, as, for example, in the little Pyrenean village of St. Bertrand de Comminges or the unvisited town of Abbeville.

But for the student, interest does not cease with the ecclesiastical monuments. The ruins, the vast arenas and theaters and temples, that in Provence still stand to bear witness to the once mighty Roman rule, are second in importance only to those of Italy. Many towns are to-day filled with houses rich in the beauty and memories of mediævalism; in Rouen, in Troyes, in Bourges, you find yourself again, as it were, in the Middle Ages. In others, as in Toulouse, in Nancy, in the cities that border the Loire, are some of the loveliest palaces and castles and gateways that rose during the best days of the Renaissance. France is simply an inexhaustible mine for the architect or the lover of architecture.

And even where there is nothing very old or quaint, even where there are no museums (and many provincial museums contain very fine collections), no curiosities recorded in Baedeker, a French provincial town is still worth seeing for itself. There is a certain charm about it which I can hardly put into words—the charm of its large *place*, or square, its very center, so deserted during the day, so crowded and brilliant in the evening, its *cafés* where groups forever sit at the little tables at their doors, its life, so wholly and immeasurably different from that of our towns, its people, its good restaurants, its parks. Indeed, were it but to wander through the latter, I would gladly make a tour of all France. I know of nothing fairer than the park at Poitiers, with its shady alleys, its carefully clipped trees, trim and regular and elegant as the garden of some old palace; and as you linger there in the afternoon, you can lean over the old town wall and look far down the valley, where was fought the great battle of which England's Black Prince was the hero; nothing fairer than the park at Montpellier, where a marble balustrade runs about its terraced slopes, as in front of a stately old Italian villa, and where a great fountain, like a classic temple, filling a wide basin, would not be unworthy of Rome, the city of fountains; and from it an aqueduct, even as in the Roman Campagna, stretches far across the country, here covered with vines and fig trees and fields of corn, to distant blue hills. These are but two of many French parks, the memory of whose beauty will ever remain a pleasure to me, and I mention them simply because they happen to be the last I have seen. There is not a town, however insignificant, that has not its peaceful green enclosure.

Alike as most of the towns are in their modern boulevards, in their new streets and houses and *cafés*, for which Paris has invariably been the model, there is scarcely one which has not preserved a distinct character of its own. A few like Arles, have even their own costume. Or else they have their special feast, or games, or market. Not even Italy can boast of more infinite variety.

The time of times for a journey through this country, which has so much to repay the traveler for his trouble, is during the warmer months, from April or May until the end of October. The French dearly love an outdoor existence, and even in the north the people live and work in the streets to an extent which we cannot easily realize. Therefore, a place which in winter is sad enough, in summer wakes into life again. And as for

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the south, it is not really seen unless visited when the sun is shining its brightest.

In Provence and the provinces bordering the Mediterranean, September is the best month, for on the first the vintage begins and the busiest time of the year is practically a holiday for the people. It may be warm; Englishmen would call the weather unbearable. But to an American the heat seems but trifling. I have been in the south of France all through the month of August, and, while I have found it warm and even oppressive at noon, I have never suffered as I have at home at midsummer. By traveling in the early morning, before the railway carriages have had time to be thoroughly heated by the sun, one can manage to keep on one's journey with comparative comfort. I must confess that in the afternoon there is a familiar homelike look in the wilted collars and unbuttoned coats and vests of travelers, and in the linen dusters which one never sees in England. But by starting out in the cool of the morning and going only a short distance each day, one can forget how hot it is. Throughout the greater part of the south—the *midi*, as the French call it,—there is a wind known as the *mistral* which blows sometimes for days together without bringing a single cloud, and which saves this district, though it is really as far south as Italian Tuscany and the Roman States, from the long spells of stifling heat to which the American is but too well accustomed.

The most perfect way to travel is, of course, on a cycle. From it the country can be seen to best advantage, since the cycler can stop at every little village or little town on his route and learn something of the beauty of the land that lies between. But to cycle, the traveler must have plenty of time, and time with the American in Europe is usually a limited commodity. I take it for granted, therefore, that as a rule he will make his journey in the commonplace manner and rely upon the railroad.

The railways of France are not only triumphs of engineering skill, but they are also very well managed, so well in fact that some of the regulations are to us irritating. The closing of the ticket office a few minutes before the train starts is an excellent plan, but when these few minutes are lengthened into fifteen, as they have been on certain lines this summer, one would be just as happy were rules less strict. However, one needs time at the station to attend to one's baggage. I agree with Baedeker that it is wisest to travel on the Continent only with a handbag. Baggage is always a nuisance, for there are no French Union Transfer Companies. You must carry your trunk yourself to the station, deliver it over to the porter, buy your ticket, and then take your place in the usually long line of people waiting to register their traps. But for this bother, the arrangement is really admirable, for each person is allowed so much baggage free, the weight varying with the different classes by which you can travel, and only two *sous*, or cents, are charged for having it registered. But at the end of your journey you must again wait to claim your trunk, and you must see to having it removed to your hotel or to wherever you may be going. This is after all a much simpler matter, not only in France, but in almost every part of Europe than it would be with us, since hacks or stages between the stations and any and all quarters of the town or hotel, are always waiting, and the prices charged seem to us ludicrously small: half a franc or ten cents as a rule for the stage, a franc or franc and a half, twenty or thirty cents, for the carriage. If you are only going to stay over night in a town it is less trouble not to claim your trunk until the next morning, but to let it stay in the baggage room in the meanwhile.

I never grudge the time I have to wait in a French railway station. The French as a nation are tremendously given to traveling, and they make such an amusing crowd. The scene, with the soldiers in slouchy red and blue uniforms, the priests in cassocks and broad-brimmed hats, the nuns, the peasant women in neat white caps, the men in blouses, is so essentially foreign. And all the railway officials are as effective as if effect was their object—the porters in blue trousers and blouses belted in with wide red belts, and above all, the *Chef de la Gare*, or Chief of the Station, a gorgeous creature in gold braid and buttons, who stalks up and down and does nothing for your benefit at coming-in and going-out of every train.

In France, as elsewhere in Europe, there are three classes or three kinds of carriages and prices. An American at first is apt to think it absolutely necessary to travel first-class. As a friend of mine (who has since gone almost all over Great Britain and the Continent in third class carriages) explained, it takes such a lot of moral courage the first

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time you frankly admit yourself to be a second class, or, worse still, a third class person! But there is no use in spending one's money for a little extra upholstery, a few inches more space. In England the second-class carriages are often unpleasant because they are filled with lady's maids and valets and footmen, for some unknown reason a peculiarly and aggressively odious class to travel with, and there it is best to go either first or third. But it is usually said that in France, as in Italy, it is out of the question to travel third. This is a great mistake. For short distances I almost invariably go third; for long distances I admit that it is not practicable, as third class carriages are attached only to what are called omnibus trains which stop at every station; you seldom find them on express trains, so that on a journey of many miles what is saved in expense is far outbalanced by what is lost in time. It is true that in third class carriages, save on one or two lines, you must sit on bare boards, such a luxury as a cushion being beyond third class prices. But for two or three hours this is no great hardship and you would be fastidious indeed if, to secure a softer seat, you would give up such delightful company as that of the peasants who almost always fill the third class carriages.

The peasants are among the most confirmed travelers. In most parts of France they talk a patois which varies with their distrust and which the best French scholar could not understand. But when they do talk French, as they will to you as soon as they see that you are not of their *pays*, their conversation is charming in its simplicity and frank personality. Each other, they ask, without hesitation, whence they came and whither they are going, and many have been the family secrets I have been forced to overhear. But with you, a stranger, they scarcely like to be so straightforward, and their polite endeavors to draw you out are simply irresistible. It is always an advantage to tell a French peasant that you are not English, but American. The McKinley bill this summer has disturbed the friendliness of the newspaper and the politician, but almost every peasant or artisan has at least one in his family or among his friends in the United States making a fortune, and he welcomes you as a sort of countryman. I shall never forget the polite little mason who, in long white blouse with bucket of plaster in his hand, ran after us when we had got into the hotel stage at Troyes to put his head in at the window and wish us *Bon voyage* and say a last *Je vous salue, Monsieur et Madame;* all because a few minutes before in the railway carriage we had told him that we were Americans, and it so happened that he had a sister in New York.

But the manners of the people are always charming—up to a certain point. No man gets in or out of a carriage without touching his hat or wishing you good-day. Any small civility is graciously rendered. But it is not always safe to leave your seat, even if you have marked it with your baggage. It has been within my experience that you come back and find your place occupied. Then the only thing to do is to claim it and not to mind a short, stiff war of words. This is the course a Frenchman would take, and the chances are you get back your seat and make the rest of the journey on the friendliest terms with the enemy. This, however, is likely to happen in any class carriage.

It would not be quite honest if I did not explain that there are times and places when third class carriages are to be avoided. If there should chance to be a big fair or feast or market at any town on the route which you must follow, travel second. As I have said, at all times the French have a mania for traveling, but on such occasions it becomes acute. Third class carriages are then filled to overflowing, and attractive as the peasants are individually, collectively in close quarters they have their drawbacks. Toward the south it is wise to desert the third class compartments. One's companions there may become more picturesque, but unfortunately personal uncleanliness increases in the same proportion as picturesqueness. Coming from the Pyrenees the other day, when I saw the third class carriages crowded with Spanish peasants who had just come down from the mountains and from a country where cholera has been raging all summer, I felt thankful that I had bought a second class ticket, though, with their knee breeches and short jackets and handkerchiefs round their heads, the Spaniards would have been far more delightful to look at than the ladies in the latest Parisian fashions who shared the carriage with me.

Nothing could be more to the traveler's comfort than the care taken to provide him with something to eat on his journey. On almost every railway line it is so arranged

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that at the French breakfast hour, eleven or twelve, the train stops for twenty minutes or half an hour at least at a station where there is a restaurant. Here you may be able to order what you choose. But in France you always fare better if you do as the natives do, and the wisest course is to eat the *table d' hôte* breakfast sure to be prepared. There is usually a choice between having a three-franc breakfast, and one for a franc and a half. The latter, I think, is to be preferred, as the more expensive is really too elaborate for a railway journey. But to give an idea of how well the French know how to do this sort of thing, let me quote the bill of fare for my last railway breakfast. It was at Lunel, a town in the south between Montpellier and Arles. For the three-franc breakfast, there were radishes and butter; fish; filet and mashed potatoes; grilled tomatoes; mutton cutlets and salad; cheese, grapes, and peaches; and a bottle of wine of course. For the franc and a half, which I had,—soup, filet, tomatoes, cheese, and a bottle of wine. A better breakfast one could not ask for. The cooking was good, and the dishes were decently served.

But this combination of cheapness and excellence belongs exclusively to provincial France. On the great northern lines between Paris and London, where Englishmen and Americans are many, you may always expect to pay well for your meals at the principal stations. Amiens has the reputation of being the most expensive buffet in France. On express trains with only first class carriages, you can beforehand order your breakfast or dinner, and when you reach the station which has the buffet, it is given to you in a basket. Thus, last month when, being somewhat hurried, I took this train from Paris to Poitiers, the baskets were waiting at Orléans. Of course the arrangement of the carriages, except on a very few trains where Pullmans are run, makes it impossible to adopt our dining-room car.

When one knows nothing of a town where the night is to be spent, it is best to rely upon Baedeker in the selection of a hotel. The hotels of France are in most respects excellent. The cooking is delicious, often better than any to be had with us, except in our Delmonicos and Bellevues. The rooms are comfortable and clean, though not as immaculate and spotless as in English inns; in the better hotels in the large towns however, there is nothing to be learned from England in this respect. For a room the average price is low, being only two or three francs a night, in small towns even less, in large towns more. A half a franc or a franc is commonly charged for service, another for lights. In small towns the supply of water and towels may be limited, but then it is necessary only to ask for more. The service, too, is good, and though every ring of your bell will not bring to your door a boy with a pitcher of ice-water, you will find, with rare exceptions, all hotel servants obliging to a degree which their American colleagues would scorn.

In one particular only, and that is unmentionable, is there cause for genuine complaint. The French are in most respects far more highly civilized, they understand far better the little refinements of life, than any other nation. But in one, they are far behind the rest of the world. If cleanliness is no object to them, sanitary laws should be, and yet they pay no heed to the simplest demands of decency and health. Their almost criminal carelessness in this regard is, without exaggeration, a blot upon the national character, for it is in the north as in the south, in the west as in the east, even in the smaller less pretentious hotels of Paris. It is only right in speaking of the pleasure and beauty and enjoyment of traveling in France, to refer—I cannot do more—to this one drawback.

But to enter more into detail about hotels, such an important subject to the tourist in provincial France. The best as a general rule, except in the very large towns, are those of the commercial traveler. In going to them, there is seldom cause for regret. I have stayed in one or two to which I should never return. But this, though my travels in France have been long and weary, has happened only on rare occasions. The French commercial traveler likes to live well, and at his hotel, good meals are a certainty. Here, as at the railway buffet, it is wise to conform to the custom of the country. I know a man who, with his wife, cycled over a large part of France and at every hotel at which he stopped for a meal, ordered a special breakfast or dinner for themselves alone—always a beefsteak, I believe, and a certain wine; the consequence was that he paid something like two dollars and a half for every meal, and came away declaring that France was the dearest country through which he had ever

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traveled. Now had he been willing to live as the French do, he would have found at almost every hotel, commercial or other, a breakfast and dinner of many courses for which he would have paid about three or three and a half francs; or often much less.

The breakfast is served at eleven or twelve, usually eleven. You are ushered into a long dining room very simply furnished. All attention has been reserved for the table which stretches from one end of the long room to the other. Fruit and cakes and pots of flowers decorate it its entire length. Between every two places is a bottle of wine and often a siphon of soda water. You sit down and the man next you at once—or after the soup, if there is any—takes the cork from the bottle, pours a drop of wine into his own glass, turns to you and says *Monsieur*, with a bow, and—the first time to your astonishment—half fills your glass. When you get used to *table d' hôte* etiquette, you know that when he says *Monsieur*, you say *Pardon*, and then *Merci*, when you have had enough, or you begin by saying, "Will you allow me to offer you some wine?" Wine, except in some parts of Normandy and Brittany, where cider takes its place, is invariably included free in the *table d' hôte* breakfast and dinner. It is the ordinary wine of the country and varies in quality in the different vine-growing districts. Sometimes it is very good and unmistakable grape juice; at others it is bad and suggests a chemical preparation, for of late years the phylloxera has simply destroyed many of the most famous old French vineyards. But now that American vines have been planted, the outlook is more promising. The harvest of grapes last autumn was one of the best for years. The Frenchman never drinks his ordinary wine pure; to half a tumblerful of wine he adds as much water. Perhaps because they are a wine-drinking nation, the French are more temperate than most people.

But the wine and his neighbor's civility are not all that will astonish the novice at his first breakfast. The number of courses, beginning with melon, or radishes and bread and butter, or some other good *hors d' œuvre*, continuing with omelette, fish, two or three dishes of meat and vegetables, and ending with fruit and cake, will seem endless. He will probably eat very heartily of the first dishes, only to find that something he likes better follows when he can eat no more. And he who has not been in France, does not know, has not imagined, in how many ways meat can be cooked, has never learned the real use of olives and mushrooms and capers and herbs, has never understood the true end of vegetables. Many American papers published daily menus and recipes for their readers; I cannot help wishing that they would borrow a few of the former from the French *table d' hôte*, a few of the latter from the French chef of a commercial hotel. Sometimes, in small houses, it is the *patron*, or proprietor, himself who presides in the kitchen, and then you may be doubly sure of a meal very much to your taste.

The dinner, at six or half past, is more elaborate. Soup and a sweet and perhaps one or more dishes of meat are added to the morning's menu. But dinner and breakfast alike are brought to an end with fruit and the little cakes which, if you wish to be very French, you will dip into your wine and then eat last of all. As in France the two principal meals are, rightly, such important incidents of the day, at the risk of seeming a great *gourmand*, I cannot help adding a word or two further about them. There is no doubt that, excellent as the meal is, it gains much from the manner in which it is served. Instead of a great mess of dishes placed before you all at once, each forms a course by itself, and each therefore is fairly tested. There is not a vegetable, the delicacy and flavor of which cannot be better appreciated when it is eaten alone. For every one of these numerous courses your plate is changed, but in good commercial houses, if you want to appear very much at home, remove your knife and fork after each, for the same must serve for all, save fish and dessert. Even one's way of holding a bottle or passing a plate, however, will show to just what degree one is accustomed to *table d' hôte* politeness.

After breakfast or dinner a lesson of wisdom is to be learned from the French. Instead of rushing off at once for a walk or for work, they go to a near *café* and devote an hour or more to a cup of coffee and the papers. The *café* is a national institution, and unless you know something of it, you know little of French life. After dinner or after breakfast coffee is to be had at the hotel, but it is not the custom to take it there. And in a quiet French town where there are few resources, that is in the way of amusement, there is nothing pleasanter than, on a summer even-

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ing, to sit at one of the little tables drawn out on the front pavement and even to the middle of the street—much to the inconvenience of the passer-by, but greatly to your comfort—and slowly drink a cup of coffee which is almost invariably good. And all you have to pay for an hour so spent is 25, 30, or 40 centimes (5, 6, or 8 cents) for the coffee and a *sou* to the waiter. The *café* is brilliantly lighted, every little table has its group of men, some merely drinking their coffee and talking, others looking over the illustrated papers, and still others playing cards or dominoes. On summer nights wandering musicians and singers stop to play and sing, people pass up and down on the street, and simple as it all is, the scene is bright and gay.

France adds to its other attractions that of being a very cheap country for the traveler. But you must understand how to make it cheap, or rather how not to make it dear. If you come full of American prejudices, convinced that only in America do people understand the meaning of comfort, and that without a hearty breakfast at eight and a half dozen vegetables served with fruit or fowl at dinner, and furnace heat in every room, life is not worth living, you will spend more than you would at home. Each country has its own ideal comfort. But if you make up your mind to live as the natives themselves do, you will soon find that you receive far more in return for your money than you would anywhere else. And after you have had some little experience, you will be able to reduce your expenses still further. French people are not, like Italians, prepared to cheat you unless you refuse to be cheated, but a French landlord is often willing to make a second bargain. For one night, however, it is not worth while to even ask his price.

To make a successful journey it is necessary to be able to speak French—at least after a fashion. You can get along if you do not, but if you are taken for an inexperienced Englishman or American, you are made to pay for it. A Frenchman, though he can speak nothing but French, sometimes nothing but patois, has nevertheless a strong contempt for whoever cannot talk it with him. Occasionally he will do his best to converse with you by gestures, but oftener after the first few words, he will turn away, not through rudeness or indifference, but simply because he knows it is useless to stay.

Nowadays when every other tourist carries a kodak, it may not be amiss to warn the traveler in France that if he uses his camera in that country, he runs the risk of being arrested. The French live in constant dread of spies from foreign lands—from Germany above all—and their laws forbidding sketching, photographing, etc., within a certain distance of fortified places, are very strict. The country, moreover, is full of private police agents who wear no uniform, and you are almost sure to be under police inspection. Of course the arrest means only a temporary detention, but the delay is often a serious inconvenience. It is best to obtain a special permission either through the United States Minister or from the local authorities.

I have endeavored here merely to give a few practical hints to future travelers through provincial France. My own wanderings have been so delightful that I often wonder why all the world does not take its holiday in French towns or on French roads.

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE eighteenth century may for our purpose be best looked on as taking in the last dozen years or so of the seventeenth, and as leaving the last dozen years or so of itself to the nineteenth. That is to say, we may reckon it from the English Revolution of 1688 to the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789. As Macaulay says, it seems hard to apply the same name to two such different events ; but it is the name that both have come to bear. And the latter of the two dates marks the completion of a third Revolution very different from either. The year 1789, which saw the beginning of the French Revolution, saw also the crowning of the series of events which split the English folk into two separate political bodies. Almost at the same time begins the first attempt, if it amounts to an attempt, to win a third home

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for the English folk in the Southern Ocean.

It is here needful to remember the difference between two quite distinct processes, the expansion of the English folk and the expansion of the British power. Each has influenced the other; but the two things are distinct both in idea and in fact. The time from 1688 to 1789 was only in a small degree a time of English settlement, while it is one of the greatest times of British Conquest. It is the time of the great struggle between England and France for dominion in India and in America. The conquest in India was in itself simply an extension of British power; it founded no home for the English folk. It has done much to enlarge the range of knowledge, of thought, of commerce, of enterprise generally, to some extent for the whole civilized world, and specially for that part of the English folk which it specially concerned. But India after all remains simply a dominion; it is not a colony. The struggle between France and England in America was of quite another kind. The conquests made from France by the joint action of the mother-country and the colonists had two effects. The conquest of the lands between the Ohio and the Lakes gave room for the existing English colonies in America to advance westward, even before they had gained independence and much more so after it. The conquest of the lands north of the Lakes gave room for the growth of a new set of English settlements in after times.

In the general history of the English folk the great event of these hundred years undoubtedly was the political splitting asunder of the English folk. The century had already seen one stage of its union, a final stroke put to the work of William the Conqueror and the West-Saxon kings before him. The northern part of the English folk, hidden under the name of their Scottish neighbors, became part of one kingdom with the rest of the English folk in Britain. Since 1603 England and Scotland had been separate, kingdoms under one king, kingdoms which might possibly be parted asunder. From 1707 onward England and Scotland together have formed the one kingdom of Great Britain.

It was therefore Great Britain, not England, of which the English colonies in America were dependencies. It was Great Britain, not England, of which they declared themselves independent. Up to that separation between Great Britain and the colonies, no distinction could be drawn between the two things which we are anxious to distinguish, the expansion of the English folk and the expansion of the British power. Every expansion of the folk carried with it an expansion of the power. The conquest of the lands north of the Ohio of which we just now spoke, did both. It gave the English folk an abiding settling-ground; it gave the King of Great Britain a new, though not an abiding, dominion. After this separation, the two processes became distinct; they might go together or they might not. They might even be opposed to one another. Thus the separation itself, the independence of the United States, was a great lessening of the British power; it led to the greatest of all expansions of the English folk.

The same thing happens in later times. The one English folk advances and wins new homes alike when New Zealand becomes an English-speaking colony and when California becomes an English-speaking state. But each is the expansion of a different political power from the other. So when Burmah becomes a province of the British Crown, when Alaska becomes a territory of the United States, there is in both cases the expansion of a distinct political power; but we can hardly say that there is even in Alaska, much less in Burmah, any expansion of the common English folk. The thing is to remember that there is a common English folk. At the separation, the English folk, hitherto politically one power, became two distinct powers. But neither of these powers should ever forget that, though the folk became two powers, it remained one folk. It remained one folk in its common origin, its common language, its common memories, to a great extent in a common law.

It would greatly help to clearness if we could, on both sides of the Ocean, learn to use a few words, especially the words *British* and *English*, in their right places. *English* and *American* are words which should never be opposed to one another; *British* and *American* are words which constantly must be opposed. *English* is the name of a folk in which, and in all its possessions, the English-speaking people of America have the same right as the English-speaking people of Britain. *Britain* is the name of a political power with which the English-speaking people of the United States have, since the Declaration of Independence, had nothing to do.

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To keep this distinction is simply to fall back on the language of the days of the War of Independence; it is to speak as Washington spoke. Washington did not speak of those against whom he had to strive as the *English*, but as the British. That is to say, the political tie was severed; the higher tie of race and speech remained. So of old the Phœnicians and the Greeks were none the less one folk because they formed many political powers. The German folk at this day are divided among four political powers; but they are one German folk none the less. We should teach ourselves to look on the severed branches of the English folk as in the same way one, in the same way separate.

And now what kind of people were the older branch of the stock, the English folk of Britain, at the time when the younger branch, the English folk of America, parted off from them? The difference between the mother-country and the dependent colonies was perhaps in some things wider than it is now between the two independent lands. New England was not the whole of the American colonies, but it was the most characteristic part; it was the part where circumstances had given the people the most marked character of their own. New England and all that belonged to it had grown up under the influence of Puritanism. The dominant religion of New England was in Old England a secondary influence. It was represented by the Dissenters, the descendants of the old Nonconformists of the days of Charles the Second.

In the time with which we are dealing, dissent was not persecuted, but it was treated as something inferior. Perhaps the most characteristic illustration of its position is this. During the greater part of the eighteenth century and the former part of the nineteenth, the law required all holders of many offices to be in communion with the Church of England. Gradually men came to be appointed to offices in the teeth of the law; they thereby incurred penalties; for a long time therefore an Act of Indemnity was passed yearly to free them from the penalties that they had incurred. When in the nineteenth century the need of such conformity was taken away by law, it was the removal, rather, of a kind of slur, than of a practical grievance. Roman Catholics meanwhile suffered under many disabilities—for instance they could not sit in either House of Parliament—and in this case the law was not to the same extent relaxed in practice. The state of mind which neither enforced nor abolished an intolerant law was perhaps characteristic of the time. No time was, on the whole, less a time of religious zeal than the eighteenth century.

Of the hundred years of which we are speaking the early part may still keep some traces of the strong passions of the seventeenth century; the latter part is stirred by the religious movement of the Methodists. But the very nature of that movement shows the character of the age. The original Methodist teaching under John Wesley, and even under George Whitefield, differed altogether from any of the religious movements of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. It could hardly be said to be the teaching of any new doctrine. The object of the earliest Methodists was neither to separate from the Church nor yet, like the Puritans, to reconstruct the Church after their own model. It was more like the reform of the friars in the thirteenth century, an attempt at practical improvement, at throwing greater life into religion. And if the system of the Church had been as flexible in the eighteenth century as it was in the thirteenth, Wesley might simply have founded a new order. As it was, very much against his will, he founded a new sect. At the same time the Methodist movement undoubtedly did much to stir up religious life both in the established Church and in the Dissenting bodies.

The eighteenth century, one might say, aimed before all things at being rational and moderate. It discouraged enthusiasm. It is characteristic that an eighteenth century book of theological controversy was headed "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists Compared." The word was perhaps then used in a sense somewhat different from that in which it is used now; but the change is much less in the meaning of the word than in the way in which the thing is looked at. It was largely a time of religious controversy, specially in defense of Christianity against the Deists; the general line of argument taken is the reasonableness of Christianity, the moderation of the Church of England, avoiding both Popish and Puritan extremes. The same notion of reasonableness, moderation, correctness, run through manners, literature, every thing. The eighteenth century is an age well-pleased with itself, and, from its own point of view, not without rea-

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son. It does not aim at any thing very great, but for that very reason it is less in danger of great failures. We cannot call it, in England at least, a learned age, though some of the learning of the seventeenth century lived on into it. No time ever had less real understanding of the times that went before it. It was a time of national feeling and national pride; men were proud of their country, its constitution, its religion, its history as far as they understood it. And yet to most men of the eighteenth century the early days of English history, the record of all that had made England what it was, seemed an uninteresting story of barbarians.

The only antiquity that was thought worth knowing any thing about was Greek and Roman antiquity. Of course to all these general remarks there were exceptions. It would not be hard to show an under-current of something different, something that binds the seventeenth century and earlier times to our own. But this character of avoiding extremes of all kinds and the result that came of it are the things that strike us most strongly on the surface. Yet the time was a time of progress in many ways, a time of thought, a time of invention, a time of scientific advance. And perhaps the very lack of religious zeal was in some sort supplied by a more general benevolence, a feeling for man as man. It was the time in which the welfare of prisoners was for the first time thought of, the time in which slavery was declared illegal in England, and in which the first attempts were made toward the abolition of the slave-trade throughout the British dominions. In former times the most characteristic foundations were monasteries, colleges, schools, hospitals, and alms-houses for poor and aged persons. The characteristic foundations of the eighteenth century were hospitals for the sick. The change amounts to a change of language. The word *hospital* now most commonly suggests the meaning of *infirmary*. Of the ancient hospitals some were infirmaries; but such was not commonly their object.

The political side of the age shows its general character. The two most stirring events are exceptions which distinctly prove the rule. There are two civil wars, or attempts at civil war; but what most strikes us about them is how little came of them, and how utterly out of place they seem. Twice, in 1715 and 1745, did the son and the grandson of the banished King James the Second try to win back the lost crown by arms. But in England the attempt was utter failure; save near the Scottish border, hardly any one loved them well enough to fight for them. In short the government under the early Hanoverian kings was not of a kind to make men zealous for or against it. The constitutional advance was real and great; but it was gradual and silent. The greatest political act was the union of England and Scotland; but that in no way touched the constitution or law of England. Throughout the century there was much useful legislation on particular points. And, more than all, the unwritten *constitution* was shaping itself by one precedent after another, without change in the *law*.

The eighteenth century went far to establish the doctrine that, of the powers which the law gives to the Crown, some shall not be exercised at all, while others shall be exercised only by the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. The House of Commons, to be sure, was far from being a real representation of the people; but the reform of that fault came later. The received system of a Ministry, a Cabinet, what it has latterly become the fashion to call a *Government*, dates from the eighteenth century, and made great advances during that time. We have now come to the age of great ministers, holding a position such as no minister did before. This we see distinctly in the wars of the time. While still within the seventeenth century, the main figure, military and political, is the King, William the Third. Then follows John, Duke of Marlborough. Among the statesmen two names stand out above all, Sir Robert Walpole, the minister of peace, and the first William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, the minister of war. Walpole in truth may be called the first *minister* in the modern sense of the word.

Of the wars of this time we have already spoken indirectly. The rivalry with France is throughout the one thing manifest on the surface. But in the earlier part, under William the Third and Anne, that rivalry takes the shape of the part in European affairs played by England or Great Britain in its new character of a great European power. In the later days, those of George the Second and Third, a character comes out which, if not wholly lacking, is quite sec-

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ondary in the earlier period, a character with which we are more concerned. Great Britain still plays a great part in Europe, but its greatest part is out of Europe. The real struggle with France is the struggle for dominion in India and America, which goes far to recall the struggle with Spain in the sixteenth century. This strife in distant lands stirred up, as before, a general spirit of enterprise and adventure. Combined with the growing scientific spirit, it led to a zeal for discovery which is easily connected with either conquest or colonization, but which is in itself distinct from either. The English settlements in the Southern Ocean, the great colonies of Australia which we now see, grew out of voyages of discovery of this kind. The beginnings both of dominion in India and of settlement in America were of quite another kind.

When we come to literature and the like, the names of famous men press so thick on us that, as it is hopeless to speak of all, it may be better to name those only who were either the beginners of something fresh, or who had a distinct influence on later times. Then, as at other times, very famous men have had but little abiding influence on their own or on later times. In the age with which we are concerned, there was no greater genius than Jonathan Swift; but it is of more abiding importance that, in that branch of philosophy which bears on politics, our century takes in the later days of John Locke and the earlier days of Edmund Burke. Among the many disputants whom the theological controversies of the time turned out, we shall hardly find a more original thinker than Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham. The prose and poetry of the time both show the general characteristics of the time. Among many poets it may be enough to say that the energy of John Dryden, the great poet of Charles the Second's day, who lived on into our time, was smoothed down into the perfect finish, the artificial accuracy, the envenomed sarcasm, of Alexander Pope, who set the standard of poetry for some generations.

Among the prose writers who began a new style of composition may fairly rank, in the earlier part of the time, Joseph Addison, who with his fellow-worker Sir Richard Steele, may pass as one of the beginners of periodical literature. The novel too dates from this age; fictitious writing, closely imitating reality, like Daniel De Foe's famous Robinson Crusoe, hardly comes under this head, though it leads the way to it. The real novel in its fullness, stands forth in Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett. A very different kind of composition, that of religious hymns, as distinguished from the versified translations of the Psalms in which the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries delighted, also belongs to the eighteenth century. From Thomas Kerr, Bishop of Beth and Wells, and the Dissenters Isaac Watts and Philip Doddridge, it reaches its fullest influence in the hands of the Wesleys, John and his brother Charles. But no man now more fully sets forth the better side of the age than the famous Samuel Johnson, both prose writer and poet, but who lives neither in his prose nor in his verse, but in the record of his daily talk at the hand of his friend James Boswell. Toward the end of the time, belonging to the time, impressed by the time, but with impressions rather foreign than English, comes the first great English historian, in the later sense of that word, Edward Gibbon.

As for art, as far as architecture is concerned, one can hardly say that it existed. In music and painting this age was one of great advance; but we still largely borrowed from other lands. Thus the music of George Frederick Handel has become so thoroughly national that we almost forget that he was a foreigner. The name of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the friend of Johnson, and the foundation of the Royal Academy under George the Third, mark the advance of painting; but as a witness to the history of the nation, as a painter of its manners, a satirist on canvas, we may be inclined to put the name of William Hogarth above all.

Thus this time of a hundred years, full of great events from some sides, a creative age alike in the far East and in the far West, is on the whole, within the isle of Britain, somewhat of a dull age. But it did its work. Things of all kinds as it were settled down after the stirring life of the seventeenth century to make ready for the stirring life of the nineteenth. In that period the two severed branches of the English folk begin to walk apart but side by side.

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THE SPELL OF THE PAST.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I NOTICE that as a man grows old he is more and more fond of quoting his father,—what he said, what he did. It has more and more force or authority with him. It is a tribute to the past. Not until one has reached the meridian of life or gone beyond it, does the spell of the past begin to creep over him.

Said a middle-aged woman to me the other day, "Old people are beginning to look very good to me; I like to be near them and to hear them talk." It is a common experience. I have seen many a granny on the street whom I felt like kidnaping, taking home, and seating in my chimney corner, for the sake of the fragrance and pathos of the past which hovered about her; for the sake also, I suppose, of the filial yearning which is pretty sure to revive again in one after a certain time.

No woman can ever know the depths of her love for her mother until she has become a mother herself, and no man knows the depths of his love for his father until he has become a father. When we have experienced what they experienced, when we have traveled over the road which they traveled over, they assume a new value, a new sacredness in our eyes. They are then our former selves and a peculiarly tender regard for them awakens in our hearts. There is pathos in the fact that so many people lose their parents before the experiences of life have brought about that final flavoring and ripening of the filial instinct to which I refer.

After one has lived half a century, and maybe long before, his watch begins to lose time, the years come faster than he is ready for them, while he is yet occupied with the old, the new is upon him. How alien and unfriendly seem the new years, strangers whom we reluctantly entertain for a time but with whom we seem hardly to get on speaking terms, with what uncivil haste they come rushing in. One writes down the figures on his letters or in his journals, but they all seem alike; before one had become at all intimate with them so that they come to mean anything special to him, they are gone. While he is yet occupied with the sixties, living upon the thoughts and experiences which they brought him, the seventies have come and gone and the eighties have knocked at his door.

The earlier years one took to his heart as he did his early friends. How much we made of them; what varied hues and aspects they wore; how we came to know each other; how rounded and complete were all things. Ah, the old friends and the old years, we cannot separate them; they had a quality and an affinity for us that we cannot find in the new. The new years and the new friends come and go, and leave no impression. Youth makes all the world plastic; it creates all things anew; youth is Adam in Paradise, from which the burdens and the experiences of manhood will, by and by, cause him to depart with longing and sorrow. "When we were young," says Schopenhauer, "we were completely absorbed in our immediate surroundings; there was nothing to distract our attention from them; we looked upon the objects about us as though they were the only ones of their kind, as though, indeed, nothing else existed at all."

It is perhaps inevitable that a man of sensibility and imagination should grow conservative as he grows old. The new is more and more distasteful to him. Did you ever go back to the old homestead where you had passed your youth or your early manhood, and find the old house, the old barn, the old orchard, in fact all the old landmarks gone? What a desecration, you thought. The new buildings, how hateful they look to you. They mean nothing to you but the obliteration of that which was very dear to you. This experience proves nothing except that the past becomes a part of our very selves; our roots, our beginnings, are there and we bleed when old things are cut away.

After a certain age is reached, how trivial and flitting seem the new generations. The people whom we found upon the stage when we came into the world—the middle-aged and elderly people who are bearing the brunt of the battle, they seem important and like a part of the natural system of things. When they pass away what a void they leave. Those who take their places, the new set, do

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not seem to fill the bill at all. But the chances are that they are essentially the same class of people, and will seem permanent and important to our children as the old people did to us.

To repeat the experience go to a strange town and take up your abode. Everybody seems in his proper place, there are no breaks, we miss nothing, the social structure is complete. In a quarter of a century go back to the place again; ruins everywhere, nearly all the old landmarks gone, and a new generation upon the stage. But to the newcomer nothing of this is visible; he finds everything established and in order as he first found it. It is so in life. Our children are the newcomers who do not and cannot go behind the visible scene.

We are always wondering who are going to take the place of the great poets, the great preachers, the great statesmen and orators who are passing away. We see the new men but they are not the worthy successors of these. The great ones are all old or dead. The new ones we know not; they cannot be to us what the others were; they cannot be the star actors in the drama in which we have played a part, and therefore we fancy they are of little account.

Hence also the new generation always go astray according to the old, and run after strange gods. "And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers; and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which He had done for Israel."

How ready we are to believe in the past as against the present; to believe that wonders happened then that do not happen now. Miracles happened then, but not now. The Divine One came upon earth then, but He comes no more. Our whole religion is of the past. How hard to believe in a present revelation, or to believe in the advantages and opportunities of the present hour.

From the standpoint of each of us the sunrise and the sunset seem like universal facts; it must be evening or morning throughout the world we think, instead of just here on our meridian. In the same way we are prone to look upon youth and age as commensurate with human existence; the world was young when we were young, and it grows old as we grow old; youth and age we think are not subjective experiences, but objective realities.

How can these youths here by our side feel as we have felt, see what we have seen, have the same joys and sorrows, the same friends, the same experiences, see the world clad in the same hues, feel the same ties of home, of father and mother, of school and comrades, when all the world is so changed, when these things and persons that were so much to us are forever past? What is there left? How can life bring to them what it brought to us? But it will. The same story is told over and over to each succeeding generation, and each finds it new and true for them alone. As we find our past in others, so our youths will find their past in us, and find it unique and peculiar.

The lives of men are like the sparks that shoot upward; the same in the first ages as in the last, each blazing its brief moment as it laps forth, some attaining a greater brilliancy or a higher flight than others, but all ending at last in the same black obscurity. Or they are like the waves that break upon the shore; one generation following swift upon the course of another, repeating the same evolutions, and crumbling and vanishing in the same way.

Probably no man ever lost his father or his mother or his bosom friend without feeling that no one else could ever have had just such an experience. Carlyle in writing to Emerson shortly after each had lost his mother said, "You too have lost your good old mother, who stayed with you like mine, clear to the last; alas, alas, it is the oldest Law of Nature; and it comes on every one of us with a strange originality, as if it had never happened before."

Speaking of these two rare men, each so attractive to the other, how unlike they were in their attitude toward the past; the one with that yearning, wistful, backward glance, bearing the burden of an Old World sorrow and remorse, long generations of baffled, repressed, struggling humanity coming to full consciousness in him; the other serene, hopeful, optimistic, with the spell of the New World upon him, turning cheerfully and confidently to the future. Emerson describes himself as an endless seeker with no past at his back. He seemed to have no regrets, no wishful retrospections. His mood is affirmative and expectant. The power of the past was not upon him, but it had lain its hand heavily upon his British brother, so heavily that at times it almost overpowered

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him. His dominant note is distinctively that of retrospection. He yearns for the old days. The dead call to him from their graves. In the present he sees little, from the future he expects less; all is in the past. How he magnifies it, how he re-creates it and reads his own heroic temper into it! The twelfth century is more to him than the nineteenth.

It is true that the present time is more or less prosy, vulgar, commonplace to most men; not till we have lived it and colored it with our own experiences does it begin to draw us. This seems to have been pre-eminently the case with Carlyle; he was morbidly sensitive to the crude and prosy present, and almost preternaturally alive to the glamour of the past. What men had done, what they had touched with their hands, what they had colored with their lives, that was sacred to him.

Is it not a common experience that as we grow old there comes more and more a sense of solitude and exposure? Life does not shut us in and house us as it used to do. One by one the barriers, walls, wind-breaks are taken down, and we become more and more conscious of the great cosmic void that encompasses us. Our friends were walls that shielded us; see the gaps in their ranks now. Our parents were like the roof over our heads; what a sense of shelter they gave us. Then our hopes, our enthusiasms, how they housed us, or peopled and warmed the void. A keen living interest in things, what an armor against the shafts of time is that. Always on the extreme verge of time: this moment that now passes is the latest moment of all the eternities. *New* time always. The old time we cannot keep. The old house, the old fields, and in a measure the old friends may be ours, but the atmosphere that bathed them all, the sentiment that gave to them hue, this is from within and cannot be kept.

Time does not become sacred to us until we have lived it, until it has passed over us and taken with it a part of ourselves. While it is here we value it not, it is like raw material not yet woven into the texture and pattern of our lives; but the instant it is gone and becomes yesterday, or last spring, or last year, how tender and pathetic it looks to us. The shore of time! I think of it as a shore constantly pushing out into the infinite sea, stretching farther and farther back of us like a fair land idealized by distance into which we may not again enter. The future is alien and unknown, but the past is a part of ourselves. So many ties bind us to it. Indeed, the past is the cemetery of our days. There they lie every one of them. Musingly we recall their faces, and the gifts they brought us, the friends, the thoughts, the experiences, the joys, the sorrows, many of them we have quite forgotten, but they were all dear to us once.

If our friends should come back from their graves, could they be what they once were to us? Not unless our dead selves came back also. How precious and pathetic the thought of father and mother to all men; yet the enchantment of the past is over them also. They are in that sacred land; their faces shine with its hallowed light, their voices come to us with its moving tones.

In view of this power and attraction of the past, what do we mean by saying we would not live our lives over again? It seems to be an almost universal feeling. Cicero says, "If any god should grant me, that from this period of life I should become a child again and cry in the cradle, I should earnestly refuse it," and Sir Thomas Browne says, "For my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days." Sir Thomas did not want to live his life over again for fear he should live it worse instead of better. Cicero did not regret that he had lived, but intimates that he had had enough of this life, and wanted to enter upon that new and larger existence. "Oh, glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene."

But probably the true reason was not given in either case. *We do not like to go back.* We are done with the past; we have dropped it, sloughed it off. However pleasing it may be in the retrospect, however fondly we may dwell upon it, our real interest is in the present and the future. Probably no man regrets that he did not live at an earlier period, one hundred, five hundred, two thousand years ago; while the wish that our existence had been deferred to some future age is quite common. It all springs from this instinctive dislike to going back, and this zest for the unknown, the untried. There are many experiences in the lives of us all that we would like to repeat, but we do not want to go back. We habitually look upon life as a journey; the past is the road over

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which we have just come; these were fair countries we just passed through, delightful experiences we had at this point and at that, but we do not want to turn back and retrace our steps. There is more or less a feeling of safety. We want to go ahead, but of what is behind us we have had our fill. We think of the world as moving on, everybody and everything as pressing forward. To live our lives over again would be to go far to the rear. It would be to give up the present and all that it holds; it would be a kind of death.

Take from life all novelty, newness, surprise, hope, expectation, and what have you left? Nothing but a cold pancake, which even the dog hesitates over. One's life is full of routine and repetition, but then it is always a new day; it is always the latest time; we are on the crest of the foremost wave; we are perpetually entering a new and untried land. I am told that lecturers do not weary of repeating the same lecture over and over, because they always have a new audience. The routine of our lives is endurable because, as it were, we always have a new audience; the day is the last birth of time and its face no man has before seen. Life becomes stale to us when we cease to feel any interest in the new day, when the night does not re-create us, when we are not in some measure born afresh each morning. As age comes on we become less and less capable of renewal by rest and sleep, and so gradually life loses its relish, till it is liable to become a positive weariness.

Hence in saying we would not live our lives over, we are only emphasizing this reluctance we feel at going back, at taking up again what we have finished and laid down. Time translates itself in the mind as space; our earlier lives seem afar off to be reached only by retracing our steps, and this we are not willing to do. In the only sense in which we can live our lives over, namely in the lives of our children, we live them over again very gladly. We begin the game again with the old zest.

Who would not have his youth renewed; what old man would not have again if he could, the vigor and elasticity of his prime? But we would not go back for them; we would have them here and now, and date the new lease from this moment. It argues no distaste for life, therefore, in deep dissatisfaction with it to say we would not live our lives over again. We do live them over again from day to day, and from year to year; but the shadow of the past, we would not enter that. Why is it a shadow, why this pathos of the days that are gone? Is it because, as Schopenhauer insists, life has more pain than pleasure? But it is all beautiful, the painful experiences as well as the pleasurable ones, it is all bathed in a light that never was on sea or land, and yet we see it as it were through a mist of tears. There is no pathos in the future, or in the present, but in the house of memory there are more sighs than laughter.

MODERN SURGERY.

BY C. R. HAMMERTON.

THE world keeps tolerably well informed about the progress made in physical science. Every new discovery in astronomy is heralded from one end of the earth to the other. Every great invention is speedily recognized, every new triumph in the chemical laboratory is promptly told. But how little is known comparatively of the progress made in conquering the ills that flesh is heir to.

The reason for this lack of popular information seems a strange one in the light of the broad civilization of the close of the nineteenth century. It is because the peculiar code of ethics of the medical profession has until very recently sought to conceal this knowledge from unprofessional eyes and ears. It was only a few weeks ago that at a convention of physicians in New York the subject of giving information upon medical and surgical subjects to newspaper reporters was discussed. There were objections raised even to the policy of the more liberal practitioners, who declared that they would furnish such information whenever the subject inquired about was a matter affecting the public health. Physicians are glad to make known their discoveries to others in their profession, but the traditions of centuries forbid a wider spread of their knowledge. So it happens

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that the record of medical progress is told only in technical literature which is almost unintelligible to the average layman. Occasional great triumphs of skill have within a few years been described in secular print, and the intolerance of the past is fast disappearing.

There has been at least one regrettable effect of drawing a veil of mystery between the public and the means and methods of dealing with disease in all its forms. There has long existed an unreasonable prejudice against public medical institutions. In the minds of many, a public hospital is as much to be dreaded as the disease which sends one there. Many well-informed people prefer to be taken to their homes rather than to a hospital in case of accident or sudden illness. The hospital in fact, is a much misjudged institution, and all because so little is known about what goes on within its walls. It is a place of suffering necessarily, but not of mysteries and nameless horrors. The ban of secrecy has been removed from all departments of the best managed hospitals, except, of course, against inquiries which are based on mere curiosity or which seek to violate the confidential relations which properly exist between physician and patient.

But it is a rare thing for a layman to occupy a seat on the high bank of benches in the operating amphitheater of a great hospital. He has no real right to be there except for some definite purpose which few circumstances justify. Mere morbid curiosity which attracts a man to a surgeon's table is hardly a creditable attribute.

When an invitation first came to me from a prominent surgeon to visit a famous amphitheater on operating day, I received it with a good deal of misgiving and surprise. He was a wise old man. The popular dread of the surgical ward of a great hospital, he said, was sometimes a serious obstacle to successful work by the surgeons. The mental suffering of patients who conjure up mysterious terrors in an unknown place of pain was an added element of danger in their condition which he believed should be removed. He asked me to visit frequently the operating room where he often was the chief surgeon and he gave me permission to write freely about anything I saw there. Since then I have witnessed hundreds of operations, most of them by famous surgeons, in three of the best known hospitals in the country. Marvelous triumphs of knowledge and skill over desperate conditions, some of those operations have been. Thrilling even to a breathless awe have been some of the struggles with ever present death upon the operating table. But there was nothing in any of the scenes that ever called for secrecy or concealment. Much there was on the contrary to inspire admiration and veneration of these masters of a noble profession whose skill in the face of the arch enemy seemed sometimes more than human.

Bellevue is the largest acute hospital, so-called, in the world. Architecturally it is neither very large nor well-appointed, but more accident and other emergency cases are treated there than anywhere else. The arrival of the ambulance with some mangled or suddenly stricken sufferer is an hourly occurrence. It follows that surgery at Bellevue is more varied in its accomplishments and more frequently resorted to than in any other institution.

Nobody ever forgets a first visit to an operating room. It is not what he sees there so much as his own feelings which indelibly impress his memory. An involuntary dizziness and nausea assail nine out of ten even of the medical students who gather around the surgeon's table for the first time. Many are overcome by the strange influence which seizes them and are obliged to retire from the ether-burdened air. But it is not what they see which gives rise to the peculiar sensations. The feeling usually passes away soon after an operation has been actually begun under their eyes. The sensation gives way to a great surprise which comes to them when they realize that modern surgery is not cruel, but merciful and painless. The surprise becomes wonder and astonishment when they find that the scenes before them are not shocking and sanguinary, but that operations are for the most part demonstrative of cool mechanical skill and almost bloodless.

The whole science of surgery has been twice revolutionized within half a century. The discovery of anæsthetics only fifty years ago more than doubled the surgeon's power. The general introduction of antiseptic agents less than a quarter of a century ago broadened his field in almost as great a proportion. All the wonderful progress of the art has been based upon these two discoveries. The first inestimable boon to mankind is no doubt the one most appreciated by suffering humanity.

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The gift of anæsthesia has stripped the surgeon's table of almost all its horrors.

But even with that the *sequelæ* of the merciful work of the knife were more to be dreaded than the operation itself. The inflammation and fever which were the almost inevitable effects of the surgeon's work were far more dangerous than the shock to the system caused by his invading instruments. Hundreds of operations which were mechanically possible were never attempted because of these dreaded febrile effects which prevented a natural union of the severed tissues. Now and then a surgeon obtained that rare result a "healing by first intention,"—the closing of a wound without suppuration or other inflammation. He could never trace cause and effect in the phenomenon and he ascribed the good fortune of his patient to luck.

The bacteriologist cleared up the mystery. He discovered the bacteria or germs which throng the air and water and which breed inflammation and disease if they find lodgment in a wound or other exposed surface. The problem then became how to keep them out. It was not long in solving. Various antiseptic, or germ-killing, fluids were tried and several effectual ones are now in common use. The surgeon now keeps his hands, instruments, and the surface of his patient's wounds thoroughly cleansed with one of these agents and he may confidently expect quick healing and prompt recovery without any of the slow, exhausting suffering that used to follow even his most skillful work.

Take a familiar incident in metropolitan life to illustrate the operation of the hospital system. There is a shout of warning and then a cry of pain on Broadway, New York. A car stops suddenly, but not quickly enough to prevent a cruel wheel from passing over the ankle of a small newsboy who has slipped and fallen upon the track. Tender hands pick up the little sufferer and carry him to the sidewalk. A policeman comes and sees at a glance that the injury is one which amateurs cannot deal with and he goes quickly to the red signal-box on the lamp-post at the corner and rings an ambulance call. Then he returns to find that the lad has mercifully fainted, while a curious crowd believing that the boy is dead is expressing its voluble sympathy. In less than five minutes, the sharp clang of the ambulance gong clears the street and the uniformed young surgeon, bag in hand, jumps off before the vehicle stops. He looks at the crushed ankle, makes sure that there is no hemorrhage and then carefully places the unconscious figure upon the stretcher which the driver and policeman have brought. The stretcher is returned to its place, and off goes the ambulance at a sharp trot to Bellevue. There the stretcher is carried quickly to the reception room. The examining surgeon detains it only long enough to ascertain the nature of the case and assigns the sufferer to one of the surgical wards.

In the operating room of that ward members of the hospital staff are ready to give the still unconscious lad instant attention. They decide after a very brief examination that the leg must come off. It is only in extreme cases that amputation is necessary in these days. A limb may be injured apparently beyond repair. The bones may be not only broken but crushed and yet if life enough remains in the surrounding tissues to maintain a living connection with the almost severed parts the member may be saved. But in this case the wheel had so crushed the flesh as well as bone that it was impossible to obtain any circulation in the veins and arteries of the foot. The limb was practically dead below the point of injury. It was best to perform the operation at once so as to avoid a subsequent shock to the already suffering system.

No preparations were needed, and the surgeon whose duty it was, began work as soon as the lad's unconsciousness had become a deeper sleep under the influence of the ether-cone. An amputation is a simple and almost bloodless operation. In this case a tight rubber cord was tied about the leg just above the point of amputation. This cut off absolutely all flow of blood into the injured part. It was necessary to amputate a little above the point of injury. Skillfully and quickly the surgeon fashioned the flesh just above the laceration into two flaps which he designed to bring together over the ends of the bones when he should sever them. He did this with a rather long, narrow-bladed, sharp-pointed knife. As fast as the ends of the now empty arteries were disclosed they were seized with artery forceps and quickly tied up by an assistant. Then a few strokes of a small saw severed the bones smoothly. The rubber cord around the limb was removed to make sure that there would be no hemorrhage

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from any overlooked blood-vessel and then after a thorough deluging with antiseptic fluid the wound was closed. The edges of the flaps were brought together neatly and sewed so deftly that it was almost impossible to detect the point of union. The surface was dusted with iodoform as a further precaution against fever germs and the leg was carefully bandaged.

About half an hour after his admission the lad began to regain consciousness in a cot in the general ward, where it was a long time before he could realize what had really befallen him. He suffered a few days from weakness and then followed the natural restlessness of youth during the remaining days of convalescence. But in scarcely more than three weeks he was out again. The misfortune which had befallen him may be said to be only a temporary one. As soon as he has attained manhood's development, he can, if he has the means, so far make good his loss that no one will suspect that he is a cripple. Mechanical ingenuity has so well supplemented surgical skill that an artificial foot enables the wearer to walk or run without crutch or cane and with nothing to betray the loss of the natural limb.

I have even seen a case in which the patient submitted to the loss of a leg which might have been saved because the time necessary for a cure was more than the limb was worth. It was that of a man of middle age suffering with necrosis, or death of the bone, just below the knee. The surgeons said that a cure was possible, but nature would require at least two years to rebuild the damaged structure. They advised him to have the leg off and substitute an artificial one. The patient wisely decided that the natural leg was not worth two years of his life with all the suffering involved.

It has come to be literally true that recovery from an amputation usually takes place in about half the time required to mend a broken limb. If you fall and fracture one of the bones of your leg, you must stay in bed with the limb in plaster of Paris and splints for at least six weeks. I happened to see in Bellevue not long ago a man whose arm had been caught in machinery and torn off near the shoulder. The surgeons amputated at the shoulder-joint. Three weeks from the day of the accident the bandages were taken off for the last time and the patient was discharged in perfect health.

In no branch of surgery has the introduction of antiseptics had such important effect as in operations upon the internal organs. Opening the abdomen for any purpose—laparotomy it is called—used to be an operation rarely resorted to and followed by a high percentage of fatal results. With modern antiseptic resources, it has come to be an everyday operation in all great hospitals, and it can hardly be ranked as in itself dangerous.

Until within a few years, an injury which involved puncture of an intestine by bullet, knife, or other instrument was regarded as inevitably fatal. Now the surgeon undertakes the treatment of such a case with strong hopes of success. How the terrible mortality record of the army hospitals during the Civil War would have been lessened, had surgery thirty years ago possessed to-day's enlightenment! There remains but a single organ in the whole body which the surgeon dares not invade. The heart itself is all that he has not touched. It is asserted, however, that one bold operator succeeded in restoring life to an apparently dead man after all other means had failed by piercing the still heart with a fine needle and starting it into action by a shock of electricity.

The achievements of modern surgery are too many even to classify in a sketch as brief as this. Not only is life saved which under old conditions would have been lost, but ills which formerly were treated by slow and imperfect processes of medication are overcome by the quick and sure skill of the operating room. Certain diseases of the delicate structure of the brain are overcome, internal tumors and cancers are readily extirpated, and any condition no matter how deep-seated, which the knife can improve, is confidently dealt with.

The fear of death under operation is great among patients who go for the first time into the surgeon's hands. It is an almost baseless fear, and born of ignorance of the wonderful resources of modern medical science. It seldom happens that a patient actually dies under operation. Sometimes an unsuspected condition is disclosed under the explorations of the surgeon's instruments and immediate collapse follows. A regular attendant in the amphitheater of a great hospital occasionally witnesses a scene that makes his heart stand still. Sometimes in great emergencies there occurs a mavelous demonstration of man's

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modern power over death itself which awakens nothing short of awe in the observer.

I was one of a small group of spectators some time ago who had one of the most thrilling experiences that ever occur around a surgeon's table. A man of about forty years was placed in an operating chair in the amphitheater of a famous Boston hospital. The case was a desperate one and the surgeon was to operate with a bare chance of success which the patient had elected to take. A small, hard tumor had grown in the tissues upon the right side of the neck. The growth had crowded upon the carotid artery, the larynx, and important nerves, and for days the sufferer had been in constant agony. The only possible relief was by the knife and even with the chances against the patient to operate was the only merciful thing to do.

The neck is a dangerous location for an operation of any kind. It is full of great nerves, arteries, and veins which it is death to touch with a knife. In the present case some of the more important organs were probably directly involved by the tumor. The operating surgeon said he should attempt the complete extirpation of the tumor. If the patient survived that radical operation he would probably recover. The sufferer had borne the etherization well and the surgeon went to work at once. By a slight incision he laid back the skin and thin tissues covering the tumor. He began to work around it with greatest care. It proved to be an extremely hard growth, firm and deeply seated. The surgeon had been engaged but a few minutes when the patient began to show signs of collapse. An assistant surgeon quickly injected a strong stimulant into the patient's arm by means of a hypodermic syringe. The principal operator kept steadily on, working as rapidly as the delicate nature of the task would permit. But a moment or two later the collapse of the patient became complete. The breathing grew fainter and ceased altogether. The pulse at the wrist disappeared. The heart itself stopped beating. The features took on the strange gray look of death. The man was dead.

Instantly the scene among the doctors changed. There was no excitement. The expected had happened. But the surgeons did not surrender their patient to the grim messenger so easily. The chief surgeon withdrew his instruments and abandoned his work. The surgeon's chair in which the patient was seated was tipped back, and an assistant endeavored to restore breath to the empty lungs by the manipulation resorted to with persons rescued from drowning. Another physician applied the full current of an electric battery at various points on the man's body. Nothing had any effect, but the efforts were not relaxed for an instant.

The situation was one of awful suspense for those who looked on. Every known restorative had been applied in vain, and it seemed that nothing less than a miracle could relight the spark which had utterly gone out. Ten full minutes had passed. Finally there came a slight twitching of the muscles of the chest in response to the intense electric current applied there. A little later there was a flutter of breath from the lungs, and slowly the gray look of death merged into a more natural pallor. Other signs of life appeared and finally the patient sufferer was called back from a merciful death to another space of pain. Then arose the question whether to pursue further the operation which had been undertaken. The chief surgeon explained that the collapse of the patient thus early in the work proved that the tumor penetrated even deeper than they supposed and that it involved the pneumo-gastric nerve. To continue the original operation would result in immediate death beyond possibility of reviving. The surgeon contented himself therefore with removing some of the outer portion of the tumor in the hope of thus relieving the pressure upon the vital organs of the neck. The wound was then closed up and the patient came back to consciousness and to a lessened degree of suffering, but he lived only a few weeks.

Detailed statistics which will demonstrate the vast progress made during the last half of the nineteenth century in medical and surgical knowledge and skill are not yet available. It is a subject worth careful investigation. It will undoubtedly appear that the span of human life is perceptibly broadening. And who can compute the sum of pain and suffering which have been subdued?

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Woman's Council Table.

THE SOROSIS CLUB AT BOMBAY, INDIA.

BY MRS. M. B. DENNING.

UPON invitation of Dr. Emma Ryder, the President of the Sorosis Club of Bombay, I drove one afternoon down the beautiful esplanade to the Girls' School, where an "at home" of the club was given in honor of the Governor's wife.

At the gate of the compound, or yard, my husband left me and I ascended the stairs alone, for gentlemen were not permitted even on the second landing, as many ladies had accepted the invitation of Dr. Ryder on condition and promise that gentlemen were not to be present.

It was a brilliant scene. The room was large and airy, with almost numberless doors and windows opening upon verandas on either side. At one end of the room, partially hidden by curtains and a screen, was a table spread with dainties new and rare to Western eyes. Huge pots of fine palms adorned the archways of the room, and tasteful articles of Indian bric-à-brac were used in profusion.

The company could well be called "exclusive society," for we were admitted behind the Mohammedan "perdus" and enjoyed associations which would have been closed to all a few years ago. There were present representatives of at least six nationalities and of almost as many religions; a few Americans, a few English ladies, some Mohammedans, and some Hindus, while the larger part of the company were Parsis. This was due in part to the proximity of the Parsi girls' school, and also to the fact that some of the young ladies from the school took part in the program.

A more richly dressed assemblage it would be difficult to find, and yet not a single specimen of so-called "full dress" was there. The Hindu women were dressed in a tasteful and costly manner, but their garments were of sober hues. Their head ornaments of gold were massive and beautiful. The hair was drawn smoothly back into a knot and fastened by these gold medallions. The Mohammedans wore rich dresses and fine ornaments, and were distinguished by embroidered turbans; but the brilliancy and light of the company came from the soft and shimmering silks of the Parsi ladies,—white, rich red, peach pink, blues, pale yellows, and lovely tints of light green, blending and mingling in kaleidoscope fashion. These graceful garments were trimmed in gold and silver braid, rich lace, and embroidered bands of ribbon. The necklaces, bracelets, and in the case of the Hindu women, the nose jewels and anklets, made a soft, tinkling noise, as their owners moved about. It was an Arabian Nights' scene. And yet the very tinkle of the wristlets and anklets sounded to me like the noise of chains, for as I looked into the beautiful faces I thought the shadows of oppression were there.

But what is Sorosis and what are its objects? It is, in brief, the daughter of the New York Sorosis, a club which was started for purely literary purposes, and aimed at a confederation of many similar clubs.

When Dr. Ryder arrived in India she was wonderfully impressed with the narrowness of the lives lived by even the most favored of India's women. Family weddings, births, and deaths—and for the rest the merest trifles—made up the sum total of their lives. History, deeds of heroism, and the vivid life of to-day seemed scarcely to reach them at all. Mrs. Ryder felt it her plain duty to open the world in some way to these women. The first step in this direction was a notice in the Bombay papers to the effect that on a certain Saturday afternoon she would be glad to receive all women who would come with a view to forming a woman's club.

Great apprehension was felt by Mrs. Ryder's friends as to the outcome of this notice. They were sure it would end in failure or in gathering together a very doubtful company. However, the day arrived and with it forty women of various creeds and nationalities. A club was formed and christened Sorosis.

A reading room forms the center of attraction for this club. To this women may come who never ventured anywhere alone before. To many it is the only thing of interest outside their homes. Here are choice books and magazines, and here these women come and

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discuss all sorts of topics and fraternize in a manner new and unheard-of in this land of caste and barriers.

Here the Hindu meets the Parsi, and both the Christian, whether European, Eurasian, or native; and strangest of all the secluded Mussulman steals in shrouded, and, unveiling, takes her share in the new comradeship.

There are regular fortnightly meetings and an occasional at home or tea. At the regular meetings a twenty-minute lecture is given on the life of some worthily distinguished woman. Elizabeth Fry, Miss Carpenter, Frances Willard, and others have, in this way, been infusing new aspirations and thoughts into the minds and hearts of these Eastern sisters. Essays are read and music is rendered in Persian, English, Marathic, and Arabic. As will be seen, many of these women know something of certain branches, but their lives are shut in and narrow. This club gives them some opportunity to exercise their mental muscle and to belong in a measure to the age in which they live.

There is no missionary work connected with this movement. But, although we may deprecate the presence of an idol on the piano, even though it be for ornament merely, and might wish there were more of a Christian atmosphere in these gatherings, still a good work is being done in the opening of hitherto closed doors and in the burning away of caste barriers in the fires of social life and kindred interests.

Over the door of the room is the motto sent to Dr. Ryder by the President of the New York Sorosis: "Tell them the world was made for women also." Strange new doctrine for India! and yet in this very gathering in the mission schools for girls all over the Empire, in the passage of the "Bill of Consent," and in Pundita Ramabai's school for widows here in Poona,—in all these we see the dawn of hope for India's womanhood.

Some day such gatherings will not be so rare, Pundita's school will not be the "lone star" of hope for twenty-one millions of widows. Ah! some day this beautiful Eastern world will indeed be made for women also. For some day our God will rule in this land of the palm and the citron and King Emmanuel will be the Lord. Then little infants will not be married, and child widows will not cry by reason of their bitter bondage. Then will the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings and there shall be "no more curse" upon the women and the homes of India.

A COLORED CREOLE TYPE.

BY JULIE WETHERILL BAKER.

IN a quiet corner of New Orleans is a large old-fashioned house to which the notice "Furnished Rooms" is attached and at the rear of the house is the usual back yard.

It has a picturesqueness characteristic of New Orleans. The pavement is of flagstones and at the end of the yard which opens upon the alley there is a brick archway roofed over by the second story back gallery. Buckets and washtubs stand upon benches in this alcove, and there is also a tremendous earthen water jar that looks as if it had come out of the pages of "Ali Baba." A mocking-bird swings in a cage; two canaries trill piercingly; and a pair of Java sparrows are cuddled side by side upon their perch, with their stupid red beaks very close together. A black puppy sprawls aimlessly over the pavement and a large Maltese cat dozes in the sun. There are flowers everywhere, in pots and tubs and boxes—ferns and geraniums and coleus and broad-leaved, tropical looking plants that bear no blossoms.

Suzanne stands by a table cleaning knives, very trim and tidy in her neatly fitting dress and white apron. She is a quadroon, short and slenderly built, with a rich color in her cheeks. Her features have rather a Japanese cast. Her silky black hair, which just ripples a little at the temples, is twisted up into fantastic puffs pierced by an amber dagger.

Fifine is busy at the washtubs. She is a shade darker than Suzanne, with a glow burning under the clear yellow of her skin. Her abundant hair has something of the African crispness, and the curves of her figure are generously molded. Fifine is hand-

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some, and she knows it, and so she smartens her workaday gown by knotting a scarlet silk kerchief about her neck.

Maria, the sewing woman who works by the day, is busily clicking away at the sewing machine. She has locks as black and straight as those of an Indian, and might be easily mistaken for a sickly, sallow white woman. Her daughter, Violet, who sits on the pavement, playing with the puppy, is a child of remarkable beauty, with clear-cut features and a fair complexion. Her flaxen tresses are guiltless of curl or wave; but she has her mother's glittering, restless black eyes.

Mrs. Kidder, the mistress of the lodging house, presently waddles out into the yard. She is a stout mulatto woman with grizzled hair, and she keeps a sharp lookout over the spectacles that are always slipping down to the end of her short nose.

"'Most finished them sheets, Maria?" she asks as she bustles about. "Fifine, you don't seem to be makin' good progress with the clothes."

Before the workers have time to frame excuses, the doorbell jangles sharply, and Suzanne hastens to answer the summons. In a few minutes a cackling voice is heard talking volubly all the way down the hall.

"The music teacher," Suzanne announces, reappearing.

This music teacher is a white woman clad in shabby genteel mourning, with an air of "better days" about her.

Fifine gives her water-curdled hands a hasty wipe, and soon the strains of "The Monastery Bells" are heard, played with some dash, but little accuracy, while the teacher sings the time with nasal shrillness.

Mrs. Kidder, the colored mistress of a genteel lodging house, is a type peculiar to New Orleans. She is a bustling, active woman, with little of the proverbial sloth of the negro. She has a passion for sweeping and cleaning, taking up carpets and moving furniture. Her kitchen stove shines like a black diamond. But with all her energy, she is continually in money difficulties, for she is improvident and extravagant. This cannot be ascribed to the irresponsibility engendered by slavery; for there is very little slavish blood in her veins. Her grandmother—"as far back as that!" she says proudly—was "a free woman of color" who came from Richmond to New Orleans.

Though Mrs. Kidder is deeply in debt she hires a piano for Fifine to strum on and haunts auction sales, where she falls a victim to her own weakness for gaudy and useless vases. Her male lodgers have a way of disappearing without paying their rent; yet, unsoured by such experiences, she actually supported one of them for more than a year—an old gentleman, once wealthy, but now fallen in fortunes, who had lost his situation and was left without resources. She is a generous creature, and no beggar is turned away hungry from her door. If the poorest of her lodgers is ill she will toil upstairs a dozen times a day, with ministering intent.

Mrs. Kidder can read and write,—her chief literary diet being the local newspapers. She has a way of prefacing her remarks thus: "I may be black, but I have my feelings,"—yet this is only a figure of speech, and it would not be safe for any one else to call her black. Though kind-hearted, she is no respecter of persons when her hasty temper is aroused. On one occasion she even shook her fist in the face of a foreign consul whose tone she found offensive. She has a high opinion of her own wisdom, and all her blunders and failures cannot convince her that she is fallible.

Though she was "set up" in the lodging house business by a "protector" now dead and gone—of the white race—she will allow no one to enter her establishment who does not come up to the proper standard of respectability. "I've never taken any but *real ladies* into my house," she says with dignity.

Mrs. Kidder is strict in the training of her orphaned nieces, Fifine and Suzanne, whom she has "raised," and they are hard-working and modest-mannered young girls. They go out seldom, except under her wing, and seem to have no companions of their own age, and none of the diversions of youth. Gentle, low-voiced, and soft-stepping, Suzanne possesses a natural refinement of manner and feeling. She is the very genius of orderliness, performing her household tasks with automatic regularity. Fifine is a good-natured girl, with more of the helter-skelter heedlessness of the darky, and would enjoy life if she had a chance. She dotes on novels, —singeing her front hair in the candle, one night, as she hung entranced over some thrilling piece of fiction.

As a consequence of the repressed life they

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lead, they are both morbid. Fifine declares sentimentally, that she does not expect to live until she is thirty; while Suzanne frankly expresses the hope that she may not live to be old.

"What have I got to look forward to?" she asks, and the initiated are fain to echo, "What, indeed?"

Their education has not been thorough enough to be really useful to them, yet it has sufficed to refine them above their station.

White men will not marry them, and colored men of their own class they would find far from congenial. One need not be a negrophile in order to think with pity and sadness of the future of these two young girls, who are but types of many in the great city of New Orleans.

WHAT WOMEN'S CLUBS HAVE DONE FOR WOMEN.

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

THE history of women's clubs and their influence upon women and the world at large, would form a volume exceeding in bulk the records of many lands and quite surpassing most of them in interest. So much has been silently done, and so little faithfully recorded, that women themselves are ignorant of the great educating process which has been steadily going on for centuries. There is not the slightest doubt that the Norse women had clubs where they told stories, sang songs, and openly discussed public topics. Hypatia, who was born at the close of the fourth century, regularly assembled her maids and ladies-in-waiting for study, mutual improvement, and discussion; she was virtually the President of a Woman's Club.

From the earliest records we find that women were constantly endeavoring to learn something of art and the exact sciences; of the world and its management.

In past centuries, scholarly women were scorned by their own sex and honored by men who applied to them for council and instruction. In the present century merit and scholarship receive their due meed of praise irrespective of sex. The "restlessness" ascribed to women is their divine Excelsior, which has led them on step by step until club life has become a necessity of modern life as well as a valuable means of intellectual development.

All over our land women are finding in their social and intellectual club a vitality, stimulus, strength, and inspiration which their grandmothers hungered for and never found. The scholarly woman finds in her club the social companionship which she demands, and the appreciative working force which cannot be reduced to any set terms. Women's clubs have taught women to know themselves, to understand the highest duties of motherhood, to feel the sacredness of home life, to see existing wrongs and to apply needed remedies, to attempt reforms on the broadest basis, to value the power of higher education, to discuss measures amicably and logically, to value social duties and business habits, to think earnestly, and to express their thoughts clearly.

In small towns and villages the club has been a special providence to many a weary mother, or to the woman of few early advantages and large aspirations. In our great cities women's clubs have been the first to institute social reforms and to call public attention to crying evils. They have controlled superficial and selfish social customs until such customs have become obsolete. In home government and the training of children they long ago struck the key-note of a grand choral of reform which will become more and more harmonious as the years roll by. Out of the selfish "ego," they have evolved the progressive "we." They have strengthened two weak hands with the combined power of twenty or a hundred; they have taken a dull uncut gem of thought and polished it until it has been fit for the purest setting in refined gold; they have mastered great difficulties, conquered absurd prejudices, and solved difficult problems; and the grandest work of all has been to teach the women their own possibilities and the glory of their own heritage.

Club life gives to the club woman, not one degree, but many; in it she finds her university, her lectures, her mental tests, and her intellectual outings as well as her deficien-

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cies. A true club woman can never ride one hobby; club life forbids it. Broadness of vision and variety in study and thought are imperative. The club woman must hold the bridle of her pet hobby wisely and firmly with one hand, while she reaches out with the other for all that the world can give her. All paths are hers to choose from; all roads lead to the Eternal Source of intellectual and spiritual life.

Attrition and communion soften the caustic and aggressive woman, encourage the timid, and stimulate the gifted. Thought-sharing develops the character, as profit-sharing develops the laborer; both are part of the divine principle of mutual helpfulness. This thought-sharing and character-building have been the work of our women's club in America; and the good work is steadily growing.

The lonely woman in her prairie home feels its power, although she may not share its councils in person; the devoted missionary on a foreign station knows well that ten lines of appeal from her to her distant club sisters will bring a response which will illumine her darkest hours of despondency.

Let the clubs increase, and multiply; let their aims be diverse and their union strong, making one common cause against sin and injustice in every form,

> Where order in variety we see,
> And where, though all things differ, all agree.

A TOWN MINUS POVERTY.

BY CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED.

As a tonic for pessimists discouraged by the wretched condition of workers in many manufacturing centers or as an antidote to scepticism regarding the existence of real industrial prosperity, a visit to certain New England villages might be prescribed.

The township which I select for description from many others of the same character contains about 2,500 inhabitants, the village about 1,800, of whom nearly a fourth are employed in two woolen mills that constitute the main dependence of the population and indirectly contribute to the welfare of every citizen. The factory operatives are not corralled off in shackling abodes of tabooed districts eyed askance by respectability. They are the community itself, their homes on every street among the best, their children pupils of the schools and institute, their wives building up the merchant's trade, their savings swelling bank funds and loan associations.

High, too, is the standard of comfort in these separate cottage residences containing from five to eight good rooms, always a parlor, carpeted and inviting, often a piano or organ, and great stands of blooming plants that any florist might be proud of. Two-story dwellings surrounded by garden or lawn are sometimes arranged in two compact suites of five or six apartments each; but in only one house out of more than fifty that I visited did as many as three families live,—and childless couples these were, inhabiting several tidy rooms, which, in devices for saving work and concentrating conveniences, were models of Yankee thrift. Usually, a substantial barn finished off the abode, sheltering a cow, and, in some instances a horse; for mill operatives frequently keep, in the vernacular, "a team," a horse and conveyance of some sort, liberally used on Sundays and summer and autumn Saturdays when work ceases at 11 a. m.

Unlike most unmarried workers, the men from their sixteenth or seventeenth year often lay by a little money, the owner of one farm stating that his cash payment on it represented savings from his boyhood. The wife—nearly always older than her husband—generally works in the mill awhile after marriage; and if children come, the pair have their furniture, at least, paid for, and, independent of the installment fiend, can better brook privation and narrow means. Frequently, no children come. It is a grave ethnic fact that many New Englanders of today bring into the world no offspring to succeed them. The largest native-born family encountered contained five heirs, whereas almost the only two Irish households boasted four and six respectively. Of native workers the majority are childless or have had but

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one son or daughter,—a typical condition passing into a proverb in New England.

Thus almost free from domestic cares, the wife earns an income of from $20 to $50 a month, soon converted into a house and lot. I—a homeless wanderer—cast envious eyes on two especially attractive cottages adorning one of the best streets, bay-windowed front and side, porches ample, the yards terraced, and a capacious barn suggesting new-mown hay and a spanking trotter. Each coveted dwelling proved to belong to a young mill operative at $9 a week, the wife in both cases childless and a wage-earner, yet finding time, in the systematized, simple existence she leads, to make her surroundings orderly and sweet.

Not always is the helpmeet allowed to toil, a fine sense of man's duty as caretaker inducing some husbands to struggle single-handed under the severe privations entailed by rearing children on the income of unskilled labor. Where savings were not made in early married life, debt is considered almost inevitable until the little ones become gainful. Although good six-room cottages are rented by the mill-owners for $5.50 and $6 a month and separate houses in other localities cost from $6 to $10, yet even in this favorable spot to support a family, however small, on $1.25 a day is possible only for the frugal and prudent; childless couples dependent on such a wage being forced to live with but scant margin.

Any untoward occurrence, such as stoppage of the mill, plunges workers into debt, not to mention vicissitudes from illness common in that severe climate.

Intelligence and good address characterize the wives of most of all the mill operatives, their street garb, too, and that of their children being of excellent cut and material.

In a few families—three among half a hundred—young children had been placed in the factory to eke out the scanty income and were thus deprived of school advantages, an occurrence chiefly of the past, for most of the young folks now labor only in vacation and many not at all until their sixteenth year. Two hundred dollars had already been saved by one lad of seventeen whose widowed mother was married again to a stripling just twenty-one.

A notable feature in the mills is the number of operatives who have acquired farms wholly or partly paid for, on whose produce the household lives at half the cost in village homes. "We boarded the teacher," explained one of these land owners, chucking up his engine fires.

"For how much?" I inquired.

"A dollar and ninety-five cents a week and washin' throwed in"—an answer not surprising when in the town the highest price charged students and adults for room and meals is from $2.50 to $3.25 a week, butter and eggs averaging 18 to 20 cents the year round.

Contributive to the general prosperity are the excellent habits of the men, not an intoxicated person being seen within a four weeks' sojourn, though liquor in spite of prohibition was sold freely.

The fact was noticeable that many men belong to societies whose influence encourages good morals—the Masonic fraternity and the Odd Fellows, the latter paying valuable sick benefits and insurances. On two mill pay-rolls covering each a full year only one unfortunate was marked as "trusted" for debt,—a disaster repeatedly befalling the spendthrift or overburdened operative in other manufacturing districts.

To this sturdy, shrewd native element of workers has gravitated immigration of kindred fiber and quality, the Scotch, attracted by the nationality of the founders of one mill. Since like seeks like, the better class of Scotch factory labor locates here; but factory labor is detrimental to health, as the poor physique attests, parents and children having toiled in mills till shambling gait, narrow chest, and sickly pallor have become hereditary and fixed. Physically inferior to the native type, as respects intelligence, industry, and frugality these newcomers compare favorably with the sons of the soil. The immigrant it is, who, until firmly rooted in the community, occupies the mill cottages which are in a row and of the same color, comfortable and cheap, but beneath the ambition of the plucky Yankee who aspires to and attains what usually awaits the Scot of the second generation only,—individual home ownership and social prominence.

One bushy-browed, canny Gaelic citizen spent a surprising portion of his income for books, producing with reverent pride a very handsome Bible just bought from a book agent for $12, to be handed down as an heirloom. A compatriot of his, beguiled by another plausible vender, purchased an expensive atlas, heedless that only a scholar or specialist needs detailed references and forgetting that Stanley and European wars upset

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all boundary lines. If from one standpoint indiscreet, this literary taste is nevertheless hopeful, coupled with the fact that its owner wastes nothing on tobacco and has no pleasures beyond the monotonous round of village life,—a round in which all except a few restless young girls seemed to find wholesome human interest.

Both an economic and a moral basis underlies the prosperity of this thriving factory town. The mill owners—making no claim to possess model surroundings, in fact neglecting to profit by the simple but studied devices used by some corporations with such admirable results in adorning the homes of their operatives—assume no credit for furnishing decent dwellings on reasonable terms or for keeping up a good tone among their workers. Fortunate in the material from which their employees are selected, free from the enticing rivalry of other industries and therefore able to retain the same laborers year after year, providing steady occupation with fair pay, these manufacturers, moreover, do not submerge humanity in greed for gain, but live and let live.

Apart from the personal equation of the New England operative and the potentialities latent in the Puritan temperament, three causes explain the absence of grinding poverty and the high level of general welfare: discouragement of excessive, undesirable immigration, freedom from the congestion of population that characterizes large cities, and full work from fair-dealing employers who cannot afford to be over-exacting.

Contrasting this town with other New England manufacturing places no larger, where has appeared that inferior type of French Canadian from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with his low scale of living, lack of education, and clamor for occupation for himself and his fifteen children at any pay however small, the prosperity in this commonplace village seems more remarkable. Only six French names, and these anglicized almost beyond detection by a generation of residence, appear on both mill pay-rolls. The Irish-American and sprinkling of English operatives found here are also of good stock.

Again, where crowding is needless and inexpedient and the industrial population so sparse that two jobs often seek the man instead of two men seeking the job, the dangers and evils incident to a congested metropolis have no play. Wages are fair, indeed, reckoned from cost of living, higher than in general. In one mill, ordinary weavers average $35 a month, medium weavers $40, the best $50. Good feeling exists on both sides, not an unkind word being heard concerning the proprietors.

Would that the urban influx might be controlled and the stream be distributed among country and village communities where life, far from being fierce struggle or hopeless apathy, is sustained by material comforts and gladdened by higher joys.

COLOR AND CHINA PAINTING.

BY LAURA A. FRY.

"WELL, dear, was it a success?" asked Mrs. Brayton, as Margaret returned from Miss Morgan's four o'clock tea.

"'Success?' Yes, indeed; and just see, each guest had a souvenir of the occasion, a dainty little cup decorated by Mary Morgan herself. She went to town only two months ago and joined a class then forming to paint china, and now she is able to do these exquisite things. We did little else this afternoon but admire her work, and Mary was so good in explaining how the tinting was done and about bright gold and dull gold and how the colors are burned in and lo! are fixed forever.

"When the tea was served, imagine the surprise to find our own initials in the bottom of the cups which had been handed us. It was a happy company, but Mary herself looked fairly radiant over our delight and said she hoped the cup would form the beginning of a collection to which each might add one of her own handiwork.

"She is so interested that she has bought a kiln and will burn her own china, declaring it a thing easy enough and quite worth while if one paints much or wishes to make original experiments.

"It would need fair words indeed to describe the different pieces of Miss Morgan's

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collection. She seems to have drawn the coloring and tints from the sky and clouds. Flowers furnished the motifs for those embodiments of loveliness, not realistic flowers with thorny stems and crude green leaves that one might feel tempted to pick up and throw away, but designs suggestive of life, growth, color, and form in harmonious relation to the things ornamented.

"What a joy to use such china—what topics for table talk! Discuss your cups, your plates, your jugs, your jars, say I, and away with village gossip. Who cares whether the flowers on Mrs. So-and-so's bonnet are the latest style or the feathers were curled over or—but there comes Mary and she will tell us all about how the work is done."

"What! this lovely dish for me?" exclaimed Mrs. Brayton in surprise, as Mary Morgan, with a flush of color rivaling the shades of Pompadour and Rose du Barry on the bonbonnière she held in her hand, presented the dainty trifle to her friend.

"Yes," she replied. "It is offered as an inducement for you to attempt the same kind of experimenting, and to satisfy my impatience I want you to promise to begin right away. Do not plead lack of training in drawing and coloring. My theory is that there are certain things, any one, every one, may do if she chooses. The mechanical manipulation is only a matter of time and patience. Don't you want to take down a few notes to help you at first?"

Mrs. Brayton quickly procured pencil and paper, and her enthusiastic teacher chatted on:

"Colors come ready ground; tints come ready mixed—they are called grounding or tinting colors—and spread more easily than the rest.

"It is a simple matter to tint a piece. You mix the colors with light-flowing oils, spread them thinly over the surface of the china and soften or blend the tint with a pounce, which may be made of fine silk tied over a ball of raw cotton. Then dry the paint quickly over an alcohol flame to prevent dust from adhering to it.

"As to tints which may be selected for certain things—that is a matter of taste. We may hardly say one color, shade, or tint is more suitable than another in the abstract, but to carry out an idea one and one only has the preference.

"To me it seems such an interesting experiment to try all sorts of lovely schemes of decorations. Take for instance a lunch set. What pleasure to select first the color, then the motif for design, and to make the whole throughout in perfect harmony.

"Imagine a table covered with snowy linen, and set with delicate blue china of your own decorating; in the center, in contrast to the china, a bowl of pale pink roses, at each plate a card tied with a butterfly bow of blue ribbon, and you have a charming picture,—one which will furnish topics sufficient for a gossip-banishing conversation, the promoter of which should be looked upon in the light of a benefactress to her gentle sisters.

"A pretty effect for plates and other flat dishes may be produced by painting the under side of the rim in some deep color and the upper side a pale shade of the same, into which may be worked a border pattern. The color under the edge will show a glow of the same tint, on a white cloth, producing a very beautiful effect. Bright carmine, carnation, yellow, apple green, and blue are perhaps the prettiest. The same color should be used above and below. The designs may be conventional or natural, but in either case the color of the decoration should be the same as the ground tint.

"Another idea for plates is to shade the edges with bright colors and burn them on, and adding patterns for gold in raised paste. After burning the paste, cover it with gold and dust gold over the color, being careful to get it heavy enough on the edge to make a clear gold line. Both color and gold should however fade entirely away at the inner line of the rim to produce an effect which is almost iridescent.

"The paste for raised gold is easily managed if ground well in water and afterward mixed with oil of tar. It should be burned before the gold is applied.

"Gold comes ready prepared and is no more difficult to use than color. Perhaps the richest of all effects on china is produced with gold. But even gold should be considered somewhat from a color standpoint, too much or too little being equally out of place.

"I have found that color as applied to china is not satisfactory or pleasing if clear or pure, for the effect is crude. Only softened shades render artistic results. A study of nature in her less pronounced moods helps greatly to cultivate the sense of color

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harmonies. I think we should seek to perpetuate the pale rose of the dawn rather than the glorious red of sunset, the reflections of azure blue instead of the brilliant sky, the pale silver of the poplar leaf instead of the emerald grass, the veiled yellow of a butterfly's wing rather than the gold of the sunflower.

"But what a long lecture I am giving," laughed Mary; "it surely is time for me to thank my audience for their kind attention and bow myself out. But first let us make an appointment for the initial meeting of the china painting club of which we three will be the charter members. To-morrow morning? Till then *au revoir*."

MUSIC LESSONS AT HOME OR IN A SCHOOL.

BY IRENE HALE.

THIS is a question which cannot well be answered positively in either way. Too much depends upon temperament, individual need, and the state of the purse. The following questions must first be answered:

I. The age at which serious study is begun.

II. Whether one is to study for pleasure or the profession.

III. The length of time which the student can devote to the study of music.

Then again, music schools differ. In the conservatories abroad the pupil has only class instruction; i. e., she takes her lesson in the presence of several other pupils, and often outsiders, who have obtained permission to listen to the lessons, or *hospitiren* as it is called in Germany. Of course the time devoted to each pupil is short—perhaps twenty minutes—and the ordeal of playing and being corrected before a little audience is trying to nervous girls. On the other hand—for those who are not hopelessly nervous the discipline of playing before the others is excellent, and the benefit derived from listening to their classmates and profiting from the corrections made upon them is great. Sometimes excessive nervousness is permanently cured by this heroic method.

In some of the American music schools each pupil, though in the school, has her lesson privately. The lessons are as a rule about three-quarters of an hour long. Sometimes other pupils of the same teacher sit in the room, but it is not the custom. With this system the student really combines the benefits of being in a music school, with the particular attention which teachers can give them in private lessons.

In schools the pupil is obliged to pursue other studies besides her specialty. She divides her time in working at harmony, history of music, and her instrument, and is expected to attend chorus and sight-reading classes. Of course all these studies are necessary in the education of a musician, and those who study for the profession should work at them in some way, either privately or in a school. Naturally, while dividing one's time between several studies, the progress in any one is not so rapid. In private instruction the individuality of the pupil can be more developed, and her peculiar needs more carefully studied.

The majority of music students in America begin serious study rather too late for the best results. Too often they go to Europe and try to crowd two years' work into one on that account, or are obliged to do so from pecuniary reasons. The greatest criticism made by teachers abroad on their American pupils is, that they try to accomplish everything in a very short space of time. This cannot produce the most thorough musicians, and only too often the result is nervous prostration or nerve trouble of some kind. Then if an instrumental pupil begins late, the work of disciplining the muscles is the harder. Those who begin young with good teaching, have of course a great advantage both in development of the hands and in the wear and tear on the nerves.

To enter a conservatory when the musical education is begun very late and when the time for study is limited would neither be profitable nor satisfactory. Private instruction would be better. The cultivation of the voice cannot be begun at as early an age as the training of the fingers, but I am talking to young women who have reached an age of reason. The subject of how, when, and where

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children are to study I do not now consider.

If a young woman is to make music merely an accomplishment, the question of going into a school or studying privately is not very important and might be decided by individual inclination. In most cases private lessons would be preferable.

If music is to be her profession the question is important. If she does not wish to enter a school, and can afford the greater expense of private instruction in all the branches that are necessary to a thorough musical education, she could certainly in that way become a good musician. Of course she would not have the peculiar stimulus which pupils feel in a school where others are striving in the same paths. She would not have the discipline of playing *ensemble* and in the pupils' concerts at regular intervals.

The question of length of time necessary for acquiring a thorough musical education would be decided in each case according to the talent, capacity, and perseverance. There is no royal road to musical learning, and those who try to learn twice as quickly as others, seldom succeed in reality, or if they apparently succeed, they pay for it in some way. Often they neglect all study except music, forgetting that there are other arts, and that there are books to read.

To make a general rule I should say: If musical study is begun at a suitable age and the time for gaining a musical education is reasonably long, the experience and discipline gained in a music school, polished and developed afterward by private instruction, would be most desirable and satisfactory.

In summing up I shall take a few cases and suggest the best course for each of them:

I. A girl who begins serious study for the profession at a suitable age, and with the expectation of several years for study should enter a first class music school and work there for perhaps three years. The technique should then be developed and a pretty general knowledge of music be gained, and she should be well fitted to profit greatly from studying privately with one or more of the masters of her special art. She should be ready for polishing and developing her style, and she should then change from a pupil to an artist.

II. A young woman who, having studied considerably, though only privately, wishes to fit herself more thoroughly for teaching but can devote only a year to it. Private lessons would be decidedly more advisable.

III. A young woman having studied some time privately, wishes to devote three years to serious study for the profession. Here I should advise a year, or better, two years in a conservatory, and then a change of master with private instruction.

IV. A young woman wishes to have two years of study rather late in life. She is supposed to have had some musical training in the past. I think in such a case private instruction would be more satisfactory.

With vocal students the matter is slightly different. Here the most important question is the teacher. In almost all cases private instruction is preferable. The voice is so delicate an instrument that the most careful handling is necessary. The teacher, if a good one, will study each voice minutely. Only the very best teachers should be trusted with a voice, and such ones should be employed, in a music school or outside.

WOMEN IN THE PENSION OFFICE.

BY ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

THE employment of women in the Pension Office dates from the same year that saw the gates of the Patent Office opened to them, and the Commissioner who made the first appointment was Dr. Christopher C. Cox of Maryland, a gentleman of the old school, whose courtly manner and chivalrous attitude toward all womankind made Sir Charles Grandison seem a very possible personage.

This earliest appointee was Mrs. Sidney I. Lauck, the widow of a former Chief Clerk of the Pension Office and her commission, dating from April 1, 1869, is still in force.

Now the rolls number four hundred and twenty-eight employees, the majority of whom are on duty in the Record and Certificate Divisions, although the Board of Review and the Medical Divisions include a large quota, as do also the Eastern, Western,

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Middle, and Southern adjudicating Divisions.

The three ladies who have met with the most appreciative recognition as to salary and responsibility are Miss Chandler of Virginia, Miss Hartwell of Ohio, and Miss Shirley of West Virginia.

The first named is the daughter of the well-known Lucius Chandler of the Old Dominion; she was appointed in 1877, and she is assigned for special work in the Commissioner's Office—the examination of Pension Certificates.

The second was appointed in 1873 and is in the Certificate Division. She is so thoroughly qualified by her long experience, and so perfectly conversant with her work that the late Commissioner's emphatic statement: "She is fit to be made Chief," is the universal opinion. She is a small, slight woman, with soft waving hair of a bright bronze-brown and has hazel eyes so clear and true that strangers and children instinctively trust her as warmly as do her friends. Like so many in office she has borne on her slight shoulders the cares and burdens of those not directly dependent on her, filling the gaps in home ranks wherever trouble or death broke the circle, and always having a helping hand for any friend or acquaintance.

The third—a singularly beautiful woman—was appointed in 1878 and has won her way grade by grade to her present position. She is so universally beloved that wherever she appears in the office her presence is hailed as a benediction. Her work is incessant and difficult, but she will assure you with the utmost sincerity that it is not really special, and in proof of it will say, "All I have to do is to remember the names, faces, and addresses of the two thousand clerks in the Pension Office"—for she makes out the pay rolls, and twice a month identifies to the disbursing officer the recipients of salaries, the absent, and those who, being detained by sickness or otherwise, are obliged to send for their pay. It is a Herculean task of memory but she cheerfully insists, "It is not much to do and it is subordinated by the still heavier work of the Chief." She has fulfilled with devotion every relation in her care-laden young life—daughter, sister, niece, and then in turn aunt and guardian of helpless orphan nieces and nephews.

Such women make labor lovely and sweeten the atmosphere of daily toil. That there are so many whose lives are filled with a heroism braver than that which carries a soldier to the cannon's mouth—for fame and glory are his reward—makes the pride and pathos of Departmental life in Washington.

In the Pension Office as elsewhere the roll of interesting histories and personalities is a long one. Perhaps the best known figure is that of Mrs. Pickett, who was the second wife and is the widow of the famous Confederate whose charge at Gettysburg made the world wonder, that charge of which one of the survivors told me a few years ago:

"We swept up the hill in a burst of flame and a roar of guns that made every man forget his body and feel like nothing so much as a furious soul driving through the circles of hell. On the crest the smoke cleared and a silence fell, more surprising than the whirlwind of noise had been. I looked down the line of my company and counted five men standing; I was the sixth. 'My God!' I said, 'my God!' And then we were four, for the color bearer was struck full in the forehead and dropped with the flag across his face. His brother leaped to catch him, but fell too—the fifth of the brothers that went down that day. And I got these"—pointing to the silver curls that covered his head.

Mrs. Pickett was at Gettysburg a few years ago at the reunion of the Blue and Gray, and shook hands with such numbers of our soldiers that her hand and arm were disabled for days after. As each would grip her fingers he would pay some sturdy compliment to her husband. The favorite one was: "I had the honor of defending this place against your husband's men, madame. The worst fight I was ever in and the pluckiest lot of Johnnie Rebs I ever struck."

Her son has the watch her husband wore from the time he graduated at West Point. On the front are crossed our flag and the colors of the Confederacy done in enamel; on the inside of the cover and running all over the inner cover as well, are the names of all the battles in which he took part during his military career. There is not an eighth of an inch left uncovered and the wars include the Mexican, the Floridian, and the Civil.

Contrasted with this dependent figure that now moves so slowly on its crutches is the alert self-reliant one of Miss Keumm of Ohio, whose early pupils hold her in such affectionate memory that they never fail to call on her in passing through the city. As some one said: "Every body worth knowing in

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this administration has been her pupil or is her devoted friend." Among them is the Hon. Calvin Brice, who insists that her teaching started him on the road to fame and landed him in the Ohio delegation.

Another very attractive woman is Mrs. Jackson, whose husband was Postmaster General in the Hawaiian Cabinet. They are both held in such affectionate memory in the hearts of the Island people that when the majesties were here and were entertained by the State Department Mrs. Jackson was invited by the President and Mrs. Harrison to be one of the special party that went on the jaunts with them.

Another is Miss Weeks of Louisiana, who is a daughter of a family once among the wealthiest in the old state. Their plantations covered hundreds of acres, and their slaves darkened the fields. Her mother's kin includes names that have made Virginia history for many generations—that prince of *raconteurs* Beverley Tucker being one of them. She is the recipient of many courtesies and much affectionate attention from Mrs. Harrison, and is a frequent occupant of the White House carriage, as she is a favorite companion of the "First Lady's" drives.

Another whose name was a power in the world of youth, wealth, and beauty is Mrs. Wysong, a daughter of Judge McClure of South Carolina, and a sister of Mrs. Pride, one of the most cultured and elegant women of the Palmetto State. Their little house here is a center for the best of the social life that drifts up from their old home, and the hospitality they exercise, although clipped perforce of its redundancies, is as gracious as it was when fortune favored them.

Another notable group includes: Mrs. Throckmorton, the mother and widow of the Cols. Throckmorton; Mrs. Gaston, the mother of the youngest Judge on the Ohio bench; Miss Mohun, a brave and beautiful descendant of that Sir Reginald Mohun, whose valor and piety won him the "Golden Rose"—the only instance on record where it was conferred on one not of royal blood; Mrs. Barry, the widow of one of Gen. Crook's staff officers; Mrs. Rosillo, the widow of one of the Spanish Commissioners to the Centennial; Mrs. Simpkins, the sister of Senator Call; and Miss Scott-Smith, who is the best mathematician in the office.

But indeed there are so many notable women in this Pension building that another pen sketch will be necessary to catch even a passing glimpse of them.

Before closing this, however, I should like to add a line about two employees who are usually considered outside the bounds of history and interest, but who by their fidelity have made a place in the hearts of those whom they daily and hourly serve,—"Buffy" the charwoman, and "Aunt Fannie" the dear old quadroon who has charge of the ladies' cloak room. The first was the nurse of the late President Garfield's children, and the latter is an institution. To her kind advice many a young girl owes the avoidance of imprudent behavior in her new life with its strange surroundings; aching heads are soothed by her ministrations; pleurisies and pneumonias averted by her little fires and bottles of hot water; rips are sewn, stitches taken, and a placid patience opposed to tired nerves that is as good as a rubber buffer on a railroad car.

THE INDIAN WOMEN OF DAKOTA.

BY KATE CARNES.

WE are deeply and earnestly interested in our sister women over the seas, and study with untiring energy of "The Women of Persia," the "Women in Armenian Villages" and their strange dress and manners. But we have in our midst women of more than equal interest to us, because, being more at home in this land of ours than we ourselves, they should have our first attention, being Americans in the first and best sense of the word.

I refer to the women of the numerous small tribes of Indians such as the Cheyennes, Sioux, Ogalalla, Yanktons, and other tribes. The women of the different tribes do not differ materially in personal appearance, all being rather below the average of other women in stature.

In general they have small hands and

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feet, which are often so perfectly shaped that they would cause almost a feeling of envy in the breast of many a "pale-faced" belle. Their hair is of raven blackness; when dressed for church in the two smooth strands close behind each ear, which is the universal style of hairdressing among them, one cannot imagine any thing more glossy or shining. Some have an abundance of well-kept tresses, which beauty they fully appreciate. In dress they have changed for the worse, in regard to picturesqueness at least. Most of them wear what is known in Western terms as a "squaw-dress," it being of very simple cut, merely a sack-like gown wider at the hem than at the neck, material usually calico, but oftentimes of gorgeous color, such as bright green trimmed in red, and the fit of the dress of no consideration; and always, on warmest summer days, or coldest winter evenings, at home or abroad, folded in an oblong and drawn closely to the form, the indispensable shawl or blanket, the head without a covering of any kind.

Last summer we saw on one of their fête days, three ideal Indian girls. They were daughters of a chief and their dresses were marvels of Indian art. The dresses were of buckskin and reached from neck to ankle, gradually widening toward the lower edge, with wide, flowing sleeves, all parts of the dress entirely covered with beautiful designs done in many colored beads of every shape and size, which threw off rainbow colors as they rode swiftly from place to place on their sleek little ponies. Suspended from their ears were bead ornaments perhaps three inches wide and reaching to the waist. Their moccasins and leggings were beaded to match their dresses and one could not desire a more beautiful or appropriate setting for the dusky beauty of nature's children.

In characteristics the Indian women differ in many respects from the Indian men. As a rule the women are cheerful, good-natured, and almost too social for the good of their domestic arrangements.

They are very hospitable toward their own race and consider no visit complete without having broken bread with a guest, no matter at what hour of the day the visit may be made. Some of the women are good cooks and exceedingly neat but much as we should like to state it otherwise, those are exceptions to the general rule.

Toward one another they are forgiving and unselfish but careless or unthoughtful of the little kindnesses so necessary toward the sick, often leaving them to the care of any chance nurse if the care of them interferes with their inclination to go and come as they are continually doing. They have a keen sense of the ridiculous at any time or place and can be more sarcastic and contemptuous than any people it has been my fortune to meet. There is a stolid endurance about them that makes them seem indifferent to pain or hardship, though they do not reach an advanced age, probably from the reason of their exposure to all kinds of weather while on their roving, gypsy expeditions, and so we do not often meet with an Indian woman who is too feeble from age to perform the work of a household. They have no system about their work and are seemingly very indolent about housework. But the unsettled, nomadic life they lead is not conducive to settled habits or systematic arrangements of duties. The necessary comforts of the day or hour is their only incentive to duty. And they being still the slave and drudge of the men of the family circle we cannot wonder that they have not a great love for the home-making which is so dear to the heart of their American sisters.

In the frequent wanderings of the Indian it is the woman who finds the fuel and carries it on her back to kindle the fire and cook the food for the "noble red man"; she who pickets the ponies, makes and breaks camp, taking the tepees down and loading the wagons, and performs all work which we are accustomed to see performed by the men. The man is merely ornamental with them, and it has been their condition so long that there is no thought of another state of things nor word of complaint.

On the reservations, when they are at home, they now have for each family a small log house, and the women like them better than the tepee, though we nearly always see a tepee standing near the house, and also a summer house built of poles and green boughs, the same being used as sleeping apartments during warm weather, it being impossible for them to abandon entirely their free, out-door life. There is a strange fascination in their free, wandering life, and those who have in any way been associated with them, have been impressed with the fact that it is much easier to fall into their ways of living than to convert them to ours.

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In the way of work it is wonderful to see the beauty and originality of the designs of their artistic work, which consists chiefly of bead-work on buck-skin or covering bottles of all shapes with their many-colored beads. They tan the buck-skin themselves and some are adepts in the art. Among them we find excellent glove-makers, and we also to our cost find them usually very keen, shrewd traders, having profited by their advanced civilization in the one particular at least of learning the value of a dollar. Under all circumstances we find them greatly opposed to speaking the English language; not even when they understand it perfectly will they utter a word of it. The older women, of course, are without education, except in a few instances where they have acquired, by the aid of some educated younger person, a knowledge of reading in the Indian language.

Their amusements are few. They have a great fondness for dancing and bathing. In public they are quiet and retiring in manners, but in their homes use more freedom of speech and action.

There have been essential changes in the marriage customs in these days of churches, schools, and missionary workers. Formerly the bride was purchased by the groom for ponies, cattle or groceries, the amount paid varying according to the purchaser's wealth, or the bride's worth and social standing, and now though they are married in accordance with the rites of the church of which they are members, we cannot say the morals have improved greatly or that they are truer to the marriage vows. In their religion they are earnest and reverent worshipers. At one agency we visited there are three denominational churches, supported mainly by the Home Missionary Societies, each church presided over by a resident minister. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Catholic churches have a large membership each. The Episcopal services seem to have more attractions for their rude natures than a less formal service.

We had the pleasure of attending the litany service at the latter church one evening in the summer. The prompt, hearty responses from every one would have put to shame many a luke-warm congregation of worshipers in our own churches.

Altogether the surroundings and the picture left impressions never to be forgotten, and inspired one with a desire to give up all to work for the awaking souls before us. Heaven seemed very near with its overshadowing love and rejoicing.

A DEBATE IN GERMANY.

THE WOMAN'S PETITION IN THE REICHSTAG AT WEIMAR.

Translated from the "Frauenberuf" for "The Chautauquan."

In order to help women earn a livelihood and to benefit the health of many thousand German women and girls, the "German Women's Reform Union" requests the Reichstag to take the proper steps for the admission of woman to the practice of medicine in the German Empire, which already has been done in most other civilized states; and to this end, to make possible woman's admission to the study of medicine in the German universities.

THE discussion which followed the presentation of this petition to the Reichstag was long and sharp. It is not our intention, however, to report the full formal proceedings of that body regarding the matter, but simply to select the leading thoughts from a few of the speeches made on both sides, and thus present a fair view of the question.

We quote first from Deputy Schrader's opening speech:

It is already recognized that, according to the trade regulation, women as well as men, are authorized to practice medicine. It is also recognized that women are not permitted to go through the training necessary to establish them in the profession.

Since the trade regulation prescribes that man and woman shall be given equal rights in the practice of this calling, it is a simple matter of duty that the government ought to establish equal facilities for both sexes in the acquirement of the preparation necessary for the work; for otherwise they act against the lawful regulation which recognizes both women and men.

According to the trade regulation as issued by the Bundesrath, the real test of ability

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rests on the final examination, and this final examination is conducted in such a manner that there will be no difficulty in adapting it to women students. The oral, the written, and clinic examinations can be taken without difficulty by women. The real difficulty lies in the previous study courses. The management simply require the candidate for the study of medicine first to present a testimonial of fitness given by some good college. It is not necessary for him to have attended the college; it suffices that he receive from it a testimonial of his fitness—and up to this time no college has been found to confer upon a woman such a testimonial.

The second difficulty is, as now promises to be the case, that the previous examination test will be done away with, and the study, or at least a part of it, must be undertaken in the German universities; and German universities, to my knowledge, hitherto have not admitted women. But this difficulty, too, can be evaded. The Bundesrath is in a position to grant the same privileges to those educated at foreign universities as to those educated at home. There is another way, certainly more convenient for the Empire. The Bundesrath, exercising full control in the division of Alsace-Lorraine, could pass a law requiring the Strassburg University to adopt regulations enabling women to study medicine there.

As to woman's ability to practice medicine, it is generally recognized. In many lands she is actively employed in this capacity, and is said by capable men to conduct her practice entirely satisfactorily. But by German women, no sort of stand has been gained in this profession. The main reason for this is, that a greater share of the German medical circle is opposed to woman's entrance into this calling.

You may be convinced that if any serious objections had arisen against the previous practice of this calling by women they would have come into publicity long ago; indeed, even in Germany there are women who are practicing this calling, but they have not the recognition accorded to men. Still I know that they compare favorably with the students from men's colleges, and they are sometimes even taken into consultations, and in every point they show themselves competent. Hence this argument is broken.

Another argument is, that women are not only capable for this calling, but they are also needed in it. It is so commonly recognized that it hardly needs demonstration, that in some maladies women and girls are better treated by women physicians; and in many cases woman's specific qualities of care and nursing are of great importance.

Objections of overwork and of unfavorable surroundings are raised in woman's own interest; that the work is too hard, and she already has it hard enough, and it would take her into unfit places; but I believe we can trust this question to woman herself. We cannot deny that in our social arrangements we have unhesitatingly assigned to her many heavy duties. Certainly, the activity of an authoress or of a good actress is more straining and fretting than the work of a physician. So this objection is of no weight.

Respecting woman's admission to the universities, it is objected that the tone which prevails among the students is not fitting for the society of woman; also that the companionship of woman would be detrimental to the other students. But these are things over which other lands have triumphed.

Woman's study in the university certainly is not harmful to the university, and if the tone should change, it would be a good thing to banish many improprieties now existing. If you turn to the more cultured English company you will quickly perceive the ennobling influence upon society of this higher education of woman.

The common discussions familiar to everybody, such as, woman belongs to the home, and the like, have nothing whatever to do with this question. The number of women who would pursue earnest study is not great, and you may rest assured that women who devote themselves to earnest study are much more worthy of home and family than those who squander their lives in frivolity.

In Deputy Orterer's address the following remarks are found:

We have, to be sure, a large number of intellectual women of deep and broad culture, to whom the practice of medicine would present no greater difficulties, perhaps, than to the greater proportion of men physicians. I grant, too, that there are circumstances in which the services of a woman physician are desirable and necessary for women. These circumstances lie so plainly at hand that they need no further discussion. It has been shown that in Russia, England, and America there are great numbers of women physi-

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cians. Nevertheless, I can never give my consent to extend further this struggle, and generally to increase the pressure in the medical profession, which would result from opening the entrance to women.

If you create the possibility that woman through the college or preparatory school can attend the university without further ceremony, I fear the greatest calamity from over-crowding. If you give woman entrance to the university, you must give her also the possibility of practically serving the state later in life to a much wider extent than formerly. Then it is certain there will be much greater danger to the state. We have evidence of this in Russia, a representative land of woman's high culture. You know what resulted there. Those dangerous and outbreaking elements were found largely among the women students.

Deputy Bebel said: It is incontestable, that in wide circles of women, the necessity exists for social self-dependence and independence. The single fact which especially concerns us in Germany is, that according to the last census the number of women in the state exceeded the number of men by far more than a million—this single fact compels a mass of women who cannot fulfill the so-called natural calling of wife and mother, to gain an independent position in life. It is in this so-called educated class, that when fortune fails, woman's social condition is saddest; she cannot marry for lack of money, and yet she must live. It is not among the women of the common people that these matters are urged; but, as has been said, among the women of the higher classes, who in consequence of their sad social position are often constrained to employ their abilities and natural talents in new fields. They ask above all things to be able like the men to complete their studies in the universities. They wish to fit themselves to turn to advantage their powers and abilities in the higher callings.

From decade to decade the demand will continue to grow more pressing. The company of women in the higher classes who demand this admission will be always greater; and from this outlook it is foolish to think that if you pass the question over now, it will be discharged for all time.

There is no doubt that a large percentage of the young men who devote themselves to study only because it appears proper for their rank, would do better to stay away from the universities, for what they not infrequently do there has very little to do with higher aims and a desire for higher education. In very many cases it is only respect for position, respect for social claims, which induces them to attend the universities a few years. Finally, of necessity, they pass an examination, often to enter, incapable, the service of the state and country. If the competition of women would serve as a goad to interest these young men in their studies, that alone is a great advantage which would result from the admission of women to the universities. In regard to the other question, I would call attention to the fact, that thousands and thousands of women are educated in this line to serve as nurses.

Deputy Hultzsch opposes: Of course, if once we open the medical course to women, there soon will be also women Ph.D's, LL.D's, etc. Deputy Dr. Harmenig has dictated what justice demands. But justice does not demand that all shall be dealt with alike. Justice demands for woman what is becoming to her and for man what is becoming to him. We know that nature has prescribed for woman her circle of work; it is the home and the family, but not conflict with the world, its passions and tumult. If we tear woman from her prescribed circle, family life will go to ruin, for its training will be lost, and as a result we shall see a distorted and overstrained youth.

Deputy Rickert spoke next: I deplore the speech of the preceding gentleman because in it he offered an explanation in the name of his party. Surely, this is not a party question. Neither do you kill the question with your ridicule. We have not asked that women shall vote and come into Parliament. That is not the aim of this petition. As soon as you hear of woman's rights, you picture woman as she is portrayed in would-be witty journals. This is preposterous.

It is a fact that in America, England, Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, these questions are solved. The queen of Italy and the queen of Roumania already have their woman physician for the court; these noble women have recognized the expediency of the demand.

The social side of the question is this: there are millions of the human race who have a right to desire this education, which enables them if they hunger, to earn bread, and no one has any right to turn them off. This is a question of justice, of humanity, of equal rights for both sexes.

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

"SOCIAL ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE."

It is dangerous for a man to undertake too great a task for his abilities. This sentiment is forcibly suggested by a perusal of "Social Aspects of American Life," a three-thousand-word article in *The Contemporary Review* from the pen of Hamilton Aïde. He declares that he will avoid social questions as discussed by Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," and yet he discusses none other than social questions; he fails quite signally to treat with clearness of insight our social structure and has literally no penetration of judgment as to the social character of our church life.

New York City, he claims, is in the hands of the Irish; Cincinnati is ruled by the Germans; New Orleans by the French and Italians; and in California, he says, we find whole quarters of the cities and occasionally a village inhabited by the Chinese. This is the fund of information he supplies concerning the mixed population of the cities named; no other nationalities are mentioned and no census given, so that his uninformed English readers would be led to think that these great American cities were composed only of the particular foreigners he mentions. Readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN have the facts in a series of articles we have been publishing for several years on the foreign populations of America and will not be misled by Mr. Aïde.

He repeats the often made statement, "The true American cannot understand the delight of repose." It depends on where one is and whom one sees in America when one tries to believe this old saw. The statement should be verified by careful investigation before it is accepted as a fair setting of our social condition. Sunday is a day of repose to the American people; it has always been used in this way as a day of rest, of quiet, and of worship; it comes to our social, business, and laboring people as a day of respite from the exciting and harrowing experiences of the active life they lead six days in the week. But long ago there were imported from the eastern side of the Atlantic erroneous ideas and customs as to the observance of the Sabbath day; as a logical result of the influx of foreign population, this day of rest for the American people is being changed into one of disquiet and activity in social life.

If the American people are intense and active, it is in business enterprises rather than in social life. European peoples, especially the English, French, and Germans, have a larger number of holidays than are found in the American calendar. These days are used, not for repose, but social life. The European Sabbath is the time for a varied and active social life such as is offensive in large part to true Americans. From the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, true Americans have argued and prayed and fought against European customs for a Sabbath in which they understood they could find the delight of repose, but the invasion from beyond the the sea continues, and our Sabbath of repose is threatened only by immigration.

The churches have the finest type of social life in America; it is intelligent and religious, without sham or nonsense, and it is an inspiring force in our civilization. With this condition of society in full view, Mr. Aïde seized upon two theatrical entertainments given by two Methodist Episcopal churches in Colorado and an advertisement of "Oysters for sale" in a Baptist chapel, and without explanation or modification presented the English people with a description of these affairs to define and picture what is the quality of social life in the churches of our Western States. The thoughtful reader of his essay will upon reflection, observe that he spent only six months in this country and that he evidently did not get a view of church social life by attending a preaching service or prayer meeting, an ecclesiastical assembly or a convocation of ministers, but from a newspaper advertisement of a church supper and two concerts and recitation entertainments given by young people.

It is singular that a great magazine edited with so much skill as is *The Contemporary Review* could be deceived into publishing an article that is so weak in its observations and unfair in its statements. It is explained by the fact that the author says,

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"Foreigners in all countries are too apt to form hasty conclusions from one or two instances and pronounce very decided opinions on this insecure basis. I have tried to avoid, even in my own mind, doing this"; but, alas for the weak powers of observation, the author failed to do more than treat of the lighter and more trifling matters connected with social life in America and when he "tried" he failed to avoid doing injustice even in his own mind. The chapters on social life in Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," having gone out among the English people long before this number of *The Contemporary Review*, will serve as an antidote for the mistakes of ignorance and wrongs of injustice by the contributor, Mr. Aïde.

THE TREND OF FICTION.

WHEN the art of fiction was in its infancy on this side of the Atlantic it naturally drew its form and its essentials from the romance of England, and our earlier critics were quick to note that this tendency toward mere imitation was enervating. Edgar A. Poe, an erratic, but, in the main, clear-sighted man, was among the first of our writers to insist that American fiction-makers should be encouraged to write from an American point of view and that our critics should have the courage to speak without reference to foreign standards and with absolute independence of spirit. It was, however, much easier to advise than to profit by the advice; Poe himself was not quite free from alien influence in his critical utterances. Indeed it has been the most natural thing in the world for us to fall into European fashions in art as we have in fashions of dress.

Since Dickens died English influence has grown weak in our fiction-making. George Eliot, although she has been and still is greatly admired here, cannot be said to have lent any great inspiration to American novelists. Our current romance is clearly referable to French models and this gives us the clue to the decided trend of our fiction to-day. From one point of view this tendency of our story-literature is not surprising; for it cannot be denied that the art or rather the workmanship displayed in the French novel is far superior to that which marks the novels of any other country. Daudet, Maupassant, Viaud, Zola, and many other Parisian writers have shown what literary art and dramatic cunning can do to make evil subjects and forbidden colors attractive, even fascinating, to pure minds. The fame of these men and the exceeding brilliancy of their performances have had an intoxicating effect upon the present younger generation of American writers. In a word the most marked tendency in fiction at present is toward the French model wherein unholy love and indelicate allusions, coarse experiences and debasing domestic relations are made the accent points of interest.

The qualities most admirable in the novels most read to-day are elegant diction and superb coloring. It is true that at these points our writers are superior to Scott, Dickens, or even Thackeray; but they lack the broad grasp of life, the hearty, hopeful sympathy with heroic endeavor, and that fine, deep, dramatic insight which are the glory of those master romancers. In trending toward the finer finish of the French models the literature of fiction is rapidly losing that which has made the plays of Shakspere and the novels of Scott universally acceptable and altogether wholesome reading.

The study of French fiction would be excellent training if the student could safely brace himself against the insidious influence of the immorality which is made so seductive in it. The art of Maupassant, for example, is almost perfect if we can separate it from the subjects it deals with; but young readers, who are also budding writers, are too apt to take it for granted that the art includes and is largely dependent upon these impure subjects for its distinctive fascination. This mistaken view leads to imitation and imitation always reproduces and accentuates the most objectionable features of the things imitated, as is plainly to be seen in the novels of our American "analytical realists" who have taken Balzac as their master and model; they have done no more than imitate his tediousness in lingering over petty details without finding the secret of his superb romancing power.

One of the strongest tendencies of fiction at present is toward usurping the highest place in the attention of readers. We hear it said that novels are becoming the teachers of the people in a large degree; but we doubt if, in the broadest sense, fiction is really instructive as much as it is destructive. That it might be made, and that a fair portion of it is, delightful recreation in the reading cannot be denied. Indeed the chief value of romance

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is in its recreative influence on the reader. We need intellectual play as much as we need physical play and the good wholesome novel furnishes it in acceptable form. Like the products of art in other fields of effort, fiction appeals or should appeal directly to the sense of the beautiful, the pure, the true, and in doing this should strengthen our faith in life and deepen our sympathy with humanity.

Good fiction may be said to build rather than teach; bad fiction destroys; in either case what we receive, whether wholesome or poisonous, is taken in by absorption more than by the ordinary process of learning. At best fiction-reading is play, healthful if pure, deadly if impure. If we play in pure air at harmless sports we derive great benefit; if we play in foul air and at wicked sports we destroy ourselves.

The proper view to take of fiction-writing is that it must be, that it actually is, one of the arts of pleasing—that it is a method of furnishing the human mind delectation and recreation; and the reading of fiction cannot be separated from its most obvious and general use, the satisfaction it affords to the mind that is in search of both pleasure and recreative activity.

At first thought this may seem a low standard by which to measure this great literary product—this vast body of romance; but a little careful study will show that after all it is no small thing to furnish a large part of the higher delight which flows from art into the heart of mankind. Art is a teacher so far as association with its forms molds our character. We grow in a certain degree like what we contemplate. We cannot evade the subtle influence of environment. What is pessimistic, gross, impure, cannot be handled, contemplated, sympathized with, and yet leave no trace in our growth and form of life. The genial, the hopeful, the pure, must, when associated with our thoughts in work or in play, send an element of geniality, hopefulness, and purity into the substance of our character, so to speak. If this is true we must condemn fiction that is not pure and ennobling.

If the question is asked: What part of our reading should be the perusal of novels and stories? the best answer is that it should bear about the same relation to serious literary study that physical recreation, wholesome play, bears to the labor of life by which we earn our bread.

WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED BY THE RECENT RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIES.

The present theological agitation is the result of causes which have long been operating in the religious world, and simultaneously in England, Germany, and the United States; but the immediate occasion of it in this country was the demand which sprang up in the Presbyterian Church for the revision of the Westminster Confession with a view to softening the severe Calvinism of its articles relating to predestination more particularly. This sentiment found expression several years ago in overtures from some presbyteries, but their number was few, and the subject attracted little attention until the demand grew so loud and so pervasive that the General Assembly was obliged to give it heed and refer it to the consideration of the presbyteries as a whole. Then the Westminster Confession, which had been little known to the Presbyterian laity of this generation, became a book for general study. Booksellers who had never sold a copy before began to receive many orders for the volume, and the secular newspapers were tempted to enter into the discussion of the statement of faith drawn up by the Westminster divines at the period when elaborate and metaphysical expositions of doctrine were in fashion.

At about the same time when the Presbyterians were finding it hard to believe in their ancient Confession of Faith as an entirety the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of New York was tearing to pieces the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopalians in the most ruthless way. He was preaching that theology is an evolution, ever changing and ever advancing, which church dogmas may retard but cannot prevent. His theory seemed to be that as the dogmas were made by men they can be modified by men as enlightenment grows greater and spiritual insight deeper; that as Christianity is the flower blossoming on the stalk of the old Judaism, so out of the Christianity of the present will grow a more and more perfect development and understanding of the religion taught by Jesus. The preaching of such doctrines drew about Dr. Newton men who had been distinguished as the foes of orthodoxy. Faces began to appear in his Episcopal Church which formerly had been seen in the hall where Mr. O. B. Frothingham proclaimed so eloquently his devitalizing ag-

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nostic philosophy. They were strange views to come from an Episcopal pulpit, and yet they served, undoubtedly, to kindle some warmth of religious spirit in breasts which had been chilled by Mr. Frothingham's icy negations. But strict Episcopalians were scandalized by such utterances, and they sought to silence Dr. Newton. Bishop Potter is a prelate of great tact, and he calmed the opposition of the Protestants and prevented troublesome and perhaps dangerous controversy by begging the preacher to be more cautious in the expression of his views.

Thus quiet was secured for several years, and Dr. Newton fell into comparative insignificance. At least, he was no longer a cause of discord in the New York diocese, though he never pretended to change his convictions in any respect. Then the Rev. Mr. MacQueary of Ohio published a book, which, strangely enough, would have aroused little or no controversy in the Episcopal Church except for its denunciation by Bishop Potter himself. Mr. MacQueary questioned the virgin birth of our Lord and rejected the doctrine of the resurrection of the body as taught in the Apostle's Creed; but probably his views would have been passed by as the vagaries of a young man, if Bishop Potter had not written a letter to an Episcopal paper censuring his selection as a speaker at the Church Congress at Philadelphia, a purely voluntary association of no ecclesiastical authority. Probably he was invited simply for the sake of making a more varied program. As the result of the Bishop's letter Mr. MacQueary was brought to trial and convicted as a heretic, and new fuel was thus added to the flames of the religious controversy, in which the public generally had begun to take a keen interest. His conviction, as a matter of course, revived the outcry against Dr. Newton, from whom Mr. MacQueary declared that he had obtained the philosophical principles on which he proceeded. Thus Bishop Potter's letter came back to vex him, and he had a heresy case on his own hands.

Dr. Newton seems to have no fear of the ordeal of an ecclesiastical trial, and perhaps he might come out of it with less harm than the Episcopal Church itself would suffer. That Church includes so wide a variety of theological opinions in its ministry, extending from extreme ritualism to simple evangelicalism, and from orthodoxy to the limit of pure rationalism, that it is hard to tell where a vigorous hunt for heresy might end. Even the Rev. Phillips Brooks, its most illustrious pulpit orator, is assailed as heretical in his tendencies and his election as Bishop of Massachusetts has been hotly opposed on that account. Ritualistic practices have been carried to the verge of Romanism, if not actually far into Romanism, by a party which seems to be increasing in power at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and elsewhere. If, therefore, theological controversy once got full headway in the Episcopal Church, it would be likely to spread far and wide and provoke numerous partisan conflicts; and for that reason Dr. Newton seems to be in no anxiety as to the result, so far as he is concerned individually.

Prof. Charles A. Briggs has been for many years a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and until recently his theological views have never been assailed in the Presbyterian Church, which has prided itself in him as one of its most distinguished scholars. He is a man of great learning and deep piety, but he is impatient under the criticism of men whose knowledge of the subjects to which he devotes himself is sometimes as superficial as his own is profound. Hence when he began to be attacked because of his methods of Biblical interpretation he showed his contempt for his critics too openly. One good man lost his temper; but the provocation was great. He could talk with calmness to scholars, but the ignorance of the people who misunderstood him excited his wrath, and he said in his heat what seemed very heretical. But, at the bottom, we imagine that Dr. Briggs is a good Presbyterian, a believer in the Bible, and a man who is conscientiously striving to make the veneration for the Scriptures more reasonable and less superstitious. The faith is not in danger from such a man as he. He may knock over some dogmas, but the foundation will be unimpaired. He is a devout man, spiritual and on the side of the Church as against its foes. Moreover, he is sustained by the Board of Directors of the Seminary, all of them stanch Presbyterians, pillars of the Church, and bountiful givers to all its benevolences. Very probably, and as a matter of legal necessity, the present formal compact between the Seminary and the General Assembly will be dissolved, the counsel of the school questioning the power of the board to make such an arrangement; but the

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Seminary is likely to remain a Presbyterian school of theology, attended in the future, as it has been in the past, by students of various evangelical denominations, drawn thither by the distinction of the corps of professors whom its magnificent endowment enables it to obtain.

The passage of the Rev. Dr. Bridgman from the Baptist to the Episcopal Church is not an event of much significance. He probably prefers the Episcopal order and liturgy; for as to the doctrine of reprobation, the two denominations are in substantial agreement. Such a transfer of ecclesiastical allegiance would have provoked only casual comment at another time. He seems not to have been at ease as a Baptist, and there is no indication that he is the leader of any movement which will trouble the Baptists. He has no followers, but goes away by himself whither his individual tastes and predilections lead him. His revolt against the bitterest explanation of the punishment for sin is not peculiar to him. It is quite general.

We may therefore conclude that by the present theological controversy nothing has been settled, though it has shown that the severity of the old theological doctrines is yielding under the influence of the sweeter religious sentiment now prevailing. But when before in the history of Christianity were its cardinal principles so generally discussed as now? The controversy has made religion the great subject of conversation and discussion even among men who before had no place for religion in their thoughts. Every newspaper is now a religious organ. Everybody is a theologian. That is the great gain, the glorious fruit of the controversy now going on.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION has no better opportunity than is furnished in the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." If by University Extension is meant a course of reading in the home, then the C. L. S. C. provides it; if it asks for a course of lectures on literary and scientific, historical and practical subjects, the opportunity is furnished in the Local Circles; if it designs to promote the study of the languages, the C. L. S. C. graduate may find in the Schools of Correspondence and in the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts the facilities already provided. Indeed, all students whose desire for culture and knowledge prompts them to adopt a plan of education may turn with hope to the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which has been tried by a great multitude of people and has always been found helpful and profitable as a system of home education. Dr. Herbert B. Adams says, "Experience has shown that the best opportunity for University Extension is at Chautauqua itself and in the nearly sixty Chautauqua Summer Assemblies."

THERE is a renewal of the old conflict in the political world and especially in the political press, over the new order of things in the National Government. The President and his Cabinet do not remove every man from office or a clerkship who does not hold the same political faith as the administration. This does not please the men who make politics a profession; therefore the bosses and party managers antagonize the President's policy. Mr. Cleveland was lenient to the Mugwumps who held office in his time; President Harrison is making a record for civil service in some places, but the machine politicians want all the spoils and they seek to create discontent, talk about civil service being a failure, and presume to teach the people that political bosses are statesmen. The growth of a true public sentiment will keep competent and faithful men in office, making changes only for unfaithfulness, incompetency, or immorality.

THE multiplicity of grand jury investigations in cases of alleged violation of the interstate commerce law is beginning to excite the apprehensions of not only the shippers and railroad managements but the general public as well. The passage of the interstate commerce act was regarded by many as being the solution of the perplexing problem of railway tariffs and methods. Having provided the remedy, at the best an experiment, the result seems to have been a relaxation of public watchfulness. If the interstate commerce act is to serve the pur-

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pose for which it was at first intended, and escape becoming a dead letter, the work of the commission must be facilitated by the granting of new powers, supported by increased legislative acts.

THE transfer of the U. S. Weather Bureau from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture and its assumption of a civilian character will serve to increase its value to the public, and especially to the farmers of the country. The selection of Mark W. Harrington, the professor of astronomy at the University of Michigan, and editor of *The American Meteorological Journal*, as chief of the Bureau, is a good indication of its future efficiency. The work of the Bureau will be extended and made more valuable to general interests and with the aid of the trained scientists and the large corps of men engaged in the special work of the Agricultural Department, the farmers of the country will be given much practical information.

THE impression has for a long time prevailed that the manufacture of tin-plate in the United States was an impossibility, owing to atmospheric conditions. It has developed recently that the only drawback to the successful operation of the industry is in the lack of skilled American labor and improved appliances. For years more than three-fourths of the Welsh output has found its way to the American market. From American consumers these same Welshmen have been paid, in twenty-five years, $320,000,000. In addition to being the chief support of the tin-plate manufacturers of the districts of Wales, Americans have been paying from 60 to 100 per cent more than a fair price. American enterprise will not be slow to take advantage of the opportunities offered in the favorable climatic conditions, and the exceptional natural resources, aided by wholesome protective legislation.

To the thoughtful student of the history of the colored race, there is presented by Francis A. Walker a highly interesting problem in the following figures: "The first census in 1790 found the colored population of the country 757,208. The census of 1810, two years after the abolition of the slave trade, found this element numbering 1,377,808." He further states that while the total population of the country has, during the century, increased sixteen fold, the colored element has increased but ten fold. In 1790 the colored element constituted nearly one fifth of the population and in 1890 less than one eighth. It seems that the tendency of the colored people is to settle in the cotton states and that in population they have been decreasing, by reason of a very high death rate among their race in the higher latitudes. What effect liberty and a more liberal education will have upon their future is yet to be developed.

"IT would have been a physical impossibility for the people of the United States, unaided by foreigners, to have controlled and subdued nearly the whole North American continent, to have built 170,000 miles of railroads, to have opened and improved enormous waterways, and to have populated 1,500,000 square miles of territory all within a single century," so says Oswald Ottendorfer. All of this we concede, but is it not true that a large majority of American born citizens of to-day point to parents who were born in other lands? It does not require fifty years to change the foreign population of a nation into a native population. The element of birth comes into these questions of emigration and foreigners controlling the general government. The birth element is likely always to keep the native population much larger than the foreign population in America. In the judgment of some writers the objectionable character of certain immigrants seems to bring reproach on all immigrants. This is unjust and is being regulated by recent legislation.

DR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of the New York Central Railroad and the most popular orator in New York City, has been one of the defendants in a singular lawsuit. As an officer of his road he was indicted for heating cars with stoves; this was contrary to a recently enacted law; trouble came by reason of stoves in the cars and Dr. Depew with six other officers of his road was indicted for the offence. It is not pleasant for a man of Dr. Depew's standing in business, in society, and in the church to be arraigned by the officers of the law, especially when as everybody knows, he did not intend to harm any one in violating the law. It was an incident in his life and in railroad history. It gives emphasis to the requirements of the law, but the end came in the dismissal of all the cases by the court and jury, nobody being fined and nobody sent to jail.

IT is a sad state of public morals which

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condemns cheating at gambling while the gamblers go free and the gambling is condoned. Old fashioned morality leveled its blows at the game of chance and counted it a crime. The Prince of Wales, through the friends of the Crown, has made it appear that cheating at baccarat is a public offence which should be punished by law; but the gamblers, of whom the Prince was the chief, having carried the gambling paraphernalia as part of his baggage, escape the penalty of the law and the ostracism of society, while Col. Cummings, who cheated the gamblers, is made the scapegoat. The exposure of the Prince of Wales as a gambler is complete, and it is declared by certain men of the press in England that his title to the throne is in danger as the result of his corrupt character and extremely bad habits of life.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the late Premier of Canada, was one of the widest observed and most closely studied of the public men of modern times. He was a consummate politician and a great statesman. On the tidal wave of every popular movement of his government he managed to ride to a position of leadership. The secret of this remarkable success lay in his ability to adapt himself to the tendencies of the hour. With all the energy of his strong intense nature he threw himself into the leading questions of the day, and labored only a little less strenuously, perhaps, for the interests of the people than he did for his own personal aggrandizement. The Dominion of Canada has sustained an almost irreparable loss in the death of the man who since 1866 has governed the Province, and who secured for it a good position among the nations of the earth.

MR. PARNELL married Mrs. O'Shea in Steyning on June 25th. The plans were kept a secret even from newspaper men till the day of the marriage and then the ceremony was performed by an officer of the civil government. This will be a notable instance of a great politician entering matrimony to remove a disgrace which had impaired his political power. Mr. Parnell thinks that his marriage will enable him to be reinstated as leader of the Irish party in Parliament. A strong impression prevails in the House of Commons to the same effect. English Liberals, it is thought, will regard him as a man who has done his best to atone for his fault. The Irish of his own party cheer him, while the Catholic clergy will not accept the marriage as condoning his offence.

A STATUE of Henry Ward Beecher by J. Q. A. Ward which stands in front of the Brooklyn City Hall was unveiled on June 24th. It is a fine tribute to the memory of the great preacher. The figure is bronze and rests on a Quincy granite pedestal. The whole is nineteen feet high. On the right side of the pedestal a slave girl is kneeling and laying a palm branch at the feet of Mr. Beecher. On the other side is a boy holding up a little girl, both barefooted, and the girl is placing a wreath at the feet of Mr. Beecher. The statue cost over $36,000, and $35,642.31 had been paid by the subscribers on the day it was unveiled. In a country where the church is separated from the state and supported by voluntary contributions, it is a climax of ministerial popularity when a statue is prepared and dedicated by the people to a Christian minister. The friends of Mr. Beecher may justly consider this tribute as a new evidence that history will make his fame secure.

MRS. MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, who was sent out in 1883 by the World's W.C.T.U. as round-the-world missionary, has returned to America, and will be present at the National Temperance Convention which meets at Saratoga July 15. During her eight years' absence, Mrs. Leavitt has organized and set to work 86 W. C. T. U's, 24 men's temperance societies, and 23 branches of the White Cross; she has held over 1,600 meetings, has traveled 100,000 miles, and has had the services of 229 interpreters in 47 languages.

ON June 15 was celebrated the marriage of Elaine Goodale to Dr. Eastman, an Indian of the Sioux tribe. The bride, a cultured woman of New England, is widely known as a writer of both poetry and prose. She is a contributor to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, her latest article, "A Woman's View of the Indian Troubles," having appeared in the March impression of the present year. She has been deeply interested in the welfare of the Indian race and has done much toward securing for it a higher recognition, and fairer treatment on the part of her own people. The groom is a highly educated gentleman, having graduated from Dartmouth College in 1887, and having taken later a diploma from the Boston University School of Medicine.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

THE many advantages to be enjoyed at Chautauqua, together with the limitations of time and space which flesh is heir to, make it necessary for Chautauquans to be very careful in their selections. And as he is the more liable to choose wisely who has the better opportunity to know of the things from which to select, all should inform themselves of the daily programs; should find out about the conferences, platform meetings, lectures, Round Tables, and the news of the grounds. The *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* exactly meets the requirements for this kind of knowledge. It reports stenographically all the lectures, notes, every occurrence of interest, and contains just that information which Chautauquans need. Even those who cannot be present at the Assembly can be well informed on all points as to what is doing at Chautauqua. Besides the wide C. L. S. C. interests to which the paper is so largely devoted, it is full of matters of significance for one who observes the movements of men, for the special student and general reader. The *Assembly Herald* subscription price for the season is $1.00. In clubs of five or more to one address, it is 90 cents each. The first number for 1891 will be issued on the morning of the 22d of July, and the paper will appear daily, Sundays excepted, until August 26. Persons sending in their orders before August 1 will have the advantage of our combination offer of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and *Assembly Herald* for $2.70. All orders should be sent to Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa., until July 18, then to Chautauqua, N. Y., until August 25.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. R. Palmer, New York City; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Guernsey, Independence, Kan.; Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt, Ontario, Canada.

Secretary—Mrs. James S. Ostrander.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Miss Clara L. Sargent.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

TEN members of '91 received their diplomas at the new Glen Echo Assembly held in June near Washington, D. C.

FOUR members of '91 living in Charleston, South Carolina, who were unable to attend Chautauqua, are to hold a special Recognition Day of their own, and to celebrate the close of four years' work with appropriate exercises.

MEMBERS of the Class of '91 who have enjoyed the study of "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," will find a most tempting course in geology published in the C. L. S. C. handbook, course No. XIII. This course is under the direction of Professor Frederick Starr, who has kindly volunteered to write a personal letter of instruction to each person who takes up the work. Geology is a charming topic for summer study and '91's will find much enjoyment in burrowing into nature's secrets.

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; the Rev. Russell Conwell, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. T. F. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; Mrs. E. C. Chapman, Oakland, Cal.; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; J. C. Burke, Waterville, Kan.; the Rev. M. D. Lichleter, Allegheny, Pa.

General Secretary—Miss Ella M. Warren, 342 W. Walnut, Louisville, Ky.

Prison Secretary—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.

District Secretaries—Miss A. M. Coit, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; the Rev. E. S. Porter, Bridgewater, Mass.; Miss Anna C. Brockman, St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. Chas. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.

Treasurer—Welford P. Hulse, 112 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee Union Class Building—Geo. E. Vincent.

Building Committee—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT.—Two years of our

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Chautauqua course are now completed. We trust that these have been years of pleasant and profitable study. Under widely different circumstances the members of the class have been pursuing the work so wisely marked out. Some having leisure have found part of their recreation in study; others have reached the present vantage ground "through much tribulation." They have had domestic, professional, and business cares which, of themselves, have seemed sufficient to consume all the time. Thousands of the busy workers who are an honor to our class have doubtless said, "I really cannot see how I am to keep up my Chautauqua readings, and attend to my other duties. I fear I shall have to give it up." Still we have not given it up. Like the poor soldier, worn by the march, yet unwilling to be lost from his command, we have struggled on, following the great army of comrades, although it may be far in the rear. Most of the army of Chautauqua has now gone into camp, to enjoy for a few monthsa well-merited rest. Let those who are left behind improve this halting, and endeavor to get fairly into the camp, to rest a few weeks before the march is resumed next October. Let the experience of the past stimulate us to greater effort. We hope to meet many members of the class at Chautauqua this season. It is always helpful to visit Chautauqua, to breathe the classic air, and to mingle with the hosts of Chautauquans who annually come together from all parts of the world. But besides this, business of importance will come before the class this year.

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N.Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C.L.S.C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

Building Committee—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALTHOUGH the class year is about ended, many of the members have still to finish their work. There are always some members who fall behind and become discouraged by the amount of work left undone. Although it is not always true in such cases that "It is never too late to mend," there still is time to catch up before the next year's course begins. Get out your books at once and go to work. You owe it to yourselves to do this; to have half studied a subject is as wasteful as to have half built a house and then left it to decay. You owe it also to others; we Chautauquans are "encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses," outsiders, millions of whom need just the special education and mental training which we are getting, are forming their opinions of our system by what we are doing or failing to do.

Let us go on recruiting, remembering that an army never consists of only a single company. You can persuade friends to enter your circle if not your class. Try, also, to persuade them to visit one of the Summer Assemblies, even if you cannot go yourself. The spirit of an Assembly, large or small, is infectious.

Set yourself to devising ways and means of making your local circle more prominent and attractive to outsiders next season. Too many circles are satisfied to be quiet little clubs. Above all things, order early your own books for the coming year, and have them at hand to remind you of the work to come. Old students will tell you that there are great comfort and gain in being able to "look through" a book before you begin to study it systematically.

A MEMBER of '94 who is to take a "tramp trip" through the Adirondacks this summer sends for a quantity of circulars to be distributed on his way. This is an admirable plan for scattering information concerning the C. L. S. C.

GRADUATES.

THE new C. L. S. C. Summer Courses in authors and their works include Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and a course in "American Provincial Life." The suggestions prepared by Professor Beers of Yale University, lend a new charm to the study of these great authors, and both graduates and undergraduates who have time for this work are promised a real treat. Other courses will be added next year.

THE third year of the three years' course in English History and Literature is now announced and graduates can obtain circulars from the Central Office giving names of books and prices. The study of modern England makes the historical section especially attractive while the work in literature is scarcely less tempting; it includes some of the most delightful of the English poets and the study of a play of Shakspere.

GRADUATES who have taken neither the first nor the second year of this course but who

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would like to take up the third year can do so at very slight disadvantage. This plan is recommended to all who feel especially interested in the subjects here presented.

A TWO years' course in American History is in preparation by Dr. H. B. Adams of Johns Hopkins, who has made the history section of the English course so delightful to many graduates. This is a particularly opportune time for the study of American History, and it is hoped that many graduates will avail themselves of the advantages of the new course.

THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

THE announcements for the following Assemblies came to hand too late to appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for July:

COLFAX, IOWA. THE Iowa Chautauqua Assembly will hold its third annual session at Colfax on the beautiful grounds recently purchased. Provision is made for all who may desire the pleasure of camping on the grounds; and at a little distance there are good hotels, so that those who prefer this manner of living can be easily and pleasantly accommodated.

The opening and closing days of the Assembly are July 4 and July 17. The Rev. J. L. Mitchell is the President, the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction, assisted by the Rev. B. F. Grenoble.

The speakers chosen are Gen. W. H. Gibson, Dr. A. J. Hobbs, Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, the Hon. W. M. Cumback, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, Jahu De Witt Miller, Mrs. Frank Beard, the Rev. Sam P. Jones, and the Rev. W. L. Davidson, D.D., who will illustrate his lectures by stereopticon views.

On Recognition Day Miss Kate Kimball will deliver the address and present the diplomas.

The Normal Department will be presided over by the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., aided by the Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, D.D.; the Primary Department by Miss Myra Manning; and the Woman's Club by Mrs. Frank Beard.

The music of the Assembly will be in charge of the eminent chorus leader, Dr. H. R. Palmer, together with Prof. C. A. Boyle.

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO. THE Assembly grounds at Epworth Heights have been put in readiness for realization of the profit and enjoyment which it is anticipated will characterize the second session of this Assembly, August 5 to August 18.

President P. M. Bigney, M.D., and Superintendent of Instruction Wilbur G. Warner are the leading officers. Among the speakers to appear during the season are J. M. Bashford, D.D., James Clement Ambrose, Frank Russell, D.D., J. H. Martin, D.D., James A. Greene, Geo. K. Morris, D.D., and Mrs. A. Kellogg, elocutionist. Music will be furnished by a cornet band and an orchestra.

Some of the departments of instruction provided for, are the Sunday-school Normal, led by John P. Pearson, D.D., Sacred Oratory in charge of Geo. K. Morris, D.D., Music under the direction of Prof. McKenzie; and in addition are the Kindergarten, Amateur Photography, China Painting, and Physical Culture.

Round Tables will be held, and special effort will be put forth for creating an interest in the Class of '95. The closing day of the Assembly, August 18, is to be observed as Recognition Day.

PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON. THE Puget Sound Assembly will hold its seventh session opening July 15 and closing August 3. Numerous improvements have been made on the grounds.

Anson P. Burwell will act as President, and Dovell Q. Purce as Superintendent of Instruction.

The speakers engaged for the season are B. F. Cherington, W. W. Beck, J. N. Taylor, and C. C. Strutton. The lectures are to form the principal feature of the Assembly. The usual amusements will serve as pastimes.

RIVER VIEW, OHIO. THE session of the River View Assembly, opening July 22 and closing August 5, is the third in its history.

The Rev. D. W. Parks will officiate both as President and as Superintendent of Instruction.

The audiences will be addressed from the platform by Jahu DeWitt Miller, the Rev. A. A. Willits, D.D., Col. C. F. Copeland, James Clement Ambrose, Col. Russell H. Conwell, R. M. Nourse, D.D., Dr. M. C. Lockwood, D D., Frank Beard, Prof. E. Warren Clark, the Rev. J. M. Geiger, and Chas. F. Underhill.

The Normal Department and the C. L. S. C. are placed under the direction of the Rev. J. W. Geiger; Miss Eleanor P. Allen will preside over the Woman's Department.

The classes will be provided with meeting places.

Recognition Day occurs August 5.

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THE GOLDEN CUP AND THE DISH OF SILVER.

EVERY one knows what a dog's life the Jews lead amongst the Turks, who plunder them of their riches, and slay them on the most frivolous pretenses. Thus, if they acquire any wealth, they are obliged to hide it in holes and corners, and to snatch their scanty enjoyments by stealth, in recompense of the buffets and contumely of their turbaned oppressors.

In this manner lived Yussuf, a Hebrew of great wealth and wisdom, but, outwardly, a poor, beggarly druggist, inhabiting, with his wife Anna, one of the meanest houses in Constantinople. The curse of his nation had often fallen bitterly upon his head; his great skill in medicine procuring him some uncertain favor from the Turks, but on the failure of his remedies, a tenfold proportion of ill-usage and contempt. In such cases, a hundred blows on the soles of his feet were his common payment; whereas on the happiest cures, he was often dismissed with empty hands and some epithet of disgrace.

As he was sitting one day at his humble door, thinking over these miseries, a Janizary came up to him, and commanded Yussuf to go with him to his Aga, or captain, whose palace was close at hand. Yussuf's gold immediately weighed heavy at his heart, as the cause of the summons; however, he arose obediently and followed the soldier to the Aga, who was sitting cross-legged on a handsome carpet, with his long pipe in his mouth. The Jew, casting himself on his knees, with his face to the floor, began, like his brethren, to plead poverty in excuse for the shabbiness of his appearance; but the Aga interrupting him, proceeded to compliment him in a flattering strain on his reputation for wisdom, which he said had made him desirous of his conversation. He then ordered the banquet to be brought in; whereupon the slaves put down before them some wine, in a golden cup, and some pork, in a dish of silver; both of which were forbidden things, and therefore made the Jew wonder very much at such an entertainment. The Aga then pointing to the refreshments addressed him as follows:

"Yussuf, they say you are a very wise and learned man, and have studied deeper than any one else the mysteries of nature. I have sent for you, therefore, to resolve me on certain doubts concerning this flesh and this liquor before us; the pork being as abominable to your religion, as the wine is to ours. But I am especially curious to know the reasons why your prophet should have forbidden a meat, which by report of the Christians is both savory and wholesome; wherefore I will have you to proceed first with that argument; and, in order that you may not discuss it negligently, I am resolved in case you fail to justify the prohibition, that you shall empty the silver dish before you stir from the place. Nevertheless, to show you that I am equally candid, I promise, if you shall thereafter prove to me the unreasonableness of the injunction against wine, I will drink off this golden goblet as frankly before we part."

The terrified Jew understood very readily the purpose of this trial; however, after a secret prayer to Moses, he began in the best way he could to plead against the abominable dish that was steaming under his nostrils. He failed, notwithstanding, to convince the sceptical Aga, who, therefore, commanded him to eat up the pork, and then begin his discourse in favor of the wine.

The sad Jew, at this order, endeavored to move the obdurate Turk by his tears; but the Aga was resolute, and drawing his crooked scimiter, declared that if Yussuf did not instantly fall to, he would smite his head from his shoulders.

It was time, at this threat, for Yussuf to commend his soul unto Heaven, for in Turkey the Jews wear their heads very loosely; however, by dint of fresh tears and supplications he obtained a respite of three days, to consider if he could not bring forward any further arguments.

As soon as the audience was over, Yussuf returned disconsolately to his house and informed his wife Anna of what had passed between him and the Aga. The poor woman foresaw clearly how the matter would end; for it was aimed only at the confiscation of their riches. She advised Yussuf, instead of racking his wits for fresh arguments, to carry a bag of gold to the Aga, who condescended to receive his reasons; and after another brief discourse, to grant him a respite of three days longer. In the same manner, Yussuf procured a further interval, but somewhat dearer; so that in despair at losing his money at this rate, he returned for the fourth time to the palace.

The Aga and Yussuf being seated as before, with the mess of pork and the wine between

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them, the Turk asked if he had brought any fresh arguments. The doctor replied, "Alas! I have already discussed the subject so often, that my reasons are quite exhausted," whereupon the flashing scimiter leaping quickly out of its scabbard, the trembling Hebrew plucked the loathsome dish toward him, and with many struggles began to eat.

It cost him a thousand wry faces to swallow the first morsel; and from the laughter that came from behind a silken screen, they were observed by more mockers besides the Aga, who took such a cruel pleasure in the amusement of his women, that Yussuf was compelled to proceed even to the licking of the dish. He was then suffered to depart, without wasting any logic upon the cup of wine, which after his loathsome meal he would have been quite happy to discuss.

I guess not how the Jew consoled himself besides for his involuntary sin, but he bitterly cursed the cruel Aga and all his wives, who could not amuse their indolent lives with their dancing-girls and tale-tellers, but made merry at the expense of his soul. His wife joined heartily in his imprecations; and both putting ashes on their heads, they mourned and cursed together till the sun set. There came no Janizary, however, on the morrow as they expected; but on the eighth day Yussuf was summoned again to the Aga.

The Jew at this message began to weep, making sure, in his mind, that a fresh dish of pork was prepared for him; however, he repaired obediently to the palace, where he was told that the favorite lady of the harem was indisposed, and the Aga commanded him to prescribe for her. Now the Turks are very jealous of their mistresses, and disdain, especially, to expose them to the eyes of infidels, of whom the Jews are held the most vile; wherefore, when Yussuf begged to see his patient, she was allowed to be brought forth only in a long white veil, that reached down to her feet. The Aga, notwithstanding the folly of such a proceeding, forbade her veil to be lifted; neither would he permit the Jew to converse with her, but commanded him on pain of death to return home and prepare his medicines.

The wretched doctor, groaning all the way, went back to his house without wasting a thought on what drugs he should administer on so hopeless a case; but considering, instead, the surgical practice of the Aga, which separated so many necks. However, he told his wife of the new jeopardy he was placed in for the Moorish Jezebel.

"A curse take her!" said Anna; "give her a dose of poison, and let her perish before his eyes."

"Nay," answered the Jew, "that will be to pluck the sword down upon our own heads; nevertheless, I will treat the infidel's concubine to some wine, which is equally damnable to their souls; and may God visit upon their conscience the misery they have enforced upon mine."

In this bitter mood, going to a filthy hole in the floor, he drew out a flask of schiraz; and bestowing as many Hebrew curses on the liquor, as the Mussulmans are wont to utter of blessings over their medicines, he filled up some physic bottles, and repaired with them to the palace.

And now let the generous virtues of good wine be duly lauded for the happy sequel!

The illness of the favorite being merely a langour and melancholy proceeding from the voluptuous indolence of her life, the draughts of Yussuf soon dissipated her chagrin in such a miraculous manner that she sang and danced more gaily than any of her slaves. The Aga, therefore, instead of beheading Yussuf, returned to him all the purses of gold he had taken; to which the grateful lady, besides, added a valuable ruby; and thenceforward, when she was ill, would have none but the Jewish physician.

Thus Yussuf saved both his head and his money; and, besides, convinced the Aga of the virtues of good wine; so that the golden cup was finally emptied, as well as the dish of silver.—*Thomas Hood.*

"LOOK STEADILY—ONCE."

In the process by which a knowing mind becomes to another a helping mind, we find the art of education. The science begets the art. There are wise ways of winning attention and of awakening a soul to self-activity in observation, and in concentrated and continuous effort. There are ways of holding up before a soul splendid ideals and inciting to resolve upon their attainment, and to put resolve into patient and untiring pursuit. These wise ways are the ways of teaching. The result is education.

Manifold are the methods by which mind may quicken mind to think and to act. It may be done by incidental statement, and as in a conversation. Some wise men can teach you by making you talk most of the time, they dropping a strong seed-thought only now and then. Mind may be inspired by formal and systematic announcement as in a lecture or sermon; or the result may be secured by instructional direction as in the methods of the class-room. But

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the great problem is, How to win for a time, that we may stimulate and guarantee for all time, interested attention.

To a restless, rollicking girl in an astronomical observatory the Professor said, "Look steadily—once." She had tried, two or three times—tried in her way—to look, but could see nothing! "How foolish to stick your head into that!" And then she turned away with a silly, bantering laugh. She was a frivolous girl who cared no more for Saturn or Jupiter than about the Caroline Islands imbroglio or the United States survey in Northern Alaska. She wanted to leave. "Let's go," she said, "and do something lively. This is stupid."

"Come, Hetty," said the Professor, "try again. Look steadily—once." Adjusting her eye to the glass and holding still long enough to "look steadily—once," she suddenly exclaimed, "O how lovely! How wonderful! See the rings! How beautiful! Let me stay!" After that it was hard work to get her away from the instrument and the tower. She wanted "to see more," and she saw more—another planet, a fragment of nebula here, then there, now a fixed star, now the delicate lines of the new moon. Space, color, splendor, passed before her astonished vision.

"I'm coming again, may I, Professor? I'm going to read about it! Isn't it all wonderful!"

Not a frivolous speech fell from her lips on the way home that night. Glancing now and then toward the starry vault she often exclaimed, "Isn't it too wonderful for anything!" She had "looked steadily—once."

Many of our young people are flippant, and to our more mature judgments foolish, because they have never been trained to "look steadily—once" at some fact or field in science or literature. One look transforms them. They suddenly see a new world. Old delights lose their charm in the presence of the new revelation.*—*Bishop John H. Vincent.*

A MEXICAN FLORAL FESTIVAL.

FRIDAY, the 28th of March, the day of Viernes de Dolores, was a floral festal occasion in and about the city of Mexico. The origin of this observance we did not exactly understand, except that it is an old Indian custom, which is carefully honored by all classes, and a very beautiful one it most certainly is. For several days previous to that devoted to the exhibition, preparations were made for it by the erection of frames, tents, canvas roofing, and the like, in the center of the alameda and over its approaches. At sunrise on the day designated, the people resorted in crowds to the broad and beautiful paths, roadways, and circles of the delightful old park, to find pyramids of flowers elegantly arranged about the fountains, while the passageways were lined by flower dealers from the country with beautiful and fragrant bouquets, for sale at prices and in shapes to suit all comers. Nothing but a true love of flowers could suggest such attractive combinations. Into some of the bouquets strawberries with long stems were introduced, in order to obtain a certain effect of color; in others was seen a handsome red berry in clusters, like the fruit of the mountain ash. We had observed the preparations, and were on the spot at the first peep of the day. The Indians came down the Paseo de la Reforma in the gray light of the dawn, and stopped beside the entrance to the alameda, men and women laden with fragrance and bloom from all parts of the valley of Mexico within a radius of forty miles from the city. One lot of burros, numbering a score and more, formed a singularly picturesque and novel group. The animals, except their heads and long ears, were absolutely hidden beneath masses of radiant color. Groups of women sitting upon the ground were busy making up bouquets, which were most artistically combined. These natives love bright colors, and have an instinctive eye for graceful combinations. Of course the variety of flowers was infinite. We remember, among them, red and white roses, pansies, violets, heliotropes, sweet peas, gardenias, camellias, callas, asters, tiger lilies, honeysuckles, forget-me-nots, verbenas, pinks in a variety of colors, larkspur, jasmine, petunias, morning glories, tulips, scarlet geraniums, and others. Three military bands placed in central positions added spirit and interest to the suggestive occasion. The harmony of the music blended with the perfume of the flowers, completing the charm of such a scene of floral extravagance as we have never before witnessed. Our florists might get many bright, new ideas as to the arrangements of bouquets from these Mexicans.

None of the populace seemed to be too poor to purchase freely of the flowers, all decking their persons with them. As fast as the bouquets were disposed of their places were filled with a fresh supply, the source being apparently inexhaustible. Young and old, rich and poor, thronged to the flower-embowered alameda on this occasion, and there was no seeming diminution of demand or of supply up to high noon, when we left the still enthusiastic and merry crowd. In the afternoon, no matter in what part of the town we were, the same floral enthusiasm and spirit possessed the populace. Balcony, door-

* A Study of Pedagogy. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham.

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way, carriage windows, and market baskets, married women and youthful sĕnoritas, boys and girls, cripples and beggars, all indulged in floral decoration and display. It appeared that several carloads of flowers came from far-away Jalapa to supply the demand in the national capital made upon the kingdom of Flora for this flower festival.*—*Maturin M. Ballou.*

A THOUGHT.

It fell at night upon a rocking world
  As sinks through glooms of eve a falling star;
God launched it upon Time with wings unfurled,
  And marked its flight through centuries afar.

As fell that spirit bright on Lemnos' isle;
  As Phaeton fell from Phœbus' blazing car;
As from an angel's lip a holy smile
  Slides like a sunbeam from a world afar.

So on the dim earth fell that shining thought:
  Like shooting-star it flashed along the brain
Of one who flushed to feel the strength it brought,
  And shaped it for a world's eternal gain.

On prophet brows the chrismal light falls still;
  They break for us through calyxes of doubt,
Through leaf-like thought o'er-folding thought, until
  The single golden heart of Truth shines out.

They catch a burning thought from lips divine,
  And mold it into shape for human ken;
In picture, song, or sculptured stone to shine,
  A holy thing blest unto sentient men.†
—*Lillien Blanche Fearing.*

A SCENE IN ATHENS.

It is the second year of the ninety-third Olympiad and the theater at Athens is full, for the great dramatic season is at its height, and to-day there is to be performed a new play by Aristophanes, the special favorite of the Athenian public. It is a brilliant scene, but a keen observer, who happened to see the same gathering some five and twenty years ago, must now notice a certain falling off in its splendor. For these five and twenty years have been years of war, and latterly, years of disaster. Eleven years ago, the city, wild with the pride of power and wealth, embarked on the mad scheme of conquering Sicily, and lost the finest fleet and army that it ever possessed. Since then it has been a struggle for life with it, and year by year it has been growing weaker and weaker. This has told sadly on the glories of its great festivals. The furnishing of the stage, indeed, is as perfect as ever, and the building itself has been pushed on several stages toward completion. However scarce money may be in the public treasury, the theater must not be starved. But elsewhere there are manifest signs of falling off. The strangers' gallery is almost empty. All the Greek world from Massilia in Gaul to Cyrene among the sands of Africa used to throng it in happier days. Now more than half that world is hostile, and the rest has little to hope or fear from the dispossessed mistress of the seas. Dionysius of Syracuse has sent an embassy, and the democracy, which once would have treated with scant courtesy the representatives of a tyrant, is fain to flatter so powerful a prince. There are some Persian Envoys too, for the Persians are still following their old game of playing off one great state against another. A few Greeks from Sinope and from one of the Italian cities, persons of no importance, who would hardly have found a place in the gallery during the palmy times of Athens, make up the company of visitors. Look at the body of the theater, where the citizens sit, and the spectacle is deplorable indeed. The flower of Athens' sons has perished, and their successors are puny and degenerate. Examine too the crowd that throngs the benches, and you will see that the slaves, distinguished by their unsleeved tunics, fill up no small portion of space. And boys form an unusually large proportion of the audience. Altogether the theater is a dispiriting sight to a patriotic Athenian.

To-day, however, all is gaiety, for, as has been said, there is a new play to be brought out, and an Athenian must be in desperate straits indeed, if he cannot forget his sorrows at a new play.*—*Professor Alfred Church.*

THE SUNFLOWER.

August and September are the months of the sunflowers, or *Helianthea*, named from *helios*, the sun, and *anthos*, a flower, from the erroneous but common opinion that the flowers always turn their faces toward the sun. The appellation is appropriate, notwithstanding, for there are few brighter, more sunloving flowers than this extensive tribe of the composites.

In the mythology of the ancient Peruvians, the sunflower occupied an important place, and was employed as a mystic decoration in ancient Mexican sculpture. Like the lotus of the East, it is equally a sacred and artistic emblem, figur-

*Aztec Land. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

†The Sleeping World and other Poems. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

*Callias. Meadville: Flood and Vincent.

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ing in the symbolism of Mexico and Peru, where the Spaniards found it rearing its aspiring stalk in the fields, and serving in the temples as a sign and a decoration, the sun-god's officiating hand-maidens wearing upon their breasts representations of the sacred flower, in beaten gold.

Numerous varieties of the great-disked sunflower exist. It is the art of the gardener to know how to place them. I turn to old Gérarde to find him an enthusiast over the great flower of gold.

The reader who has had the patience to follow me, and who does not know him, will be interested in a typical description by Gérarde: "The Indian Sun or golden floure of Peru is a plant of such stature and talnesse that in one Sommer being sowne of a seede in Aprill, it hath risen up to the height of fourteen foot in my garden, where one floure was in weight three pound and two ounces, and crosse overthwart the floure by measure sixteen inches broad. The stalkes are upright and straight, of the bignesse of a strong man's arme, beset with large leaves even to the top, like unto the great Clot Bur; at the top of the stalke cometh forth for the most part one floure, yet many times there spring out sucking buds, which come to no perfection; this great floure is in shape like to the Cammomil floure, beset round about with a pale or border of goodly yellow leaves in shape like the leaves of the floures of white Lillies; the middle part whereof is made as it were of unshorn velvet or some curious cloth wrought with the needle; which brave worke if you do thorowly view and marke well, it seemeth to be an innumerable sort of small floures resembling the nose or nozell of a candlesticke, broken from the foot thereof; from which small nozell sweateth forth excellent fine and cleere Turpentine, in sight, substance, savour, and taste. The whole plant in like manner being broken, smelleth of Turpentine; when the plant groweth to maturitie, the floures fal away, in place whereof appeareth the seed, blacke and large, much like the seed of Gourds, set as though a cunning workeman had of purpose placed them in very good order, much like the honiecombes of Bees; the root is white, compact of many strings, which perish at the first approach of winter." What more could be said of the plant he is depicting, unless by the bees who draw nearer to the heart of the flower than we? And who could depict it half so well! Plant-knowledge is assuredly more accurate since the Linnæan and natural systems, but plant-study isn't half so picturesque as it was when the old masters held the magnifying glass. And after all, who will object to an error when the picture is so artistically painted? Is not a misnumbered page a charm of an Elzevir?*—*George H. Ellwanger.*

A SHADOW BOAT.

Under my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine! †

—*Arlo Bates.*

ATHLETICS GONE MAD.

The prevailing enthusiasm for athletics is a much-needed reaction from a most unwise indifference. The last generation neglected physical development. It, perhaps, did not matter so much years ago, for a large proportion of the young men of the land were then raised upon farms. They found their gymnasium in the harvest field and behind the plow. Milking developed their grip, and pitching hay developed their shoulders. Instead of swinging Indian clubs they sawed wood; and instead of pulling chest-weights they hoed corn. This is after all the best of methods. Constitutions built up by such exercises have a toughness of fiber and power of endurance which no gymnasium can impart.

To-day, however, the conditions are changed. The thousands of young men in great cities do not swing flails or mow grass. They are cramped in artificial and unfavorable circumstances. Our system of school life keeps them many hours in badly ventilated rooms. Under such conditions it is a kind Providence that has brought athletics into such prominence and awakened such an interest in physical development in the hearts of our young men. I am glad of it. I recognize its necessity. I have great hopes for its results. The gymnasium of to-day will cure, or what is better will prevent,

* The Garden's Story. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Berries of the Brier. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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the dyspepsia of to-morrow. If the past generation had taken more exercise, the present generation would be taking fewer pills. So far as I had any influence I would use it among all young people to interest them in physical development. A vigorous and healthy bodily life is something that may be lost by neglect, and, to a degree at least, secured and established by the energetic observance of well-known laws. I am glad that the spirit of athletics is busy among our young men enlarging muscles, broadening shoulders, deepening chests. The result will be a finer race, and that paragon of animals, the noblest result ot the ages—"a strong man."

While thus I am heartily in sympathy with this spirit and bid it God-speed on its mission, nevertheless I am not blind to certain absurdities and extravagances which are committed in its name. Athletics is altogether desirable. But *athletics gone mad* is not so entirely admirable. The danger lies not in development, but in one-sided development. The object should be not merely to increase strength. A strong *brute* is not a worthy achievement. "A strong *man*" is the result to be desired. There are two things to be secured—*muscle and manhood, strength and character*. If either is developed without the other, we have only a monstrosity on our hands. Strength without character is revolting. Character without strength is pitiable. The two need to be blended together. The character needs to be permeated with strength, and the strength needs to be shaped by the character. The manhood needs to be muscular, and the muscle needs to be manly. Each must be full of the other. When thus blended, they represent two things which God has joined together; and in their combination they produce the grandest earthly being, "a strong man."*—*Charles Wadsworth.*

*How to Get Muscular. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Historical. The history of the American Revolution as a war has never been as adequately told as by Mr. Fiske in his recent work.* He is an independent thinker and searches keenly and untiringly not only into the causes of events but also into the personal motives of the chief actors in the events. Once convinced that he has discovered the truth, he fearlessly announces it. The result is no soft-dealing book. Some characters suffer severely in his hands; among them is Gen. Gates. Washington is studied as a soldier, and in the fine analysis made is shown to rank with the foremost generals of the world's history. ——No town, especially in the New World, could serve as a better theme for a historical writer than Boston,† and the book which Mr. Lodge has written about this town is worthy of the theme. Prominent in all of the early events of the country, its history necessarily involves a retelling of much that is given in all accounts of the United States.. But Mr. Lodge has a distinct style of his own which lends a new interest to an old story.——A valuable reference library can now enrich its contents by the addition of "The Historic Note-Book."* This volume completes a series of three works by the same author, the other two being "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," which has made itself indispensable to busy students, and "The Reader's Hand-Book," devoted to authors and their works. "The Historic Note-Book" briefly and graphically explains the events and allusions of history, parliamentary acts, treaties, customs, and terms. By its help hours of research, which might in the end prove in vain, can be saved. It is a matter of surprise that so condensed a work could be made so comprehensive and so satisfactory.——Archæology, ethnology, prehistoric times, are expressions which in the common opinion are thought to belong fittingly only to the vocabulary of an antiquarian. And such a personage and his words are supposed to be of popular interest only as they are introduced into some romance like those of Walter Scott. But works of the character of "Antiquities of Tennessee"† and "Prehistoric America"‡ are doing much to dissipate this

*The American Revolution. By John Fiske. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $4.00.

†Historic Towns: Boston. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, $1.25.

*The Historic Note-Book. With an Appendix of Battles. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $3.50.

†The Antiquities of Tennessee. By Gates P. Thurston. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Price, $4.00.

‡Prehistoric America. Vol. II. Emblematic Mounds. By Stephen D. Peet. Chicago, Ill: American Antiquarian Office.

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false idea. The books are particularly designed for specialists, but they are of such a character as to make them attractive to any who may examine their pages. The articles unearthed from the buried ages of the past, or some effigy or hieroglyphic traced on the burial mounds of former generations seem to act in the hands of these authors like wizards' wands, and to make the old times appear as the present. All readers will find themselves with curiosity aroused watching with deep interest this skillful reconstruction of the past. Both works are profusely illustrated.——One is led by the title of Admiral Ammen's book, "The Old Navy and the New,"* to suppose that it is historical, but will find it chiefly autobiographical. Knowing that the author held important command during the Civil War, and that prior to that he was one of the commission to select a naval station on the coast of the Pacific, and that he went out with the Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and knowing too that he saw the present navy with its ironclads and its monitors develop from the simple sailing vessels of former days, one turns with disappointment from a work which promised so much of importance in these historical fields, finding it occupied so largely with small personal details. There are several interesting accounts of scenes in the Civil War of which the author was an eye witness. Its great interest centers about the description of the mutiny on board the *Ocean Queen*, of which he was in command.

Physical Culture. Mabel Jenness' "Comprehensive Physical Culture"† is an inspiring treatise. It makes one recoil from the negligence of nature's demands, from carelessness, uncleanliness, and laziness, and eagerly turn to the wholesome if sometimes hard earned bounties of health and strength, composure and beauty. The illustrations help to show one how to obtain these treasures.——Another book‡ comes to hand enforcing the expediency of more positive instruction in the knowledge necessary to the girl and woman for their well-being and for the right performance of their life duties. The many useful paragraphs in these pages add testimony to the growing recognition of the dignity of womanhood.——"How to Get Muscular"* is very prettily told in a pretty volume. The book will afford special pleasure to enthusiastic athletes, so highly is the exercise regarded in it, and in such a high moral tone is the subject treated. The reactive tendency of the strength of mind and that of body, is emphasized and the desirability of muscularity impresses one from every chapter.——Carl Betz as superintendent of the physical culture in the public schools of Kansas City, Mo., has successfully tested the system of physical culture which he places before the public. The books† now ready for use, covering a course of four years, are conveniently arranged. The directions given are plain and brief. They will be found easy to grasp and pleasant to practice.——The volume, "Heredity, Health and Personal Beauty,"‡ is freighted with just that valuable information which all should know. The false modesty which would prevent popular instruction regarding many matters of vital importance to the highest development of physical life is utterly ignored and the plain and necessary truth plainly, sensibly, and forcibly spoken. American faults and virtues receive especial notice. The matter is conveniently arranged for reference.

Miscellaneous. A volume‖ of momentous importance treats of the tenement population of New York City, their habits and condition. The subject-matter, which is drawn from the most reliable sources, reveals some startling facts. Statistics show that in a population of one and one-half millions, about half a million persons accepted charity at some period in eight years, if not during the whole time, and that this state of affairs was induced, not by the changing vicissitudes of fortune, but by the importation of paupers from the Old World,—and this, too, in the face of the fact that the tenement part of New York is far more crowded than that of London. Tramps receive due consideration. The crime of carelessly giving alms to beggars is made apparent while wise charity is shown to be indeed a labor of love. The brightness of the book is pleasing but its timeliness makes it especially desirable.

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* The Old Navy and the New. By Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $3.00.

† Comprehensive Physical Culture. Illustrated. By Mabel Jenness. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

‡ The Daughter: Her Health, Education and Wedlock. By William M. Capp, M. D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis. Price, $1.00.

* How to Get Muscular. Five addresses on Higher Athletics. By Charles Wadsworth, Jr. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company.

† Free Gymnastics. By Carl Betz. Kansas City, Mo.: "Kansas City Press."

‡ Heredity, Health and Personal Beauty. By John V. Shoemaker, A.M., M.D., Philadelphia: F. A. Davis.

‖ How the Other Half Lives: Studies among the Tenements of New York. Illustrated. By Jacob A. Riis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.50.

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"Beneath Two Flags"* is a stirring account of the history of the Salvation Army. Every page is breathing with action, every chapter closes on glorious results. It discloses the work, the experiences, the successes, and repulses of the Salvation Army; the caliber, the customs, and dress of its officers, and its path of operation. It throws light on many dull performances and methods, and transforms what has been ridiculed as the fickleness of instability, into the common sense of adaptibility. The book leads one to think that in raising the Salvation flag victoriously over sin, General Booth's family are leaders in a great uplifting of the nation; since the flag of the nation and the standard of its morality must rise or fall together.

One hundred and twenty-five pages of a pretty volume† are allotted to the portrayal of the Speculator's short existence. This short space, however, suffices to awake a vivid sympathy with the exciting uneasiness of such a life,—the gay company, the depressed loneliness, which, like a feverish dream, are but half realized. The reader is made to share the triumph of success and the despair of ruin.

Every school teacher should have access to Comegys' "Primer of Ethics."‡ It presents pointedly and attractively yet inoffensively the numerous subjects on which pupils so often resent instruction as "lecturing." The chapter on Purity alone would give value to the book.

A beautiful book for pleasant pastime is "Original Charades."‖ Like water, eluding the grasp, the enigmas, bright and sparkling, flow on musically in rhymes.

Fiction. An especially luminous spot in the long train of light following upon "Ben Hur," in the form of novels based upon Scriptural facts, is called "Aleph, the Chaldean, or the Messiah as seen from Alexandria."§ Aleph, the young hero, is a direct descendant of the prophet Daniel. A love romance finely woven through adds warmth to the story, some of whose charms of plot and description call up sweet memories of "Telemachus." Many of the scenes are strong and yet delicate, while the characters present themselves clearly and definitely, almost tangibly. The like or dislike which they inspire does not lack of being real. Unfortunately, the auther jolts the reader about from antiquity to the present time by untoward reflections; but this occurs only seldom and is compensated by the general interest and elevating influence of the volume. ——The Ten Tales of Middle Georgia* come to the reader like a refreshing draught. There is a brightness and breeziness about the stories that is truly restful. One is charmed with their artlessness while impressed with their strength. The author's imagination has been allowed to glean only in sweet, clean fields. The dialect is good and thoroughly amusing, while the illustrations vie in humor with the text.——A story of the Old Colony† which stands out strong and rugged against the impressions made by the average literature of the day, holds its enviable place by its own sheer force; the many delicate tendrils of imaginative sentiment which hold fast in the memory seem only like side issues. The work is realistic; it is spirited though lengthy, and the very numerous pages are amply adorned by touches of humor and emotion, while the hazy past enveloping it serves to veil many angles of diction. The story is of labyrinthian complicacy, enough persons being introduced to people a village. Truth is claimed for the incidents which are gleaned from Old Colony chronicles or from well-founded tradition.——George MacDonald's work entitled "There and Back"‡ is more startling than many of his stories, but not less interesting. The author has dipped deeper than usual into the gall with which he is wont to flavor his humor. The hero is baronet-born and tradesmanbred, and in his character baffles good rules of heredity. The author writes with a view of springing theories upon the unsuspecting reader, and he has made no exception of this book, carefully suppressing any warnings to skip. Conspicuity is given to the question of the immortality of animals.——"Rob,"‖ a capital story for boys, is one which they may with impunity lend to their sisters, as the hero is a natural, life-like boy who does enough mischievous, stupid, and disagreeable things not to set the rest of boy humanity at too great a disadvantage. In a redeeming manner his boyish generosity and manliness twinkle through all

* Beneath Two Flags. By Maud B. Booth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

† The Speculator. By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 75 cts.

‡ A Primer of Ethics. Edited by Benjamin B. Comegys. Boston: Published by Ginn & Company.

‖ Original Charades. By L. B. R. Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.00.

§ Aleph, The Chaldean. By E. F. Burr, D. D., LL. D., New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. Price, $1.75.

* The Primes and their Neighbors. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Dr. LeBaron and his Daughters. By Jane G. Austin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1 25.

‡ There and Back. By George MacDonald. ‖ Rob: A Story for Boys. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, $1.00.

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the darkness of his unlucky circumstances; he gets into trouble and out again, richer by the realization that it takes much time to erase the scars of folly.——"Left to Themselves"* is a story for boys to read on a forbidding rainy day which makes necessary a long quiet time indoors just when they feel most restlessly inclined. It is not calm reading, and the boys will feel their blood tingle as if from a race, while their credulity will need special care after such vigorous exercise. Two boys, Philip and Gerald are thrown together, become firm friends, are shipwrecked, and reap enough troubles for a harvest of wrinkles, but an average amount of native practical intelligence ripens their woes into joys, and at last they become men honorable and respectable if not widely noted.——A cozy story † of good aims, good resolves, and good results, not unmingled with a plentiful amount of good sense, is told of a lovable city girl, who with broken health and heart torn by the recent death of her mother, went to the Adirondacks to recruit. In unselfishly soothing the grief of others she soothes her own, and adds to the enjoyment of everybody. The book is spiced with descriptions of mountain scenery and with adventures which do not flatten into matrimonial bliss.

*Left to Themselves. By Edward Irenæus Stevenson. Price, $1.00. †At Brown's: An Adirondack Story. By Jean Kate Ludlum. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.25.

The translations of Honoré de Balzac's novels furnish English reading students with exceptionally fine studies in minuteness of detail and flight of fancy. His delicacy of description sometimes, however, approaches tediousness. His work is marred by the low estimate placed on human character, and by its tone of immorality. The volume entitled "Ursula"* and belonging to the noted series called The Comedy of Human Life, is teeming with scenes from provincial life. "The Lily of the Valley"† is one of his less known and somewhat less caustic attempts.

*Ursula. †The Lily of the Valley. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price of each, $1.50.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JUNE, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—June 3. Death of Dr. Benson J. Lossing, the historian.——Opening at Asbury Park, N. J., of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America.

June 6. The Greenland exploration party starts from New York.

June 7. Anniversary exercises of the World's W. C. T. U. in Washington.

June 8. The thirty-ninth convention of the International Typographical Union opens in Boston.

June 9. The Unitarian Conference opens in Buffalo, N. Y.——At Fort Wayne, Ind., the convention of railroad employees is begun.

June 11. The Rev. Dr. Henry M. MacCracken is made Chancellor of the University of New York in place of Dr. John Hall, resigned.

June 16. Colgate University receives a gift of $1,000,000 from Mr. James B. Colgate.——Annual meeting of the Supreme Lodge, A.O. U.W., opens in Detroit.

June 20. Much damage is done by storms in the West.——The International Homeopathic Congress opens in Atlantic City.

June 24. A statue of Henry Ward Beecher is unveiled in Brooklyn.

June 26. Seven men killed in a tornado at Mount Carmel, Pa.

June 27. The one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the battle of Monmouth is celebrated on the battle field.

June 30. The Weather Bureau is transferred from the War Department to the Agricultural.

FOREIGN NEWS.—June 4. The *Itata* surrenders in the harbor of Iquique.

June 6. Death of Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier.

June 8. Strike of 5,000 omnibus drivers in London.

June 11. The Behring Sea bill is signed by Queen Victoria.

June 14. Over one hundred persons killed and many injured in a railroad accident in Switzerland.

June 15. Verona, Italy, suffers a severe earthquake shock.

June 20. Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland form a customs league.

June 25. Strike of the grocers, butchers, and bakers of Paris.

June 26. The new Spanish commercial treaty is signed.

June 29. The Triple Alliance is renewed for six years.——The Sultan of Turkey ratifies the Brussels Anti-Slavery Convention act.

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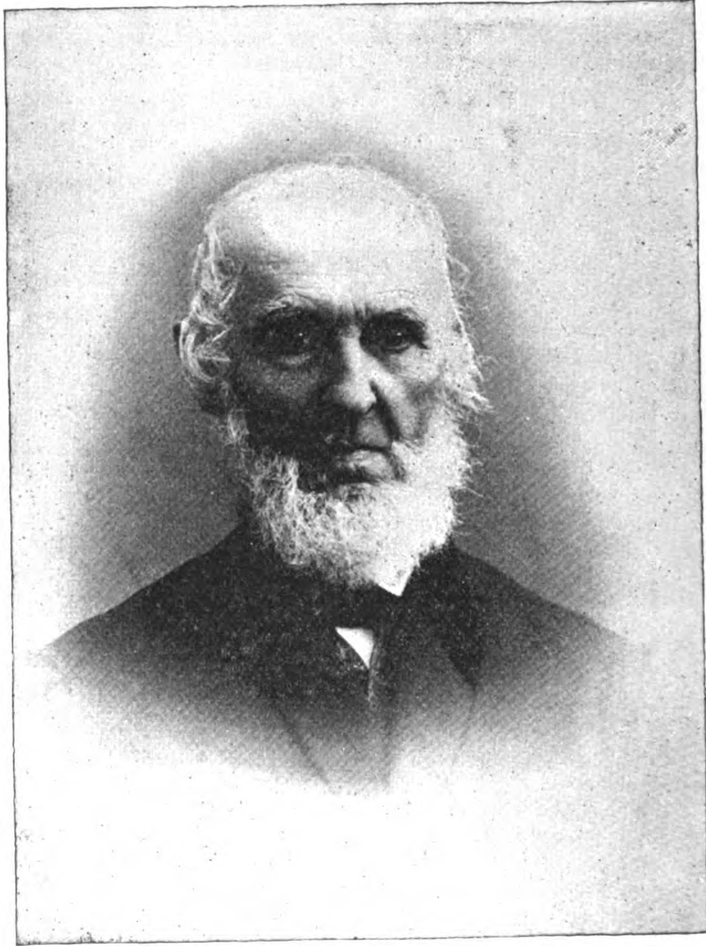

John G. Whittier

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 6.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

I.

THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.

ONE of the best means, perhaps, of apprehending correctly the character of a race is to study its religion. Religions are, as it were, the molds into which the successive generations recorded by history are cast. Often even after the mold is broken do they retain its imprint. On the other hand, religions, like rivers, taking the color of the beds wherein they flow, are influenced by the particular character of the peoples that adopt them, by their climate, by the land they inhabit. In no country is this more evident than in Russia, where Christianity presents so unique a phase and seems so wholly a part of the life blood of the nation. In no other country could Church and State have become so wholly one and the same thing.

It is well known how the Russian Slavs were originally governed by Scandinavian princes; how in 864, Rurick, no doubt one of those enterprising sea-kings, taking possession of the coasts of the Baltic, brought the land under his rule and founded that vast monarchy—the Empire of Russia. Less known, perhaps, is the introduction of Christianity into the land.

Two brothers, Dir and Orkhold, after being companions of Rurick, broke away from him and founded a second monarchy with Kiev for its capital. Next, trying to push their conquests still farther south, they attacked Constantinople. Here they were converted to Christianity, and forthwith sent missionaries to Russia to convert their subjects likewise. It has been a matter of dispute among historians whether the precise date of this event is 866 or 867. If it were in the former year, it was under Photius, the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople; if in the latter, under Ignatius the Patriarch in communion with the Church of Rome. Whichever it was, the Cross was planted, and planted so deep in the soil of Russia that of all modern nations there is no other at the present time that can be said to have preserved so unalterable a faith in the Savior and so childlike a submission to the decrees of Providence.

Studying the history of this Christianization, we find its *modus operandi* pretty much the same as in Western Europe. More force was employed than persuasion: the sword being by far the more effective of the two. Neither Clovis nor Charlemagne reasoned with his troops. However, it was not till 988 that coercive measures were employed and Christianity became duly established. The empire had recovered its unity in 882 under Oleg, and in 988 Vladimir the Apostolic determined what should be the religion of the land. He was the grandson of Olga, the so-called Russian Helena, who had been baptized at Constantinople, and exercised upon her grandson the same influence that the mother of Constantine the Great exercised over her son.

But Vladimir, despite his surname, was of no Christian disposition. Cruel and violent,

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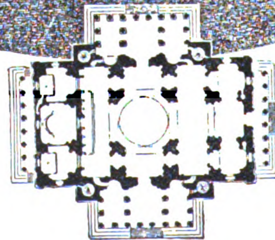
he ruled chiefly through terror. In order to decide upon the form of divine worship in his empire, he sent ambassadors east and west to examine the rites and doctrines of the Latins, Mohammedans, and Greeks, and selected the latter, then in communion with Rome, because they were the most imposing. The great schism which now separates the two churches, did not occur before the middle of the eleventh century, and was effected by Michael Caerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople. This led toward the consolidation of the power of the Crown, and the final establishment of the Czar as the head of the church. The policy of the Czar from that time has always been to subject the ecclesiastical to the imperial power, to make the church a national church, subject to no other law than his; in short, creating that absolute autocracy which constitutes the government of Russia to this day. It was achieved in 1667 when the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, at variance with the Patriarch of Moscow, Nikon, caused the latter's deposition and purposely left the See vacant. In 1721 Peter the Great, with the consent of the eastern Patriarchs placed the whole government of the Russian Church in the hands of the Holy Synod dependent on the Czar. Catherine II. next seized all church property, and the prelates were then paid a fixed salary by the state. Although this Synod is on the one hand wholly subservient to the Czar, it enjoys on the other, owing to the system of centralization of the Russian government, an immense power in the church.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

The bishops of the Russian Church at Kiev, Novgorod, and St. Petersburg are called archbishops and the one in Siberia, metropolitan. They cannot marry and are therefore selected from the monks. All Russian religions follow the rule of St. Basil, which is very strict. They cannot be professed before the age of forty, the women not before fifty. The novitiate lasts three years. Few monks receive holy orders. The "white" or secular clergy on the other hand must all be married. They are mostly sons of priests.

The creed of the Russian Church with the exception of a few points is the same as that

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of the Roman Catholic Church. It differs in rejecting the supremacy of the Pope and the dogma of the Holy Ghost's proceeding from the Son. Contrary to the Catholics, the Russians hold that marriage may be dissolved in cases of adultery, and consider baptism by sprinkling, invalid. Since the last century there has been great progress made in education among certain classes in certain sections of the country. Prelates in high places have shown leanings to Protestant views; there are obvious efforts made in various ways to soften down the points of difference between the two churches; but Eastern orthodoxy is too deeply rooted in the Slav character to adopt readily any progressive church-measures.

In a discussion on church matters, a woman of high rank said to Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent writer on Russian affairs in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "As far as religion proper is concerned, I am simply a Christian, without any particular creed: my tendencies are rather Protestant than otherwise; but as a Russian, I am *passionately* orthodox."

This remark strikes the key-note of the religious feeling among all classes in Russia. "Autocracy, Orthodoxy, Nationality" has been the Czar's triple device all along: obedience to God, the Czar, the country. The Constitution of Russia opens with a scriptural declaration to the effect that the people *must* submit to supreme power "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake."

This so-called orthodox church then is the corner-stone of Russia's power; yet, like all powers, it has its undermining influence, which springs from the very foundation of the official church, creating schism within schism. It is called Raskol—the Russian name for schism, and has its root in the spirit of conservatism that pervades all that is Russian but especially the ancient Muscovite whose adherence to the letter of his liturgical books and the original formalism of the Byzantine church, causes him to look upon all innovation as satanic.

It is this stubborn steadfastness, this ignorant attachment to ancestral notions and customs that through so many years has kept the nation behind all others in the march of progress. It forms the basis of the Russian's character and distinguishes him from both the Latins and Germans. Before this blind force even the genius of Peter the Great had to bend. It opposed and annihilated all his efforts at civilizing the country. Dormant through seven or eight centuries it showed its full spirit about the middle of the seventeenth, when the Patriarch Nikon undertook to reform the Slavonic Russian liturgy, and, leaning upon the secular arm, imposed its use upon all the Muscovite provinces. The higher clergy upheld the Patriarch, the lower and the mass of the people offered violent resistance. This became the starting point of the Raskol. The multitude of sects it broke into after its severance from orthodox allegiance, scattered over Russia and forms to this day a power not easily dealt with as its force resides purely in its spiritual independence, indeed the only independence the poor Russian ever enjoyed. As moreover the largest portion represent industry and honest wealth, it would be poor policy to trouble them. They style themselves *starovèry*, true-believers, and in the early days of persecution showed themselves equal to any of the martyrs of the primitive church.

The worst feature of the Raskol is its pagan substratum. In the eyes of some of the sects connected with it, religion means wichcraft; the officiating priest is a magician, the ceremonies are enchantments. Yet even the orthodox believer of the official church is not free from this sort of superstition. This eastern turn of mind is truly Manichæan in tendency. It trusts Divine Good; but Evil is supernatural likewise and must be placated. The story of the moujik who placed two candles before the image of St. George, one for the knight and one for the dragon, illustrates this. The difference between the Raskolnik and the orthodox church-member lies chiefly in the obstinate fidelity to ancient rules of the former and the pliant disposition of the latter, ready to make friends with all creeds. It is said that settling among Buddhists, for instance, he does not hesitate to accept their images and offer them his in exchange, dividing peacefully his devotions between the two.

A case which presents an interesting problem to the moralist and statesman is the present expulsion of the Jews from Russia; it might, perhaps, be traced to that intense adherence to the letter—the formalism of Byzantine Christianity—a Christianity that will brook no foreign element in its midst. And not only in the East but somewhat also in the West. The history of Europe shows both in the past and in the present that wherever the

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Jewish element threatened predominance, it was counteracted in one way or another. Despite the rationalism and materialism of the time, its civilization is Christian.

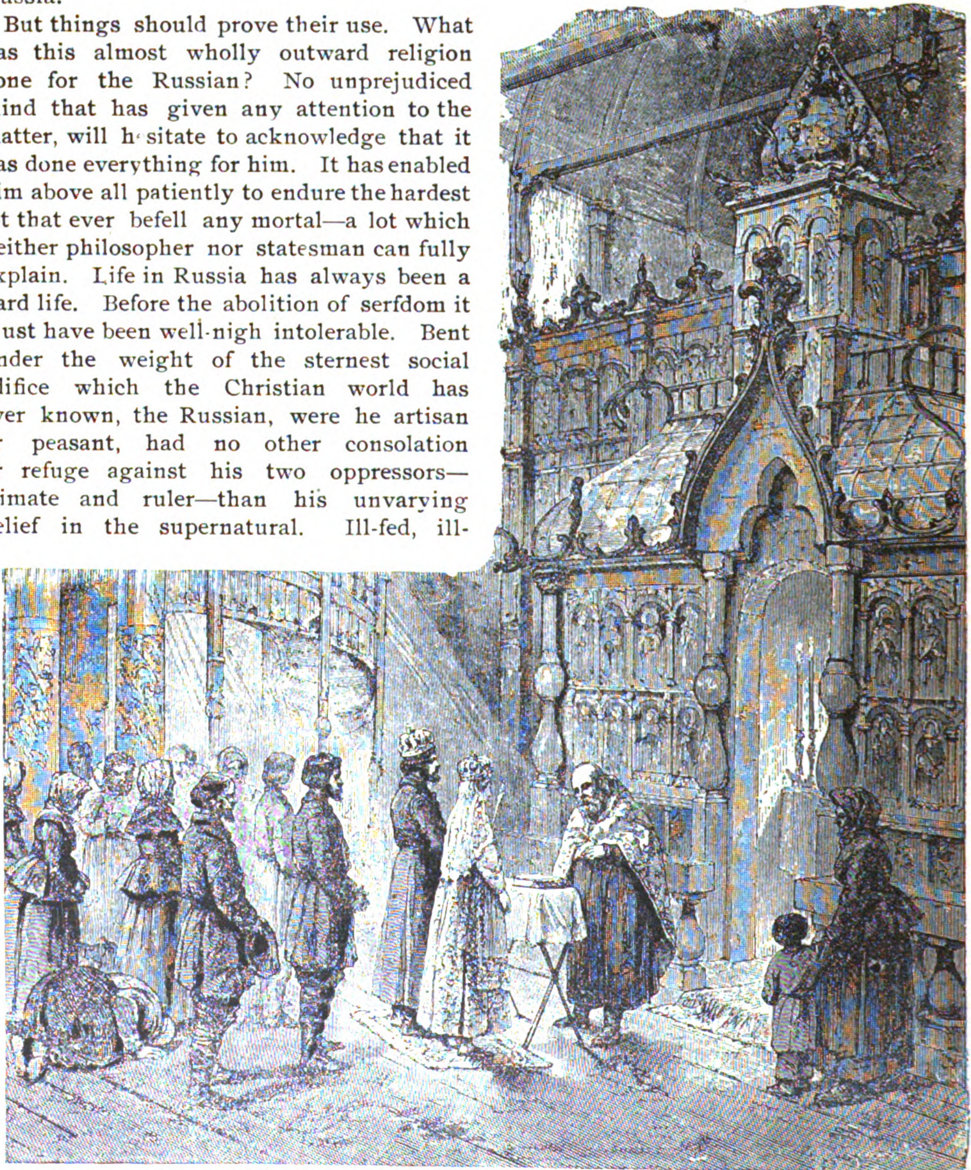
II.

THE RUSSIANS—RUSSIAN MORALS AND CUSTOMS.

IT has been seen in the foregoing chapter that Russia, in the sense of the letter, is devotedly Christian. In that sense it truly deserves to be called, as it sometimes is, Holy Russia.

But things should prove their use. What has this almost wholly outward religion done for the Russian? No unprejudiced mind that has given any attention to the matter, will hesitate to acknowledge that it has done everything for him. It has enabled him above all patiently to endure the hardest lot that ever befell any mortal—a lot which neither philosopher nor statesman can fully explain. Life in Russia has always been a hard life. Before the abolition of serfdom it must have been well-nigh intolerable. Bent under the weight of the sternest social edifice which the Christian world has ever known, the Russian, were he artisan or peasant, had no other consolation or refuge against his two oppressors—climate and ruler—than his unvarying belief in the supernatural. Ill-fed, ill-paid, crushed in all his native energy, whichever way he turned his eyes, misery stared him in the face. The country he belongs to is forbidding in the extreme. Endless plains, barely broken here and there by small woods of meager trees, a landscape all horizontal, so to say, where the sky occupies the largest place, and the earth presents but a starved vegetation, all invite him to turn his eyes heavenward—to the unseen.

Tied to the ground of his native place from his birth, with little or no chance of educa-



A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

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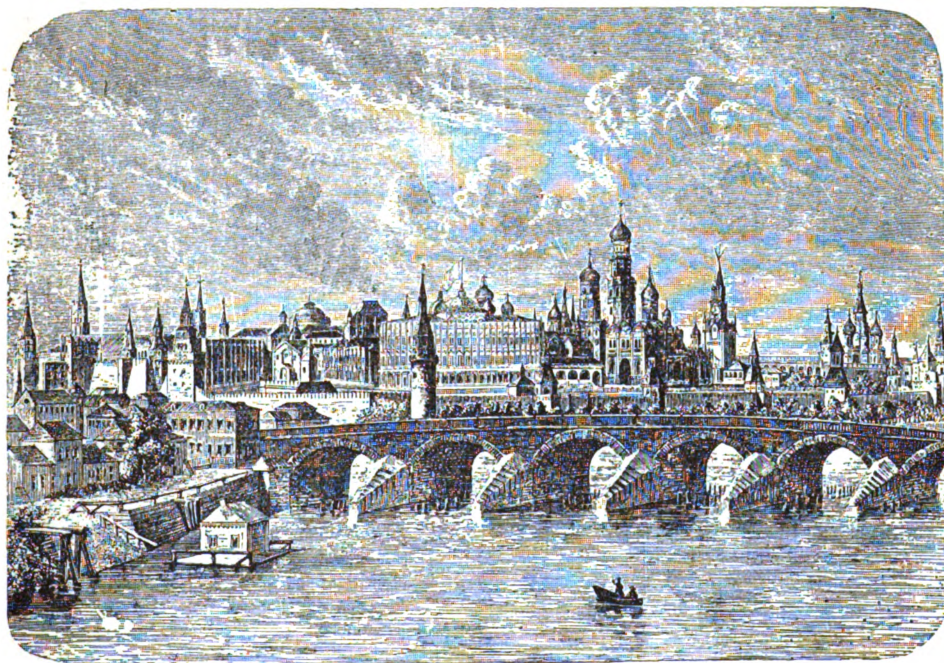
tion, he becomes what might be called a realistic dreamer; the natural and the spiritual becoming confounded. He hears prophetic voices in the fierce winds which, blowing from the north pole and sweeping over the forests, make the pines and birches and trembling aspens wail a song of woe in which he unconsciously joins.

His countenance has in it a corresponding note of sadness; his whole being is set in a minor key. This world never meant joy. Religion has thus become his dominant passion, his anchor and refuge, his chief glory. Fame, in his eyes, detached from the Cross, means nothing. To arouse his patriotism or pride, some religious interest must be attached to the cause before he arms himself for it. It is not the war-trumpet with its promises of military honors that would have to be sounded to start him, but the bells of his many thousand churches. So thoroughly has religion interpenetrated his whole life, that it might be called a religious poem in a dramatic form; a sort of passion play in three acts—Baptism, Marriage, Death—all accompanied with solemn music, chanting and choruses, and never-changing program.

Truly touching in its religious literalism is the Russian marriage ceremony. The bride and groom are called prince and princess on their wedding-day. They are made to stand before the tabernacle, exchange rings and give each other the marriage kiss. To recall to their minds that henceforth they should have all things in common, they are made to drink three times out of the same cup. After this their hands are tied together and they are led three times around the altar to signify that they are to walk through life in close union.

The funeral rites are of a like realistic nature; here the farewell kiss corresponds to the marriage kiss, and the coffin is carried three times around the church.



THE KREMLIN.

One of the few great excitements in the Russian's torpid life is the festival of Easter. It is not only the holiest, but also the dearest of his days. The Greek Church does not celebrate its midnight mass at Christmas, but at Easter. The spectacle of an Easter night at Moscow is one not easily forgotten. City and suburb gather at the foot of the Ivan Veliki tower which stands between the two old cathedrals of the Kremlin.

This structure unique in its kind for its grim massiveness and tremendous bell power is the central figure of the city, its golden dome and cross "nearly three hundred feet

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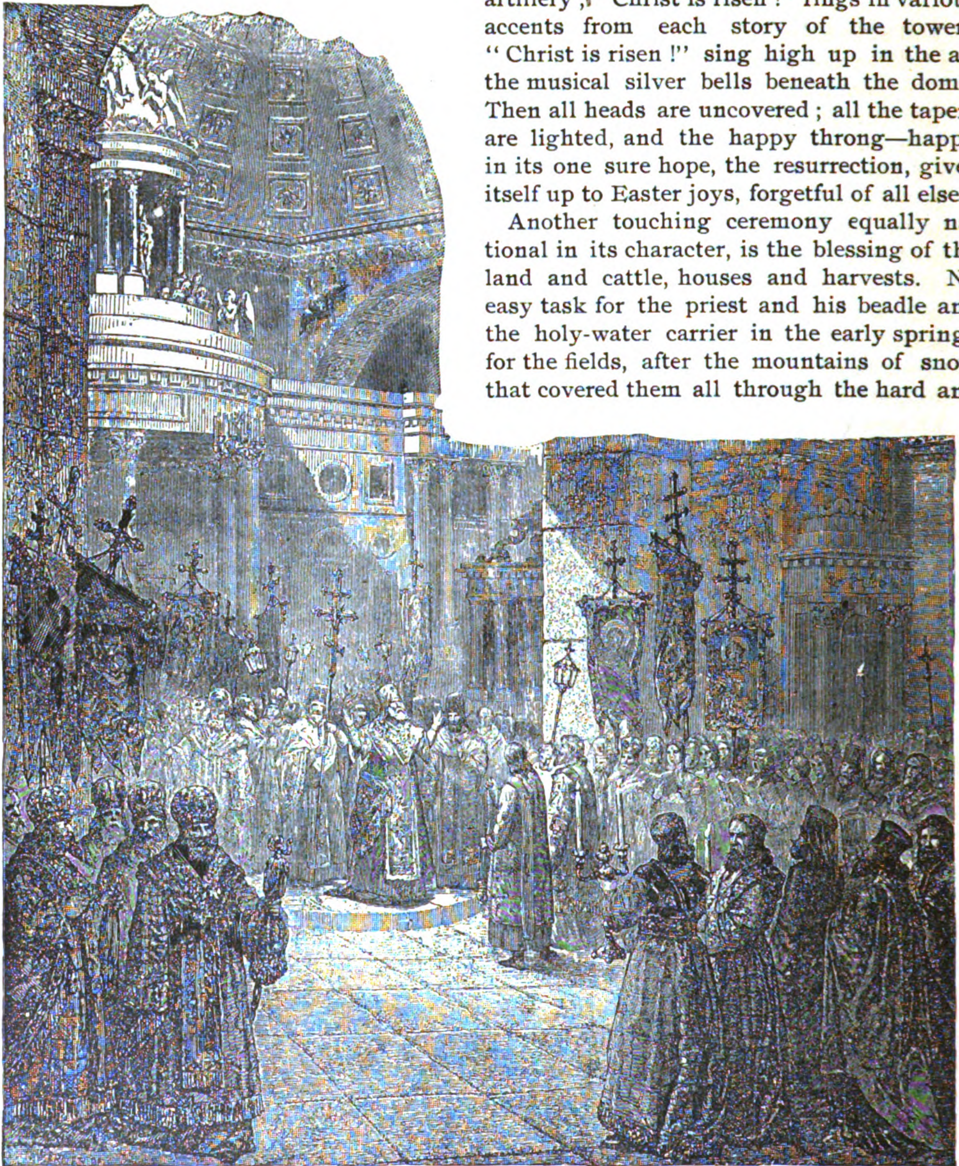

A RUSSIAN CHURCH INTERIOR.

in air," making it the most conspicuous object for miles around. Its basement is a chapel dedicated to St. John, and over it rises story upon story, filled with bells of different grades, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. Here the eager crowds with candles in hand await the signal to light them. The bells in the tower are all muffled and toll slowly until midnight; then all burst forth in joyous peals:

"Christ is risen!" thunders the largest booming over the plains like a discharge of artillery; "Christ is risen!" rings in various accents from each story of the tower; "Christ is risen!" sing high up in the air the musical silver bells beneath the dome. Then all heads are uncovered; all the tapers are lighted, and the happy throng—happy in its one sure hope, the resurrection, gives itself up to Easter joys, forgetful of all else.

Another touching ceremony equally national in its character, is the blessing of the land and cattle, houses and harvests. No easy task for the priest and his beadle and the holy-water carrier in the early spring; for the fields, after the mountains of snow that covered them all through the hard and long winter have melted, are soaked, and it is a wonder they can be walked over at all. Still it is done. Clad in his chasuble and accompanied by his beadle and attendant peasant, each country priest goes over the fields of his parish asperging them. The occasion is not only a religious ceremony, but a national holiday; for the whole country is in glee to see again the sunshine after the dreary winter. The peasants are dressed in their best and the lord of the village with his family and friends attends. On the village

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square a table is set for an altar, and before it, in semi-circle, the peasants arrange their cattle and even their tools; for success, they firmly believe, comes from above.

Yet are there Russian festivities not linked with the church, proving the necessity of recreation among all kinds of men. On the banks of the Irtish, the first large river the traveler comes to after crossing the Ural Mountains going eastward, is a small hamlet composed of a few wooden houses which is called the City of the Seven Palaces. This is the meeting place of Siberia's horse-race enthusiasts. The people belong chiefly to the Kirghees tribe of nomad Cossacks who live on the Steppes. The Steppes in that region cover an area of 850,000 square miles. Here one may study that ancient Mongol race, which, under the great Khan Genghis, invaded Europe in 1220 carrying destruction everywhere. It is an ugly race and of bad reputation even in our days, although since they have been brought under Russian authority, the worst of their depredations have come to an end.

The horse-racing above alluded to is a part of an annual festival, properly Mohammedan, the *Courban-Baïran*, in which both Turks and Russians engage. It has lost its original purpose and has become simply an occasion for a yearly merry-making. The primitive character of the races is of itself an interesting and amusing study. There are stakes and prizes differing in value according to the means of the participants, the highest never exceeding a hundred roubles; some consisting even in flocks and cattle. While the horses run their allotted space, some of the spectators engage in wrestling and other athletic sports. After the distribution of the prizes, there is naturally feasting; the favorite dish, *palao*, a sort of mutton stew with rice and onions, and the favorite drink, koomis, sour mare's milk from which the Cossack distils an intoxicating liquor, form the *menu*.

That with all their barbarism these wild hordes have an innate sense for higher things, may be seen from the fact that, feasting over, they make way for the bard.

In regard to the Russian's morals, his code of ethics is the same as ours—Christian—at least in intent; the law, do unto others as you would be done by, prevailing.

The climate and the poverty of the land have driven its helpless inhabitants, however, into more than one vice. Drunkenness exists to a deplorable degree in Russia. Both rich and poor seek warmth in alcohol. The priests are particularly exposed to this evil, as the vast distances they have often to traverse in the heart of winter in the performance of their sacred office, cause them to resort to this means as the most immediately effective. The consequence sometimes is that they arrive drunk at the hut where the dying awaits the last consolations of his religion.

Otherwise, how frugal! One meal a day is usually all the poor moujik asks to keep soul and body together; and this meal he makes, of course, as substantial as his poverty allows. It consists generally of a soup composed of almost everything eatable.

The rich, of course, live differently. The Russian palate generally deadened by strong condiments needs stimulants to arouse it; and of those appetizers, both in solids and liquids, Russia furnishes the greatest variety. In regard to dress, their taste, as is well known, is Eastern. They delight in showy things, in rich effects; display fine furs, much jewelry; in short cultivate wherever they live, their love for magnificence. Gorgeousness reaches its climax in a wealthy Russian's home.

Most amusing in a certain respect were Peter the Great's efforts to civilize his long-gowned, bearded subjects by means of foreign fashions, and he must have felt rather little when all his efforts to introduce the razor in Russia failed. The moujik knew better than the Czar what long, warm gowns, sheepskins, and beards were meant for. What would a stylish swallow-tailed coat, a smart moustache and whiskers avail his legs and chest and lungs in the hard, long winters he has to live through? No, the dear Czar might if he liked cut off his head with his razor, but his beard, no!

To sum up all, Russia's customs spring from its soil, its climate, its Eastern origin, from the natural instincts of its people, and will probably for a long time to come yet stand their ground against Western modes of dress and living.

III.

ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW. RUSSIAN ART.

"ST. PETERSBURG," said the Emperor Nicholas, when apologizing once for the modern look of his great capital, "may not be

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Russia, but it is nevertheless Russian." It was Peter the Great who built St. Petersburg, and the achievement was next to miraculous, for it was actually built on water—oozy, marshy ground, which nothing but Russian patience, endurance, perseverance, and obedience could have conquered. Like Venus Anadyomene the city rose complete from the Baltic Sea and became its queen. How the builders must have sworn at their Czar, we can imagine, working as they did all day long in sea-water up to their waists. But to both their credit and glory the city was built, and became the new capital of Russia.

St. Petersburg covers thirty square miles and numbers over half a million of inhabitants. It is, however, a European city. Its superb squares lined with stately buildings, its broad, regular streets have nothing truly national. It is the progress of the West we see in them, not the conservatism of the East, and thus, to the artist or philosopher the city is less interesting as a Russian city than Moscow. Its grand cathedral, for instance, St. Isaac's, the finest church in northern Europe, is all Italian in style. A pity that with the wealth bestowed on it, it could not have borrowed from ancient Muscovy some few features by which it might have asserted its nationality. It is built of Finland granite in the usual form of a Greek cross, and is entered by four magnificent portals, the pillars of whose porticoes surpass in size those of the Roman Pantheon. Its Byzantine dome, its only Russian feature, surrounded by smaller domes at the angles of the roof, is supported by thirty granite pillars. This dome is entirely overlaid with gold and surmounted by a golden cross the height and brilliancy of which make it a conspicuous object for miles and miles. The wealth and splendor of the interior can scarcely be described or estimated. One simply feels them, for all is dark, the dome shedding a solemn twilight all around. It is only by the flicker of the lamps burning before the sacred images that one is made conscious of the rare materials, precious stones, and mosaics, wrought in ceiling and floor.

What chiefly attracts the eye on entering a Russian church is the *ikonastas*, or wooden partition, which separates the choir from the nave and on which the greatest part of the ornamentation of the church centers. This partition is called *ikonastas* because of the *ikons*, or images of Christ, the Virgin, and saints, placed upon it, and is meant to symbolize the veil of the Temple of Solomon. None but the priest and the Czar on the day of his coronation are allowed to enter its doors.

There is perhaps no church service in Christendom which in impressiveness comes up to that of the Greek Church. The music is purely vocal: men's and boys' voices only, but the structure of the edifice lends it a power the various effects of which surpass all description. Reverberating, echoing from gallery to gallery to the topmost round of the dome, the singing reaches an intensity and spirituality that carry the listener away; it is forsooth the music of the spheres.

The Russian churches differ from ours in that they have no seats. The congregation according to its devotion, stands or kneels; many often prostrate themselves. This custom, doing away with pew-rent would seem to rob the church treasury of its chief income; but it is compensated for by the active sale of the candles, which are bought at the door to be placed before the images of the *ikonastas*. Let not the reader condemn this as idolatry. The Russian bishops, at their consecration, swear to watch lest these images receive an homage due to God alone. Besides, there can be nothing more ghastly than these *ikons*: long, emaciated figures, exhibiting Eastern asceticism in all its severity. Yet this does not prevent the lower classes, and even the higher, from being often very superstitious. There is scarcely a country on the globe where sorcery, divination, belief in omens are more rife, or where Christianity is more mixed up with magic.

To get the full feeling of a Russian city, and of Russia as a country, one must cross its Steppes and make for Moscow.

"Across the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
The heights of heaven bare,—
A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Full glorious on the sky;
With wafted chimes from many a tower
As the south wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
That shone like morning stars—
'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'twas Moscow,
The jewel of the Czars!"

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Here all points to Tartar domination. Moscow was founded in the twelfth century and has won for itself the title of Holy Moscow. It is divided into five parts, each a city in itself, surrounded by walls, surmounted by towers—fortifications within and upon fortifiations : the Kremlin, the central part; Kitaigorod, or Chinese city, the trading quarter; Beloigorod, or white city; Zemlianoigorod, or earth-city, because it was originally surrounded by a wall of earth; and Slobodi, or the suburbs. It is in these suburbs extending over the plain, that one gets an idea of what the homes of the former serf-population must have been. Poor little shanties with a few boards for a roof and a single window!

There is no other city perhaps that like Moscow presents so curious a combination of the quaint and the imposing. The showy colored, green-roofed houses, the palaces and convents, the scintillation in the air from the countless gilded, silvered, enameled domes and spires, and everywhere the solemn, sky-seeking cross over-topping the crescent, fix the attention and arouse reflection. All these different walled in quarters of the town seem to point to the Kremlin, its heart and altar and chief fortress.

Triangular in shape, about a mile in circumference, the Kremlin rises on the bank of the Moskva, like a minster-citadel. Its massive stone wall, pierced with gates and overhung with towers, some bearing devotional names, seem as if they meant to protect it against all unholy things. Here we find those great old cathedrals, so intimately linked with the history of Russia—the Cathedral of the Assumption where the Czars are crowned; of the Annunciation, where they are married; the Church of the Archangel Michael, where they are buried; in short it is in the Kremlin that we find the essence of Russia, religious and political; the state treasury with its trophies and mementos; the church treasury, in the House of the Holy Synod, full of ecclesiastical treasures. No one, susceptible to the meaning of things, will leave Moscow without being profoundly impressed with the sense of power it exhales: power moral and physical and self-supporting.

Among the occasional street scenes of Moscow may be noted, for its truly national character, the out-of-door restaurant of the poor; an improvised restaurant, which at certain hours of the day is allowed to take possession of the sidewalk or pavement and furnish a mid-day meal to the straggling peddlers. It generally locates itself in proximity to some market. A few barrels and boards are made into tables; the samovar, or tea-kettle, is placed in the center, and furnishes the soup's accompanying drink; for the Russian can no more live without tea than without alcohol. All classes crave it; the rich who pay sometimes ten dollars a pound for theirs and of which quality two leaves are said to make a cup, and the poor who gladly pay a few copeks for its mere tincture.

Another truly Russian city is Nijnii-Novgorod, which, since the fourteenth century with its annual fair, gathers into its midst Asia and Europe, and shows the *raison d' être* of universal expositions. Nijnii-Novgorod and Frankfort on the Oder are our earliest models in that direction.

A rare sight indeed to see together the traders from beyond the Ural, exhibiting the treasures of their mines, cut at the Works of Ekaterinburg, and those of Khorassan and Bokhara theirs—precious stones, fashioned into all sorts of things useful and ornamental. The Persian brings his carpets and cashmeres; the grave Armenian, the eager Jew, each in his own way draws the crowd; for crowd there is, the visiting populations being estimated to average two-hundred thousand, while Nijnii itself numbers over forty thousand.

Space forbids alluding to the many other places of interest of this vast empire; suffice it to say that all those twenty million people that constitute Russia, are devoted to the Czar; devoted not only because their religion makes it their duty so to be, but because it is their nature.

Here perhaps a few words touching nihilism might not be out of place. Nihilism is of Russian growth, but it was sown by the intellectualism of the West. The free-thought of modern scholarship has penetrated nearly everywhere; in Russia, in order to become popular, it had to clothe itself in a sort of religious fanaticism. It first assumed the form of gospel-teaching, but covertly preached the give-me-my-portion doctrine. Its influence however is on the decline. As to the poorer classes, simple wisdom keeps them in distrust of it; and the higher, who secretly war against the growing democracy of the times, begin to see that the latter is by far the lesser evil, for the success of nihilism would only plunge them into a hopeless anarchy.

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Russia, hampered as it is with its religious conservatism keeps nevertheless steadily on the forward march. It is a caravan step, but none the less sure, for it is its own natural step.

Touching Russian art there is not much to be said in its praise. Despite the inspiring beauty of the rites of the Greco-Russian Church it has not, like the Latin Church, opened desirable avenues to pictorial art. It has produced nothing that can compare with Raphael's or Corregio's madonnas or Botticelli's and Fra Angelico's angels. Its excessive orthodoxy feared representations that might please the senses. As Fra Lippo Lippi's old prior expresses it, its business ought to be to "paint men's souls—make them forget there is such a thing as flesh," to which theory we make the same objection as the scapegrace painter, "A fine way to paint soul, by painting body so ill that the eye cannot stop there."

The pictures that adorn the churches are lamentable to a degree. It is still worse with sculpture, which, especially in churches, is not tolerated at all. Greek orthodoxy sees in it a pagan snare—idols of wood, metal, or stone forbidden by the Bible. The only art, besides music, to which the Russian Church may be said to have lent a hand, is architecture. In mixing European and Asiatic architecture it has produced a certain original style, if by style we mean manner; yet does this half and half style scarcely assert itself sufficiently to be called Russian. It is quaint and strange but not beautiful like the pure Gothic, Greek, or Byzantine.

In conclusion we might say that of all the powers of Europe there is none at present that offers to the world a more problematic situation than Russia. Its more than friendly attitude toward France and its late resolute treatment of the Jews, indicate a certain travail, which, if we note the signs of the times, may not bring forth only a mouse.

DAWN IN THE CITY.

BY HUGH T. SUDDUTH.

FAIR dew-besprent and holy Dawn! when Time,
Now gray with frosting touch of eons past,
From starless, brooding night and chaos vast
Came, with a step that rang with spheral chime,
To lead the blossoming world in dewy prime
Through untrod ether to its goal at last,
Thou ushereds't in his sway, and still thou hast
Thine earliest, vaguest charm and youth sublime!
With steps that glow with rose and gold, afar
O'er eastern hills in silence thou dost come,
Bringing faint whispers from the morning star,
And matin greetings of the new-born Day.
Smiling we wake—to hear the city's hum,
While in the sunrise thou dost melt away!

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THAT ANGELIC WOMAN.*

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW.

CHAPTER I.

THE Rev. Dr. Titus, Pastor of the Calvin Memorial Presbyterian Church, was at his study table. The wise men of many centuries were ranged upon his shelves, and looked at him through their gilded titles, as through bright eyes. Mrs. Titus sat opposite her husband, crocheting a diminutive afghan for their firstborn grandchild. She would frequently come in and take her seat there, without saying a word to interrupt the inky meditations of her husband.

The Doctor was accustomed to say that he got more inspiration from her face than from half the room-side of theological treatises; that the rigidness melted from dogmas when she passed them through her warm Christian experience, and the severest precepts seemed loving as she lived them out; that it takes the head of a man plus the heart of a woman to make a real theologian. To which fond tributes Mrs. Titus had once modestly replied that doubtless Eve was the most suggestive commentator upon God's Word Adam ever consulted, and that she hoped she might not be a similar guide to her husband in his search for the Tree of Knowledge.

On this special occasion Mrs. Titus looked up from her handiwork and observed, "John you are not writing much this morning."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor swinging about in his desk chair, "I've struck a barren subject. Mr. Goldie's funeral is at three o'clock."

"Barren! Perhaps so in some respects; but, as his name indicates, he headed out well in some other ways," said Mrs. Titus, "and the papers give full accounts of his life."

"Yes, my dear, but you know a Wall Street obituary and a religious address draw from very different parts of a man's life. Goldie headed out well on 'Change; but I've been prospecting for an hour, and can't strike his vein running through my field."

"How much did he leave?"

"Leave? Why, my dear, you are getting worldly too. The Arabs have a proverb that when a man dies men ask what he leaves, while the angels ask what he sends before him. You ought to ask the latter question. The papers say he left ten millions. But I am supposed to speak for the angels, and for the life of me I can't take account of his heavenly stock."

"The Bible says that a good man's works follow him," said Mrs. Titus, with an evident effort to express a charitable judgment.

"I am afraid," replied her husband, "it is with Goldie as it was with Mrs. Grindler when she came from Europe, boasting of her new wardrobes. Her trunks were confiscated at the Custom Office, and did not follow her to her house. But tell me some good that Goldie did, Mary."

"Why, he gave me a hundred dollars for our Orphan Home once."

"Yes, I remember, it was the same day he proposed to the Board of Church Trustees to appropriate a thousand dollars for a bronze tablet in the vestibule of our uptown building; which tablet should blazen, or rather brazen, the names of the trustees in office when we built our new church with the proceeds of the sale of our down-town property; and toward which the trustees didn't give a dime from their own pockets."

"Well," said Mrs. Titus, with a twinkle in her eyes, "that was paying tithes, wasn't it? A hundred for charity, and a thousand for one's self! Perhaps he has bequeathed some millions to benevolence."

"No! It is understood that young George Goldie gets it all, and when he has run through it, then to whom? But it is just as well in the long run, for

'To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders heaven-directed to the poor.'

"I wish, Mary, that I was an Episcopalian for to-day."

"An Episcopalian! Why, John Titus, the ink isn't dry on your lecture against prelacy and ritualism as the bacteria in the lungs of the church."

"But," rejoined Dr. Titus, "for all that I would stand a month of bishops and surplices for one hour of the Prayer Book Burial Service to-day. It thanks God for the dead saints, but doesn't ask a minister to describe the

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shape and hue of the saintliness of the dead individual. Our custom of making funeral addresses is a sort of vivisection. If the minister speaks the truth, he is apt to cut into the feelings of the bereaved; and if he doesn't speak the truth, he has to bisect his own conscience."

"Nonsense, John! You can speak the truth and eulogize at the same time Robert Goldie, for there is good in everybody."

"Oh, yes!" said the Doctor, yawning, "the Egyptian coffin-makers put a golden mask over the head of the mummy. If it didn't look like the dead man, it at least looked well. I suppose I can burnish up a funeral mask."

Encouraged by his wife's words, he rose, paced the floor, pausing every minute to put a catch-word upon a bit of paper.

It is needless to say that the funeral address of Doctor Titus verified his wife's confidence in his abilities. It was a prose thanatopsis; a vivid apocalypse of the new earth when wealth should be sanctified by service, and a thrilling portrayal of the heavenly reward of true stewardship. When he approached the application of his theme, he glanced down at the face of the dead, as it was exposed in the flower-decked coffin beneath the pulpit, and, with evident sincerity, remarked that if the silent lips there could speak, they would bid him refrain from personal praise. He then led in prayer.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE who are interested in odd phases of human nature may puzzle themselves over the question why four-fifths of the people walking up Fifth Avenue from business the afternoon of the funeral, stared at the Goldie residence. The house had not come to life because its chief occupant was dead. Yet the stone posts at the stoop seemed to pluck passers by the sleeve and whisper, "Yes, he lived here, right here." The windows winked in the western sunlight as much as to say, "I told you so; life is a flash; millions cannot buy minutes away from death." And the house seemed to listen to the scrappy sayings of the passing throng—and, if its massive carving had ears, it would have heard such sayings as these:

"Honest men will have more chance."

"Wrecked more than one company."

"No wonder Socialism spreads when such——"

"Landmark gone."

"Money-shark gone."

"Bought the entire Common Council."

It was quite dark when the family burial party returned from Greenwood. George Goldie excused himself from dinner, leaving his Aunt Betsey, his deceased mother's sister, to do the honors among a dozen guests, all distant relatives from out of town, none of whom had been more than once in the Goldie mansion, and then only to vow that they would never put foot in it again, for its hospitality, as a spinster third cousin once said, was as cold as a sepulcher. "I'd sooner think," she added, "of eatin' the vittles out of them saucers they put by dead men in ancient tombs, than to touch a crumb of Robert Goldie's table." But as soon as Mr. Goldie was gone, and the house became his temporary sepulcher, it had an inviting look to these kinsfolk. The dead man's wines warmed the sociable instinct of the friends who gathered in his dining-room and stared at the pictures, the statuary, the frescoes, and bric-à-brac in the adjoining parlors.

Aunt Betsey, belonging to the late Mrs. Goldie's side of the house, was of kin to all her guests, and was very gracious to them; for she felt an uncertainty whether George would retain her as the head of his house, and equally doubtful if her late brother-in-law had made any provision for her support elsewhere. She had been for many years a widow, and, upon the death of Mrs. Goldie, fifteen years before, had accepted the domestic charge of the house, including that of George who was then but eight years old.

The relation of Aunt Betsey to Mr. Goldie had been a peculiar one. They seldom conversed except about some detail of household expenditure. This may have been due to the fact that Mr. Goldie was not a conversationalist on any subject; but a silent, moody sort of man, whose whole mind was focused upon his business, and his business of such a nature that it concerned no one but himself, if we except a few who had winced under his financial pincers. Frequently he took only his breakfast at home, lunching down town at his office, and dining at the Fifth Avenue or Windsor, when it was convenient over a good dinner to draw out some one more knowing than himself regarding the value of certain stocks and securities; or from his own

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marvelous sagacity to post some one to act as his agent.

It is true that he had at home as well-stocked a library as his son George, while a collegian, could suggest, and all in approved binding; but he never read any thing beyond the monetary column of the daily paper, unless, perhaps, to skim the news.

Mr. Goldie came to this country from the north of Ireland, when a mere lad, with no education beyond the "three R's," and with no disposition to invest his energies in acquiring information which could not be speedily cashed. He began business as a clerk in a New York branch of a Belfast linen house, but soon left because of disagreement between himself and a member of the firm regarding another disagreement between the cash and sales' account in the department to which he had been assigned. But he went highly recommended elsewhere. He next flourished on the North River docks as a speculator in potatoes, which he sold by the canal-boat load. He soon blossomed into a grain dealer, and became a member of the Produce Exchange. Later he flowered into a banker of a type suggestive of the orchid which contains a fluid fascinating to flies, and also a trapdoor which prevents their exit; for Goldie and Co., of Wall Street, had a way—so said the firm's enemies—of enticing all sorts of ambitious money-getters to taste the sweetness of its credit, and then to bury their ambition with the closing of the account.

A year or two ago he had almost succeeded in putting all the sugar consigned to the four ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore into a "corner." His death greatly relieved the directors of the Vitality Insurance Company, of whose stock he, in conjunction with certain others, had secured very nearly a majority.

Of course Aunt Betsey could not confer with her brother-in-law about such matters, and there was nothing else in his soul to talk about. She gave her heart in a maternal sort of way, however, to George. Until he left home for college she always had him with her in the pew at Dr. Titus' church, and saw that he learned the Catechism from the "Chief end of man" through at least the first dozen questions and answers.

At the time of his father's death George had been a year out of college. While at Princeton he had made no mark, except that of one possessed of more ability than he had energy to use. Now and then a gleam of real talent shot out, and was generously applauded by the students, with whom he was a favorite. Upon returning to him an essay he had written, Professor Addison, instead of giving the usual criticism, looked him in the eye and said, "Mr. Goldie, this shows too valuable a talent to be hid in a napkin." And so, whenever Goldie made a good recitation, the boys were in the habit of saying, "Goldie dropped his napkin to-day."

Since leaving college George had devoted his attention quite seriously to the question of what he would like to do in life, but could not solve it. He often said to himself, "I'm mighty glad that most of my talents were gold talents, so that the question of a profession can wait."

His father's death did not especially grieve George Goldie, for they had been little to each other; but it depressed him. The details of the funeral had temporarily taken his thoughts; but now that his mind was free, it seemed to slip beneath some awful load of responsibility, the shape of which he could not see, and to lift which he felt himself impotent from sheer lack of disposition.

He had, therefore, on retiring, told Tom the butler that he would dine in his own room, and bade him excuse him to all callers.

As he dined, Tom gave him a pile of letters, the accumulation from the various mails of the day. Some were addressed to his father. These he laid aside for future inspection. One was from a stone-cutter suggesting designs for a monument; another from a news firm, offering to send him all notices of the press relating to his father, for the consideration of ten dollars per hundred. There were a score or two formal notes of condolence, generally from those who had business dealings with his father, and who took this method of introduction to his heir. Some were from elderly ladies with marriageable daughters of his acquaintance; these were full of maternal sympathy. Several persons who were engineering benevolent projects announced their willingness to take him into co-partnership with themselves in the Lord's business. The superintendent of a "Faith Home" sent a statement that the said charity had never solicited human help, but depended entirely upon the gleanings of prayer. The last—he had intentionally reserved it for the last—was a simple card, "Miss Elston, with sympathy." This brought a blush

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to George's face; followed by a half smile, and a remark, *sotto voce*, "I wish she had brought it herself." He lit a cigar, read the card again, and fell into a train of musing which sent a sort of twilight flush over his face; but whether morning or evening twilight we may not say.

His door opened, and before he had fairly heard the footsteps, he was confronted by a handsome young fellow, well dressed in that sort of loud *dishabille* which differentiates a recent graduate of a swell university from the more ordinary type of dude.

"Beg pardon, George," said Charlie Carlyle, putting his hand on the other's shoulder, and unceremoniously seating himself by his side; "Tom told me that you were not inclined to see any body; but when I said I guessed you would see me, he said he guessed so too, and that I could go up if I went up unbeknownst to him. Now if you don't want me, say the word, George, and I go."

"Tom Duffy is a rare bird," said George. "He knows what I want better than I do myself. Yes, Charlie, I want you just now, I want you to take me away from myself."

"I thought as much," said the visitor, "so I came in, not to talk to you, but to let you talk to me. Can I do anything for you, George; anything, you know, that you would never think of asking anybody to do?"

"Thanks, Charlie, such are just the things that show friendship. Those cigars are not bad. Try one. How goes the law, and the ladies?"

"I must practice the first before I can afford to court the second. I envy you, George," said Carlyle, looking about at the evidences of cash and credit which filled the room. "My castle is in Spain yet," watching the curling smoke of his cigar.

"I wish mine was too," said George, "and that I had to sail for it in a row boat. That would be at least interesting. But I am here a prisoner in my castle. Do you know, old boy, I'm getting softening of the brain, doing nothing. Eggs that don't hatch addle. That's what's the matter with my brains, Charlie. But pardon me for not pouring you a glass of wine. This Madeira is prime, or, hold on, we will have a bottle of champagne."

"No!" said Carlyle, "I've swore off."

"Nonsense! Why? Has somebody hypnotized you, and taken away the taste for a good thing?"

"No—just the reverse. I find that I have too much taste for such wines as you keep, George; and that is the reason I've stopped."

"Humbug! Charlie, a fellow of your grip will never be hurt by taking what he wants."

"You'll laugh, George; but I was struck all in a heap the other day by a discovery. It was in Prof. Lex's lecture. I lost a good part of his argument just thinking how a good glass of your champagne would tickle my throat. I cut the next lecture for the sake of having a nip with Shorty Phillips, from a pint of Mumm that I remembered was in my own room. Then I made up my mind that the thing wouldn't do, and decided to quit."

"I won't tempt you, then, old philosopher, Descartes Carlyle. It was Descartes, wasn't it, that Prof. Solon told us made a rule to seek happiness not by gratifying, but by lessening his desires. I'll help you to be temperate by drinking your glass," swallowing both his own, and that he had poured for his friend.

"Perhaps no harm could come of it," said Carlyle, half apologetically, "but you know I can't afford to gratify my taste as you can—so I make a virtue of necessity. And, by the way, Goldie, I don't believe you can afford to indulge all the whims your money pays for. I feel better for hard work. Can't you fix upon something? Why not try the law? You'll like it."

"Law! What, plod several years knee-deep in that dry stuff! I'd go to Sahara first. Then devote your life to settling your neighbors' quarrels—and for what? a fee? Not needing the fee, I have no special inclination that way, Charlie. Though I'd like to be your brother-in-law, especially if you had a pretty sister."

"But you can rise to distinction through the law, Goldie."

"Distinction! No Charlie, I haven't got your conceit in that direction. Besides, if I'd the ability, I know I haven't the patience for it."

"Well, there's medicine!"

"Paugh! the college manikin made me faint if I looked at it with an empty stomach."

"Well, try literature. You know Goldie, you might have had the Clio prize in Junior oratorship, if you hadn't been too confoundedly lazy to write the oration. Prof. Addison said to me once, 'Why don't you fellows prod up

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Goldie? He has as good literary ability as any man in the class.' I told him I would. That's the reason I'm keeping at you, George."

"Nonsense, Carlyle! The literary guild is full of bright souled fellows, among whom I'd be as an ass among angels."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, have a good time in literary leisure. I'd purr like a cat under the stove if I could sit in your library and read."

"Come and try it, Charlie! I'll pay for all the books you'll read from now until you get sick of it. I tell you incessant reading without the purpose of using what you get, is more tiresome than incessant composition."

"Oh, you're a croaker, Goldie! I'll tell you what's the matter with you,—you need incentive. You've got so much that you've got nothing."

"I know it, Charlie. Stick that poker into the grate, and then stick it into me. I want stirring. Let's go round the world together, Carlyle. I'll pay the shot."

"Done! when I get through law."

"Law! fiddlesticks!"

The friends gossiped for an hour, until George from being voluble lapsed into drowsiness, and Carlyle bade him good night.

George poured the remainder of the bottle and, tossing it off, sat down before the blazing grate. Over the mantel was a portrait of his father in full figure. It was one by Elliott and seemed to stand out from the canvas. To George's uncertain vision the face moved, and smiled at him. Then it grew stern. Soon the whole figure came down from its frame and struck an attitude, leaning upon the mantel. George watched it with curiosity, but in a few moments it vanished. A strange procession passed through the flickering flames of the grate. There was George's new tallyho, with Charlie Carlyle blowing the brass trumpet and Dr. Titus holding the reins and pretty Miss Elston reclining on a lounge, like a tableau in a lager beer float; and the venerable college Prex, his head crowned with ivy, offering her a tall schooner of foaming beer; and Aunt Betsey with Shorty Phillips' arm about her waist; and Miss Elston again on the lounge in her own parlor, and himself seated on the ottoman at her feet. He held her hand. He pressed it, and was trying to frame an avowal of his love in suitable words, when all became a blank.

A couple of hours must have passed before the drunken faculties began to glisten with redawning imagination. There stood his father at the mantel corner. George rubbed his eyes. It was surely no dream. The face was his father's. But why did he look at him so sadly? He had not looked so fairly into his son's face during his lifetime. Strange to say, his father now wore a swallow-tailed coat, like a butler! Then his father spoke:

"Mister George!"

It was Tom the butler. George stared in wonder. He had never noticed it before; but Tom, except for a few more years in his face, seemed the very likeness of Mr. Goldie. "Surely it must be my imagination," thought George; yet from that moment he never failed to see his father in Tom's face, as one always sees the man in the moon, after once having been admitted to the vision.

"Mister George, ye should get to bed"; and Tom practicalized this advice by undressing him and putting him there, as if he had been a baby.

George raised himself on one elbow. He followed his custodian with his eyes as he went about the room and arranged the furniture.

"I say, Tom, old boy! you and father must have played together when you were kittens to look so near alike, eh!"

Tom quietly placed George's head upon the pillow.

"Tom! I say Tom! were you a girl when you were a boy? Your hands are as soft as Aunt Betsey's."

But George was in a moment asleep; incoherently muttering, "I say, Tom! Tom Goldie!"

It was as if the brass knob on the bedstead had shocked Tom,—"Tom *Goldie!*" He stood and watched the sleeper full five minutes; then dropped upon his knees by the bedside.

"God help him!" he murmured as he rose. He displaced the coals in the grate so that they would die out; turned off the gas and withdrew.

CHAPTER III.

For several months after the death of his father, George Goldie found sufficient occupation for his lethargic energies in gathering and securing the various portions of his inheritance. While the will was explicit, the property had to be identified by the new

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owner; and that occasioned almost as much trouble as when in early Dutch colonial days, the patroons located with theodolite and muddy boots, the land grants which they had received from the mother government. There were scores of narrow city lots and square miles of western land to be looked after. There were bonds and stocks to be certified and appraised. There were all sorts of understandings to be had, and misunderstandings to be avoided or compromised, with sharp and unscrupulous men with whom the elder Goldie had conducted some of his speculative schemes.

At first George felt the exhilaration of the business mood which his daily occupation inspired, and was inclined to embark in some enterprise of his own. His wealth gave him, as he said, a "good hand for the game." But in a little while he tired of even the business forced upon him by circumstances, and was quite contented when the settlement of his affairs required no more than a half hour or so daily in his library, an occasional visit to his boxes in the Deposit Company's vault, and one or two conversations a week with his legal adviser or broker.

Then time dragged heavily. He amused himself in replenishing his library, and making it worthy a wealthy college graduate's possession. He deluded himself occasionally with the idea that he was studying, when he was only entertaining himself for half-hour spells over bright bits of literature. The late afternoon frequently found him at the University Club, where a good dinner and the light abandon of ex-collegians greased the wheels of time. But even here he began to feel himself out of place, for the habitués of the club were chiefly professional men, and about the time his after-dinner cigar had burnt out, the shallower gossip ran into the deeper channel of what to him was specialism. He felt the depressing influence of the conviction that he was being left behind by those of his own kind.

Then the club came to be less frequently visited than the Hoffman House corridors and bar-room, which stirred more blood and less brain with their clatter of politics, the race course, ball games, etc. Occasionally the theater allured him, but he wearied of its monotony; endless reproductions of substantially the same plot, the appeal to the same superficial sentiments, the conventionality and crudeness of the acting. The dramatic genius of the day, notwithstanding the advertised variety of its products, was evidently as limited in its inventiveness as the genius of a professional cook in the restaurant, who brings all his soups from the same caldron, and changes only their seasoning. "It's the old soup," he would say after having been tempted by a new title and a new star, and would go again only when he drifted in to get away from some more monotonous routine.

There was one diversion, however, which was genuine; he called it his "divertisement." That was a frequent walk with Miss Elston. There was pleasure in glancing into a decidedly beautiful face, and in feeling that he was keeping step with a marvelously graceful form, neither of which was marred by the slightest mistake in the taste of milliner or dressmaker. This, together with the passing crowd and the salutation of acquaintances, prevented the *ennui* of what he often confessed was Miss Elston's very insipid conversation.

Yet Miss Elston was a lady of highest culture. We say this on the authority of her diploma; for she had graduated from the school of Madame Plaqueur. Besides which evidence there was upon the ebonized and gilt easel in her drawing-room a water color which showed the real artistic touch of some one, and which modestly revealed her initials in the corner. "Only a school day study," she said depreciatingly, as George expressed his admiration.

The selection of poets and novelists, too, upon the tables was certainly up to date. She talked glibly of these; but when, in reply to his question as to her favorite romancer, she gave the name of "The Duchess," and also expressed her preference for Mark Antony as the best play-writer, George felt that it would be cruel to pursue the topic further.

Miss Elston's piano cover of cream silk, upon which was embroidered a procession of cupids, each, in coquettish attitude, playing upon a different instrument, excited dreams of the music that might float from her taper fingers could they only be induced to touch the keys; and of the sweet notes that might warble from such an exquisitely molded throat. But, unfortunately, Miss Elston was always "out of practice." So George was forced to enjoy only the imagination of all this, and thought of the poet's lines about

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music, "so sweet we know not we are listening to it."

Once at the Vereschagin exhibition of paintings George had drawn from her the very sagacious remark that undoubtedly the great Russian "belonged to the Realistic School." Her admirer ventured a still further exploration of the art world by inquiring if, in her opinion, Vereschagin was a decided Realist. It was evident that Miss Elston had exhausted her critical ammunition in the flash of that first remark. She blushed slightly, but George dexterously extricated her from her dilemma by an admiring glance, as he said, "Beautiful as the paintings are, more real beauty sometimes gazes at them." Miss Elston confirmed the truth of his statement by turning upon him such a pair of eyes as would have made Vereschagin lay down his brush in despair.

They attended the opera of Walküre, in which Lehman carried the part of Brünhilde. Never was George so charmed with the human voice as when the great singer took the famous B flat. How tender and mellow, yet how strong and clear was the note that floated above the mighty volume of orchestral harmony, as a bird soars through storm-winds to the sky! He turned to augment his delight by a glance at what he thought must be the rapt face of his companion. But Miss Elston was engaged in ogling with her glass the occupants of a box opposite, evidently unconscious that the Metropolitan angel had at that moment articulated some of the atmosphere of the celestial world for the pleasure of sojourners in this. She met the inquiry of his look with the exclamation, "What a dowdy dress that woman has got on! One would think she came from Alaska."

George forgot the music also, for he fell to thinking,—"Has this woman at my side no soul to match her physical charms?" Then he studied her face. "What sort of a companion would she make for a man! How tantalizing! What splendid superficiality! I'd shoot myself before I'd take her for my wife; yet, confound it! I believe I'd shoot any other man who would dare to take her."

She felt that he was admiring her, and, not fathoming his deeper thought, gave him her most bewitching smile; which in turn made George repentant for all his depreciating cogitations.

That night George Goldie resolved that he would deny himself further indulgence in this "divertisement." The next day he devoted to the strengthening of his purpose. As the result of a long stroll in the Park, he reached the sage conclusion that woman's nature was an enigma which he was not able to solve, and the determination that he would not further attempt it. He would forswear the sex. He would live a bachelor. Time would soon rub all the beauty from a pretty woman's face as the paint comes from a doll's. Then what? He would never invest his affections in finding out what the residue might be.

"No, sir! George Goldie has a mind of his own," he said aloud that evening as he puffed his post prandial, and, going to the sideboard, he stiffened his resolution with an extra glass of sherry.

But just how should he break with his fair enchantress? He would begin at once. By avoiding her? No, that would be discourteous. He would call upon her, and by studied carefulness of manner would unravel her spells and disillusionize her conceit, if she had formed any belief that he was already in her toils. This determination was so strong that he made a call upon her that very evening.

The Elston mansion was one of the finest on Fifth Avenue. John Elston had been a favored contractor under the new Aqueduct Commission, and all that money and Marcotte could do had been lavished in furnishing the drawing-room into which George Goldie was ushered. Though familiar with all forms of elegance, he confessed that this imitation of a French salon was a superlative bit of domiciliary art. Its walls were white, with golden figures wrought in relief. The ceiling was frescoed with delicate designs in which all the colors of the rainbow were displayed in harmonious variegation. These colors were repeated in the Aubusson carpet which reflected the ceiling as the Mediterranean sometimes reproduces the gorgeous sky. The draperies at the windows were of yellow and white silk, with a heavy fall of point lace and delicately painted silk shades behind them. The furniture was of Amboyna wood, enameled with traceries of gold and upholstered with yellow brocade. The portiéres at the entrance from the hall were of solid white satin, embroidered with magnolias in heavy silks, the leaves interlaced with gold thread and occasional touches of old

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rose. Those which divided the drawing-room from the library were tapestry, simulating the landscape effect of the Louis Quatorze style. One on entering had the impression of having been suddenly transported to some foreign land. Gorgeous vases of flowers, which exhaled delicious odors, helped the pleasing illusion. And, fidelity to the narrative compels the statement, the wine George Goldie had taken led him to indulge this imagination as if he had been Tom Moore, and bodily transported to the enchanting scenes of Lalla Rookh. He was hardly seated when Miss Elston entered.

George would have liked it better if she had been a little more deliberate in responding to his card. He wanted a few moments to adjust his own diplomatic thoughts; and, besides, there was a heartiness in her reception that made it seem discourteous and cruel for him to antagonize her with the semi-formality he had determined upon.

Then, too, he had never seen her look so lovely. Her face was flushed with the evident delight of gratification. Her whole soul was in her beautiful eyes. If it had not been for that stern resolution of his, and the sense of decorum, George would have been tempted to clasp her in his arms. But he heroically resisted. He extended his hand with formality; but hers was warm, electric. For the life of him he could not help returning its slight pressure, and retaining it for a moment. Indeed, he actually conducted her to the sofa, and had seated himself beside her before he was fully awake to his indiscretion. This was surely a misplay on his part. He would be more circumspect.

"It's just lovely of you to come to see me to-night, George."

She dropped her eyes to the floor and blushed deeply as soon as she had said it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Goldie, for my familiarity; but somehow it seemed so natural to call you by your first name. Perhaps it's because I hear so many of your friends call you that."

"George!" What a delightful forgetfulness there was in her saying that! How could he be displeased? No woman ever called him George except Aunt Betsey. "George!" He never dreamed that so gutteral a word could have such labial possibilities, and Miss Elston's lips had special adaptation to it.

But the name only served as a warning signal, putting its owner more alertly on his guard. So confident was he of his ultimate ability to hold his own, that he saw no danger in meeting his fair challenger on her own chosen ground, and replied,

"I can forgive your indiscretion only on condition of your allowing me to be equally indiscreet, and calling you Alicia."

Now "Alicia" is a word of softness and sweetness, and one cannot utter it without feeling somewhat of these sentiments; especially when one looks into the face of a charming girl to whom it belongs. George felt a little of the ice melt off his purpose as he said "Alicia." It was a pleasant word to speak. He was almost tempted to repeat it. He would like to whisper it; indeed, to put it upon her lips without vocalization.

There was an awkward pause. Alicia dropped her fan. George stooped to pick it up. He scarcely saw the fan. What a dainty foot peeped from beneath the edge of her dress, as if it had come out to look for the fan or for him. A gilded slipper shone against the background of her gauzy black lace gown, the somberness of which was relieved also by gold ornaments. George felt that the combination was a delicate compliment to his Alma Mater, whose colors of orange and black Miss Elston had more than once donned at the time of the football games and waved in challenge of the blue and crimson of Yale and Harvard. Why had not Titian made that combination in some of his marvelous paintings of female adornment? Simply because art had not advanced so far in his day. It was equaled only by another juxtaposition of color that George had noticed,—the red of Alicia's lips and the pearly white of her teeth; and better yet, her snowy neck hiding in a nest of black lace.

As he gazed upon her, George imagined an ideal woman back of Alicia's loveliness. Ideal woman! A woman is perfect in other ways than man. A fig for strong intellectuality! It's just soul one wants. He looked deeply into her eyes. Their sparkle seemed to come from an inner glow. The clouds at sunset are not brilliant except for the sun behind them. George persuaded himself that there must be some lovely spiritual orb back of such lovely veiling of the flesh. Yet he knew there was not. The sunset fancy gave way for an instant to that wiser one about a candle light and a silly moth. He could have broken away. His original resolution was still strong enough to have routed a

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whole flock of cupids had those on the piano cover come to life. But unfortunately he had to deal not with cupids, but with Venus herself.

And so George Goldie, when he went down the steps of the Elston mansion that night, realized that he had passed a crisis, and that he was an engaged man. He loitered on his way home, trying to think just how it all came about. He certainly had never yielded on purpose. Was it fate? Fate above may mean a fool below, he thought.

For some weeks he tried to think that he was happy; or rather, the multitude of congratulations upon his engagement, the news of which flew rapidly, made him think that he ought to be. Charlie Carlyle was especially delighted over his friend's happiness.

"Only," said he, "it makes a fellow feel lonely, especially when he himself has no prospects of earning enough to support a wife until the heyday of youth has drifted by."

"That's no evil," replied George, adding more than he meant to. "Perhaps one should be more careful in selecting a good one, one who could help him."

"Yes," responded Carlyle, "I suppose it would be economy to marry. One would find so much happiness in his wife that he would care but little for the expensive pleasures of society and fashion. But here's your marriage hymn," and putting his arm about his friend's neck, he sang,

> "A little house well filled,
> A little wife well willed."

CHAPTER IV.

HAD George Goldie limited his visits to Alicia to one a week, perhaps the novelty of love-making might have preserved its romance for an indefinite length of time. But he was constant in his attentions. He always gave himself wholly to what he was doing, even if he were doing nothing. He was thus apt to exhaust emotion speedily, even when it was called forth by something that was itself abiding.

But perhaps in this case the fault was not so much in himself as in the object which elicited his interest. For if it be true that a few years will erase the prettiness from a woman's face, a few days will suffice to destroy its charm to one who has become familiar with it, and finds no inner beauty of which it is the exponent. We may continue to admire a statue, because it fulfills all its promise. It pretends to nothing but externality; or, if it have a soulful look, it is understood that the beholder creates the soul for it; that it is only a mold which we fill with the imagination. So Heinrich Heine could commune with the Venus de Milo, worshiping the Goddess of Beauty in the Louvre, because he was a poet, and invented the radiant spirit that enshrined itself in the marble. But a living face says, "I have a soul of mine own. Touch me. Speak with me, and I will commune with thee"; and when we discover that the face lies to us, then disappointment quickly engenders disgust.

But whether the fault was in Alicia or in George himself, the spell of her enchantment soon vanished. She was like a heavy statue that he was carrying about with him. Like Pygmalion, he prayed that it might come to life; that a soul might start from this lovely material form; but his prayer was not answered. Outwardly he was faithful. All that attention and Tiffany could do was done to prove his loyalty as a lover. But both head and heart went hungry.

Thus a year passed. His club, the Hoffman House, and various billiard parlors were subsidized to supply the zest of an idle life. Now and then lower forms of dissipation caught him. Curiosity led him to the slums. He learned the faces of men who patrolled the pavement and gave the password to gambling dens. Through bar-rooms, up narrow flights of stairs, he found his way to elegant apartments where rich men and poor, professional knaves and respectable victims spent the night about roulette and card tables. The wine habit stiffened its grip. More than once faithful Tom had carried him up stairs from his cab and put him to bed.

His old college friends one by one deserted him; or rather, he deserted them, for he felt they were outgrowing him. New friends came, but he was astute enough to see through their protestations; that they were but illustrations of the saying, "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

One evening George had dined in Brooklyn and indulged more liberally than usual in champagne. He was not intoxicated when he left ———'s on the Heights, but in that condition when discretion gives place to a spirit of abandon. On the bridge he fell in

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with one whom he had met only at the gambling table, and whom in his ordinary state he would have had no companionship with. The two fraternized, and George could not resist the invitation for a drink with one from whom he had once won a handsome sum of money. He took the elevated from City Hall for home. Through some curious misapprehension of the stations, he left the cars at East Houston Street. He started toward what he supposed to be Fifth Avenue. His brain reeled. He leaned against a stoop railing, over which shone a lantern sign. He looked up at it as if the light might show a clear path through his confused thoughts.

"Is this the place you're looking for, pal?" said a rough fellow who at the moment was turning in. "Come along then! Your legs will git tangled in the railin' if you stay here long. Come along, I say!"

The man almost lifted George up the steps and set him down in a long room that had been a parlor in other days, when East Houston Street was a place of residence; but now the apartment was filled with rows of benches.

"Here's a recruit!" said his guide, as he handed Goldie over to a middle-aged man with bullet-head and high-set ears having large protuberances back of them.

"He isn't of our kit," said the new man.

"What was he tryin' to git up our steps for then? Our breed has a good many varieties, as the dog fanciers says. We'd better keep 'im, hadn't we, boss?"

"Of course we will keep him, at least till his tongue git's straight. Take him up stairs, Johnny, and give him a snooze. Sleep 'll 'vaporate the whisky, and let his wits dry out."

"I say, Tom, what d'ye take (hic) up the carpet for? House-cleaning, eh!" said George as he used the baluster for one crutch and his attendant for another.

"All right, Sammy."

"I'm not Sammy, an' you're not Tom. Tom!" bawled out George, and sat down on the first landing. "Tom! hello Tom! I'll discharge you, Tom, if you don't answer. Where's the bell?"

"All right, you've had too much Tom, and Jerry too, to-night," said the man. "But Tom and me's pals. Same gang, your honor; so up we go."

With that he put his arm about George's waist, and carried him bodily up stairs, where he laid him, as limp as a bag half full of flour, upon an iron bedstead in a six by ten room.

George knew no more until morning. When he awoke he rubbed and squeezed his head to get out of it any drop of intelligence that might still remain. At length his thoughts began to ooze. Where was he? He could find no topographical hints in the bare and sallow white wall from which the plaster was cracking off in great sections, not unlike the map of Europe, Asia, and Africa. George mused awhile about Stanley, General Gordon, and the railroad from Paris to Constantinople. He was just on the edge of falling asleep again when he was aroused by a rumbling of the floor overhead. He thought of earthquakes. The rumble turned to a rattle. He thought of cut-throats, sharpening cutlasses and clattering fire-arms. If the walls of the room had been dank stones of some cave or prison he would not have been more certain that he had been kidnaped.

But this illusion did not last as he slowly took in his surroundings. A rickety table held a Bible and a backgammon board. George felt for his watch. It was gone. So, for that matter was all his outer clothing. But a moment's search discovered coat, vest, and trousers hanging over the bed-railing at his head. His watch and pocket-book were under his pillow.

He crawled off the bed, stretched himself and shook the kinks out of his body. The door was unlocked. He went into the narrow hall. Nobody was in sight, but the rattle up stairs and voices below proved that there were some specimens of humanity about. He went cautiously down stairs. There were several rooms near him. The farthest one looked something like an office. A man was just going into it. A sense of caution led George to sit down in a room that opened into this, and make up his mind as to what sort of a trap he had fallen into before revealing himself. The room he entered had a number of chairs, and a long deal table on which were some newspapers, magazines, and books. Sitting down in a corner, he could overhear the conversation in the front room.

"Well, my friend, who are you?" said one, evidently addressing the man whom George had seen go into the office.

"Who am I, is it? Maybe you might

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guess as easily as I guess you're William Casey," was the response.

"Come now, that won't do," replied the other, advancing toward the visitor. "It's only fair about to tell me who you are, if you know me."

"William Casey! Number 403; that's you, sure."

"And you?"

"Number 290."

"290? Tom Goldie! He was 290. Not Tom Goldie? Tom Goldie was shark's mutton long ago."

"A bit of 'im was. This finger I dropped."

"Tom Goldie, sure as I'm Bill Casey! Old pal, Tom Goldie! Come sit ye down here in the sunlight, that I can git a look clane through ye."

George glanced into the room. There was his butler, Tom Duffy. George drew back to listen. What deviltry was this? Tom had always been a mystery to him. He had suspected all sorts of things about him. Curiosity overcame all scruples against eavesdropping, and he shrunk himself back into the corner to hear what would come next.

"Yes, Billy, that was a close call I had when I lost my finger. We weren't two rod from shore when the guard at Gibraltar fired on us. My hand was on the oar when the bullet split the ash."

"But never did I see a man pluckier nor ye, Tom Goldie. Ye didn't make a whimper, but in a jiffy ye had a second oar in place, and with y're mangled hand was pullin' like a engine. If ye'd stopped we'd been took again, Goldie."

"'Twas an awful pull though, clean across to Algiers. Think of it! D'ye mind the pitch dark of the night? I missed ye there, Billy. I found a chance to stow away on an American ship, and come to Boston. There wasn't time to think of manners, and call to say good by to you if I'd know'd where you was, Billy."

"No, I forgi'e ye, Tom. Ten year ye had at Gibraltar, and I was in for seventeen, and had six of 'em already. That was 'nough without riskin' beginnin' all over agin. I was glad when I found ye missin', Tom. And then I took first class passage meself between some bales of cotton in a French ship, landed at Marseilles, stole my livin' across France, and shipped for New York. Been my four terms in Auburn and two in Sing-Sing; but, thank the Lord, I'm through that sort of life now. And I guess pretty near through all life for this world. Tom Goldie, the consumption is workin' fast on me. I can't take a hand now with the boys up stairs, mat-weavin' or broom makin', so I am elected a sort of chief clerk to sit down here in the office. We've nigh on to fifty prison birds in this here cage; all reformed, Tom; a good many of 'em changed all through by the grace of God. And you, Tom? You ain't followerin' the old life yet? Say ye ain't, Tom, for God's sake, say ye ain't, Tom Goldie."

Tom had broken completely down. He was crying like a child.

"No, I ain't. 'Deed, Billy, I never was a hard 'un before I was sent to Gib. I wasn't guilty of nothin' in Belfast where I was arrested; only havin' a carouse as young fellows will. But somebody in our party stole the drawer of the tavern keeper, an' I an' another one got sent up. But the hard treatment we had at Gib would harden any one. I wouldn't have run away but for the sake of helpin' you off, Billy Casey. You had eleven years ahead of you. I could have stood my remainin' two; but I couldn't stand thinkin' of them eleven on you; so I said, Billy Casey and me is one, and we went for it; didn't we, Billy?"

"'Deed we did, Tom," said Billy, throwing his arms about Tom's neck.

"I come to New York," continued Tom, "and lived honest. But enough of this talk. First, is there anything I can do for you, Casey? No? Well, I'll do it anyhow, now I found you out. Trust me. As true as there is no knuckle there on that hand, Billy, I'll see you through."

"You'll have to come in again soon, Tom, or I'll be through 'fore you know it. Time's almost up with me. And I'd like to see you, if for nothin' else, just to rub out an old score. Do you know, Tom, I've often thought about you in an awful unkind way ever since I was sent to Sing-Sing last time."

"Me, Billy! What had I to do with you and Sing-Sing?"

"Nothin', Tom, nothin'. But a man with somethin' like your face on him had a good deal to do with it. I thought of Tom Goldie, as soon as I see him. 'Twas like this, Tom. A good fifteen year ago or more I made up my mind to stop my thievin' way. But I was awful tempted. A man what looked like you come in with one of my pals and

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says, 'That's him,' pointin' to me. 'He kin do anythin' in your line, boss, and says the man,

"'Be you Casey?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Do you want a handsome job?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'I ain't doin' any more jobs.'

"'It 'll pay you,' says he.

"'Don't care. I won't do it,' says I.

"Pal says, 'Yes you will, Billy, when you hear it,' so I says, 'What's it about?' And then I listened. It was such a easy job, only to snatch a tin box from an ole man, and I was to git a round hundred dollars, and pal another. I wouldn't do it; but then I didn't want to go back on a pal; so says I, 'Pal, I won't. You kin.'

"Next day I was settin' in Larkins' pawn shop. He an' I had a fallin' out; and in come that pal I'm talkin' about and planked a tin box right down beside me, and says he, 'Quick, Billy!' I took the box into the back yard and put it under some rubbish. Then I went out in the street an' told pal where it was, an' if he wanted it he'd better jump the fence an' git it. Next day it was took; and Larkins he swore that I'd taken the box, he didn't know who from. I was tried and sent up. Of course I wouldn't peach on a pal, so I ain't told you his name, Tom, did I? Well, I was sint up for five year. Niver mind me sayin' he looked like you, Tom. Paste looks like diamonds, but it ain't. You're genuine, Tom. That fellow wasn't. He niver showed up nor said one word, though he knowed I wasn't guilty. Well, that box they proved on the trial was full of coupon bonds, and worth nigh on to a million. 'Twas never found that I heard on. It belonged to an ole gentleman who was takin' it from a bank where he kept it, to deposit it in the safety vaults; an' that chap that looked like you, Tom, knowed he was goin' to do it, and made the lay out.

"But 'twas a good thing for me, that five year in Sing-Sing. It give me time to think, and, best of all, it brought me to know William Nivens. 'Wicked William,' they called him. He'd been a hard un, but by the grace of God he was changed so that even that battered jaw of his had a smile on it like a angel. William was up to Sing-Sing on some business of this 'Home' of ours, an' they give him a chance to say a word to some of us boys, an' he made me promise when I got out I'd come right here and work with the boys for a honest livin'. If they've got an annex to heaven, or an attic to the house o' many mansions, I'll see William thar. He got his pass some time ago, and the last word he said was, says he, 'Boys I'll be a waitin' for ye.'"

Tom rose to leave. Casey seemed loth to let go his hand. "Say, Tom, do you know I can feel that finger what's off? The ghost of it's there still. When you an' I git up out of grave dust, the finger 'll come back. The sharks 'll give it up agin, as the whale did Jonah. Come agin, Tom! Come soon!"

"All right, Billy, and take this dollar or two to buy yourself some comforts."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will."

"I'll take it, Tom, and give it to the boys. Some of 'em ain't got nothin', an' can't get no work outside neither, cause nobody 'll trust a ex-thief."

George sat for a moment dumbfounded. He was humiliated by his own condition; and he was perplexed by what he had heard. Tom Duffy's name was Goldie! Was this a mere coincidence? But then how about the resemblance he had frequently imagined between Tom and his father? And that other man who looked like Tom? George felt a sort of chill come over him.

After a few moments' waiting, George walked into the office.

Casey accosted him, "Well, young cove, thought you'd git up, eh! Ye've made a night of it, didn't ye? How d'ye like us pals? Ye don't care, I suppose, to put yer name down in the hotel register, do ye? With your late residence, too? The Tombs? Blackwell's Island? Auburn? Sing-Sing? Well! it won't take long to git into some of them homes, if ye go it at this rate. Don't care if ye have got money, I was chained by the leg for a month with a fellow whose father was a director of the Bank of England. He had a sheepskin from Oxford, and then took a degree at the Old Bailey prison. The devil 'll take a goldfish as quick as a bullhead."

"Oh! let up on a fellow now," said George, assuming a joking manner, but with a very serious heart. "I tripped up last night, and I'm mighty grateful that I fell into such good hands. What sort of a place is this, anyhow?"

"This is the Home for Discharged Con-

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victs: Mike Dunn's. Do ye know Mr. Dunn? Don't? Then who do ye know? Here, take this pamphlet, 'Thirty-five Years a Prisoner, and now for Years a Servant of Christ.' Ye go home, young man. Git somethin' good to do for somebody in this 'ere hard world. Spend your money in helpin' some poor body. I ain't the one as ought to talk to ye, but I'm old enough to be y're father, and so ye 'll take it kindly of me. For God's sake stop this cursed drinkin'. Ye ain't gone fur. Your drunk last night was only a fool's drunk. Liquor ain't worn on ye yit. But take the advice of one what knows this, if he doesn't know nothin' more. Drink 'll rot ye quicker'n quick lime."

George was too much ashamed to show resentment at this plain speech. He looked at the man's face. Its outlines noted by themselves were typical of the criminal class. But its expression was wholly different. An inner tenderness seemed to be trying to melt away the harsh features. A soul light played over it, like a soft sunset gleam among the crags. "Surely," thought George, "if in the other world the spirit spins about itself a new body, this man's will be as fair as any saint's." He took Casey's hand and said,

"I thank you for your honest words, old man; and I'll try to profit by them."

"Is y're pocket book all right, Mister? If ye was done for before ye come in here, we'll help ye through. We never let a pal go out without enough to see him to a better place, ye know."

George couldn't help laughing at the man's generosity; yet he very solemnly thought many a time afterward, "What better am I than a pal of thieves? And what thief needed help more than I did just then?"

The next day the treasurer of the "Home for Discharged Convicts" received ten one hundred dollar bills from "a friend."

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR is ordinarily sufficient for a lover's sentiment to develop into bridal flowers; but the spasmodic ardor of George's love for Alicia was subject to such frequent chills and set-backs, that the nuptial day had been postponed. It would not be fair to him to say that he had ever wished that the engagement had not been formed; for he had determinedly crushed back that thought whenever he felt it arise. He intended to meet that obligation, as honest tradesmen propose to meet their business notes, even if they find it convenient to subject them to frequent renewals.

But the wedding appointment could be no longer deferred. Even Charlie Carlyle told George that it had been delayed to the utmost limit of propriety.

A month at Old Point Comfort was recommended by the lady's physician in order that the roses might again bloom upon her cheeks. George promised to spend at least a week there, during which time they would be wholly given up to each other's society. With the many historic associations of Hampton Roads, the throngs of notable visitors at the hotel, some artillery experiments that were to be made at the Fortress, in which his friend Captain Larramore had interested him, and with the constant praise he would hear of the beauty of his intended, George had no doubt that this week of devotion would be enjoyable. He further promised that during those happy hours the time of marriage should be determined upon.

The days passed rapidly. How could it have been otherwise? Miss Elston seldom made her appearance at breakfast until late in the morning. A brief walk and the dress parade at the Fortress occupied the afternoon, until the sunset gun brought them back in time to dine. The hop or the genial courtesies amid many acquaintances in the parlors or on the inclosed verandas, filled the hours of the evening; so that each day allowed the lovers but a few moments of confidential intercourse. To avoid these ceaseless diversions, and find time for conference upon the important business in hand, they agreed to spend an entire afternoon in driving together. The balmy air and the quiet monotony of the old roads in the neighborhood of the Back River were certainly stimulative to the most latent affection.

As they rested their horse and walked under the trees of an old plantation, they concluded that the happy day should be fixed in the near future. The church service, the reception, the bridal journey were arranged, subject, of course, to the superior authority of trousseau makers. When they were discussing these matters, the full tide filled the banks of Back River. How smoothly flowed the water under the purpling tints of the declining sun! It was hard to resist the ro-

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mantic appeal of a row-boat which a colored man had just fastened to the bank near them. George was an expert oarsman, and a little play on the river, so quiet and restful it looked, would give the artistic finish to the day.

Perhaps it was the delight he felt in handling the oars, with his eyes taking in the double vision of the glowing sky and one of the handsomest women in the world, that led him farther down the river than he had intended. When they returned to the starting place the tide had gone down. Between the channel and the shore stretched a broad mud flat for several hundred feet. George tested its consistency with his weight, and found that to cross it would require rapid walking, lest it should embed them.

But this venture was beyond Miss Elston's courage. However daring she might have been in other circumstances, the prospect of soiling her goodly array was simply appalling. She gave way to absolute discouragement. She touched the yielding mud with her delicate foot and drew back. She reproached her lover for his inconsiderateness. She vowed she would sit in the boat and drift to the Chesapeake Bay and round the world, before she would take a step. George encouraged and coaxed and reasoned, but without avail. The fair one sulked the more.

He hailed the old darkey, who was waiting their return on the shore, and asked if there were no other landing.

"No, sah! de furder down yo' go de wus yo'll be, shore 'nuf."

George was at his wits' end. He explained to Miss Elston that there was no help for it. What did the soiling of a pretty dress amount to? He would make amends by presenting her one worth ten times the cost of that which would be spoiled.

This fired a new spirit in the girl. She replied spitefully,

"I'll dress myself, sir."

Now what could he do? He did nothing but sit down on the edge of the boat and think. He thought chiefly of this, that he did not know anything about women. He wondered if they were all like this one, or was she a rare specimen! He concluded that a man contemplating matrimony after leaving college ought to take a post graduate year in a female boarding school. He was interrupted in the midst of these salutary musings by a sharp remark.

"Well! What are you going to do? I'm chilled sitting here, and I shan't, I shan't set foot on that mud."

"Give it up," said George, her tone just beginning to chafe his amiable spirit.

"Oh! Oh! You're making fun of me. You're a perfect wretch. No gentleman would—" but her sentence ended in a hysterical outburst of tears.

Now all the annals of love and exploit would show that there was but one thing for a gallant man to do; and that was to take the fair creature in his arms, and pledge his very soul that he would carry her, without so much as a stain upon her dainty shoe, safely to the shore.

He sufficiently appeased the unhappy Juno to gain her consent to the experiment.

But the operation required skill. He could gracefully lift a lady to a saddle; but to hold her bodily in his arms while stepping over a boat side upon the yielding surface of a Virginia mud flat, surely there were no directions for such a thing in any manual of gallant etiquette.

But it must be done. No sooner, however, was he fairly out of the boat with his lovely burden than he began to sink. He could not take a step. To stand, holding her, was to engulf them both in a muddy grave.

"Git down an' crawl! Git down an' crawl!" shouted the darkey from the shore.

But Alicia's fright was such that no appeals to her judgment or affection could loose her grasp about George's neck. She smothered him with her untimely embraces, and drove away half of his wits with her screams. The remaining half enabled him to see that in the darkey's counsel was the only hope. The mud, as he essayed to walk, was nearly up to his knees, and climbing rapidly. He laid his fair load upon the surface of the yielding muck, and as gently as possible loosed by force her garroting arms.

Then her fright gave way to rage. Extricating himself by dexterous movements from the hole into which he had sunk, George managed to keep up only by dancing a heavy minuet. He begged Alicia to rise; but her tiny feet and sharp heeled shoes were not sufficient base for one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. Angelic she may have been; but even an angel would have needed wings to cross the mud flats of Back River while keeping the perpendicular.

What the result might have been is woeful

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to contemplate, had not the darkey run to a cabin near, and brought a huge pair of rubber boots. He crawled out some distance, and then threw the boots as far as possible beyond him. George managed to reach them. Now it is always a difficult thing to put on the rubbers for a lady. There is a way of handling them that requires a large amount of skill, not to say delicacy and circumspection. If then, under existing circumstances, George was not sufficiently graceful in encasing the feet of Miss Elston in a pair of boots, size elevens, he might have been forgiven. We suspect that just at this moment he thought less of gallantry than simple humanity.

Miss Elston refused to touch the "dirty things"; then essayed the task of armoring herself in them; but at length gave up in sullen submission to the inevitable, and accepted the assistance of her companion as graciously as David allowed his armor-bearer to invest him with the trappings of Goliath of Gath.

In the meantime the boat had drifted down the tide, and the darkey was too much engrossed in following his property along the bank, to look after the couple who floundered through the muck and mire to the shore.

"Return to the hotel in such a plight!"

Miss Elston struck so dramatic an attitude as she said this, that in spite of her "plight" she looked magnificent. George was half reconciled to her unseemly wrath by the superb way in which she showed it.

Miss Elston's fine frenzy gave way to very childish hysteria. She drooped against a fence post; then collapsed at its base, "like Niobe, all tears." George lifted her gently, and, metaphorically speaking, pulled her together.

The old plantation house near was their only asylum. Thither they trudged as fast as water-weighted clothes and a cargo of mud would permit.

"Lor, what a sight you be! H'aint you Yanks got no sense?" was their greeting from a lady who, if her story is correct, was a relic of one of the F. F. V's "fore de wah" but who welcomed them with all the hospitality her dilapidated fortunes permitted.

"Them clothes cost a heap, I reckon. You won't want to leave them here, and dress up in one of my gaouns? But I reckon you'd better do it. You'll catch your death of chills if you sit in them things long. Here, Sam! You poke up the fire. You, sir, can sit here and dry. I'll take the lady into my room."

Miss Elston yielded with alacrity to at least that part of the proposal that would take her for a while out of sight of her companion.

George sat down by the fire which Sam poked up. The darkey evidently thought there was need of similarly reviving the spirits of their guests.

"Bress you, massa, but I tho't yo'se done gone, shore. Why de mud turtles doan't crawl over dem flats widout ketchin' hol' o' hans. Ain't no bottom nuther. Tank de good Lor', what tuk yer out ob the miry clay and 'stablished yer goin, fur dats de skim of perdition yer' was on, shore. Old Joe Lumkin he went down thar, jug o' rum and all; nothin' but de cork ebber come up agin."

Thus Sam played the part of the good Samaritan until Miss Elston reappeared. Her face was flushed with mingled shame and anger; and enveloped as she was in the shapeless calico gown of her benefactress, she was the impersonation of the virago spirit that has been floating through human society, taking as many shapes as the legendary incarnation of Vishnu ever since the days of Xanthippe. George was horrified. He had prepared himself to be amused with what would be her comical attire, and to appease her offended dignity with the most kindly attentions; but her transformation had been more thorough than in apparel. Her whole countenance was changed. Its lines, so exquisitely soft when in repose, were now hard and distorted. Instead of the fine flush he had often admired, she was now masked in patches of red rage, which suggested war-paint. She seemed positively homely. To George's most suave expression of regret, she returned no answer, but sat down by a window in sullen silence.

When Sam brought the buggy to the door, she gave vent to her feeling.

"It is disgraceful, insulting, Mr. Goldie."

"But, my dear Alicia,—"

"Don't dear me!" she flashed, and then gave way to crying.

"Lor', now, miss," interposed the hostess, "doan't take on so. I ain't got no smellin' salts; but, Sam, you git some whisky."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Alicia, and stamped across the room to another chair.

"Shall we go back to the hotel?" asked George.

"To the hotel! In these duds! no, indeed,

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if you don't respect yourself, you shan't make a guy of me, Mr. Goldie."

Now George Goldie had exhausted all his powers of diplomacy in patching up a peace. He beat a retreat. He took a stroll out under the trees. No council of state ever pondered more ponderously. At length he came to the very sage conclusion that he was a fool, at least in all that concerned womankind; and that, as respected this particular woman, he was utterly unfitted to be her guardian. It would be cruel to impose himself upon her in that capacity. He was as well fitted to take charge of a menagerie. And to become her husband! He would be sure to wreck her happiness, if she did not wreck his. As he leaned against a scrub-oak and mused, married life stretched out before his imagination like an interminable mud flat bounding the tiniest stream of affection.

But he manfully silenced such thoughts, and returning to the doorway had a confidential talk with the lady of the house and Sam; the result of which was that Sam went across fields to a neighbor's and borrowed a waterproof.

"God bless the inventor of the waterproof," thought George, "the common protection of rich and poor. It hides silk and calico with equal grace. With that a Fifth Avenue belle could pass through the corridors of the Hygeia Hotel as properly as a servant could go in by the kitchen door."

So it was arranged, through the good hostess' management,—for George did not dare to say another word—and in the growing dusk the unhappy couple set out.

George essayed conversation.

"Is there anything I can do, my dear Alicia, to make amends for this? I am so very sorry it has happened. You know—"

A convulsive shrug and a look of hatred and scorn made it evident that Miss Elston was in no mood for talking. So they drove in silence.

Reaching the hotel, the irate beauty disappeared as quickly as possible into her room.

That night she was invisible. The next day she announced through her maid, that she was too much indisposed to see her lover. He caught no glimpse of her until evening, when she appeared in the parlor. George confessed to himself that he had never seen her so beautiful as she stood there in conversation with a couple of officers from the Fortress. He approached the group, but she adroitly moved away and joined another party.

"Happy fellow!" said Captain Larramore, as George came up. "If somebody doesn't put you out of the way, Goldie, it will be because men have grown too good to be jealous."

That night George penned a note, saying that he must leave by the next evening's boat for New York, and that in the meantime he would await her summons if she desired to see him. But no response came.

Several weeks later Tom handed him a note, which he found to be from Miss Elston, stating that she had returned to the city, and that he could use his pleasure in calling. To this he responded that he would gladly call if assured that his visit would give pleasure to Miss Elston; but until so assured he would not intrude. He also announced that he would be absent from the city for several weeks; and having sent his letter, sat down to plan a trip somewhere, just for the sake of being truthful.

CHAPTER VI.

George's absence was more prolonged and of consequences greater than he could have anticipated in even his most romantic mood. He had traveled but little heretofore, supposing that he had no taste for a roving life. But recent events had disturbed his rest, and he found relief on the wing. The Rockies and the Yellowstone, the Pacific coast from Puget's Sound to Los Angeles, and then a ranch vacation in Texas, consumed nearly six months. He was becoming enamoured of the latter sort of life. It was a pleasure to feel the sense of responsibility for something, if nothing more than counting cattle and breaking horses.

He was negotiating for land purchases, when news from New York revealed to him that he had not understood his own incentives, and that his love for the rough Texan life was rather a dread of returning to the city under existing circumstances. A copy of a New York paper arrived, addressed in a very familiar handwriting, with this passage marked:

The engagement is announced of Miss Alicia Elston, daughter of John Elston, Esq., of — Fifth Avenue, to the Italian Count Ricardo, whose residence in this city has made him a favorite in many circles. Count Ricardo is the owner of the famous sorrel mare, Lady Sylvia, whose record last season eclipsed that of Prodi-

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gal. The Count is said to be contemplating the opening of a race course for the sole patronage of the Italian nobility, on the grounds of his new estate, as soon as certain legal matters relative to the title to said estate have been disposed of by the Italian courts. The Count and Countess Ricardo will sail for Italy in the early autumn.

From the moment George's eyes fell on the above, all interest in Texas was dissipated. He wondered how he could ever have been attached to its barren plains, its rough and stinted social life. He would return to New York. The only tie that held him to Texas was a pair of fine ponies that he had broken with his own hands—but these he could bring North. He had often been importuned to become a member of the Orange Country Club. Why not do so? The Club stables would be very convenient, as would also the polo grounds—and no finer animals than his would sniff the pure air of the Orange Mountain.

So within two days after receiving the paper referred to, George was en route North. The horses followed. He was hailed by everybody at the Country Club as a man of the right sort. In one respect he was peculiar. Possessed of overflowing spirits, an easy abandon of manner, and abundance of means, he was a total abstainer from the use of liquors. To all who noticed his oddity he frankly explained, "I once went too far, I prefer to abstain entirely."

The October polo games were that year a feature of Orange life. Crack clubs from different parts of the country sent their best riders. Goldie had trained his animals well, and was entered as a defender of the Orange Club in a notable encounter with the Westchesters.

A finer day never shone. Only here and there a snow-white cloud veiled a spot in the deep blue sky. The air was thin and transparent, and served as a vast telescopic lens in bringing distant objects near. It seemed, too, as if the shouts of the riders could be heard over Llewellyn Park, and across the thousand villa sites of the Oranges and Montclair, and through the factory smoke of Newark, and over the flashing water of the Passaic and Kill von Kull, and might echo back from the heights of Staten Island, or be lost only in the hubbub of New York, or in the roar of the sea there beyond the skeleton tower on Coney Island. The crisp air that breathed over the mountain was loaded with ozone, and expanded the lungs and quickened the blood, not only of players and horses but of the throngs that lined the driveway in every sort of conveyance that fashion licensed, from the elephantine tallyho to the phaeton and dogcart.

From the signal the game was hotly contested. Ward of Westchester and Goldie of Orange were evidently the rival champions. The white ball flew back and forward through the bewildering throng of hoofs, like a shuttle thrown by invisible sprites who were weaving therewith the fantastic shadows that floated on the landscape.

The ball was at one time flying straight for the Orange goal. Would it pass between the colors before its force was spent? It stopped scarcely a rod off. Goldie and Ward were coming for it from different sides. In the excitement of the moment neither of them thought of slackening speed, for the advantage of a horse's pace would decide the issue. The animals caught the spirit of their riders. They struck, but not before Goldie had sent the white ball flying to the mid-field.

"That's a daisy!" he cried as his horse fell. Ward's rolled over him. A wild shout rose from the crowd. Ward was quickly on his feet. His horse was up as soon. Goldie's horse tried to rise, plunged and fell again. Those near by saw but too plainly that he had planted his hind feet upon the body of his master. A cry of horror rose from the crowd. The wounded man did not move. A pallor as of death was upon his face. Several moments passed before he gave signs of life—and they were mere twitches of pain, subsiding suddenly into unconscious motionlessness. He was seemingly dead. An ambulance was constructed of a light wagon. It was proposed to take him to the Club House, but a physician who witnessed the accident and had hastily examined George's condition advised the hospital, as, though the man was alive, his case would be a desperate one and the utmost skill of surgery and nursing would be required.

Dr. Percival, for whom some one galloped down the mountain, reached the hospital almost as soon as the wounded man. He pronounced the injury to be severe concussion of the brain, with the probability of compression; and that there would be no return to consciousness unless through the relief of trephining. A compound fracture of the left

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leg below the knee was of less account. Dr. Percival stood a moment by the operating table as if needing something.

"What is it, Doctor?" asked the head nurse.

"Is Miss Wilford about?"

"She is in the ward. Will not others do?"

"No, Miss Wilford must be here. If this man lives it will be due to the good help I shall have. I wouldn't trust myself to nurse him. We can stand no mistakes."

"As you say, Doctor," replied the chief, "but it will greatly derange our other plans. The hospital is full of patients, and we need her to take the oversight of the entire ward."

"Miss Wilford, I insist," replied the doctor curtly.

He had scarcely arranged his instruments when a lithe little woman stood at his elbow.

"Thank you, Amy," said the doctor, glancing hastily at her. "We have desperate business here. You must be both my right hand and nerve."

Neither spoke again for some minutes. The nurse seemed to anticipate the Doctor's requirements, as if there had been some nerve connection between his brain and her hands.

The patient's head was quickly shaved, and washed with sublimate solution; the scalp was cut, the trephine made its socket. The instant that a fractured portion of the skull was raised, the wounded man, who had lain as one dead, suddenly cried out,

"That's a daisy! Orange is safe!" His eyes opened in wide stare; then closed again, and he seemed to be quietly sleeping.

"That's just what he was saying, doubtless, when he fell on the polo ground," remarked the Doctor. "It was a case of suspended mentality. But he has caught on again nicely. His brain will be all right. But, Amy, you must do your best, or we shall lose him. That's an ugly break in his leg. I am glad you are here."

"Thank you, Doctor, for your confidence. I want to deserve it."

For several days George was oblivious to his surroundings, for when he was not in actual agony with Dr. Percival's manipulation of his wounds, he was very stupid. He hardly noticed his attendant, who moved noiselessly about the room without making so much as a click of glass or spoon. She ministered to his wants almost before he was sensible of need; raising his head and adjusting his pillow, when he thought he was moving himself; giving the food just at the moment when appetite began to be felt, not waiting for it to crave; removing and renewing the bandages about his head with such skill that even the cloths seemed to have acquired the softness of woman's touch. The patient's will became plastic beneath hers. In the half dawn of his faculties he obeyed her slightest suggestion as if it were his own thought. And when reason came full again, he felt her spell abiding upon his will.

It was strange several days passed before George began to take note of the face and form in which his special providence was revealing herself. In the dim light admitted, he began by imagining the matronly features of a middle-aged woman beneath the white cap of the hospital nurse. One day a new vision came to him. Miss Wilford was sitting near the foot of the bed crocheting, but in such a position that she could catch the slightest motion of her patient, and anticipate his want before he expressed it. A slat in the window blind suddenly turned, and poured a luster upon her face. In an instant she had readjusted the blind, but not before George had caught the vision of a beautiful woman on whose cheeks scarcely twenty summers had left their bloom, and whose graceful form, the plain, neatly fitting dress and white apron set off to perfection. He could not believe that this was the one who had been like a mother to him. Her voice forced him to accept the revelation as a reality.

Of course it was a pleasing discovery, but one that puzzled him. He could readily believe in angels, strong, courageous, with mighty patience, and yet as delicately fair as little children. But how did this beautiful girl acquire these stronger qualities? Indeed, how did she dare to adopt a life of so much responsibility, imposing such a strain upon the mind, to say nothing of its outward hardships?

When she next approached him to give him his medicine he actually repelled her with his hand, under the sense that it was discourteous on his part to allow her to do so menial a thing. But his will was a poor slave under her mastery, and he quickly submitted when she placed his hands beneath the spread, and presented the spoon to his lips, with the firm mandate to lie very still. He could only follow her with his eyes and wonder.

What witchery there was in her touch!

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Her fingers had more power to exorcise his pain, as they rested for a moment upon his brow, than any cloths they put there. He had not heard her first name, but smiled as he mentally called her Anæsthesia.

Sometimes she would read to him; but it is doubtful if George got more than the music of her voice, except where his imagination varied the story he heard, and made it into some romance of which the reader herself was the heroine.

He grew rapidly in strength. One day he determined to probe this, to him mysterious character of his attendant.

"Miss Wilford, why do you follow the occupation of a nurse?"

"Why, for the same reason that you played polo; because I like it."

George wanted to interpret this to mean that she liked nursing such a patient as he was; but he knew that she had no such thought, or, if she had, she would never have told him so.

"But what can there be that is pleasant about it? It is only watch and worry, day and night, and that for somebody else. You have no time to think or to do anything for yourself."

"Perhaps that latter thing, not thinking about one's self, is the charm of it, Mr. Goldie. Only selfish people worry. I could worry over many things that concern myself. But, Mr. Goldie, have you ever seen me worry over you? I have been anxious that my case should be well cared for; and, as I was assigned to it, I was anxious to do my duty as a hospital nurse. That comes from the *esprit du corps* our discipline develops. I never worried, not even when you were at the worst."

"But there is so much, Miss Wilford, that must grate upon one's feelings; making a mere servant of one. Some people must do such menial things; but, pardon me, Miss Wilford, you seem too delicate, too cultured a person for this kind of life."

"Too cultured! You are a cultured person, Mr. Goldie; a graduate of Princeton; and yet you have been telling me how you spent weeks in Texas, catching, breaking, and grooming horses. Isn't that more menial than caring for a human being? Now, for instance, aren't you of more value than many horses? No, I don't feel bemeaned caring for any human creature. I am a Christian, I hope; and try to see Christ's image in every man. Besides, horses are very ungrateful creatures. Your pet nearly trampled you to death, in return for your menial care of him. My patients are never ungrateful."

"Of course not, they couldn't be. I'm sure I can never be," said George warmly. He was going to say something else, but Miss Wilford stopped him.

"My service is professional, Mr. Goldie. I am glad if you appreciate the institution of professional nurses. I think myself they deserve well of the community."

"But is your service only professional? There must be cases where you become personally interested." George was just selfish enough to wish she were interested in his case, and conceited enough to wonder if she were not.

"Oh, yes," she replied eagerly. "I become deeply interested in some of my patients. There is a little girl, a cripple with hip disease. I go to see her often, although she is not in my care now. This little cardigan I am crocheting is for her. One cannot help loving such."

"Is she pretty and bright?"

"No, neither."

"Why do you love her then?"

"I suppose because I have helped her. We love those we do for, more than those who do for us."

"That reminds me of Captain Marryat. A sailor against whom he had a grudge, fell overboard. The Captain jumped in and saved him, and says, 'Somehow I loved him ever after that.' I hope Miss Wilford will be interested in her present charge, for I honestly believe she saved my life."

She did not seem to be conscious of the application he made of her theory, but replied, "I was speaking of the poor people who have no means to pay for what you do for them. There is little pleasure in nursing rich people. You feel that if you didn't somebody else would. They will be cared for anyway. But if you want to see a hospital nurse enthusiastic, Mr. Goldie, you must catch her with a basket on her arm, filled with bottles of medicine, bandages, and food, as she goes her rounds among those wretched people in the valley. She scours the tin pans with her own hands to get out the relics of a dozen last dishes cooked in them, so that her broth will be palatable. She picks over a mattress until all the old ache-holes have disappeared. She ventilates the stuffy little room without giving the poor patient a death chill, but only

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a whiff of pure air. With her fingers she smoothes away the insomnia from some neuralgic head, and gives it the first refreshing sleep for weeks. Yes! that work pays, Mr. Goldie. The gratitude of such people is the best compensation this world furnishes. You feel that you have been living when you come out of one of those shanties. I don't know what sort of a heaven there can be where everybody is well, and has plenty, and there is nobody one can help. Maybe there's an intermediate state that God will let us spend our vacations in. Do you have any ideas on such subjects, Mr. Goldie?"

"No," said George, "at least I haven't had, until now."

"And what's your happy thought now?"

"Oh, nothing, except that God lets the angels come way down to the earth."

"What! wings and all?"

"No, but with little white caps and aprons on," said he laughing and coloring.

"That wouldn't be artistic," replied Miss Wilford, with just the slightest blush coming to her temples. "But I am now to bid you good by, Mr. Goldie."

"Why, Miss Wilford, I am not well yet. It would be cruel to leave me."

"That's what Dr. Percival said; but I persuaded him that you were well enough. I am anxious to take care of another man; one I think a great deal of."

The green monster leaped into George's heart and tore him. He felt faint, but stammered out,

"Who is that happy man, may I ask?"

"Mr. Clark. He ran a bucket shop over in the valley, and drank himself nearly to death. There is hardly a sound organ in his body. Doctor says he can't live, and oughtn't to, because he has thrown himself away. But Doctor is a pessimist. I think that by nursing we may bring him through, if his present pneumonia can be stayed. I am going to try anyhow. He has made an engagement with me conditioned on his recovery."

"An engagement! You surely are not engaged to such a person, Miss Wilford?"

"I?" And she laughed so merrily that George felt very silly at the mistake his impetuosity had led him into. Yet he was glad he had made her laugh, for it showed him a new phase of her disposition. This saint, who was making herself a martyr to duty every day, had a heart full of fun, and a laugh as well adapted to express it, as the babble of a brook expresses what would be the feeling of the playful water, if it had any feeling at all.

"No, Mr. Goldie, I am not engaged to old Mr. Clark, but he has made an engagement with me not to drink another drop of rum; and, if he recovers, honestly to support his wife and six little children, so that they may keep out of the poorhouse. And if he dies,—well I suppose I shall have to be mother to them, for their real mother is incompetent."

George felt so greatly relieved by the turn the affair had taken that he was very willing to pay for his gratification, and said, "And if that need arises, Miss Wilford, will you not let me help you care for the little ones by any money that may be required?"

"Only too gladly."

"And in any other way in which I can assist your charitable purpose?"

"Oh, that would be taking too much, for my ideas are immense, as great as human suffering. Don't put your purse in my hand, or there will be nothing left to buy another Texas pony with, I assure you."

"What is that immense scheme? You would build a building grander than the People's Palace; a hospital twenty stories high; an Orphan Home——"

"No, not one of them; not a building. I would just say to every man and woman, 'If you want work, I will provide it for you; clean, healthful work; and I will pay you for it, living wages too.'"

"But that wouldn't help the people. They won't work. They love their drink."

"Mr. Goldie, most poor people drink because they are discouraged. They work without the incentive of any hope of getting ahead. Their labor is owned by others, who give it or withhold it as suits them. Poor people lose heart, and when they have lost heart, they will do anything. They almost want to throw themselves away. 'The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.' But this is theorizing, I must say good by to you, Mr. Goldie."

He took her proffered hand, but he was loth to let it go. She withdrew it, and bowed playfully at the doorway, as she said, "You will have a good new nurse, for I can recommend you as a very good patient."

George stood leaning on a crutch, and looking toward the door, until his weakness forced him to sink into a chair, where he sat a long time musing.

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"A new species of the genus homo!" thought he. "A strange character! What a difference between her and—and me. A poor objectless jackass, I am, with my millions not serving a single soul of human kind. If the horse's hoof had gone through my brain, the world would have lost nothing. Are there others like her? Of course, all these nurses would say the same things; and all those teachers of the poor blacks at the Hampton Institute; and missionaries; and all who are doing charitable work in New York; and thousands who are helping their neighbors everywhere, and get no credit for it, except love. Charlie Carlyle, even, has some such notions of doing good in the world. And I, and some hundreds of mean, stingy, spendthrift, aristocratic vagabonds and fashionable loafers like me, never think of turning over our hands for anybody in God's great world. I wonder why He didn't let the pony kill me? And what a woman! A man couldn't help loving her, if she was nothing but a ghost. Just to feel that she was about would be as good as the odors of Paradise. Pshaw! It's sacrilege for such a good-for-nothing fellow as I am even to think of her. So here goes! I will let her out of my mind."

Then George Goldie having taken this determination, sat a full half hour with his eyes on the door, trying to imagine just how she looked when she went out; to hear again her merry "good by."

"Confound it! what was she so merry about in leaving me, and going to nurse those old lazzaroni. I don't believe any pretty girl would be glad. I wish I knew something about women anyhow; but I don't, and won't try to any more. So away with the thought. Good by, Miss Wilford! good by forever, so far as I care! But I wonder if her father is living. Why didn't I ask her? And where her home is. But here is Doctor. He will tell me."

Dr. Percival's broad and genial face, grew broader at George's question. He burst into a hearty laugh, and clapping George on the back, said,

"I knew what would come, my young friend, when a sensible fellow like you got his eyes on that girl. But it's no use. She didn't want to take your case, and it was only because I insisted upon it that she did; and half a dozen times she has asked me to let her go. I have objected; but when I suspected you were getting interested in her I had to give in for your sake. We want our patients to go out of the hospital made whole, and don't care to have them go with heart strings a jangle. You are doing finely, and Miss Shearer will take your case for a week or two. Then you can go home."

The doctor mused awhile, and resumed,

"Yes, that Miss Wilford is a rare woman. She comes of good stock. Her father was one of the grandest men in the world; a surgeon in New York, who would have been famous if he had lived; but he was killed in a railroad accident when he was only thirty; and Amy Wilford only a year or two old. Yes, her mother is living in New York. She gets a moderate support from her pen; and could do well in literature, but for her wretched health. Mrs. Wilford's father, Silas Martin, was once very wealthy; but he lost nearly all he had just before Dr. Wilford married his daughter. They were engaged when she was rich, and he hadn't a cent; and he clung to the engagement when she became poor. And Amy Wilford is the condensation of her father and mother. I have had her help me in a surgical operation, when I was almost unnerved myself; but she was as cool and steady as the steel of my knife; and yet, with all that courage, she is as full of sentiment as one of her mother's poems."

And so the good-natured doctor rattled on, all the while examining closely George's face; once posing his head so as to get an ophthalmoscope ray into his eyes.

"Well, Doctor, will I do?"

"Do? That depends upon what you want to do. To think about my Amy Wilford? No, sir, you won't do yet. You city swells would have to recuperate a thousand years in purgatory before you would be fit to lift your eyes up to that little angel."

"But I'm a better man than when I came here, Doctor."

"I hope so; but I can't find so much as an angelic pinfeather on your shoulder blades, that you should think of flying after Amy Wilford."

George spent another fortnight at the Orange Memorial Hospital. The time passed slowly for all Miss Shearer's attention, the doctor's daily round, Aunt Betsey's visits, and calls from Charlie Carlyle and a score of good fellows from the Oranges who had learned to like him, and were themselves an extremely likable set. Then he returned to his city home.

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CHAPTER VII.

George sat one night before his library fire, seeing all sorts of things in the blaze. Among the fantasies that flashed there was one of a very sweet face, and about it, like the nimbus about the head of a madonna, the white cap of a hospital nurse. Now and then, by way of severe contrast, he studied his father's portrait over the mantel. It was somewhat hard, slightly sinister, yet with an amiable play of the lips that George remembered to have seen in life on several occasions, chiefly when he had made a prosperous venture in some speculation. George thought that the artist must have watched his father a great many hours in the office, in order to catch that very rare and evanescent expression.

He rang for Tom.

"Tom, you've been a good many years in our family. Sit down and let us talk of old times."

"Yes, Mister George, I've been with you mor'n twenty-five year. I was here afore yourself."

"How many years before?"

"Well, it's now gone twenty-four in the house, and five more in the office."

"That's twenty-nine in the family, Tom."

"The office ain't the family, Mister George."

"No, not really; but in father's case there wasn't much difference. His office was his home more than this house was; and home was only another office. It was business, business, always, everywhere business."

"True, Mister George, that was your father's fault; but we've all got our faults."

"Yes, Tom, even you've got one,—that stump of a finger. How did you lose it?"

"And what should I be tellin' that story over again for, Mister George? You've heard it a hundred times."

"Well, you used to tell it to me often when I was a boy, and I want to hear it just for the sake of old times, Tom."

"For the long gone time's sake? Then I'll have to tell it. You see, Mister George, I've told you often how I was in the service."

"What service, Tom?"

"The English service."

"Pretty hard service, wasn't it?"

"'Deed it were, Mister George, I never want to see a harder. You see an officer, he got mad at something and ——"

"An officer? What sort of an officer?"

"An officer of the guards, Mister George."

"Where was it?"

"At Gibraltar, sir. But you know the story as well as I do. And they are wantin' me down stairs."

"No, your bell didn't ring, Tom. It was Maggie's. What were you doing at Gibraltar?"

"Workin' on the fortifications. You see, Gibraltar isn't much of a place for room, and ——"

"No, rather a confining place, wasn't it, Tom?"

"'Deed it were, sir," said Tom, casting a quick, searching glance at George's face.

George returned the glance sharply, then studied his father's portrait a moment before he replied.

"Tom, were you ever called Tom Goldie?"

"Tom Goldie! 'Deed Mister George, I wouldn't be callin' meself that. But may's how somebody give me that name, cause I worked for Mr. Goldie. But Mistress Betsey is callin' me, an' she's mighty exactin'."

"No, Aunt Betsey isn't home now. She's gone to prayer-meeting. Tom, do you know William Casey?"

Tom whitened. But George was persistent.

"Who's 290, Tom?"

Tom stared stupidly at his questioner. George went on. "Tom, I'll be frank with you, and I want you to be perfectly frank with me. You can't afford to deceive me. I've been in the Home for Discharged Convicts. I'm a patron of that Institution. I overheard your conversation with William Casey. I know something of your life, enough to force you to tell me the whole of it. You were a convict at Gibraltar; in English service,—yes, penal service. Shot by an officer of the guards—an officer on guard. Escaped with Casey. Don't think I am accusing you, Tom. You've been too good to me for many years for me to peach on you, even if you had been a hard one, as you call it. But I don't believe you ever were a hard one. I believe you are honest, and always have been. But I must know. Is your name Goldie?"

"Well, then, here's plump and fair. My name were Tom Goldie."

"And you have some resemblance to my father. Now, Tom, out with it!"

"Mister George, I've served your father as long as he lived. You've no need of me longer. Don't want me to tell what's past.

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Your father's dead, but no more dead than my past life is. It's gone, as much as my finger's gone, an' it'll do ye no good to know who or what Tom Goldie was. There ain't no Tom Goldie. I've made up me mind to ask you to let me leave you, Mister George. Tom Duffy was well enough in this house; but Tom Goldie 's no business here. He never 'll come here, and 'll never darken your door again." Tom rose as he said it.

"Not a bit of it, my good fellow. You are not going to leave me; and I'm going to have the whole story."

George turned the key in the door, and sat down.

"Come, Tom, I can stand your story, but I can't stand being ignorant of it. Now go on. Who are you?"

There was a long silence. At length Tom began, "I feared it might come to yer knowledge, Mister George, some day; an' I made me plans to disappear before I ever brought any disgrace on you or your father's house. But maybe your suspicions would trouble your mind mor'n the real truth.

"Yer see, it was this ways. The Goldies had a fair name with the country folk around Belfast, until my poor father took too much to drink. He gave me nothin' but me porridge an' a strong likin' for the liquor; and I think the heat of it was in all our blood. Besides, I was never quick with my wits. 'Blunderin' Tom' they always called me in the old country. I could write scarce a bit when I were twenty year, and I never read nothin'. I knew the tavern ways an' the tavern men, an' for a stoup of liquor would hang round them when I ought to been at work. But I was always honest; honest it was, Mister George. I'd say that with a hangman's rope around me neck, and go to God with the word on me lips." The man trembled with the earnestness of his feeling.

"I believe that, Tom," said George, with the tears starting in his eyes at Tom's almost tragic protestation.

"But you see," continued Tom after some hesitation, "you see a crime was committed in Hillhall,—that's near to Belfast, or was —and I was took for it, and sentenced for twelve year at Gibraltar. If you heard me an' Billy Casey talkin', you know what happened there. I ran off an' came to America. It was hard to keep from goin' bad. I had no letters of character to show, and was green at everything; for what could you expect of a man that was a village loafer until twenty, and then a convict for ten years more? I did odd jobs in Boston and New York, stevedorin' mostly, and drinkin' up all I earned. I was awful tempted, but I lived honest with everybody—with everybody but meself. And things went bad. I was often nearly starved. Once I was tempted to rob. You see I was near crazy with hunger, and I knowed just how to get at a man's purse. I had learned that too well from my prison pals at Gib. A man was walkin' down there on the Battery by Castle Garden; an', says I, 'a clip of me fist under the ear an' he will be stunned for awhile; not killed, only stunned.' But I thought I'd pass him, an' look him over. God forgive me! 'Twas a moonlight night; an' that face was like a sweet little face I had left in the old country full twenty-five years afore. 'Twas like me brother's, then only a wee laddie. I followed him, he went to his house in Beekman Street. I found he was Robert Goldie."

Tom buried his face in his hands and sat for a long time in silence which George did not interrupt. He had let his cigar go out, and broken the remnant in his fingers. He lighted a fresh one; and with assumed nonchalence said, "Go on, Tom."

Tom resumed. "I couldn't keep away from him. I went to his place of business, and thought to tell him who I was. But why should I disgrace Robert by asking him to know me? No, I couldn't do it. He says, 'What do you want,' kind o' brisk like, and I says, says I, 'I want a job!' Says he, 'We ain't no jobs—go along.' I couldn't go along. I stood fascinated like, thinkin' over them twenty-five year; and he looked me over, and, says he, kind o' kind like, 'You look hungry, man,' and he gave me something. George, I oughtn't to say it, but I never see Robert Goldie give another poor man anything in all these years since. But he give me something. I know'd what did it. 'Twas blood, George, blood. Then says I, 'I don't want it for nothin'. I'll come round and do chores to-morrow, if you've got any.' He then gave me a porter's place. Your father always took to me from the first. But I don't believe he suspected who I was. Yet sometimes I'd find him lookin' me over, and then he'd have that look o' kindness he's got there in the picture. But if I'd thought he'd any inklin' of what

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I was, I'd 'a run away any time. An' I'm goin' away now, George."

"No, you're not, Tom! The man who has been what you have been to me, I'm going to hold on to."

George plied him with a hundred questions. They sat together until after midnight. As they separated, George said,

"Good night, uncle Tom," and the old man put his broad three-fingered hand upon the young man's shoulder as he said,

"God bless the dear boy! That's the one prayer Tom Duffy's said for twenty year."

CHAPTER VIII.

The revelations of Tom Duffy were undoubtedly annoying to the aristocratic Mr. George Goldie. At first he felt that he had dropped into a lower caste of society. He argued that he ought to feel ashamed. He knew that the world would tell him he should humiliate himself because of his new-found relationship; and up to this moment he had had the faith of a devotee in the world's doctrine. He seemed, however, to have suddenly grown heretical to the opinions of society, and though he tried to repent for his downfall before the altar of caste, he was unable to do so. He couldn't so much as realize a soul blush. He felt that he was no worse a creature than before the revelation came. Indeed he had formerly got so thoroughly into the habit of calling himself a "worthless scallawag," "an impudent, conceited coxcomb," "a selfish millionaire," and of cudgeling himself with all sorts of unhandsome epithets, that the knowledge that Tom shared some of his ancestral blood did not make him shrink any further. He even said in his heart, "Tom is a better man than I would have been. With no temptation to go wrong, I was becoming a sot." He thought God would have forgiven Tom if he had waylaid that man on the Battery, or if he had practiced blackmail on his brother, and so shared his wealth under threat of proclaiming the relationship. God had forgiven old Billy Casey and taken him to heaven. But he couldn't believe that God had forgiven such a hard-hearted man as he himself had been. He got into the habit of going to church. Dr. Titus was a faithful preacher; and though the thunder of his eloquence generally rolled high along the sky, sometimes a bolt of it dropped into the quivering conscience of his listener.

He went once to have a talk with the doctor. He said frankly to his pastor, "Dr. Titus, I am more than interested in the truth you preach. I believe it; but somehow I can't get hold of it."

"That matters little," replied the doctor, "so long as you let it get hold of you."

"It does get hold of me, but not as I would like to have it. I am an outrageous sinner."

"I have not the least doubt of it, George, for all sin is an outrageous thing."

"But I am not merely a general sinner, I am particularly bad."

"I know that, George. Every sinner is particularly bad."

"For years now I have ——"

"Now stop right there, George. Don't think of me as a priest to whom you need make confession. Your sins are your own. Don't tell them to me; don't tell them to anybody on earth. I couldn't lift a shadow of one of them if you told me all. They concern only yourself and God, and God knows about them—and further, He alone knows His own gracious purpose. 'If our hearts condemn us God is greater than our hearts and knows all things.' And there is just one thing to do with our sins: leave them off, and leave the memory of them with God."

"But I would like to tell you. You could help me, Doctor."

"No, I won't let you. God says He will not impute our iniquities to us,—that is, not think of them if we repent. Why should I think about your sins if God does not? And why should you think of them? Drop them out of your practice and out of your mind. I can't help you except by telling you that God will help you. I will not even talk with you about your past life, but if you want to lead a better life we will talk about that. In this great world of sin and suffering there is plenty to do in the way of serving God. We will talk all day about that, if you please. There is so much that you can do. You need a master, The Master."

Dr. Titus held George's hand. The tears came into his eyes. After a few moments' similar talk, they knelt there in the study. The minister prayed, not for George, but for both of them; a prayer of simple contrition and a prayer of consecration—that Christ would make them both ministers of His. George felt when he rose that he had been inducted into a new caste. The old weight had gone. He felt that he could live for

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something better. It was hard to say whether the sense of responsibility or the new sense of delight in meeting such responsibility were the stronger.

The days rolled away. He was planning all sorts of charitable work. But into his plans always came the image of Miss Wilford, a sort of embodied "spirit within the wheels" of every enterprise. She was to him what a patron saint is to a Roman Catholic. She could help him. He would go to her shrine. So George Goldie sought her out in her mother's home—with a purely disinterested purpose of course, so he said to himself—only to get practical hints on charitable work. Mrs. Wilford occupied a flat between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, four stories up. It was scrupulously neat, and exceedingly cozy. It struck George as an ideal "sky-parlor." He was sure there was no room in his mansion to compare with it. But a closer inspection showed that it was very cheaply furnished. A fine French clock was doubtless a relic of better times. A rare oil painting of a handsome old man over the clock was probably Mrs. Wilford's father, Mr. Silas Martin, of whom Doctor Percival had told him. A fine microscope, and a small case of choice books—chiefly medical—were a reminder of Dr. Wilford. But a hundred dollars could have bought all the rest of the furniture—if one might except a superb etching with Dr. Percival's card adorning the corner of the frame, and a portiére of cheap material enriched with hand-embroidery in which Mrs. Wilford's taste and industry were displayed.

Miss Wilford received him cordially, but with an apology, saying that their interview must be short owing to an engagement.

It would only be truthful to acknowledge that George was a little piqued at this. He had been accustomed to find young ladies quite ready to adapt their time to his convenience; and to find them somewhat overcome by the sense of honor his calls bestowed upon them. But his reverence for Miss Wilford as a sort of superior being almost instantly allayed all feeling of resentment. Yet the feeling revived again when an incidental remark revealed the fact that she had neither professional nor society engagement for the hour, but only that, at the Forty-second Street Hospital, a crippled boy might be disappointed if she did not make her usual weekly visit to him. The little fellow was one of the charity patients. She had picked him up in some tenement house and secured his admission to the hospital. So George's bad feeling subsided again. What was he to Miss Wilford that he should defraud the suffering child of such comfort as her visit must be! He could wish he were himself a crippled child, to have such a visitor. And how he would hate the man, especially if the man were some rich swell, who should try to keep Miss Wilford away from her crippled friend, and make her waste her sweetness on his gloved and scented rival.

George asked the privilege of accompanying Miss Wilford to the hospital. She politely declined to take his time, but he so adroitly manifested his interest in the poor child and in the treatment of little cripples in that worthy institution, that they found themselves walking there together.

Of course George would like to look through the wards. He was talking with the nurse in charge of one of them, when there was a sudden flurry in one of the cots, much like that in a birds' nest when the mother bird has come back from a successful foraging expedition. In an instant two tiny hands and thin white arms were around Miss Wilford's neck, and a very pale and pinched little face pressed close to hers, as she bent over the cot.

"Oh! Mamma Wilfry! I 's so 'fraid you wouldn't come."

"Come? you darling child, what would keep me away when I knew you were waiting for me."

George felt like a monster.

"But, Mamma Wilfry. Is it true every times what you tells me?"

"Why do you ask that, my dear?"

"'Cos you said me 'ud get well."

"I meant if God wanted you to."

"But you didn't say that, Mamma Wilfry. You just said me get well."

"You will, darling, if not here, in heaven."

"But you didn't say that, Mamma Wilfry. You just said me get well, and I say, 'O Lord Jesus, make Mamma Wilfry say the troof'; an I—I—I jes put my foot right out of bed."

"What! by yourself?"

"Yes, God an' me—we did it, Mamma Wilfry."

Miss Wilford questioned the nurse, and to her astonishment learned that the child, under the impulse of the strong faith her words had given him, had actually moved his

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limb—which the best surgeons had declared to be hopelessly paralyzed.

Miss Wilford knelt down by the cot. She clasped the little fellow in her arms and burst into tears. George turned away, but not until he had heard her words,—

"O God, I thank Thee!"

The writer of this story cannot tell what George Goldie thought of this. It is most probable that he did not think at all. His purely intellectual powers were held in solution of intense feeling. He was awe-stricken and could have worshiped with the cot for his altar and the kneeling figure for a heaven-sent priest. When he began to think it was not about the scene he had witnessed, but about the Christ who took the hand of the dead maiden and bade her arise. But there was no outward indication of his emotion, except that he drummed with his fingers on the window-pane, and stared stupidly at the iron rafters of the Elevated Railroad that came across his line of vision, without seeing them at all, while tears filled his eyes.

A moment or two later Miss Wilford approached to thank George for his interest in visiting the hospital, and to bid him good day, as she must remain longer than she supposed to gratify her young protégé.

"Miss Wilford, may I call again upon you?"

She colored slightly. "You are always welcome, if I can be of any help to you in any charitable project, Mr. Goldie."

"I have a charitable project which greatly interests me. Will you allow me to explain it to you?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Any evening, Mr. Goldie."

"To-night?"

"Yes. I shall be so much engaged after a few days that I would better say this evening. I am so glad that you are thinking of poor wretched people. The world has so many—and you could do so much for them."

"My scheme is very practical," replied he, "and I shall need your sympathy and help."

George was never more punctual in meeting an engagement. Mrs. Wilford had already gone to spend an hour with a little club of cash-girls a neighbor had organized, and which Mrs. Wilford was fond of entertaining with what she called "lecturettes" upon all sorts of practical matters that concern a girl's life. George was seemingly ill at ease. His great project made him, perhaps, top-heavy. It was only after several questions from his fair hostess that he could be brought to a statement of it.

"Are you very patient, Miss Wilford?"

"Very."

"Can you promise not to think the less of me if you don't like my scheme?"

"Certainly, the best of schemes are full of faults at the start; but if they have a practical purpose, they can generally be put into practical shape."

"My scheme is intensely practical."

"And is not too wide, I hope. I am suspicious of plans that aim at too much. Better begin with one poor body, than with a million."

"Just my idea, Miss Wilford. We agree in aim; but I am afraid you will think me a great blunderer, if not an intruder with my method."

"I assure you I shall not. Even if you want to help only one person, I promise you my full sympathy."

"Thank you for saying that, for I want to begin with one wretched bit of humanity; and that object of charity, Miss Wilford, is myself."

"But, Mr. Goldie, you are not ——"

"Pardon me, you promised to patiently hear me. I am in need of what nobody but you can give me. You saved my physical life in the Orange Hospital—you need not look amazed, for Dr. Percival told me so much—and you have given me a start on a healthier soul-life—so much by your example. But the process can be complete only by personal care. Miss Wilford, will you take me again under treatment, only non-professionally?"

For the first time in all his unruly ways as her patient, George had succeeded in disturbing Miss Wilford's equanimity. She was now evidently confused. She looked steadily at the floor, as if she longed to have it open at her feet and allow her to escape. But even this evident shock did not make a long perturbation. She was like a well managed yacht that careens heavily in going about, but comes up finely to the wind. After a moment she looked George frankly in the face.

"Mr. Goldie, you have honored me greatly. I cannot even try to conceal the fact that I feel it. I have learned to respect you so highly that I shall always treasure your

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kindly regard. I would not be a true woman if I did not say so much. But—but—"

George would have taken her hand, but she courteously withdrew it—as she completed her sentence. "More than friendship would be impossible between us."

"Not impossible! Tell me frankly is there any obstacle? Do you—are you—have you any—"

George did not complete his sentence. He felt that he was really asking an impudent question; and that he was provoking an answer that would be fatal to his hopes.

Miss Wilford relieved him. "Perhaps I understand your query, and as you have asked frankness, I give it. No, there is no obstacle except in my own mind. But I think that insuperable."

"Are you sure you could not endure me,—that I would make you unhappy? If I can do anything to win a good woman's love, tell me what it is, and I will do it."

"Let us say no more about it, Mr. Goldie. Our lives have been so different—our conditions—our tastes—everything leads us in opposite ways. You could never endure in my life what I regard as a sacred duty to follow—and I could not enter your sphere. Pray say no more." She rose and offered her hand with exceeding kindliness but with evident reserve. Yet George held it.

"One word more, Miss Wilford. If I know my own heart I admire in you just that which you imagine I would dislike. And why could you not enter my sphere? It is not higher than yours. I look up to yours as above mine—almost infinitely above mine. I am ambitious to rise to yours. You yourself have taught me that ambition. Why forbid what you have really commanded and inspired in me?"

"That is pure sentiment, Mr. Goldie. I am a poor girl—content to be such—you are rich. I regard you too highly to allow you to make what society would call a misalliance."

"Is there nothing but that?"

"That is enough."

Now George was tempted to win by *coup de main*. "That!" only "that!" It wouldn't stand against his passion an hour. But he revered the noble woman too much to press so violently against her judgment.

"For once, Miss Wilford, I must dispute you. It is not enough. You do not regard the accident of wealth as signifying anything. I know you do not. Your utter indifference to those who possess it shows that money-caste never impressed you a shadow's weight. You do not look up to such people; nor do you care a straw whether a man is rich or not. I protest against your making an exception in my case. If I thought that were your only objection, I would throw my money into the North River, unless you would let me put it into your pocket. And that I will do, if you will permit. I will use the Episcopal service and say now, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

"Oh, that would be to buy me," said Miss Wilford, utterly changing her manner, and bursting out with a merry laugh. "You said you came to talk of some charity, Mr. Goldie. I will readily help such objects; but I decline to make you an object of charity—that would be cruel. But I really forgot, Mr. Goldie that I had another engagement for to-night. My mother made me promise to meet her at the cash-girls' entertainment at nine o'clock precisely and bring her home."

"I will accompany you."

"That will be pleasant—only you must not speak again of this subject."

CHAPTER IX.

George left Miss Wilford at the neighbor's door and returned to his home on Fifth Avenue. He accused himself of awfully bungling the whole matter. But he always acted like a goose in dealing with women. Who could understand them? He passed the Elston mansion and could not help stopping to recall just how it was he was once caught in the insane act of offering incense to such an idol. He looked at the elegant brownstone, and then thought of the little flat he had just left. He thought of a gilded cage with a stuffed bird glued to a perch; and then of a bird which was also a nightingale and changed into an angel. He thought of Dr. Titus' doctrine of election, and thought he saw proof of it in the difference between the two women; one was the elect of God; for no human being ever became so pure and unselfish and noble by any natural development. "Partaker of the Divine nature." The words never had any significance to him before, but now he saw a radiant meaning in them. He thought he could understand something of the Christ-spirit. If Miss Wil-

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ford persisted in refusing him he wouldn't believe she did not regard him—and with that thought he could live a braver, purer life, even if he lived it alone. Then as he walked on he thought of the scene by the little cripple's cot, and he looked up toward the star-bright sky and said, "I thank Thee, O God." He was strong—so strong that he could have a talk with Tom. A matter troubled him. He had been too proud, or too cowardly to refer to it heretofore.

On going to his own room he made Tom come in.

"Uncle Tom!"

"George, promise never to call me that agin. You oughtn't to have knowed it. But knowin' it's enough. Don't say it."

"Well then, Tom, as of old, if you will have it so; but remember it's you that are ashamed of having me for your nephew, and not I that am ashamed of you. Now, Tom, I want to talk with you of that robbery William Casey spoke about when I overheard you. Do you remember when he said the man who put up the job looked like you, you colored up—at least Casey said, 'Don't color up so.' Did you know anything about that?"

"'Deed, George, I know'd nothin' about that. If I was on the witness stand, with an oath to tell all I knew, I couldn't swear that I knew anythin'."

"But you remember the case?"

"Oh, yes. The town talked about it."

"Have you any suspicions, Tom, about who it was that looked like you?"

"What business have we with suspicions, George Goldie? I was suspicioned once, and sent to Gibraltar, though innocent. I'll suspicion nobody. Don't do it, George. What we know that's bad is enough. Don't suspicion nobody, I say."

But Tom's face was red to the top of his bald scalp.

"Tom, I have no suspicions, but an awful thought comes sometimes. I want you to clear it up."

"'Deed, George, I can't clear it up. I couldn't at the time."

"Oh! It troubled you, too. Then, Tom, we must talk it down to the bottom. It's awful—awful—but we must do it. Tom, you say you couldn't swear that you knew anything about it, but you didn't say that you could swear you knew nothing about it."

"George, George, why did you listen to us fools, Billy Casey and me, talk? We'd better a buried oursel's in the ground than to let you hear. But may 's how it will be better to tell you all. I know'd nothin' about the robbery of the old gentleman 'cept what everybody was sayin', and what was told on the trial of Billy Casey, and that one day your father—but I've no business sayin' it at all, George."

"Tom, we've got to go to the bottom of this matter. God forgive me! It may be I can do something to make things right, if there has been wrong."

"Well, God forgive us, as you say, George. And as I was sayin', one day your father says to me, says he, 'Tom Duffy I want you to go to Closkie's pawn shop and get a package.' Then says he, 'You see Duffy, a friend of mine was on a spree some time ago, and he put some things up spout there, and he's ashamed to go for them himself, and I promised I'd get them. Just run round there and say you want package 29, and give Closkie this bit of paper.'

"So I went an' I give Closkie the bit of paper, and as he opened it a bill of one thousand dollars fell on to the counter. I knew it at a glance, for I'd seen such things in the office. And Closkie, afore he give me the package, he went to the door and looked up and down the street; then he come back an' he says, with a wink, 'You'd better go out the back way,' and showed me through a heap of rubbish to a alley that brought me out on another street. I took the package to the office. I never saw your father so anxious about anythin' as that 'ere bundle. He asked lots of questions about what Closkie said, and who was in there, and which way I came. Then he went to his back office and didn't come out until more'n an hour after his usual time for goin' home. He was awful pale and nervous, and I thought he had been sick. Well, on the trial it came out that the old gentleman what was robbed, had done some business with Goldie and Co. an' had been there two days afore. But nothin' was made of that 'cept that Mr. Goldie had advised him to remove his bonds from the bank to a new Safety Deposit Co. on Broadway, going where he was robbed."

"Did you know anything about my father's business at the time, Tom?"

"No, 'cept that from talk in the office I thought he was hard pushed. He had been speculatin' with somebody who had caught

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him short. I heard that man threaten to blow him higher than a kite if he didn't fix things up in ten days. And it must a been fixed, for the man and he were good friends right afterward. But, George, let's stop talkin'. You an' I don't know nothin' about it. I never want to think about it again, nor ever to hear the name of old Silas Martin."

"Silas Martin! Silas Martin!" cried George, "who is he?"

"Why, the old man what was robbed." There was a long pause, then George said, "Well, good night, Tom. Let's never speak of this again."

"Never will I," said Tom.

CHAPTER X.

A full week passed before George Goldie called again upon Miss Wilford. Then he went at first only to the house, stood a moment at the stoop, then turned away and took a good hour's walk before he ventured to go back and ring the bell.

Miss Wilford received him very cordially, but with a strangeness of manner. They talked of a dozen subjects; but evidently she was as little interested in them as he was. At length he said,

"Miss Wilford, you forbade me to speak of a certain matter. Yet I must disobey you for once. Is that obstacle unsurmountable?"

"I was honest when I said it."

"You are always honest. Yet we sometimes change our mind. Perhaps I can tell you something that will make you think more of me. I am not so rich a man as I was a week ago; not nearly so gilded an aristocrat. Some of that horrid wealth that came between us has taken wings."

"Why, my dear Mr. Goldie, what can have happened? You have not lost a great deal, I hope?"

"Yes, heavily. I have parted with so much that unless something else happens I shall probably sell my place on Fifth Avenue and go elsewhere, out into the country, perhaps, or maybe out of the country."

He looked so woe-begone that he must have excited all Miss Wilford's charity. She took his hand.

"I assure you of my real sympathy, my dear friend."

"That sympathy repays me, my dear Miss Wilford. And if that horrid obstacle between us would all go, I could rejoice in my loss. But it is selfish now for me to press my——"

Her sympathy must have been real, for the fair woman was in tears.

George must have thought it was his duty to comfort her, for he held her hand until she said,

"Then the obstacle has gone."

Now the thing for George to have done at such a moment, if the records of love-making are correct, would have been to take her to his arms; but he did no such thing. He was stricken with a sense that he was unworthy to embrace one who was so noble. He looked into her eyes to worship as from afar. He kissed the hand he held. And that kiss! What strange potency there is in one kiss! It emboldened him, it thrilled him. He lost all sense of decorum, as a worshiper of his goddess, and committed the awful sacrilege of immediately laying his offering upon her lips. And, well!——

Perhaps an hour passed; perhaps only five minutes. George never knew which, when Amy Wilford said,

"My dear Mr. Goldie, you—"

"Pardon me, my dear Amy, but don't say Goldie. My gold has so diminished that I think plain George would be better, don't you?"

"Well, then, my dear plain George, I have not told you my story. A strange thing has happened. Years ago my grandfather—that's his portrait over the mantel, was a rich man. He lost everything; was robbed. Yesterday a tin box came addressed to mother. On opening it, it was found to contain, I can't say how many government bonds, more than I ever saw before, and a note. But let me get it."

She was gone some time. George could hear conversation in the adjoining room. The only words which he could fully catch were,—"Well, you are your own judge my child! God bless you! If I only thought he was worthy of you, my darling!"

She returned with a type-written letter, which George read.

To Mrs. Wilford:

The accompanying bonds, or the value of them, belonged to your father. They are returned to you by one whose conscience will not allow him to deprive you of your rightful inheritance.

"Strange!" said George, "very strange!"

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"Do you remember, my dear," said Dr. Titus as they came in from the wedding, "do you remember that I wished for the Episcopal Burial Service at Mr. Robert Goldie's funeral, so that I need make no address? Well, I was glad not to have the Episcopal Wedding Service to-day."

"Why?" said Mrs. Titus, "the Wedding Service is very beautiful, when read and not mumbled."

"So it is," replied her husband, "but with that I couldn't have prayed as I liked. And I never wanted to thank the Lord and ask Him to bless a couple as I did to-day. I couldn't have thought about Isaac and Rebecca, if I had tried, but only of George Goldie and Amy Wilford. What a fine looking woman she is! I never saw a more soulful, helpful face, or a sweeter dignity in a bride since—since you and I were married."

"Who was that fine looking gentleman, who seemed as happy as if he were being married himself?" she asked.

"Oh! that was Dr. Percival of Orange; a guardian or something of Miss Wilford."

"And that little child?"

"That was one of Miss Wilford's protégés. One of her fancies."

"And did you notice that Tom Duffy, Goldie's butler, was there as one of the guests? Wasn't it strange?"

"Yes, but that was one of George's fancies."

"Ah, here's a bit of sensational news," said the Doctor, running his eye over the evening paper.

Tragedy at Monte Carlo. The Italian Count Ricardo blew his brains out, having lost heavily at the tables. Unable to obtain title to the estates he claimed, he had sought to retrieve his fortunes in one desperate chance. Mr. John Elston has been cabled, and starts on to-morrow's steamer to bring his daughter, the Countess Ricardo, to her home in New York.

(*The end.*)

SECRETS.

BY W. H. A. MOORE.

COULD waters speak as flows the tide,
Methinks I'd hear
The secrets of the elves who dwell
On leafy banks in shady dell,
And sound wild Mischief's laughing bell
To startle Love's sweet dreaming pride
To doubt and fear.

Could blushing morn her story tell,
Methinks I'd know
Just where coy Rest doth hide her face
When bright, brave Day must take the place
Of Night's calm sway, and Light doth chase
From earth, loved Sleep's bewitching spell
And bids her go.

And Truth—what story could'st record
Of me and mine?
Can'st speak to me my thought of Night?
Could'st tell me of the longing sight
I turn to Sin's deceiving light?
No, no, I've done! Thy strength, thy word
Is life divine.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH. D.

ACCORDING to its constitution the objects of the society whose name is at the head of this article are "by periodical and migratory meetings, to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of America, to give a stronger and more general impulse and more systematic direction to scientific research, and to procure for the labors of scientific men increased facilities and a wider usefulness." An election to the National Academy of Sciences or to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences is regarded as a higher honor; the Agassiz Association has a larger number of members but chiefly among younger persons; and the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Chemical Society, and the American Microscopical Society are organizations of importance, but their membership is restricted to those interested in pursuing the specialties described in their names, so that the American Association, being more liberal in its qualifications for membership, is the largest body of its kind and easily the foremost scientific society in the United States.

Its history is honorable, and its beginning dates back to 1840 when on April 2, in the rooms of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Lewis C. Beck, James C. Booth, Martin H. Boye, Timothy A. Conrad, Ebenezer Emmons, James Hall, C. B. Hayden, Edward Hitchcock, Douglas Houghton, Bela Hubbard, Walter R. Johnson, William W. Mather, Alexander McKinley, Henry D. Rogers, Robert G. Rogers, Richard C. Taylor, Charles B. Trego, and Lardner Vanuxem met together and resolved to form an Association of American Geologists. Of the scientific societies then in existence, five only have survived to the present time. They are the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia (1769), the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston (1780), the Connecticut Academy of Sciences of New Haven (1799), the New York Academy of Sciences (1817), and the Maryland Academy of Sciences of Baltimore (1822). According to Prof. G. Brown Goode the new organization was "essentially a revival and continuation of the old American Geological Society, organized September 6, 1819, in the Philosophical Room of Yale College, and in its day a most important body." If we accept this as its origin then the American Association is now the fifth oldest scientific body in the United States.

At the first meeting in 1840 Edward Hitchcock, State Geologist of Massachusetts and long president of Amherst College, was chosen chairman, and Lewis C. Beck, Mineralogist of the New York Geological Survey, secretary. No papers of importance appear to have been read at this meeting, although mineralogical and geological specimens were exhibited and informal discussions on scientific matters were indulged in.

The second meeting of the Association was held in April, 1841, in Philadelphia, and over its deliberations Benjamin Silliman of Yale College was called to preside. Papers were read on this occasion and the first, concerning which notice is given in the minutes of the meeting, is "On the Geology of Some Parts of the United States West of the Allegheny Mountains," by Dr. John Locke, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Among the interesting items of this gathering is the notice of the adjournment at 12 o'clock on April 7, 1841, "as a mark of respect to the memory of General Harrison, late President of the United States," whose funeral took place at that hour.

In 1842 the third meeting of the organization was held. At this time it convened in Boston, and Samuel G. Morton, a famous physician of Philadelphia, who devoted much attention to geology, was the chairman. On this occasion a constitution was adopted in which the name appears as the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists. No regular dues were required of the members, but it was provided that "the expenses of each meeting shall be defrayed by an equal assessment of the members present."

At the first meeting the chairman was requested to open the following meeting with an address, and that presented by Professor Hitchcock at the second Philadelphia meeting was an account of what had been accom-

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plished in American geology and of this discourse five hundred copies were ordered to be printed. In this manner the practice of presenting addresses by the retiring president at the meeting subsequent to the one over which he presided, came into existence.

Meanwhile the Association had grown. The twenty-two members who formed the organization at the end of the first meeting were increased by twenty-one at the second gathering and by thirty-four at the Boston meeting, so that the total membership in 1842 was seventy-seven. Of the original members, James Hall, the venerable State Geologist of New York, is the only surviving representative still belonging to the Association.

From 1843 till 1847 the meetings were held in Albany, Washington, New Haven, New York, and Boston and the significant asterisk is placed opposite all the names of the officers who took part at those gatherings with the single exception of that of Oliver P. Hubbard, who was one of the secretaries in 1844. Professor Hubbard was a son-in-law of the elder Silliman and now resides in New York City.

In 1847 the influence of the Association had become so great that it was decided to enlarge its scope and permit all who were interested in science to become members. It followed the plan of a similar organization in Great Britain and assumed the title of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Under the new name its first meeting was held in Philadelphia, and there William B. Rogers, whose name stands at the head of the list of past presidents of the Association, resigned the chair to William C. Redfield of New York, well known for his researches in paleontology and meteorology, the latter especially giving him rank as one of the first to devote special attention to that science in this country.

The new constitution provided that the Association might divide itself into as many sections as should be considered necessary, and two, that in time became known as section A, devoted to mathematics and astronomy, including mathematics, astronomy, physics, physics of the globe, chemistry, and meteorology; and section B, devoted to natural history, including geology, paleontology, geography, and physiology were organized at the Philadelphia meeting with Joseph Henry as chairman of the former and Louis Agassiz as chairman of the latter. After several meetings a third section, known as section C, devoted to mechanical science, was formed.

The first volume of the annual proceedings was published in 1849, and contains the addresses delivered and abstracts of the papers. It is a slender octavo volume of 156 pages, and it shows the membership of the Association to be 461.

The second meeting was held in Cambridge, Mass., in August, 1849, with Joseph Henry as its president. Then followed a spring meeting held in Charleston, S. C., in March, 1850, at which Alexander D. Bache presided, who likewise acted in a similar capacity at the summer meeting held in New Haven, Conn., in August, 1850, and again at the meeting held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in May, 1851. The summer meeting of 1851 was held in Albany during August, and Louis Agassiz presided; but two meetings a year proved unsatisfactory and no further gathering was held until July, 1853, when the Association met in Cleveland, Ohio, under the presidency of Benjamin Pierce. The membership had meanwhile steadily increased and it had reached upward of six hundred.

In 1854 James D. Dana, now the oldest surviving past president, had charge of the meeting convened at Washington, D. C., and in 1855 John Torrey, the distinguished botanist, was president of the meeting held in Providence, R. I. The Association then met for a second time in Albany, N. Y., under the presidency of James Hall, who still lives. At this meeting the Dudley Observatory was opened with imposing ceremonies. In 1857 a meeting was held in Montreal, Canada, with Alexis Crowell as its executive officer, who also presided in place of Jeffries Wyman at the Baltimore meeting in 1858. The last two years seem to have marked the high tide of prosperity in the earlier history of the Association, for the membership in 1857 was 1,014 and in 1858, 1,034. In the former year the Association had grown so large that it became necessary to add a vice-president to the regular list of officers.

The meeting in 1859 was held in Springfield, Mass., with Stephen Alexander, the astronomer of Princeton College, as president, and in 1860 a gathering was held in Newport, R. I., with Isaac Lea, the conchologist, in the chair. The membership had

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fallen to 726 and it was decided to meet during 1861 in the South under the presidency of Frederick A. P. Barnard, then president of the University of Mississippi, and later of Columbia College, but the Civil War began in April and no meetings were held until 1866, when the Association met in Buffalo, N. Y.

Subsequently meetings were held in Burlington, Vt., under the presidency of John S. Newberry, one of America's foremost geologists, then in Chicago, Ill., with Benjamin A. Gould, the greatest of our living astronomers, as its president, after which it met in Salem, Mass., with John W. Foster, whose researches on the geology of Michigan made him famous, as the presiding officer. In 1870 it met in Troy, N. Y., under the charge of T. Sterry Hunt, whose studies in chemistry have given him a high rank, then in Indianapolis, Ind., with Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, as its leader, next in Dubuque, Iowa, under the presidency of J. Lawrence Smith, whose specialty was mineral chemistry, and then in Portland, Me., with Joseph Lovering, the venerable physicist of Cambridge, as its president.

The Association had by this time become sufficiently permanent to be incorporated, and by an act of the Massachusetts legislature, approved by the governor on March 10, 1874, this action was consummated. Among the changes which followed this act was the creation of two vice-presidents to preside over sections A and B, and the establishment of a permanent sub-section C on chemistry, a sub-section D on anthropology, and a sub-section E on microscopy, each of which was provided with an independent chairman. The vice-presidents and the chairmen of the permanent sub-sections followed the customs of the president, and delivered retiring addresses before the sections over which they had been chosen to preside.

The last meeting held under the auspices of the old constitution was in Hartford, Conn., under the presidency of John L. Le Conte, the great entomologist. The annual proceedings for that year show that the membership had again begun to increase and there were 722 names on the roll. In 1875 the Association met in Detroit, Mich., with Julius E. Hilgard, who subsequently became superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, as its president.

During the centennial year the association gathered for a second time in Buffalo, N. Y., under the presidency for the third time of William B. Rogers, and in 1877 Simon Newcomb, so eminent for his astronomical researches as to merit the title of "Astronomer Royal of the United States," directed the meeting held in Nashville, Tennessee.

In following years meetings were held in succession in St. Louis, Mo., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Boston, Mass. At the latter meeting a further change in the constitution was recommended, involving the reconstruction of the Association into nine permanent sections each of which should meet independently of the others and have its own vice-president. This change was adopted at a subsequent meeting and the sections became as follows: A, Mathematics and Astronomy; B, Physics; C, Chemistry; D, Mechanical Science; E, Geology and Geography; F, Biology; G, Histology and Microscopy (since permanently merged into F); H, Anthropology; and I, Economic Science and Statistics.

During the decade between 1880 and 1890, the Association met in Cincinnati, Ohio (for a second time); Montreal, Canada (for a second time); Minneapolis, Minnesota; Philadelphia, Penna. (for a second time); Ann Arbor, Michigan; Buffalo, New York (for a third time); New York City; Cleveland, Ohio (for a second time); Toronto, Canada; and Indianapolis, Indiana. The membership in 1880 was given as 1,555 and in the volume for 1890 is placed at 2,043.

The forthcoming meeting will be held during the last week in August in Washington, and for that occasion the following is the list of officers: President, Albert B. Prescott; Vice-Presidents, Section A, Edward W. Hyde; B, Francis E. Nipper; C, Robert C. Kedzie; D, Thomas Gray; E, John J. Stevenson; F, John M. Coulter; H, Joseph Jestrow; I, Edmund J. James; Permanent Secretary, Frederick W. Putnam; General Secretary, Harvey W. Wiley; and Treasurer, William Lilly.

Any attempt at a description of the papers read at the various meetings of the Association is naturally impossible within the space of an article like this. However, a complete record of them is kept and thus far they aggregate in number about 5,000. It will be quite sufficient for our purpose to say that many, if not most, of the prominent discoveries by American scientists were first announced at the meetings of this body.

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These papers must first be submitted in abstract to the council and then, if passed, are read before the respective sections to which the author desires to present them. Subsequently they are published in full or by title in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," which are issued annually under the supervision of the permanent secretary. They are octavo as to size and since 1880 have varied in length from 466 pages to 875 pages, so that 600 pages is a fair average. There is also a series of memoirs published by the Association and of these the only one issued thus far is a magnificently illustrated quarto on "Fossil Butterflies" (1875) by Samuel H. Scudder. During the meetings a daily program is published containing information for the members, a list of the papers to be read, names of members elected, facts about the excursions, and other similar information.

The Association has four grades of membership: First, members, who are elected on the recommendation of two members; second, fellows, who are elected by the standing committee, and are members who are professionally engaged in scientific work, and it is from these alone that the officers may be chosen; third, honorary fellows, who are distinguished representatives of science, and are given all of the privileges of the Association except the payment of dues. William B. Rogers, who may be termed the father of technical education in this country; Michel Eugène Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist; Friederic A. Genth, famous for his researches in mineral chemistry; and James Hall, the venerable state geologist of New York, are the only persons who thus far have been chosen to this grade; and lastly, patrons, who acquire their title on payment of $1,000 or more to the Association. Of this class there are three: Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Gen. William Lilly, and Mrs. Esther Herrman.

It is obvious that no mention can be made of the many distinguished scientists who have been members of the Association, but a brief extract from President Barnard's welcoming address to the members at the meeting held in New York in 1887 will show something of their character. He said: "It was your Gilliss who created our National Observatory; your Davis who founded the American Nautical Ephemeris; your Mitchel who left so brilliant a mark upon American astronomy; your Watson who gathered up a score or more of eccentric celestial stragglers of the anomalous group of so-called planetoids; your Hare who began that course of electrical investigation which Faraday and Henry later carried out, who invented the calorimeter and the deflagrator, and gave us the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, a source of heat which enabled the French chemists later to forge into a single ingot a mass of platinum weighing not less than a quarter of a ton. Nor should I pass in silence the versatile Silliman, the omniscient Rogers, the astute Caswell, nor Hitchcock, the paleontologist and discoverer of the great ornithichnites of the Connecticut River sandstones, nor Lea, the naturalist, nor Guyot the famous orographer, nor Chauvenet, the mathematician and astronomer, nor Lawrence Smith, the mineralogist, nor Wyman, the biologist and physiologist, nor a a host of others no less worthy."

From members it is easy to pass to the finances of the Association. It is free from debt and owns property. A research fund has been established and all life membership payments are transferred to this fund on the death of the member. It now amounts to upward of $5,000 and the Association makes annual grants of money aggregating several hundreds of dollars in sums of $50 and upward to members engaged in special investigations requiring funds which they are unable to advance. Thus at Toronto in 1889 Prof. Edward W. Morley was granted the sum of $150 in aid of his measurements "On the Velocity of Light in a Strong Magnetic Field."

In conjunction with the American Association, several distinctive organizations have been formed that meet at the same time and which are composed entirely of members of the parent body. Among these is the Botanical Club which includes those specially interested in studying the flora of the locality where the meeting is held. It is customary for the local botanists to arrange a series of excursions for this club, thus enabling its members to study what is characteristic of that vicinity. At the time of the New York meeting the Torrey Botanical Club arranged for an excursion to Sandy Hook for the purpose of examining the seaside flora.

The Entomological Club of the A. A. A. S. is a similar organization to the foregoing except that its specialty is insect life. It meets usually on the day previous to the general

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meeting of the Association and arrangements are then made for field excursions. The Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science consists of members connected with Experiment Stations and other agricultural works. They meet regularly each year at a convenient time, and discuss papers which are of special interest to them. This society was organized in 1880 at the Boston meeting. The American Geological Society came into existence at one of the recent meetings of the American Association. It usually holds two meetings each year, one of which is in conjunction with the American Association. In 1889 at Toronto, efforts were made to establish a National Chemical Society and committees appointed to consider the feasibility of such an action have since met at the Indianapolis meeting of 1890 and will again meet at the forthcoming meeting to be held during August.

No features of the meeting of the Association have greater value perhaps than the excursions. It is on these occasions that the members have an opportunity of cultivating the social relations which are so desirable. Likewise they afford means of visiting technical works not usually accessible. At the St. Louis meeting in 1878 a special train conveyed the members to the great iron mines at Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain, and a day was spent in visiting these enormous deposits, as well as the adjoining reduction works. Last year at the Indianapolis meeting an extensive trip was arranged permitting the members to visit the immense gas territory of Indiana. At Anderson a magnificent display of the gas was given at night which included beautiful and fantastic features by the introduction of a gas main under the river.

Other excursions to visit special places of resort or to those of scenic importance are usually provided for by the local committee; thus at the Toronto meeting the members were enabled to cross Lake Ontario and visit Niagara Falls, spending a day in the Queen Victoria Park, and at the Cincinnati meeting an excursion was arranged to Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, and also one to the Mammoth Cave. The memory of these excursions is often perhaps the pleasantest experience of the meeting, for even the Association, venerable as it is, has its romances and doubtless more than one of the younger members has found his fate in the daughter of an older scientist.

The object of the American Association was stated at the beginning of this article. What it has done toward the fulfilment of this purpose has been told by Prof. John S. Newberry in the following words: "The Association is the great promoter of science in the United States. Its influence has been incalculable. It has met in all the principal cities, East and West, and has left behind it an influence which has been powerful and permanent. Schools, colleges, geological surveys have sprung up in its track as the flowers bloom in the path of spring."

WHAT SHALL THE BOY TAKE HOLD OF?

BY THEODORE TEMPLE.

THAT is a question which is sure to come up in every household where there are boys, and more especially boys who must make their own way in the world. When Horace Greeley was in his early boyhood on his father's bleak and rather sterile farm in New Hampshire, he answered the question for himself by determining to become a printer. When he was old enough to get into a Vermont printing office he carried out his resolution. His inclination was an indication of natural fitness, undoubtedly, but it was also due to his absorbing interest in a weekly paper taken by his father. When John Ericsson was a mite of a boy in the Swedish mining village of his birth he exhibited tastes and aptitudes which unmistakably pointed out his future career to his observing father. He was made to be a great engineer, and his genius showed itself conspicuously almost before he was out of his baby frocks. So also have many other boys discovered a bent for some particular calling so strong that circumstances could not divert them from it. The true path was laid out for them so plainly by the very constitution of their minds that they could not easily err.

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But the vast majority of people must take the paths which open most readily to them, and they have not this compelling power of a special and decided aptitude or genius. So far as they know, they might do as well in one occupation as another. Young people, too, are apt to change in their preferences as to what they would like to undertake. A great part of the youth who go to college, for instance, are apt to be more certain about this matter when they enter than when they have gone on further in their course. They don't know their own minds. They wait for something to turn up. What they are to be and how they are to develop are questions that puzzle both themselves and their parents. The future is dark to them. They only know that they want to succeed. Yet a college course is usually pursued as a preparation for a professional career, and the professions to choose among are few. The perplexity of a boy who does not thus limit the field of selection, but tries to choose from among the long list of "gainful occupations," as they are denominated in the Census, must be infinitely greater, and the more so because in the vast majority of cases he does not feel any natural fitness for any particular one of them, and may not have any marked preference for any one. He must sail away on his career not knowing where he is to land.

Charles Pratt died suddenly at New York in the beginning of last May and left a fortune estimated at $20,000,000, one of the great fortunes of the world. All of it had been made by himself, though at the time of his death he was far from being a very old man, for he was only a little more than sixty years of age. He started as a poor boy, the son of a poor and hard-working cabinetmaker of Massachusetts, who had a family of ten children, and he set out to earn his own living when he was only ten years old. He began with farm work; then he learned the machinist's trade, and by that earned enough to enable him to go to an academy for a year, and then, hunting in Boston for employment, he got finally a place in a paint and oil house. That did not look very promising, for his wages were small and the work was not very agreeable; but he had got on the road to fortune. Petroleum was discovered, or rather made available as an illuminating oil, and the young man saw his opportunity and improved it. He went into the business of refining the oil for lamps, grew with its growth, and died one of the controllers of its supply. He did better, for he lived a religious life and earned its reward, while multitudes of those who began with him dropped away, the victims of their vices. When he started out from his father's shop he had no notion where he was to land; but he was bound to get somewhere.

Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer who was hard-pressed by debt and who had a family of ten children. It was a terrible struggle for his parents to get Daniel through college, and a terrible struggle for Daniel himself to get along after he was graduated. He was pinched by poverty, to use his own words, until his very bones ached. He taught district school to pick up something to enable him to study law, and his early experience as a lawyer was so discouraging that he came near to abandoning the profession. Yet he kept on until fame and fortune finally came. He did not know until the fact had been demonstrated that nature had made him for a great lawyer and statesman.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the great Vanderbilt fortune, perhaps the greatest in the world, was the son of a Staten Island farmer in the New York harbor, and was the oldest of nine children. The outlook for him did not seem bright when he started as a boatman in the harbor at sixteen years of age, but by the middle of this century—he was born in 1794—he was a man of notable wealth. He had seen what the introduction of steam was going to do for navigation, and he fastened his fortunes to the new motor. His beginning, after all, was right. It looked humble and of little promise, but it proved the avenue to an almost illimitable prosperity.

Charles Goodyear was a bankrupt hardware merchant in Philadelphia in 1830, and as in those days imprisonment for debt was common, he was arrested and put in what was called the prison limits. It was during that time that he melted his first pound of India rubber to try to discover a method of making the article more available for use. His attention had been attracted to the subject only casually, but as he must do something he turned his mind to that. Thus he became the inventor and introducer of vulcanized rubber by combining the gum with sulphur. But he struggled with every adversity and

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discouragement for fourteen years before he accomplished his purpose. When he went as a clerk into the hardware business he had no notion that his name was to be famous as the founder of an entirely new industry. If he made money at all, he expected to make it by selling nails and hammers, saws and planes.

Peter Cooper tried half a dozen trades before he got into the glue business, on which he laid the foundations of the fortune he dispensed so nobly.

These few conspicuous cases, and they could be increased indefinitely, show that it is not so much the employment into which a boy goes as the intrinsic quality of the boy himself that is the important matter. There is no occupation so humble that it may not be made the stepping-stone to high elevation. If a boy sets himself to the task which lies nearest to his hand, it may profit him as much as if he searched the world over to find congenial employment or an occupation seeming to him of greater promise. We see, too, that a beginning in poverty is no sure obstacle to high and full success. Nearly all the successful men of this country began poor. Until within half a century, outside of a few fortunes that could be enumerated by the memory, there was no great wealth here, as wealth is now estimated.

The opportunities afforded by the growth of the country and the development of new agencies by modern science and discovery, may have been more in the past than they will be in the future. But that is not according to the experience of mankind. Growth is proceeding all the time. Discovery is ceaseless. An end will not come to the progress at the close of the nineteenth century. We are only at the beginning. The development of the power of electricity as an agent for the practical use of man is in its infancy merely. Agriculture even is susceptible of improvement, which will multiply its rewards. We get from the soil only a fraction of what we ought to get. There are vast regions of the Union now desert and worthless which are destined to become by irrigation garden spots of the world, where the tiller of the soil will be independent of the fickleness of the weather, of rain and drought. Fifty years from now our population will be more than 200,000,000, and to supply the wants of that great community an infinite variety of industries must spring up, among which will be many now unknown and out of their development great fortunes will be accumulated.

The work to be done is endless and it will give endless opportunities for the boys of their period who fit themselves for the task and save all their energies for it. There will be glory for all who are entitled to glory. The chances of success will depend not so much on the direction their efforts take as on the abilities of which they are possessed and the use they make of them. Lincoln was a flat-boatman, Grant a tanner, Blaine a school teacher, Cleveland a teacher also, and if you run through the biographies of the men who have been or are now conspicuous in public life or in private business, you will find that nearly all of them started from humble beginnings; and it will be so when the boys who read this article are running the machine in the next century. Aristocracy, as the Old World knows it, is passing away even there. The future belongs to the common people, the plain people, as Lincoln used to call them.

The professions, strictly so called, are generally beyond the reach of the great mass of boys; but they need not mourn over their exclusion. At the most, the number of those who can profitably follow a professional career is comparatively small. The demand for lawyers, doctors, engineers, professors, and the others is always limited, and keeps nearly a fixed proportion to the whole population. In 1880, for instance, with the population of the Union over 50,000,000, there were only 64,137 lawyers and 85,671 physicians and surgeons, while the number of persons engaged in all classes of occupations was 7,392,099, of whom 7,070,493 were employed in agriculture alone.

The great mass of the people, therefore, must earn their living in some other way than by the professions; and it is fortunate for society and for the individuals themselves that the bars of admission to the professions are so difficult to surmount.

If a boy wishes to become a lawyer or a doctor, he ought to go to college. The college course consumes four years, and as the standard for admission to good colleges is raised steadily as time advances, he must continue at school until he is at least seventeen or eighteen to fit himself to enter. That alone means a long time taken from gainful work. But when he is through college he is not even at the threshold of a profession.

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He must give two and perhaps three years more to the special professional study, and during that time he must be supported. Even when he has his diploma as a physician or is admitted to the bar as a lawyer, he cannot expect, unless in very rare cases, to support himself by his profession until after several years more. To win great success he must work until middle life. If he stands high in his profession, with a lucrative practice, at forty, he will do far better than the average, for the average income of doctors and lawyers is small.

Therefore only a young man who can afford to wait for his pay, who can spend the years from boyhood to manhood in study and without earning, should venture into a profession, unless he is determined to work while he studies and make the money to carry him along. Duty alone, duty to their parents and their brothers and sisters, sends most boys to earning their own living when their early schooling is over. For such as these the Chautauqua system offers inestimable opportunity for self-education under wise and skillful direction.

At this time many college graduates are turning their thoughts and ambitions to journalism. It opens a field for some of them; but it is a limited field. Few of them leave college at all fitted to enter into it, one of the most frequent deficiencies of college instruction being in the matter of training young people to write good English clearly, and to the point. The first necessity, of course, is clear thinking, the knowledge of what you want to say. If you get so far as that, and then go to work to express in simple English what is in your mind clearly and precisely, you even take the first step toward learning to write well. It may not be important writing, but it will be as important as you can do at the time, and about the subject you discuss, if it is the expression of what you have in your mind to say. We all of us have a general and vague sort of knowledge, but when we sit to write we must have something else, if the writing is to be worth doing and worth reading. The mind must get its thoughts in order and marshal them in their logical relation to make the written words effective. Try to write out what you really know about a subject, and only what you know, and you will be likely to find that it is not much. Therefore the best way of beginning to write is to get your head as full of clear and valuable thought and of accurate and profitable knowledge as it can hold. Of course there is an art of literary expression, the art that distinguishes literature from mere writing, but even that cannot suffice without clear thought, sound knowledge, vivid imagination, and close observation. It comes, too, only after long practice, begun in youth, unless in examples too few to make them safe to follow. The great writers have been great workers. They did not "dash off" their writing.

A young man who has a knack at it, and who has learned to record clearly and spiritedly what he observes may make a fair living as a reporter on a newspaper, though such an engagement is not easy to get, the applicants being more than the vacancies. He cannot expect to begin any higher up on the ladder, and however high he gets subsequently, all his upward steps from the lowest round will be of service to him no matter how superior the elevation he attains. None of his work and experience will go for naught. But the life of a reporter is trying to the moral fiber. Its late hours, temptation to Bohemian habits, and irregularity of living may be ruinous to a young man. But there as elsewhere the strong prevail, and the weak go to the wall.

Architecture is a noble art and a profession full of splendid success for those with the genius for it; but they are very few. You cannot make a great architect any more than you can make a great painter or sculptor simply by training a man. God must make an artist of him. Training can do no more than develop what is born in him.

Engineering, civil and mining, is attracting large numbers of young men in these days, but the strictly professional rewards are not great, though occasionally it is made the avenue to high prosperity.

Electricity has opened a field for professional and expert effort; but already, perhaps, it is cultivated by more than the harvest will sustain for the moment. Its future, however, is large to the inventive mind and to the man of science.

Teaching is now a distinct and a noble profession in this country, and it will attract earnest and ambitious spirits more and more, not to pursue it as a makeshift, but as a lifelong calling for men and women of the highest abilities and aspirations.

Music invites an increasing number of

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devotees as this country grows more critical in its musical tastes and requirements. The day may come, and probably will come, when we shall produce great musical composers. When Richard Grant White, the Shakspere scholar and most admirable writer of English, was a boy in Brooklyn, his father mourned his passion for music, and was shocked when he found that the boy was actually playing a fiddle. Yet the knowledge of music thus acquired by White determined his future career. When he was thrown on his own resources by the wrecking of his father's fortune, it enabled him to support himself and his sisters as the musical critic of a New York journal; and thus he was introduced to literature and to fame.

As I have said, it is hard, usually it is impossible, to predict in what occupation or along what line of labor lies the road to success. This we know, however, that good work, strong and powerful endeavor, fidelity, industry, persistence, prudence, and sagacity never go without their substantial reward. What you do is not of so much importance as how you do it.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*September 6.*]

NEITHER theology nor physical science has exaggerated the depravity of man, which is his heritage from generation to generation—not a depravity existing in the child's heart, which in its softness and its fresh impulses is the true image of the kingdom—but one of inherited aptitudes, that soon find expression through their correspondences with the worldly system, while his natural impulses are suppressed. The training of the child is relentlessly directed toward this suppression. It is not simply that his attention is fixed upon external possessions and refinements as especially important, and that the prizes of the world are set before him for the incitement of all his youthful ardors, but that, even in the selection of his childish playmates, he is taught directly or indirectly that he is better than others, or, if he be a child of the poor, is made in his first years to feel the scorn of those who shun him as if he were an outcast; so that the children are divided into opposite camps, with that strife in their tender hearts which will in maturer years develop, on the one hand, into over-mastering pride, extortion, and Pharisaism, and, on the other, into envy, hatred, and rude vengeance; though, meanwhile, many will have been transformed from the weaker to the stronger camp, helping to brutalize the latter and to intensify its cruelties. To the little ones this exclusiveness is taught as one of the proprieties of life—it leads to its monstrous tragedies. The education of youth is through a system which exaggerates the competitive strife for worldly prizes. The political and industrial systems afford fields for the practical application of this education, and for the distribution of the prizes. Such vitality as is not exhausted in these competitions is devoted to what are called social duties and, with a finer sarcasm, social pleasures. Included among the "duties" is the amelioration of evils created by the system. To remove from charity even the poor semblance it has to love, in the direct manifestation of sympathy, societies are established for its scientific organization.

It is unnecessary to consider the horde of parasites developed by the system. It is sufficiently apparent not only that worldliness is strong, but that its strength is that of an association in which, willingly or unwillingly, all men are partners—nay, in which God is Himself made a participant, since it is His strength in us and in Nature that is abused therein. It may be—and, if beneath its diversity all life is one, it must be that all sentient life in the universe is involved in this perversion. What we call worldliness may indeed be only a fragment of all worldliness. It is an overwhelming wave, whose beginning and whose extent are beyond the range of our knowledge or of our judgment. It is the mystery of ungodliness.

[*September 13.*]

But alongside of this scheme, we spiritually discern the life of the kingdom; not as militant but triumphant—triumphant be-

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cause it is not militant; because it cometh not by observation; because its faith is not in the strife against worldliness or in an amelioration thereof, or in any attempts to reform it, but only in the divine purpose which chooseth the weak things and the foolishness of the world to confound the wise and mighty, its treasures of truth being confided not unto the wise and prudent, but unto babes and sucklings.

Neither do the children of the kingdom condemn this worldliness, any more than did their Lord; and indeed which of them would cast the first stone as being without sin?

Nevertheless the worldly scheme cometh ever to judgment in the presence of the kingdom—in the awful presence of the Spirit of Love; and it is condemned already. To the vision of Faith the kingdom is triumphant and worldliness a mask, an illusion, which, though it last a million years, is as nothing unto the strength of the Eternal Love that encompasses it round about and operates upon all hearts beneath its hollowness, as behind a thin veil incapable of obscuring the divine glory. How great is the mystery of godliness!

The kingdom cometh almost imperceptibly, its operations are so hidden from our sight; and it cometh to all. It is the noiseless stream below the troubled surface of the opposing worldly current. In the association of its hidden life it embraces all humanity, it is the everlastingly faithful covenant with every living creature. But there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known. This growth of the seed which goeth on while men sleep, is toward a glorious harvest in the light.

In the field of each human heart are the wheat and also the tares. In them that consent unto the divine will there is—even though the growth of wheat be an hundred fold—some chaff and straw for the consuming fire. Regeneration is the beginning of a new life in the midst of worldly entanglements and distractions, even as the worldly life kicketh against the pricks of the quickening Spirit. As the strife of the worldly against the heavenly grows less and less, because of the living witnesses to this quickening love, because of the leaven of the kingdom in the world, so do the regenerate reach a fuller and freer life through the reconciliation of the world unto God, and they cannot themselves be wholly delivered save by a universal deliverance. Even the innumerable throng of witnesses have for themselves a direct and vital interest in the glorious issue.

[*September 20.*]

The children hold fast to the everlasting fountain of life; but it is theirs only as it springs up spontaneously in their own hearts, and no sooner do they feel its first glad impulse than each one seeks to find his brother to realize the community of the life which is then seen to be the only divine communion. The true freedom of the children is the liberty of the heart, seeking not its own, but another's good; and it consists with that sublime faith which fears no evil from any contact, since whatever the divine life thus humanly embodied touches is spellbound of love; the peril becomes harmless, violence is subdued; hatred is disarmed; death itself becomes stingless. What strange incongruities seem to enter the field of this manifestation! It is the only free life, yet is it alone truly within restraint—as is shown in the primitive Christian development—decent and modest and chaste, even submitting to bonds, lest offence be given, and soliciting commandment. Because of its inward delight in loving, it alone can set the boundaries of love, keeping its strong current safe and wholesome, sincere and guileless. Out of its liberty is born duty, out of its ease the readiness to take all burdens. It inherits earth and heaven—yet from both it flies that it may abide with grief. Having banished the spirit of strife, yet it forthwith enters into numberless strivings—strong without tension, resolving all hardness. Joy bows its head, and in the shining radiance the eyelids droop, not from excess of light, but in sympathy with them that are in dark places. The wings on which it might fly to mountain heights are folded in the gruesome valleys. It is the habit of the divine life to thus deny its essential attributes—to suffer everything because it is the source of all joy, and because it embraceth all good to consort with all evil; and they that accept this life take also this habit, following their Lord.

Their submissions are not accommodations. The sign of the mastery of the divine life in us is the readiness to serve. Fully receiving this life we pass under all yokes, without subjugation. We are still free, taking upon us the yoke that is easy; and all burdens are light. So long as we have this life,

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whose outward embodiment is a loving and catholic fellowship—whatever mistakes we may make in action or in belief; howsoever we may deny our very freedom, being perhaps in many ways even misled in our self-abnegations, taking to ourselves much needless travail and disquietude; whatever of our perverse nature may find expression in our zeal—yet, denying not the Spirit of Love, we shall in due time be led into the true way. It is only when we deny this Spirit that we go fatally astray, and all contacts corrupt, all submissions become compromises, and all service loses its divine sweetness. Love, and only Love, is the fulfilling of the Law.

[*September 27.*]

The last word of the Christ is that we love one another; and out of this divine human fellowship must be developed the ultimate Gospel of Truth. Of such a Gospel we have the brightest glimpse in the record of early Christianity. The world is awaiting a new Pentecost. But what embodiment in human economies this new spiritual revival will take, we know not; nor can we be sure that its bright light may not again suffer eclipse. We only know that so long as its impulse is wholly of divine quickening, love will take the place of self-seeking and will build up a human brotherhood; and the shaping of this life will be the expression of some utterly new divine delight in the free play of emotional activities. There may be lapses; human aspiration may again suffer the mortal disease of ambition, and the eager, joyous possession of the earth may again take on the sickly hue of selfishness, the tender mastery of love become again the love of mastery; but this hardening unto death is also a part of the divine plan—the winter of the heart covering the vitalities of springtime. Every new cycle will more nearly approach the earthly realization of the heavenly harmony.

When our interpretation attempts the anticipation of truth beyond a life already lived, it is vague and worthless; but, in the cycle of Christian life now nearly completed, certain principles of the Gospel have been clearly illustrated and reinforced. One of the most important of these is that the meek shall inherit the earth. Christianity displaced paganism without a struggle. No life involves antagonism until its faith in the divine strength is given over; then in its mortal weakness it becomes gladiatorial. The phrase, "muscular Christianity," instead of simply indicating a tonic and wholesome activity, is apt to be used to express the pride of strenuous will and self-dependence. Neither this attitude of modern Protestantism nor its extreme individualism characterized the period of greatest spiritual vitality—they are rather symptoms of mortal failure.

On the other hand neither wholesome activity nor the repose of a vital faith can be looked for through supine submission to ecclesiastical authority. This is but another symptom of mortal degeneration.

The children of the kingdom are the friends of God, building with Him they know not clearly what. They have never known. Every unfolding of the divine life in them—in the shapings of their own life—is a surprise. When they would comfortably abide in the structures they have shaped under the impulses of fresh inspiration, then there always comes that other surprise, as of sad autumn abruptly following upon summer, the deep green changing to the almost taunting brightness of decay—the surprise of corruption, so necessary to any new surprise of life. When the sun flames into a sudden glory before his setting, there is a moment of sadness, and then we seem to hear a voice, saying, He shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go. When the forms of life with which they have fondly lingered break up and disappear, the children take Nature at her own bright meaning. Their regrets dissolve into the raptures of coming life—they are the children of the Resurrection.—*From "God in His World."*

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MODERN METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

THE importance ot reforms is in the inverse ratio of their supposed importance. The true order is the following: 1. Individual; 2. Social; 3. Industrial or Economic; 4. Political. For individual reform underlies social; social reform underlies industrial; and social and industrial reform underlies political. The reform of the individual will generate social reform; the reform of the individual and of society will be followed by economic reform; and the reform of all these will surely bring with it a free and pure state. But the integrity of the state cannot survive a false industrial system, as witness the effect of slavery on the Republicanism of the late slave states; nor the corruption of society, as witness the history of Greece and Rome; nor the degeneracy of the individual, as witness all ancient and much modern history.

The place of social reform in the category of reforms must be first recognized; hence this introductory paragraph.

In this article then I use the term social reform in a restricted sense; distinguished on the one hand from individual reform, on the other from industrial and political reform. I mean by the term, the reform not of men and women, nor of economic and political conditions, but of social relations as they exist in the American life of to-day.

It is indispensable for us to recognize at the outset that there are organized forces at work in America for social impurity,—forces that must be known and counteracted. My attention was first called to this terrible fact by Anthony Comstock, some years ago; learning by revelations which he then made to a few gentlemen whom he desired to interest in his work, of the extent to which the terrible traffic was carried on in secret, for the purpose of polluting the minds of the young; carried on, too, by means of the United States mails, supported by the public whose homes were being undermined and ruined thereby. I have ever since felt a warm interest in Mr. Comstock's work, and a strong desire to commend it and him upon every opportunity.

There are some things which the Apostle Paul says it is a shame even to speak of, and it is impossible to sully these pages by describing the indescribable works of darkness against which Mr. Comstock has fought so brave a battle. Reputable papers come into our houses containing enigmatical advertisements to pique the curiosity of boys and girls, and so start them in search of fuller information. Lists of boarding and day schools are obtained and secret circulars are sent to the pupils. Agents penetrate even into the smaller villages, selling at enormous commissions books which are not literature and pictures which are not art, the evil influence of which is incalculable and well-nigh ineradicable. Mr. Comstock discovered this devil's traffic some years ago, and gathering about him a few gentlemen as his supporters, set himself to work to break it up. He has captured illicit publications that are measured by the tons, which the law has confiscated. Combining the sagacity of the terrier with the pugnacity of the bull-dog, undeterred alike by abuse and by threatened assault, discovering accomplices, deliberate or unconscious, in high places, and attacking them as boldly as those of less reputable name, he has incurred a bitter hostility, and has been made the object of cheap witticism by some papers which would have been his supporters if they had been better informed. The vested interests which he has endangered have even had the hardihood to demand that the mails shall be used without impediment in this unlawful traffic; but happily have endeavored in vain to disguise this purpose by masking it as devotion to the cause of a free press.

Every school teacher and every pupil and mother should be his ally, and must needs be, if the children are to be protected from poison, since legal repression can at best only partially repress, and no man can serve as a detective police in every part of so large a land as ours. The best protector of the children is such a sympathy between parent and child that the latter will never allow himself to read a book which he would be ashamed his mother should see; and the best method of securing that sympathy is for the mother

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to see that her child is supplied with books of pure entertainment, which will so nourish his imagination that he will have no appetite for carrion.

While the Society for the Prevention of Crime is working to break up the traffic in licentious literature, a White Cross Society has also been organized to combat it by another method,—namely, by instilling into the minds of the young such principles of purity and such abhorrence of impurity, as shall serve to protect them from every seductive temptation to evil imagination. With the work of this Society I am less familiar. Without in any wise depreciating either its object or its methods, and with a general conviction that ignorance is a poor protector of innocence and no substitute for it, yet I have the impression, which perhaps a larger knowledge or fuller reflection might remove, that the information which should be communicated to every youth and every maiden, cannot be safely given to them, even in the most careful terms, in print, that even to warn them of danger is often to incite them to court it, and that the duty of promoting purity by direct didactic instruction is one which can be safely fulfilled only by the parent, teacher, or guardian, with the living voice and the sympathetic presence.

A companion of vicious literature is the social cup. It is not within the province of this article to discuss temperance, individual or political, that is, the obligation of total abstinence on the one hand, or the right of legal restriction or prohibition on the other. Laying aside these disputed and perhaps debatable questions, the extremest partisan cannot doubt that the drinking customs of American society are one of its greatest banes. It is possible to conjure up arguments for the temperate use of wine with one's meals at one's own table. The advocate of such use may even cite Scripture: from the Old Testament the saying that wine maketh glad the heart of man; from the New Testament the counsel of Paul to Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmity. This argument for domestic drinking seems to me indeed more specious than sound, as does that drawn from the use of wine by our Lord. But it is enough to say here that it furnishes no kind of support to the modern social use of intoxicating liquors at clubs, public and private dinner parties, receptions, and public bars. It is not possible to conjure up a reputable argument for "perpendicular drinking," whether the drinkers meet in a saloon or at a wedding. I have had friends say to me, "I never drink except at wedding receptions and the like." The reverse rule would be wiser; drink anywhere else rather than there. The question often mooted whether it is right to use alcoholic liquor as a beverage is not the question here presented; for it is not as a beverage that they are used on such occasions, but as a stimulant, or at best as a sort of liquid confection. Let me add that the man or woman who joins in a reputable drinking companionship in the fashionable parlor, once or twice a week, cannot with any effectual consistency condemn those who, shut out from the fashionable parlor, find their drinking companionship in the saloon. The Church Temperance Society, confined so far as I know within the Episcopal Church, has set a good example in providing pledges against every form of perpendicular and social drinking for those who are not prepared to take the more drastic pledge against all use of alcholic beverages.

Some years ago a clergyman residing in a small parish in Vermont had his attention called to the multiplicity of divorces in even Puritan New England and began a systematic study of the family question. His interest in and his sense of the importance of the problem increased with his study of it, and the result was the organization of a Divorce Reform League, with the Rev. Samuel A. Dike as the heart and inspiration of it. His work has been mainly that of public education, which he has carried on, partly by reports and official documents, but still more by addresses and contributions to the periodical press and by the pens of others whom he has inspired and informed. He has shown that in New England one divorce is granted to every nine or ten marriages; that the proportion is nearly twice as great in some Western States; that this alarming increase is not due to immigration, since it is one not found chiefly in our foreign populations; that it cannot be cured by a national marriage and divorce law, since the majority of divorces are not obtained by non-residents of the states in which the divorce is granted; and that the cause is deeply rooted, in an abandonment of the old conception of the sacred and divine nature of marriage, and a relapse to the old Roman conception of it as a mere civil partnership,

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dissoluble at the convenience of the parties. The subject is too large to be opened here in a mere paragraph. It must suffice to note the fact that many circumstances are contributing to weaken the sense of family obligation; some of them circumstances in themselves beneficial but in their indirect results temporarily hazardous. Among these may be mentioned the entrance of women into business and commercial relations; the higher education of women, making the old relation of intellectual subordination of the wife to the husband no longer possible, and rendering necessary a re-adjustment of the relations between them; women's increasing interest in politics, in some cases involving woman suffrage, and as a possible result, a difference not of opinions only but of will and endeavor between husband and wife; and the increase of luxury and resultant enervation, weakening that spirit of self-denial which is the bond which alone can unite a family in a true unity. But in this matter social and individual reform are inextricably interwoven.

Note should be taken of the Women's Clubs which are springing up all over the country. They have evidently come, as the saying is, to stay. Some little personal acquaintance with the work, spirit, and *personnel* of one such club, leads me to believe that, where they are wisely guided, their power as an instrument of social reform is very great, and is to be still greater. In these clubs questions of domestic economy, such as the treatment of children, the administration of the home, the management of servants, the mistress' duty toward them, are made matters of free and often useful discussion. I see no reason why such clubs should be confined, as they now are, to the cities and large towns; no reason why they should not exist in every village; no reason indeed why every sewing society should not become a woman's club at which, while the rest sew, one, appointed for the purpose, should read some paper, original or selected, on some aspect of social life in which the women are interested and to which they can contribute. Indeed, believing as I do in organization, I have sometimes wondered why the women in every town and village might not profitably unite in a "union," agreeing on the one hand to admit no woman into their union, whatever her wealth or social status, who did not treat her servants with reason and with justice, providing them, for example, with decent and sunlit rooms, with adequate vacation hours, proper facilities for Sunday worship in the church of their own choice, etc., and on the other hand agreeing to employ no servant who came from any other member without a recommendation. This is perhaps a foolish masculine dream; but as it may furnish the feminine reader with amusement if nothing else, it may stand.

SEPTEMBER.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

A WASTE of ground beside the way,
The harvest field on either hand,
And on the hill the ripening stand
Of corn, o'er which the breezes play.

A waste of ground, but all aglow
With goldenrod that nods and bends,
As to the passing breeze it sends
A golden greeting courtesied low.

And 'twixt the meadow's sloping sides
The waving cat-tails mark the course,
Where, from the pushing spring's cool source,
The sluggish streamlet slowly glides.

A waste of ground, and yet my soul doth see
A picture in fair Nature's gallery.

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THE SHORE OF MARBLEHEAD.

A POET'S TOWN.

BY MARGARET B. WRIGHT.

IT is cast high and dry upon granite bowlders. From the distance it looks like a brine-steeped Baltic village or like one of the Breton coast, wind- and wave-carved into strange forms. From the outer rim of Salem harbor, with the fantastic modern Neck hidden behind rugged humps and bosses, one might quite imagine it such a hamlet as Pierre Loti sketches in grim fashion in his somber story of *Le Pêcheur d' Islands*, a hamlet familiar with toil, hardship, loss, death, and the hoarse moaning of eternal storm.

Seen nearer, our New England town proves to be far less gloomy and also less picturesque. Its crooked streets are set thick with small faded cottages, with now and then a stately mansion of the Revolutionary period. Some dwellings preserve the quaint roofs and vast chimneys of the eighteenth century. A peculiarity of these old shingled houses, in whose heavy walls tons of hand-wrought iron nails are embedded, is that none follow the line of their street save at their own eccentric will. They project before each other and retreat behind, in what would be a funny suggestion of the evolutions of a contra dance, were their solemn aspect not entirely antagonistic to the idea of any sort of dancing, even of David's before the ark.

An ancient fishing village, Marblehead never boasted of much in the way of architecture. It is the peculiar Marblehead human "type," half-marine, half-rustic, and wholly *sui generis*, the peculiar persons, habits, and speech of fishermen and native artisans that make the town's picturesque and romantic distinction. It is perhaps the only place on the continent where the "Nanny shop" still lingers like fossilized ancient virgins, gray, cold, and void in a world where they have no coevals and no descendants. With the passing of the Nanny shop, passes almost the last trace of the old-time New England, the New England of our grandparents. Those shops were bits of Old England in the New; of that fair rustic England from which so many of our forefathers came to the New World, bringing with them ancient habits and customs that always retained much of their original likeness even after transplanting and growth in strange soil. The Nanny shop still lives and flourishes in Old England. In Berkshire villages and hamlets all along the Thames we find them interspersed among small cottages and vine-laden old churches, very much as one finds familiar pictures in galleries, and among lines of less familiar ones. There was always the divided door, half of

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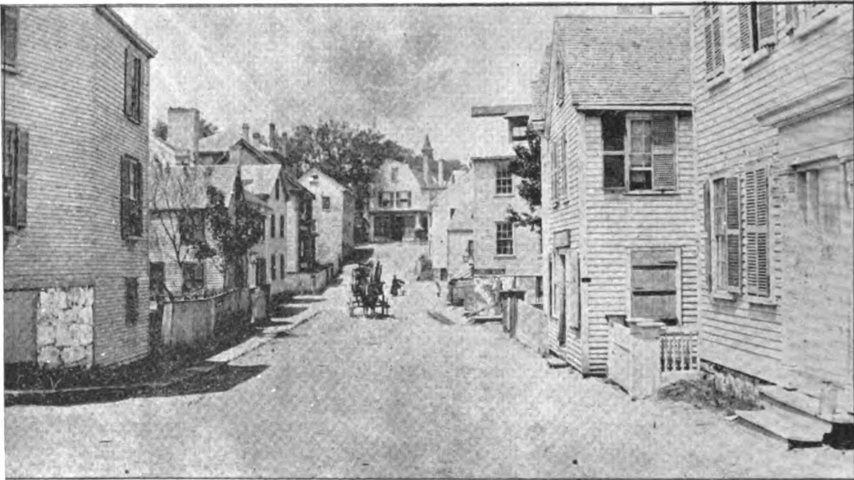
glass, half of green painted wood, always the green wooden window shutters, great-grandmothers of the modern swivel "blinds," always peppermints, yarn, and writing paper on shelves against the narrow, tiny-paned window; always the picturesque interior glimpse of a dusky little shop and a vista beyond of sunny garden brilliant with hollyhocks and sunflowers.

Certainly one of our own New England Nanny shops will be immortal, though its likeness exists no more on this side of the Atlantic. Who can ever forget, having once seen the picture which a mighty necromancer and magician conjured for us, the gingerbread elephants and Jim Crows, needles, pins, yeast, yarn, and "gibraltars" gloomed over by a high-nosed antique in rusty black, and pride forever unrustable?



A STREET IN MARBLEHEAD.

The Seven Gables were only four miles away from Marblehead by road; much nearer as the bird flies, and there Hepzibah Pyncheon's hard fate brought her patrician nose so low as a Nanny shop.

A few years ago in Marblehead, one of these Nanny shops was kept by the typical "Nanny," a type which has almost ceased to exist, having lost itself in the study of medicine, of art, of various sciences and philanthropies, or in the greater business ventures of our own day. This late-lingering Nanny was so strongly accentuated of her type that she seemed the descendant of a long line of Nannies, if such a thing could be. It were difficult to imagine that lacteal ducts were ever in her race, or robust, full-fleshed mothers. As for fathers—the very thought is profane!

This antique maiden was of course tall, straight, thin, and stiff as a lightning rod. She evidently suspected that heaven might mistake her for one, and was ever on the watch for the discharge that should smite her. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand shut up her Nanny shop as tightly as a Puritan Sunday. She retired to her chamber and robed herself in her Sunday-go-to-meeting-best, the black silk of venerable age which never showed itself amid scenes more frivolous than preachin's and funerals. A silver thimble replaced upon her finger the everyday iron one. She seated herself in a wide arm chair with the Bible upon her knee open at the wailings of Jeremiah, though the closed shutters made them entirely invisible.

One gusty summer's day a visitor found her thus, with eyes tightly shut. Pinned to a fold of her gown was a scrap of grocer's paper, and upon it was written,

"*I owe Miss Jones six cents.*"

Though a lightning-blasted wreck the poor woman would not cease to be honest!

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor.

"Thunder!" whispered Nanny without opening her eyes.

"Thunder! Yer granny! 'Taint thunder, its blarsting rocks over on the noo avenoo!"

Like many an Old World village Marblehead loses all traces of its origin in the mists

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SKIPPER IRESON'S HOUSE.

an hour later, the man had not appeared at the house. Hour after hour went by and he came not. At dusk came our one-eyed milk-boy, bow-legged, half-witted, and altogether hideous. He gave our chatelaine a note, which read:

By hook or by crook keep this picturesque creature till I come.

"A *pêcheur* gave me two sous to bring it," he said.

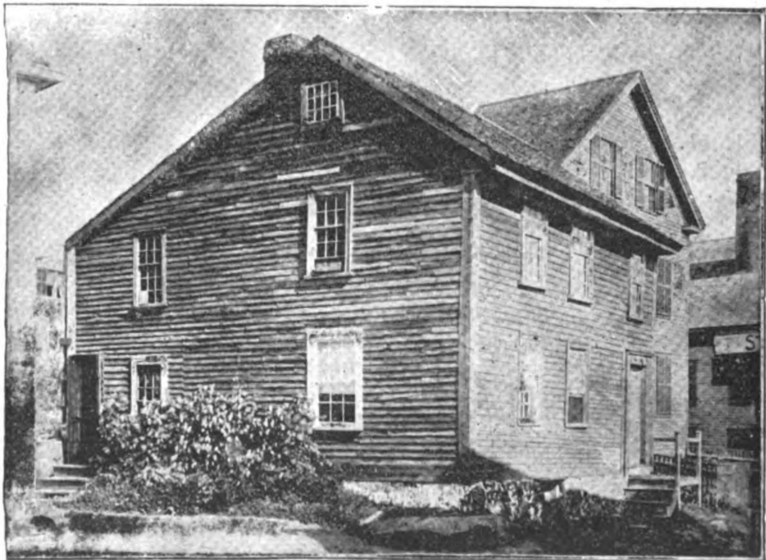
In the early Marblehead patois, now nearly extinct, were hundreds of words so entirely un-English that they have been supposed to be American corruptions of Channel-Island-corrupted French.

Poets and artists have always loved Marblehead, and it is with the singing of poets in our memories that we wander through humped by-ways this afternoon. Humped indeed they are, and in one of them you may see what probably exists nowhere else in the world—a natural toboggan slide, a sheer descent of glassily smooth rock.

No wonder the poet Whittier's muse was much drawn to Marblehead. The house is pointed out where lived and died the love of

of antiquity, although in this case the mists are only about two centuries and a half old. It does not claim to be suckled by wolves, but none can say whether more lupine or fishy were the queer-jabbering, savage-mannered tribe which squatted first upon these bowlders. They may have been salty adventurers from the Channel Islands, somewhat Norman-English, more Norman-French, but within wholly flesh, fish, or fowl. Every day in Marblehead one may see briny creatures in Guernsey frocks and tarred trousers, whose very brothers roll about the fishing villages of Normandy. I even almost dreamed one day that here was the very *pêcheur* who played me so triumphantly false where the Seine ends and the sea begins. On one of our prowls in Normandy we met that *pêcheur* and my soul yearned for him as a picture. I dared not tell him so on the spot, having already had bitter experiences with the Norman *pêcheur* as a model. So I gave him a franc and bade him earn it by taking a note to our chatelaine.

When I returned,



THE OLD TUCKER HOUSE.

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his youth. It stands next to the "Old Tucker House." It has nothing romantic in its appearance, square, white, and green, quite in the retired village grocer's taste. Probably it was the final haven of some lucky mariner three-quarters of a century or more ago.

Holmes has made Marblehead the scene of one of his few serious poems, and it is of Marblehead as he saw it from the outlying Devereux farm that Longfellow wrote:

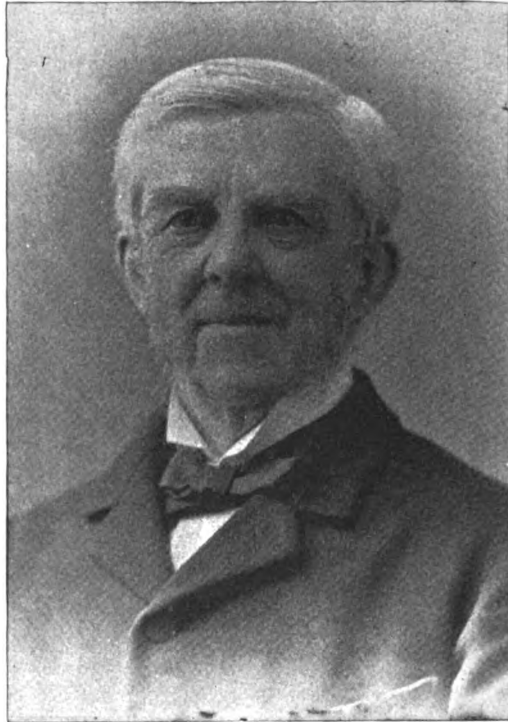
> Not far away we saw the port,
> The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
> The light-house, the dismantled fort,
> The wooden house, quaint and brown.

Every school child knows at least the queer refrain of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," in which the women of Marblehead taunt the wretched fisherman in their queer dialect.

> Here's Flud Oirson
> fur his horrd horrt
> Torr'd an futherr'd an
> corr'd in a corrt
> By the Women o'
> Morble'ead!

"Look at this white house with green blinds," said our omniscient Marbleheader, "but do it out of the corner of your eye."

Then he tells us that this humble but comfortable dwelling flush upon the lowly road and facing the island of Salem harbor, is the one from which Benjamin Ireson, poeticised into "Flud Oirson," was taken the night of that hideous ride in 1808. The house is sometimes inquired for by strangers, seekers of shrines and crosses, but rarely found. There is a vigorous *esprit du corps* shall we call it? among Marbleheaders which keeps them all loyal to their town's reputation, and hides what is considered a memory of insults and disgraces. Some of them will gravely declare that they "haven't the least idea," when you ask if any relic of the luckless skipper exists; while others with all the innocence of unweaned doves will tell you none ever did exist!



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The house looks the home of well-to-do mechanics or shop people. It has a speck of a garden with veiling shrubs and foliages close upon the entrance door at the side. It is lowly set and low-walled. Its stark white paint and green shutters give it a fictitious youthfulness. When Skipper Ireson left it that dreadful night it seemed much more ancient, though in truth more than eighty years younger. It was then shingled and weather-beaten, not clapboarded and painted, and with sunken doorstone grown about with weeds.

Descendants of Benjamin Ireson are still living in Marblehead. Whether or not they are sensitive concerning the story we did not learn. Marblehead itself is acutely sensitive with regard to it. Whittier's poem was bitterly resented, not for Skipper Ireson's sake, but because of its insult to "The Women of Marblehead." In subsequent editions the poet prefixed a note to the "Ride," retracting all the charges against Ireson's humanity contained in the poem itself and giving impression that he was grievously wronged by popular and passionate clamor. This was not in the least what Marblehead women wanted. They cared nothing for Ben Ireson's good name, but much for their own. They had never dragged a man forth from his home at midnight to give him

> Body of turkey, head of owl,
> Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
> Feathered and ruffled in every part.

The Women of Marblehead had done no such thing. They cried out against the falsehood. They resent it to this day.

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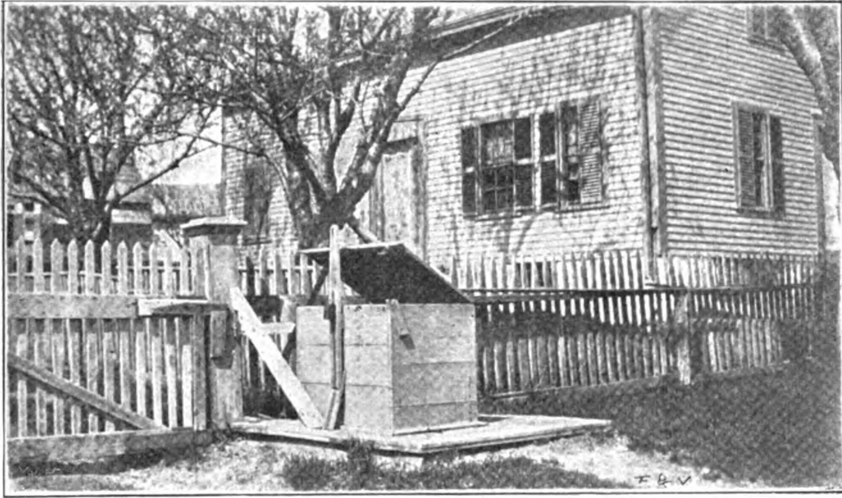
Whittier seems to have been as widely astray from facts as poets usually are. Even his vindicatory note was far from the truth. Ireson was one of the roughest of skippers when all skippers were rough. His fellow townsmen who gave him the "Ride" believed him none too good to sail away from a shrieking wreck. In the general indignation roused by the poem Ireson came in for his share, and more than his share, of exoneration. Even yet to outsiders his memory is defended. Yet nothing is more certain than that among themselves Marbleheaders do not deny what their fathers certainly believed.



THE OLD WELL AT THE FOUNTAIN INN.

The Women of Marblehead, by the way, were even earlier distinguished in print for Amazonian vigor. Mr. Increase Mather wrote in 1677,

> On Sabbath night sennight the Women of Marblehead, as they came out of the Meeting House, fell upon two Indians that were brought in as captives, and in a tumultuous way very barbarously murdered them.

This took place at the darkest moment of King Philip's war when the whites had begun to fear complete extinction. Nowadays the Women of Marblehead are more given to curing than to killing. Women doctors flourish and good deeds are of every day. Those who call themselves the Women of Marblehead represent some of the best character, intelligence, and social grace of New England. "Ladies," however, are evidently scarce, so scarce that we saw them advertised for! On many a wall a shoe firm proclaimed its need of "lady stitchers."

All lovers of Whittier's poetry delight in the easy flow of lines of "The Swan Song of Parson Avery." In 1635 Parson Avery sailed for Marblehead from Newbury. On the passage a storm arose and the vessel was lost. The poem represents Parson Avery as witnessing the death of all his family before sinking himself with prayer on his lips.

Holmes' poem "Agnes" has a Marblehead inn for a part of its background of the true story of the inn drudge who became a baronet's bride. Sir Harry Frankland was a proud and wealthy Englishman, collector of the Port of Boston, who visited Marblehead one autumn day in 1742 to overlook the construction of the Fort. He saw the tavern drudge scrubbing the floors and was struck with the beauty of her sixteen years. He took her away with him and had her educated to fashionable accomplishments in the best schools of Boston. He made every effort to have her recognized in his own social circle, but in vain. He took her to England where his own family refused to see her. He carried her with him to Lisbon when he was appointed Consul-general to the Portuguese Court. By the earthquake of 1755 he was desperately wounded. Mad with terror, Agnes Surriage searched for her lover and tore him from beneath the ruins where he lay with a dead companion. While lying there he had made deathbed vows, and put it beyond his power of repudiating them by mar-

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rying Agnes within an hour after his wounds were dressed.

The Fountain Inn of Marblehead, where Agnes scrubbed, was much frequented, it is told, by pirates and smugglers. Such and fishermen, were all of men she had ever seen when her white ankles, by catching a gay cavalier's fancy, preserved her in the amber of American poetry. The inn is long gone, but its fountain is still a living one, fresh, clear, and cool, although neglected since the town took to drawing its water through miles of pipes from distant ponds.

The inn was high above the tide but close to it. Those contrabandists must have had a heavy pull upwards of icy nights. The sea, so near, was an every hour and minute sight to the drudge whose ankles like those of Olympian ladies have been very much writ about. The road winding among the rocks and coming out from the mysterious dazzling world must have been far more interesting to her. The infinite and eternal, so far as she could suspect the meaning of these words, was not the commonplace, everyday water, but the mystery and marvel of cities and men. So when one day a gilded coach came rattling up the hill from that fairy world peopled with princes and a dandy with ribboned *queue* and glittering buckles upon silken instep descended from it among cringing servitors and inn people, no doubt Agnes gazing upward from all fours thought the vision more than earthly.

The truth is, apart from Holmes' and Lowell's poems, Agnes' story is poor stuff. She was densely ignorant of morals equally with manners. She was a descendant of the lupine fishers of the unknown past. When she became "educated" it was only to the paltry "accomplishments" of that smattering day, and to the ideal of a fashionable rake. We have no evidence that she was possessed of the least imagination, and we know her virtue was not of heroic quality. Her people were a squalid lot who profited richly by her concubinage in the accumulation of land and dollars. Doubtless there was many and many a more tender and touching love story lived among the rocks of Marblehead in that year 1742, of which our poets have caught no glimpse. It was the worldly splendor of the fisher-maid's career that took her into poetry, although Mesdames Southworth and Braddon have told as fine a tale a dozen times at least, and no poet dreams of wedding them to immortal verse.

The descent to plain prose of this romantic career is never hinted at by the poets. Yet Lady Frankland died plain Mrs. John Drew having married very soon after Sir Harry's death, an unromantic London banker!

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF ARTIST LIFE.

BY C. M. FAIRBANKS.

SPIDERS are lolling in their wonderful little webs in the studios just now, and dust is gathering thick upon gilded picture frames and casts and draperies. The painters, for the most part, are away in the country, at the seashore, or in Europe—each as his fancy leads or his purse permits—and living that charming out-of-door life, the records and fruits of which will be brought back presently on canvases or in portfolios, with the approach of autumn. Then will come "moving day" for the spiders, and the life of the studio and the town will be resumed.

The summer life of the painter who goes into the fields to work is very like the holiday of many another stroller through woods or along streams or sandy beaches, except that his sketch block takes the place of the paper-covered novel in the hands of the lay idler. But the town life of the New York painter is quite a different thing, and, though it is not without its serious responsibilities, it still has a charm quite unknown to the conventional citizen. True the artist is himself a citizen, and frequently he appreciates and fulfills the privileges and duties of citizenship. But he is rarely a reader of daily newspapers, and the current concerns of the vast majority of mankind are nothing to him. He

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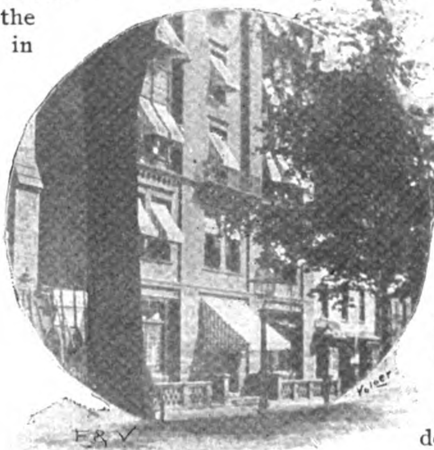
lives in the heart of the town but is not of it. His world is bounded by his studio walls beyond which his walks lead him to the parks and galleries and to those resorts where his associates meet for relaxation from the strain of hard work and close confinement at the easel. He is apt to go about with his head somewhat in the clouds and to see only that about him which it pleases his eye to see. To the mere looker-on in Vienna his whole life appears to be a holiday, as free from constraint and convention as the happy days spent a-field in the summer time.

And this aspect of artist life is true enough as far as it goes. It has somewhat of the freedom of life in a college town and the social life of the college dormitories, but like that early existence, the happiness of which is never appreciated until it is past, there are irksome exactions, tedious routine, trials and hard work for him who lives to paint in a city studio.



THE BENEDICK.

One may fancy something of the discouragements that beset a newcomer in a crowded field, who, fresh from the artist quarters of some European center, sets up a studio in bustling, selfish, commercial New York and screws up his courage to wait for the welcome and recognition that sometimes never come to him.

The young artist brings home with him from study abroad, not fame already won, but high hopes, and he goes to work until perhaps the scantiness of his funds compels him to seek some quick return from that sort of commercial work which, though unsigned by the artist, has shed luster on many a brand of laundry soap or baking powder. For many a young man this means a season of great privation and sickness of heart, from which the only respite is found about the board where he may meet his fellow strugglers, and where in a congenial circle he may forget for an hour his worries.

And sometimes—not very often let us hope—a faint-hearted student gives up the fight in despair. A melancholy instance of this discouragement came within my own experience not so very long ago. A young student just home from Munich took shabby lodgings in an out-of-the-way street in New York and set out to compel the success that he felt was his due. He found but small reward and when the pawnbroker could no longer be looked to for aid, and he was locked out of his studio for arrears of rent, and turned overcoatless into the street on a cold night, he was too proud to confess his straits to a friend, and so buying a pistol with his last money he achieved more distinction for a passing hour, by killing himself somewhat dramatically, than he had ever won with his brush. His case, however, is to be taken only as an extreme example, not so much of what hope deferred may drive a man to, as of feeble-hearted yielding to the morbid dictates of a foolish and wounded pride, against which many another has had to struggle.

But I did not mean to introduce a tragedy into this story of life in Bohemia. It is but a shadow across which the sunshine and glint of color may show more brightly, and its only lesson is that life in the dreamland of the artist is not less real and earnest than in the work-a-day world in which the rest of mankind plod.

The "Latin Quarter" as it exists in New York in the region near

THE SHERWOOD STUDIO BUILDING.

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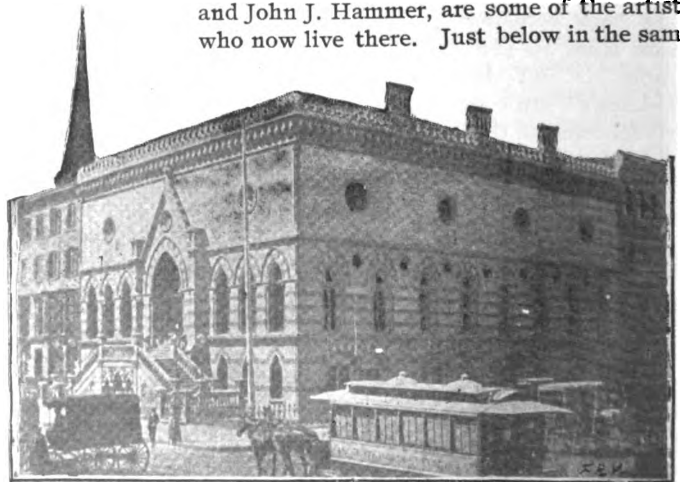
Washington Square, is the home of the French colony into which the home-coming student from Paris naturally drifts in search of opportunity to continue the manner of his life in the French capital. Here are the basement *pensions* and wine shops where none but Frenchmen and artists go; the signs over the doors of the merchants are in French, and there is a foreign air about the district that strikes as unfamiliar the native New Yorker who may stroll into it. The artist colony here has flourished for a few years, but already there is apparent an up-town tendency into what the men of the "Latin Quarter" have with some jealousy dubbed the "Clique Quarter," a region up about the southern boundaries of Central Park. Many of the jovial spirits who continued for a while down town the artless, simple habits of their student life abroad, have joined the upward procession, and the Bohemianism of the "Latin Quarter" is being outgrown. The conventions of polite society are in greater respect than formerly. It is a long time since long locks swept the coat collar, and loosely knotted neck scarfs of brilliant hue and velvet jackets were the recognized uniform of the professional painter. Now but for the pointed Parisian beard (*à la* Vandyke), and not always by this sign, the artist of New York is not to be distinguished in appearance and manner from any other gentleman.

TENTH STREET STUDIO BUILDING.

The so-called "Latin Quarter" is on the boundary line in a double sense. It includes a region about Washington Square, as I have said, the northern side of which is as aristocratic as any part of New York, and the southern side of which has been hardly redeemed from the slums. It is peculiarly a neighborhood where one need have no care for appearances, and where artists and artists' models come and go without exciting question as to their relations or their affairs.

Fronting upon the square stand the tall gray battlemented walls of the old University building, a historic pile, in a room of which Prof. Morse carried to success his early experiments with the electric telegraph, and where Dr. Draper first applied the knowledge that Daguerre opened up to a wondering world to the successful taking of portraits by photography. Above the floors occupied by the departments of the University have always been bachelors' chambers, in which from time to time some famous men have lived. Up in the roof of this venerable building and under its groined ceilings are a dozen studios where painters have loved to retreat out of sight and sound of the bustling streets below. Frank Fowler, Robert C. Minor, A. N. A., A. M. Turner, and John J. Hammer, are some of the artists who now live there. Just below in the same



THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

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side of the square is a modern studio building, The Benedick, quite as rich in convenient appointments as the other is poor in them, but with studio windows opening upon the same sky. Here are some of the most interesting studios—not the showiest by any means—in the city, and here Robert Blum, when he is not in Japan, as at present, or Venice, as he was a season ago, lives and paints. George W. Maynard, N. A., and Olin L. Warner, N.A., the sculptor, are also dwellers in The Benedick. Just across the northwest corner of Washington Square is a still more modern studio building, designed by its tenants, and in which Walter Shirlaw, N.A., Benj. C. Porter, N.A., T. W. Dewing, N.A., C. A. Platt, and Alfred Q. Collins have apartments.

As a rule the painters in these three studio buildings both live and paint there. Their beds are often divans and by day are hidden behind screens or curtains of some attractive stuff and pattern. Here the artist combines with painting the practice of the arts of housekeeping after an unskilled manner of his own, and goes out only for his stroll in the Park or his dinner at a neighboring restaurant.

Down in shabby Wooster Street, in the heart of a block of swarming tenement houses, is a little French restaurant, with chintz curtains in the broad show windows. The floor is bare and so are the walls, except for a cheap print or two, but the cloths that cover the long table in the middle of the room and the smaller side tables are white, and the place is scrupulously neat. Here has been a favorite rendezvous of the members of the down-town colony of artists, and here too strays back occasionally some former companion from his new home in the "Clique Quarter." But the jovial reunions at "Madame's" are not so frequent now as formerly for many of the bachelor tenants of The Benedick and the old University Building have followed the up-town tendency; some have married, and by such gentle influence have been led away from the place of Bohemian revelry; and Madame, the buxom, fair-faced young widow who kept the place for the artists and a few of their literary associates and followers from the neighboring offices of one of the magazines, has married one of her most devoted patrons, a clever designer, and together they have gone to the Paris of her youth.

Two classes of patrons have favored the little Restaurant de Paris. When the painter has departed after his frugal *déjeuner* he has been succeeded at the tables by business men of the French colony, who have found here a *déjeuner à la fourchette* (*à la couteau*, it must sadly be confessed, in the case of some of the transplanted *bourgeois*) quite after the manner of their native *cafés*. In the evening again have come the artists, and have enjoyed their inexpensive but very well prepared dinner and their small bottle of red wine, attended by the faithful Adrian, and with the friendly Madame bustling about with motherly interest in her guests, now in the kitchen for a moment and again looking over the shoulder of some favorite, seeing that each man's wants and each man's whims were supplied or gratified. It became a cheerful family party, for usually about the same men dined here regularly, and Madame entered most cordially into the spirit of their badinage and frivolous talk. Shop, as a subject of conversation, was always tabooed by silent consent in such gatherings, and each evening the day's cares were brushed aside and the hour given up to play.

Madame's was not, and is not now under the direction of her successor, a place of costly fare, and one might live very well there on very little a week. The conversation, so far as it was addressed to Adrian and related to the meal, was usually in French; so far as it related to the general topics of interest it was in English. After an hour or two at the table, as they had other engagements, the men left one at a time or in pairs, after either settling for the cost of the meal, or, as in the case of one or two of the most regular visitors of the restaurant, jotting down their own reckoning in a space in some flourish in the design of the homely paper that covered the wall. Such accounts as were kept thus on the wall were settled weekly or monthly by the painter when his ship came home.

But with the erection of fine modern studio buildings up town a few years ago the artists who long had inhabited that part of the city of which the venerable Tenth Street Studio Building was the center, moved away one after another and the real art center of the younger painters is now in West Fifty-fifth and Fifty-seventh Streets. Many of the old timers, gray haired men like J. G. Brown and T. W. Wood, still cling to their dingy quarters in the old Tenth Street Build-

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ing, the first in the city to be devoted exclusively to studios. The apartments there are both workshops and lodgings, and in the list of tenants are to be found the names of some of the best known of our American artists. T. W. Wood, the newly elected president of the Academy of Design, has for years painted his Vermont models with city surroundings there, and there it is that J. G. Brown has popularized his red-cheeked bootblack. Worthington Whitredge and Kruseman Van Elten, the landscapists, and M. F. H. De Haas, the marine painter; S. J. Guy, J. C. Nicoll, Arthur Parton, J. W. Casilear, Wm. H. Beard, the animal painter, Wood E. Perry, and many other National Academicians paint in this first home of the artists, and here it is that Wm. M. Chase, the recognized leader of the younger men, has his "show studio," quite the most expensively and luxuriously and artistically furnished of any in the city. Not far away, in Clinton Place, is the house of Frank D. Millet, the vice-president of the Academy, who has made of an old New York dwelling such a home and studio as must delight any lover of the beautiful who may be favored with entrance there. Mr. Millet's studio is on the top floor of the house, through the roof of which he has cut a great skylight, and where he paints before an old continental fireplace. The room adjoining is a vision of centuries ago. Mr. Millet has incorporated into it the paneled walls and mullioned and latched windows brought bodily from an old English country house. The benches and chairs are of antique carved oak, upholstered in stamped leather, and in the old fireplace are the fire dogs and warming pan whose first owners have long since mingled with the dust of old England.

Over in Fourth Avenue and but a block from the Academy of Design, that striking architectural copy of a famous old palace of Venice, is another studio building more modern than that in Tenth Street, but which like that is exclusively devoted to the uses of artists. J. Wells Champney, James D. George, H. and N. S. J. Smillie have studios there, while directly opposite the Academy of Design in Twenty-third Street, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, are the studios of Wordsworth Thompson, William Hart, C. Harry Eaton, J. B. Bristol, J. R. Brevoort, A. H. Wyant, and others. In the Chelsea in West Twenty-third Street, are Charles S. Reinhart, W. T. Smedley, Charles Melvil Dewey, J. Francis Murphy, and F. K. M. Rehn.

The studio buildings included in the "Clique Quarter," so called, are the Holbein in West Fifty-fifth Street, a series of studios built over private stables on both sides of the street, the Rembrandt in West Fifty-seventh Street, a fashionable and handsome studio building, and the Sherwood at Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, one of the largest in the city. It is in these houses that many of the younger painters live, and they are so near together that they form quite a colony in themselves.

The up-town studios, for the most part, are provided with lodgings, and in some of them the married artists play at housekeeping and find respite from hard work in playing with their children. Restaurants abound in the neighborhood, where the painters dine, but as a rule they cannot be counted upon as very regular visitors at any one place. They prefer to roam about dining here or there as caprice may lead them. There was until a recent period a place in West Fifty-fourth Street over which a certain popular Madame Harroll presided, where the more social of the artists were wont to congregate at the dinner hour, and where they held their evening revelries. Nowadays Mack's is their rendezvous at night, and about whose tables there is nightly much merry talk. There is an atmosphere of art and smoke there that is simply delightful, and the company is made up of such choice and master spirits as must have frequented the Cave of Harmony when Col. Newcome was a young blade about London. But it is withal most decorous revelry and presents no suggestion of excess. In fact it would appear that the artists as a colony are much freer from any disposition to over indulgence than are any other men at all to be compared to them in their manner of life. They do not keep late hours and their amusements are indulged in very much as children take their pleasure. They pay social visits to one another, sometimes go in groups to a Vaudeville, and of a Saturday night a certain set of painters may be found at the Players' Club, where they sup and smoke, and perhaps pose, as do their actor friends, and love to hear themselves talk.

There are some of the men of the "Clique Quarter," whose names have greater vogue than their studio doorplates or the directory

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alone could give them. In West Fifty-fifth Street in the Holbein studios, are Kenyon Cox, Wm. A. Coffin, West B. Clinedinst, Benoni Irwin, B. R. Fitz, W. H. Shelton, George W. Cohen, Aug. Franzèn, J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, and George Inness, Percy Moran, and H. W. Hart, while in the Sherwood are Carroll Beckwith, J. H. Dolph, Hamilton Hamilton, Otto H. Bacher, Theodore Wores, Carlton Chapman, Percival De Luce, J. H. Witt, Herbert A. Levy, and H. W. Watrous.

During the winter season there are a number of fixed events which bring the artists together socially. The Academy of Design invites its members to monthly "smoke nights," where clever men elbow one another and brighten their wits by social and congenial intercourse. Then there is the annual dinner of the Academy and the opening of the fall exhibition of the Water Color Society, as well as the celebration of St. Valentine's night, the patron saint day of the water colorists. The only club of artists, that is the only club whose membership is confined to artists, is the Salmagundi, which has pleasant quarters in West Twenty-second Street, and where a tired painter may nearly always find an idle companion in a game of billiards. It is, in fact, a very charming organization, and its annual black and white exhibitions are delightful.

And so it appears that the painters are not without some share in the things that make life worth living, even though the problem of providing that living is one which many very happy men of their profession are unable to ignore.

THE UNITED STATES AS A PUBLISHER OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

BY J. HOWARD GORE, PH. D.

MR. HICKCOX in his "Monthly Catalogue of Government Publications" for March, 1889, makes this astounding statement:

The Government Printing-Office, between July 1 and December 31, 1888, delivered to Congress 819,608 bound volumes. The average consumption of printing material is 20 tons daily. The monthly cost of paper alone is $39,000. The total number of copies of documents of all kinds printed within that period was 36,205,996 at an average cost of 3 cents per copy.

Many persons reading the above will at once think of the "Congressional Record" since so much has been written regarding its expeditious publication from the time the words leave the speaker's mouth or a report the clerk's table until the printed, stitched, and cut "Record" lies on the member's desk.

It is a comparatively easy matter to secure permission or an appropriation to print, as is shown in the case of that bureau whose allowance for printing was many times the amount of its annual appropriation. Perhaps this somewhat disproportionate printing bill was made possible by the wholesome influence members expected to exert through the presentation to their constituents of the handsomely illustrated report of this bureau, as can also be seen in a special vote for seventeen thousand copies in addition to the usual number. It is a pleasure to record that in this instance the money was well spent and many branches of science stimulated.

Let us see what contributions to scientific literature were made during the year already referred to. Within that period there issued from the Government Printing-Office, Atkinson's "Report on the present Status of Bimetallism in Europe"; Carrington's "History of Indian Operations on the Plains"; Smith's "Forest Culture in Hesse"; several reports on sugar manufacture; Griffin's "Electricity as a Motive-Power"; a series of technical reports from the Department of Agriculture; "Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion"; reports upon the work of the surveys, Bureau of Ethnology, National Museum, etc., making in all 106 titles and comprising 43,000 pages, equivalent to a daily publication of 118 pages.

What is the effect of this generous output? It is both injurious and beneficial. It is injurious in that it thrives under a slack censorship; no one feeling a deep monetary interest in the matter of printing, a submitted topic is accepted, an estimate of the cost of a modest octavo is approved, the size swells to a quarto with many illustra-

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tions, with nothing to serve as a check except a fear that the appropriation may not hold out, and a place on the deficiency bill may be uncertain. It is also hurtful since it permits a diffusive style, in fact it fosters it, inasmuch as one would rather be the author of a book of one hundred pages than one of ten, though much padding be necessary in order to reach the former size. Fortunately many of the departments and even bureaus now have an experienced editor to correct, prune, and concentrate an accepted paper. Again, knowing that the Government is more liberal than any private publisher, many persons having a work of importance in hand, seek a place for its publication in some departmental series in order to have more room, though at the cost of two or three years' delay, thus sacrificing time to space. It is often argued that a paper in this way secures a larger circulation—that is true, but it was not until recently that one would look in a "Government Report" for a treatise on Sign Language, the Habits of Camels, or a Bibliography of the Esquimau Language.

On the other hand, what do we receive in the way of benefits? It is impossible to answer. An idea can perhaps best be obtained from a glance at the classes of scientific publications which have emanated from the source in question. The first paper of this character was an "Essay on the Making of Gunpowder," in 1776. (The next on this subject was by Mordecai in 1845.) This initial treatise had no followers until 1792 when the output amounted to only three pages, on weights and measures and variations of the magnetic needle. The nineteenth century began most auspiciously in the purchase by the Government of the account of Pike's expedition to the sources of the Mississippi and through the western part of Louisiana to the sources of the Arkansas. The well-deserved fame achieved by the leader of this expedition stimulated other adventurous spirits whose example and reports have done more toward settling and civilizing the western section of the United States than legislation alone could accomplish. Among these we have Lewis and Clarke, whose reports and papers have reached so many editions that a bibliography of their writings has been found necessary; we have also Owen's "Report on Geological Explorations in 1840–48"; Greenhow's "Memoir on the Northwest Coast of North America," a detailed history of discoveries, voyages, and conquests from 1492 to 1830, published in 1840; Nicollet's "Report on the Upper Mississippi," 1840; and a large edition of 10,000 copies of Frémont's "Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains" in the same year; Abert's report on his exploration through the Comanche country in 1846, followed by similar reports by Jackson, Simpson, Whiting, Adams, Reynolds, and Humphreys culminating in the twelve-volume "Report of the Pacific Railroad Survey in 1855." The chapters in this report on zoölogy and kindred subjects by Baird and others stand as monuments to their painstaking industry, while the collections made during the progress of this survey formed an important part in laying the foundation of our present National Museum. This report was considered of such value that 60,000 copies were printed for gratuitous distribution. Baird's zoölogy and Hall's geology formed an important part in the account of Emory's "Mexican Boundary Survey of 1859."

From this we see how special reports of a scientific nature became parts of the reports of exploring expeditions; later, as in the surveys of Hayden, Wheeler, King, and Powell, the exploring feature gradually gave way to the scientific investigations. Geological surveys or reconnoissances, were made by Featherstonhaugh in 1835–36, Owen in 1844–48, Jackson in 1849, Foster and Whitney in 1851 reaching to Hayden in 1867. It would be difficult as well as out of place to trace the history of the principal surveys or to give a catalogue of their publications. Besides geology and mineralogy, natural history of the past as well as the present occupies a place, as do chemistry and applied mathematics in many forms.

In the two hundred volumes published by these surveys there is scarcely a branch of science that has not been touched nor is a single subject treated without advancing it well toward its boundaries. In eight years, closing with the past fiscal year, 15,500 pages have been published by the Geological Survey, and it can be said that each page bears in a marked degree the fruits of original work.

It was properly concluded that the glory of the nation and the welfare of mankind could also be advanced by prosecuting investigations regarding peoples and countries outside of our own domain; hence we have the

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United States Exploring Expedition of 1841, Wilkes' 1842, Gillis' 1838–42, and Herndon's Exploration of the Amazon in 1853.

In the early part of the century it was deemed more economical to purchase the requisite number of copies of a work from private publishers than for the Government to undertake the publication. This was done in the case of a number of treatises on gunnery, artillery, fortifications, reports on hospitals, and a volume of Medical Sketches of the War with Great Britain. There was for some time a feeling of uncertainty as to the duration of peace as is shown in the character of the Congressional Reports. All branches of war were cultivated and even something like a subsidy was in view in the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in 1824 in favor of offering Government patronage to any one who would assist in perfecting practical gunnery.

Although the theory of medicine has not been directly discussed in our Government publications, still every branch of medical science has been advanced indirectly thereby since 1816, the date of the work last named, as well as by Medical Statistics, 1856; Medical and Surgical History of the War—the first volume appearing in 1861; circulars of the Surgeon-general's Office and of the Army Medical Museum; Photographs of Surgical Cases, 1866; sanitary reports, reports on epidemics, and as a climax that monumental work of 10,188 double-column pages—the Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-general's Office. This contains not only titles of books that are in this great library but titles of articles long and short, arranged by authors and by subjects. It is a work beyond criticism, above praise.

Astronomy had its literature enriched at an early date by Government contributions. In 1810 William Lambert submitted his report on the determination of the longitude of the Capitol. His methods were not satisfactory to his critics, nor were the four different results announced during the subsequent thirteen years accepted as accurate. The faculty of Bowdoin College sent to Congress in 1826 a statement relative to the expediency of establishing an astronomical observatory. The reasons were convincing, for in the same year the committee to whom the matter was referred, in a report of twenty-six pages recommended its establishment. The outcome has been in the way of publications, a continuous series of annual reports of Astronomical Observations, Nautical Almanacs, and Professional Papers.

Astronomy furnishes a foundation for navigation, it provides elements in many of the physical problems, and an accurate knowledge of it is needed in giving places their proper position on the earth's surface. So that from a purely utilitarian standpoint, it is advisable that this science should be cultivated, and since the outlay for its prosecution is great and the benefits general it is only right that it should be fostered by Government aid, and this aid should extend also to the publication of every thing which tends toward its advancement.

Closely allied to astronomy is geodesy. In the interests of the latter we have the Coast and Geodetic Survey which began in 1816 as the Coast Survey. There were several forerunners dating back as far as 1785, but their results were published by private parties, receiving only slight assistance from the Government. The publications of the survey consist of Annual Reports forming an unbroken series from 1834 to the present time. These contain besides administrative reports a great variety of papers on hypsometry, astronomy, magnetics, hydrography, and geodesy. It would be difficult to conceive any side of the above topics that has not been discussed. Besides thousands of charts of the most accurate character, there are issued from this bureau a series of Bulletins, Coast Pilots, Notice to Mariners, and a number of special papers such as Fox's "Landfall of Columbus," 1880; Craig's "Treatise on Projections," 1882; and Gore's "Bibliography of Geodesy," 1889.

The Philadelphia Lyceum in 1838 asked Congress to make an appropriation for the advancement of Meteorology. An answer came some years later in the shape of Espy's "Reports on Meteorological Observations," and still later by the reports of the Signal Service. In addition to the prognostications and bulletins this bureau has issued a most excellent series of professional papers, nearly twenty in number, such as Abbe's "Memoirs on Meteorological Subjects," 1878, and Langley's "Researches in Solar Heat and its Absorption by the Atmosphere," 1884.

The idea which was in Smithson's mind as he wrote that clause of his will which laid the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution is strangely seen in a memorial sent to Congress by W. R. Johnson in 1838, in which he

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"prays for the establishing of a national institution for the investigation and elucidation of those departments of science which pertain to the useful arts." This paper was printed in full, but no further action appears to have been taken.

Ethnology received no special consideration at the hands of the Government until the publication of Schoolcraft's "History of the Indian Tribes," 1850. Nor did this subject find further place in the list of official publications beyond forming parts of the reports of the Geographical and Geological Surveys until the organization of the Bureau of Ethnology in 1879. Since that time this bureau has issued a series of reports, contributions, and bulletins, including more than fifty special papers, which for general interest, inspiring effect, and permanent value must for years to come, stand unrivaled. In this particular science, our Government has published more than all the other governments of the world put together.

In 1857 and 1858 there appeared two isolated reports, one by Jefferson Davis, on the purchase of camels for military purposes, with best authorities on the general characteristics of the animal. It must have been regarded as a matter of considerable importance, to deserve the 238 pages which this report covered. Camels were brought into the United States for the purpose of domestication, but the effort did not meet with success nor did our public officials again seriously consider the advisability of so using them.

During the immediately succeeding years the science of war was lost sight of in its practice, finding light only in the reports of the Chief of Engineers and in an important series of Notes on the Construction of Ordnance. Of the latter there are now nearly fifty in number, which with about half as many Engineering Professional Papers has advanced civil as well as mechanical engineering in no inconsiderable measure. From this department there also appeared Allen's "Report on an Expedition to Alaska," 1887.

The Navy Department has been especially prolific. Besides the papers on astronomy and navigation already referred to, the Hydrographic Office has given out several series such as Directions, Sailing Directions, Light-house Lists, and Coast Pilots for both foreign and domestic shores, while the various bureaus of this department have published Naval Intelligence, Professional Papers, twenty-four in number, examinations of different seas and oceans, six in number, and Navy Scientific Papers, Simpson's.

The subject precious metals was not made the text of a special report until 1867 when there appeared the "Mineral Resources of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains." This was followed by a report on mines and mining in 1872 and since 1883 annual statistical reports have been issued by the Geological Survey.

The Bureau of Education has become a publisher of importance, issuing besides an annual report, a series of histories of higher education, another of circulars of information and of bulletins of information. Many of these treat of school architecture and school economics; however some are of scientific importance. Some of the sciences as taught in the schools have been made the subjects of special reports as for instance chemistry, which received a very exhaustive report at the hands of Professor Clark.

Contributions to scientific literature from the Department of State are not extensive. If one would take the trouble to look through the Consular Reports one would be surprised at the great variety of topics reported upon. As a rule each report would give some information difficult to obtain elsewhere. If a little more encouragement were given our consuls to investigate or observe, their reports might become of far greater value. Under the auspices of this department have been published the reports of a number of commissions to the various expositions that have been held, especially since 1869, containing chapters of scientific importance, as those on electricity, instruments of precision, and mechanics. Twining's interesting report on the "Northwest Boundary Commission," 1878, emanated from this branch of the Government, as did also the "Protocols of the Meridian Conference."

The Treasury Department has to its credit the publications of the "Coast and Geodetic Survey," "Light-house Board," "Assay Commission," "Bureau of Statistics," various technical administrative reports, and the "Cruise of the *Corwin*."

The Department of Agriculture, for so many years a very poor contributor to science, has within the past twelve or fifteen years made ample amends for the lost opportunities. The annual reports with an edition of 400,000,

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perhaps the largest edition of any book of its size, contains more than purely administrative matter, while it is supplemented by a greater variety of series than belongs to any other department. These are Technical Reports, Reports on Economic Entomology, Animal Industry, Animal Pathology, Manufacture of Sorghum, Forestry Bulletins, and a large number of papers on Insect Life, Contagious Diseases of Animals, Silk worms, Teaculture, and many forms of animal and vegetable life. The agricultural experiment stations are playing their part in the promotion of agiculture and their reports contain suggestive results.

The Fish Commission is engaged with practical matters; still its officers have time for original investigations—the results of which find an outlet in the annual reports, a volume of about one thousand pages, bulletins of somewhat smaller dimensions, and such special papers as the exigencies of the cases demand.

The National Museum during the past decade has been especially industrious along literary lines. It publishes Reports, Proceedings, and Bulletins, embracing papers upon the greatest possible range of scientific topics, as would be expected when one considers the broad field which the Museum covers. When a paper upon a group of exhibited articles is published, a copy, surrounded as far as possible by the objects therein described, is placed on exhibition. This shows which specimens have been discussed, so that a person duly interested can procure a copy of the monograph, compare the cuts with the objects themselves, then study it at one's leisure, feeling that one has a personally certified copy. The excellent opportunities here afforded for study and the chance for prompt publication have proved such incentives to prosecute original investigations that the bibliography of the Museum and its officers for 1886 covered twenty-six printed pages.

In addition to the above types, which admit of classification, the Government has published the "Memoirs of the National Academy," "Explorations in Alaska," "Whale and Cod Fisheries," "Nicaragua Ship-canal," "Report on the Black Hills," Hall's "Arctic Expedition," and, quoting from the conventional rural sale-bill, "other articles too tedious to mention."

THE HAWAIIANS.

BY J. N. INGRAM.

A VOYAGE of twenty-eight days from the Golden Gate brings one to Honolulu, the Hawaiian capital. It is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, fifteen thousand islanders, five thousand Caucasians, and ten thousand Chinese. It is situated on the seashore on the south coast of Oahu, and extends along the base of tall mountain ranges. The streets are shaded with groves of tropical trees and dotted with parks. The yards are gorgeous with flowers; the groves are in perpetual bloom; and the fragrance of eternal summer perfumes the atmosphere.

The natives are a Malayan race. They have been on the islands—according to their traditions—over a thousand years, having come over the sea in canoes. They are of a light yellow color, have regular features, straight black hair, are tall and well formed. Their frank open countenances, soft and flashing eyes, simple manners, and child-like deportment win the hearts of all beholders. Their simplicity, easy good humor, and implicit trust in nature to provide for them are characteristics found only in the people of the tropics.

They live largely on cocoanuts, bread fruit, pine apples, fish, and *taro poi*. Some of them—from the mountain wilds—still eat their fish raw. The *taro* is a purple vegetable, with a root and leaves like a turnip, and the flavor of a sweet potato. The plant is cultivated in boggy marshes, and kept, like rice, flooded with water. The natives take the roots from the ground and roast them among green leaves in piles of hot stones. The vegetables are then beaten into a mush and poured into calabashes ready for use. It is called *poi* and is the Hawaiian's bread. It will keep for days, and is a very cooling, palatable, and nourishing dish.

The natives take their meals sitting on the floor. They place their gourds of *poi* in a circle on the floor or on the ground under

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the shade of the grove, and put their fish and fruit in seashells by their calabashes. The family then sit down in a row around these dishes. They pinch off a bit of fish, carry it to their mouths, then dip their fingers into the *poi*, stir them around, lift them out, throw back their heads, and close their lips around their fingers.

Their happiest hours seem to be at their meals. There they abandon themselves to their jollity of manner, and are never so merry as when gathered around their banquet gourds.

They will adopt every other innovation of civilization but to surrender their primitive method of eating. This custom of their ancestors is held as a sacred legacy and around it cluster so many treasured memories that they cling to its form with tenacious loyalty. The king himself never looks so happy as when seated on the floor with his people, eating out of the calabashes.

Many suppose that eating from the same gourds transmits disease among the natives; but the *poi* is so adhesive that all which comes in contact with their fingers adheres, and no contamination follows.

In former times any woman who presumed to join her better half at his hallowed meals, was punished with death, but now the sexes take their meals together out of the same gourds, and the women occupy favored seats at the feasts.

If a native feels in need of a meal, but is indisposed to provide one for himself, he watches the dining hours of his neighbors, walks in and helps himself. They hold every thing in common, as one great family—and everybody is related to everybody else on the islands, and their universal hospitality weakens their ambition to accumulate subsistence subject to such general absorption. They cultivate gardens of vegetables, but do not engage in any system of agriculture, and make but little attempt to acquire property.

But nature is kind. Their food grows without cultivation. The groves furnish their meals. They have naught to do but to stretch forth their hands, pluck and eat. The cocoanut, pomegranate, orange, banana, pineapple, and bread fruit trees, provide for their table, and the bays abound in fish. The rains send down water to give them drink; the leaves of the trees shade them from the sun; the grass furnishes a sleeping couch; summer is always with them; winter never bites their fingers, and frosts never chill their blood. Scanty apparel covers their bodies, and suits their wants. Coral blocks answer for chairs, banana leaves for carpets, and reed mats for rugs. Their primitive hut is as dear to them as a palace. Their hills are always green; their flowers bloom all the time. In the morning when they awake, they reach up and shake a mangoe or bread fruit limb and breakfast falls into their laps.

They have no inducement to lay up for old age, as but few reach it. They have but little inducement to accumulate for their children, as but few have them, and nature can care for them as she has done in years past.

The huts are formed of reeds, covered with rushes and have earth floors; they are fronted with wide porches to keep off the heat of the sun. The cottages are embowered in vines, and sit along the seashore, under the shade of cocoanut trees and groves of waving palms. The dwellings cluster in continuous villages around the ocean beach, and the shores of the islands are belted with a line of houses.

The native ladies dress in flowing gowns falling in loose folds from their shoulders. Their raven black hair floats in luxuriant tresses down their necks. Their brows are adorned with wreaths of wild flowers, and their necks with chaplets of green leaves, which make them look like classic nymphs of the woods.

The island girls are fond of horseback riding and ride at a furious rate. With their hair sailing on the wind, they dash their steeds up the mountains and down the valleys at breakneck speed. In the evening, mounted on their ponies, they take their rides around the islands; and their snowy dresses are seen moving like white specks over the country roads.

These native girls have fine voices, and are fond of singing. A most attractive feature in the natives' religious services is the musical accompaniment. To stroll out in the forests on Sunday morning, and listen to the native choirs singing in their chapels, amid the roar of the surf, is a rare pleasure. The people are of a warm religious temperament, are great church goers, and enter into the spirit of devotion with enthusiasm. They rarely fail to attend the sanctuary as it gratifies their taste for music, indulges them in religious enjoyments, and gives them the delicious entertainment of exchanging gossip. Every

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pathway leading to the little churches is crowded with natives on Sabbath morning. The white dresses and Panama hats of the ladies, their flower wreaths and evergreen garlands, contrast prettily with the olive color of their complexion and the jet black of their waving tresses. They do not follow the freaks of fashion in its transformations of style and changes of costume. Having learned by experience that their "Mother Hubbards" are best suited to the heat near the path of the sun, they have not adopted any foreign inventions in apparel. Considering white the most pleasing to the eye and better adapted to laundry wear than faded shades of mottled colors, they rarely select gay or varied tints.

The island girls' greatest delight is sea-bathing. They are amphibious by nature, and take to the water like ducks. Bodily cleanliness is one of their virtues. As soon as the little girl can crawl she hunts for water. Along the shores crowds of little maids sport in the sea all day long. On attaining womanhood they become daring surf riders, and will brave the breakers in the ocean's angriest mood. Their home is on the sea and their joy is in the water. Both sexes bathe together, and competition in riding the rollers and rivalry in the art of scaling the tumbling waves are spirited.

The girls are fond also of their canoes. They are born navigators. They venture far out to sea, riding like sea gulls the great breakers of the Pacific and crossing in their boats from island to island. Every day the white sails of their tiny crafts can be seen passing over the channels. The canoes are hollowed out of giant trees, are beautifully rounded, and show extraordinary skill in handicraft. The ancient Hawaiian war boats were colossal in size, and were carved with flint axes and stone chisels.

Next to their canoes and surf bathing, the ladies take to dancing. They are very partial to that recreation. Island celebrations, feasts, or victories in olden times, were commemorated with dances. The chiefs and kings were infatuated with this diversion. To be a clever dancer was to be in favor at Court. Under royal patronage dancing was practiced, and carried into a fine art.

The national Hawaiian dance is performed in partial undress to display the charms of its movement, the circled rows of dancers swaying their limbs, swinging their arms, bowing their heads and bodies like automatic mechanism. The missionaries discouraged this dance, but it is still practiced in the villages, and in Honolulu occasionally.

Outdoor amusements form the principal diversion. The groves, the mountains, the seashore, and the ocean waves tempt them into the open air. They spend but little time in their dwellings. The climate invites them constantly out under the sky.

They enjoy traveling by land as well as by sea. On every country road their cavalcades pass the traveler. As they are all one family, they are at home wherever night overtakes them. They are very kind and generous to each other and will offer their friends their last cocoanut or fish.

They are of a sunny disposition and prefer to look on the bright side of life. Their smiles are as cheering as the sunlight that warms their tropical islands; and as perpetual as the blooming of the flowers on their fragrant shores. From childhood to old age they are lighthearted and sympathetic, attentive to their sick, and generous to their unfortunate and afflicted. Their friendships are deep, strong, and sincere. Even in poverty they maintain a merry spirit, and in misfortune show nobility of impulse. Their cordiality to strangers is a marked characteristic. Meeting the traveler around their islands, they have always ready their beautiful Hawaiian salutation, *Aloha!* Love to you.

They are happy to see others happy. They exert themselves to put their visitors in good humor; and no one can long withstand the influence of their jovial dispositions, even though wearied with the discomforts of fatigue.

The best in the house is at the service of their guests, and to travelers no charges are made, but a present or keepsake is received and treasured. Hospitality in its purest form exists as they expect no reward for their amiability.

Needlework the ladies practice but little. Their gowns are plainly and neatly made. Embroidery and decoration are rarely attempted. Wild flowers serve for ornament. Finding more attraction in, and having more affection for the groves and sea, housekeeping is not made a study and domestic life is primitive.

Most of the natives have been educated in the public schools—the government compels attendance—and nearly every one can read

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and write the Hawaiian language. They do not, however, enter the higher plane of knowledge. The elements of science and philosophy are too subtle for their grasp.

They are fond of reading, but confine it to sea stories, religious books, and newspapers. Their native papers give them a general outline of the weekly news of the foreign world.

They execute beautiful specimens of penmanship, are liberal patrons of the postoffice, and have an extensive correspondence with their friends on other islands.

It has been said by one writer—and repeated by others—that the native girls are never jealous. The claim is imaginary, for human nature is the same here as elsewhere. Love is the same on these ocean strands as love is everywhere else. It causes the same emotions, generates the same impulses, and demands the same exactions. It requires the same cultivation, appreciation, and estimation to retain the attachments of the heart among these orange colored nymphs of the groves, that is paid to their paler sisters in colder zones. And they are just as jealous of the strategies, wiles, and arts of their rivals as are the proud belles of the Caucasian race.

Years ago there was a fine type of beauty among the Hawaiian women, but civilization and its diseases have marred the original Hawaiian symmetry of form. The most attractive native girls are now found among the half castes. Their paler complexion, tinted with the red blood of the Caucasian and the almond color of the Malayan race, their erect and graceful forms make a fine type of beauty.

A number of foreign residents at Honolulu have native wives, some having married for money, some for government position, some for official distinction, and some of the early matches were made for love.

While the native girls love their children, make kind mothers and dutiful wives, the foreigner feels that his Malayan wife is little or no company for him. Her ways are not his ways; her tastes are not his tastes; and his likes, pleasures, and ambitions are not hers. Her heart, sympathy, interest, and attachment belong to her race, their past, their history, their heroes, and their people. She does not, cannot, withdraw her identity from her Oriental pedigree, or assimilate with, and become one in sentiment with an alien race. Her heart is with her own people. Withdraw her from her race and she would die. Her joys are found among her early associates; and her pleasures are drawn from the scenes engraven on the memories of her early years. The spots where she spent her girlhood, the places and surroundings in which she grew from infancy into womanhood, are dear to her heart and are the treasures of her life. The companions of her youth hold warm niches in her soul; her morning of life is a part of herself, and her future is linked to her past in a chain which cannot be broken. Her alien lord may find her gay and happy on the shores of her native islands, contented and cheerful among her own people, but remove her to foreign climes, and when the peaks of the tropics fade from view, she becomes homesick, pines and wilts away like a plant torn from the warm embrace of the sun.

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.

BY RUSH C. FARIS.

WE are familiar with maps of the United States that are covered with a network of lines representing the railroads. Our largest rivers are obscured by these heavier lines; but on older maps we find the rivers prominent, the only other lines standing for a few canals and turnpikes. There used to be one line especially that crossed the map in solitary prominence from Baltimore to Cumberland, thence across the Alleghenies to the Ohio River at Wheeling, and on across the broad states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the Mississippi. It represented the National Road, a work that had its origin in a compact made before the organization of the government. This road was the object of as regular appropriations as any department of the government, had its standing committee in Congress, and was the battle-ground for politicians for more than a generation. In its progress it was interwoven with the political and industrial history of the nation.

When George Washington crossed the

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mountains in 1753 to bear a message from the governor of Virginia to the French, he found Winchester the farthest town toward the wilderness, but he found also that already a "new road" led on to the Potomac at Wills Creek. The next year Washington with the colonial forces widened the trail beyond Wills Creek into a road for the army. With his instincts as an engineer he followed almost exactly the route that afterward became the National Road.

This first road over the Alleghenies is first mentioned in a bit of Indian talk, in a letter by Washington in 1754 to the Indian chief Half-King. "I received your speech by the buck's brother, who came to us with the two young men five sleeps after leaving you. . . . The young man will inform you where he met a small part of our army advancing toward you, clearing the road for a great number of our warriors." A few days later he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie: "We advance slowly across the mountains, making roads as we march fit for the carriages of our great guns."

The whole of this first campaign of Washington was made along the route of the National Road and the site of his Fort Necessity was long marked with remains of the stockade near the road, fifty miles west of Cumberland. There his little army was defeated by the French (July 2), and as all the horses were killed, "the warriors" had to go back over their new road afoot. Fort Cumberland was then built at Wills Creek, and in 1755 General Braddock arrived to take personal command of another expedition against the French on the Ohio. He marched by way of Frederick to Fort Cumberland; but finding that Virginia would not be able to furnish his army with either provisions or a wagon train, he urged Pennsylvania to open a road by way of Carlisle to Winchester. Governor Morris could not prevail upon the Pennsylvania assembly to construct the road, and was able to make a survey only by using money in his hands belonging to Delaware. The surveyors arrived at Braddock's camp only to be soundly berated for their tardiness. The ingenious advertising of Benjamin Franklin at length procured from Pennsylvania farmers the teams and wagons required, and the march began. In eight days the end of Washington's road was reached and it took four days to get over the next nineteen miles; for, as the colonists complained, the British general halted to level every molehill and bridge every rivulet. Braddock soon met his fate in the battle that has made his name so familiar in western Pennsylvania, and was buried in the roadway to conceal his grave from the Indians. A clump of trees was long afterward planted beside the National Road to mark the grave.

Washington again marched to Fort Cumberland with the southern contingent to join General Forbes in the final expedition against Fort Duquesne; but that commander preferred a new route, and Washington very reluctantly marched across to join him on the Pennsylvania route at Bedford. Washington never lost sight of his favorite road, although there could be little attention given to road-making across the mountains till after the Revolution. In common with Jefferson and other Virginia statesmen, he regarded the Potomac valley as designated by nature for the great highway to the interior of the continent. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," took account of all the practicable routes and argued in favor of the Potomac route. Washington on his return from his very first trip across the mountains in 1754, prepared a statement of obstructions to be overcome in rendering the Potomac navigable to the mountains. By this he induced Virginia to agree to undertake the work of improvement. Washington's views were broadened during the Revolution, and at the close of the war he traveled over some of the practicable routes to see the situation for himself. He went up to Crown Point, and up the Mohawk valley to Fort Schuyler, and across the country to Lake Otsego. Then again in 1784 he went carefully over the Potomac route and across to Pittsburgh. While his conclusion was that a canal through New York was practicable and might become a necessity, he still saw no reason to change his first opinion that the Potomac route was the best. In a map he prepared for sustaining his position, he included a road over the mountains from Cumberland to the Youghiogheny—the very route of the National Road.

In 1785 Washington as one of the deputies attended a convention at Annapolis for the purpose of securing not only improvements in the river, but also the road over the mountains. Of the Potomac Improvement Company that resulted from the convention, he was president until elected President of the

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United States; and he again took that position after his retirement from public life.

Virginia in 1784 was considering the surrender to Congress of her lands beyond the Ohio, and she stipulated that out of the proceeds of public land sales there should be built a road to connect the expected settlements with the seaboard. Among the good things obtained from the old Congress by the Rev. Manasseh Cutler for the Ohio Company of Massachusetts, was a renewed promise of this road; but this promise was not incorporated with the Ordinance of 1787 establishing the Northwest Territory. The matter was considered by Congress in 1797; for Washington and others feared that the new settlements beyond the mountains, "unless bound by the cement of interest" to the eastern states, might ally themselves with Spain's Mississippi colonies. The complaints of the settlers themselves were loud; but still no road was begun. Finally, in 1801, President Jefferson laid the matter before Congress. The statesmanship that soon after secured the Mississippi and the whole West for the Union was already looking toward that object.

Ohio was then seeking admission as a state and she too pressed for a road. Congress proposed to apply five per cent of the proceeds of land sales to roads leading from the navigable waters of the Atlantic to the Ohio, provided Ohio would exempt such lands from taxation for five years after their sale. Ohio modified this and it was agreed that three per cent should be spent on roads within her own borders and two per cent on roads leading from the east. Afterward the same agreement was made with Indiana and with Illinois, as each came into the Union. Gradually it came to be the understanding that the Cumberland road was to be the beneficiary of the whole two per cent fund. The appropriation bills named that fund as the source of the revenue and the government came to be regarded as a mere trustee to see that the compact was carried out.

It was not till 1806 that the original bill for the road was signed by President Jefferson. At this time not only were the counsels of Virginia statesmen in the ascendency, but the Potomac route had gained prestige from the location of the new national capital. "Braddock's trace"—all that was left of the military road—had by this time become an approved emigrant route across the mountains, and there being already a tolerably good road to Cumberland, all things seemed to combine in favor of the pet project of Washington and Jefferson. The first contracts for work were made in 1806; but the route westward from Braddock's road was not determined at once, as it was the subject of great scheming. Wheeling, standing where the Ohio River was crossed by the old post road to Chillicothe, Ohio's first capital, and Steubenville, then the rival of Pittsburgh, contended for the road. The location of such a turnpike was more important in that day than that of a great railroad or of a world's fair is now. Wheeling won the prize, partly through the influence of Henry Clay, who had become familiar with the steep streets of the early town and its hospitable people in his journeys to and from Washington. Just east of Wheeling stands the Clay monument, commemorating the completion of the road; but the weather has almost entirely effaced the inscriptions, and the surmounting figure is sadly dilapidated.

In August, 1818, the first mail coach went over the road and by 1821 the whole one hundred and thirty miles between Cumberland and Wheeling were pronounced complete. So far the road had cost about $1,700,000 while the two per cent fund set aside from the land sales in Ohio and Indiana had amounted to only $164,507.

"Internal improvements" together with the tariff formed "the American system" around which many of the early political battles were fought. Originating with the Cumberland road bill of 1806, internal improvements were first proposed as a system by John C. Calhoun. The bill was carried, against the opposition of the Federalists, by large majorities of Republicans. President Jefferson, although he was unwilling to delay the road longer by refusing to sign the bill, expressed his opinion that it should have been preceded by an amendment to the Constitution distinctly giving the general government power to embark in a system of internal improvements. The adoption of his suggestions would have saved much later trouble, for opposition to the government's building roads and canals increased as the system developed.

In 1818, when the Cumberland road was nearing completion, the standing congressional committee on the road, in order to secure a needed appropriation, found it neces-

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sary to argue that, whatever might be the opinion of Congress on the subject of internal improvements in general, the faith of the nation was pledged for work done and contracts made. By 1823 a large party, especially in the South, had arisen hostile to the internal improvements of the general government. The promoters of the National Road, as they began to call the Cumberland road, designed to continue it across the continent with branches widening to keep pace with the spreading areas of the western settlements, and therefore endeavored to keep it out of partisan politics; but although each of the parties seemed anxious to escape the blame for dragging it into politics, dragged in it was, and all but buried beneath the doctrine of states rights.

Although the road reached Columbus by 1827 and Indianapolis in 1830, its further progress was secured only by an agreement to cede each part, as fast as completed, to the state in which it lay. Thus the continuity and the national character of the road were destroyed. Very many of the early presidential vetoes were directed against road and canal measures, and while the National Road itself escaped—except that President Monroe vetoed a bill assuming jurisdiction over it—its branches and extensions suffered. But under the administration of John Quincy Adams the work of extending the system of roads and canals and improved water-ways was pushed to the utmost, in the belief that the powers of the government were unlimited in that direction.

Great as was the progress then made, under the stimulus of an overflowing treasury, the growth of the West was still more phenomenally rapid; and the greatest development was directly in front of the advancing road, that is, in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan between 1820 and 1830. When Adams was succeeded by Jackson, in 1829, there were roads proposed for all sections of the country, and innumerable schemes were being gotten into shape, while many measures were well advanced in Congress. Up to this time there had been twenty-three different laws passed and $2,500,000 appropriated for the National Road, with the approval of Jefferson and every one of his successors; but President Jackson at once surprised the country by vetoing two bills, one for an extension of the road to the Gulf and one for an extension from Cumberland eastward to tide-water. This sudden change in the presidential attitude toward the road made it the chief topic of the newspapers and the innumerable speeches that followed. Indignation meetings were held throughout the territory especially interested. Senator Bibb, of Kentucky was hanged in effigy and the body buried in the road-way because he had supported the veto. "The veto—it has macadamized our Clay," was a popular toast among the admirers of the great patron of the road.

It has been charged that it was the excessive activity in internal improvements during Adams' administration that broke down the system; but the cause lay deeper than the waves of political storms, because due to the rapid development of railroads.

At the height of the road's prosperity in 1828, the Chesapeake and Ohio canal started alongside it across Maryland, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad soon joined in the race. Congress was asked to help the canal and the railroad to cross the mountains; but decided to let them alone till they both should be built as far as Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, that each might demonstrate its fitness to survive as the highway of the future. The turnpike was thus early elbowed out of the race, and yet the period of the National Road's greatest prosperity was to come. The railroad reached Cumberland in 1844 and did not get across the mountains to Wheeling till 1852, while the turnpike served as the connecting link all that time.

A great part of the enormous traffic that even then was beginning to flow between the East and the West passed over the National Road from Cumberland, part turning down the Monongahela to Pittsburgh and part going on over the road to the West. The Adams Express Company first appeared with the wagons that hurried oysters and light packages from Baltimore to the West in 1835. In 1837 the government started fast mails over the road. Broad-tired Conestoga wagons, curved like Spanish galleons, bore loads of eight thousand pounds each, and followed one another so closely that fifty-two eight-horse teams were reported in sight at one time; immense droves of cattle trudged slowly eastward; while the stages swept past, making on some parts of the road nineteen miles in two hours. Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Polk, Houston, Allen, Crockett, and a host of others were frequent travelers,

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and politicians eagerly watched for their coming, to seek advice—or give it. No telegraph sent the news ahead of the stage with its mail-bags, and the travelers enjoyed the luxury of telling the news everywhere to a fresh audience.

The states, seeing the eagerness of Congress to be rid of the National Road, were coy until they obtained further improvements on the road at the nation's expense. Pennsylvania and Ohio accepted their sections in 1831; Maryland and Virginia were given their parts in 1833, but afterward obtained further appropriations for incomplete portions; Indiana was given hers in an incomplete state in 1848, but with wood and stone from government land for its completion; while in Illinois work gradually stopped altogether. In 1830 the proceeds of land sales amounted to $37,597,000 and there had been expended on the road $2,181,303. The ideas of the country had advanced during the building of the road and the later appropriations were for larger amounts than had been dreamed of in the beginning. Macadam's system of road-making had been invented and the successful experiments in England were promptly taken advantage of by our government. Before the government was done with the road, a round six millions of dollars had been spent on it.

Now the road has mostly been surrendered by the states to the counties traversed by it, and the iron and stone mile posts tell the distance to Cumberland in vain, for only local travel uses the neglected highway.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from "Revue Des Deux Mondes."

CHILI, as every one knows, is one of the countries of America which, at the beginning of the present century, shook off the Spanish yoke. Its struggles for independence ended, like the other colonies, it was obliged to adopt a political constitution. After several attempts there was evolved in 1833 the form of government under which, with slight modifications, the Chilians are still living. In accordance with its requirements the legislative power is composed of a Chamber of Deputies, elected by direct universal suffrage for three years, and a Senate whose members are elected for six years, one half going out of office every three years. The right of suffrage is accorded to all Chilians who have reached the age of twenty-one years, and who know how to read and write. The members of the Congress receive no salary, and their duties render absolutely impossible any other employment. The voting is by secret ballot and after the cumulative system, which gives to each person as many votes as there are candidates, and allows him to cast them all for one person if he wishes. There is one deputy for 40,000 inhabitants, and one senator for every three deputies.

The executive power is vested in a president of the republic, elected for five years by indirect suffrage, and not re-eligible unless it be after the lapse of at least one presidential term.

Chili has a population of 3,200,000 inhabitants and an area of about 340,000 square miles. Its budget for many years shows an excess of revenue collections over the expenditures. At the beginning of 1889 there was in the treasury about $25,000,000.

The principal political parties in Chili are the Liberal party and the Conservative party. The Liberals have been in power for forty years. The chief difference between them relates to religious matters, as to whether the clergy shall have a greater or less influence in the nation. The Liberals advocate a free inquiry and consideration regarding all matters, the non-interference of the church in political affairs, public education, and maintenance of reforms; the abolition of the ancient ecclesiastical privileges, etc. The Conservatives would like to see enforced everywhere the edicts of the religious faith; they would abolish all public schools and all public assistance to reform methods. As to other matters, such as political, judicial, or local organization, the platforms of the two parties differ only as regards some very minor points.

Manuel Balmaceda was elected president in September, 1886. A deputy for many years, then senator and the leader of the ministry, he made himself renowned by his reform movements, his liberal mind, his brilliant if

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superficial eloquence, and by his skill in the art of managing men and parties. His government opened under the brightest auspices, and nothing foreshadowed the later storms. All things moved harmoniously until the beginning of 1889, when everybody saw that the minister of industries and public works, considered then as the member of least importance in the cabinet, took the lead in all matters; his advice always preponderated in the cabinet meetings. The Congress and the country soon knew that President Balmaceda was using all of his influence in favor of this minister, M. Enrique Sanfuentes, as the next presidential candidate in 1891.

Such a design with reference to a man who was then holding his first public office could meet only with serious resistance. The faction of the Liberal party which had carried the former election for Balmaceda, tried to win him back to the right policy. Following these efforts, several ministerial changes were made. The influence of Sanfuentes seemed to decline, but in reality it was only dormant, ready to revive at any moment. Time passed on, and Balmaceda and his favorite thought the moment had arrived to count their friends and to put in operation the governmental machine. Profiting from the prorogation of the chambers, President Balmaceda dismissed the ministry, and in January, 1890, named another set of cabinet officers, composed of his personal friends.

During several months this ministry governed, their principal care being to secure a majority of their supporters in Congress, with a view to the regular session to be held in the month of June. In this they did not succeed, and, not being disposed to receive a vote of censure, they resigned at the end of May, 1890. But Balmaceda was not slow in replacing them by six others of his friends, who, still much more devoted to him than their predecessors, would not recoil before any obstacle. In fact, they had the courage to present themselves to both houses and to declare haughtily that they did not expect to have the support of the majority, but that, nevertheless, they were resolved to remain in power as long as they had the confidence of the President. The two houses, after an interval of two or three days, by a three-fourths majority replied by making use for the first time in a long parliamentary life, of their right to censure the ministry. The ministry, however, yielded nothing, and they thought to continue tranquilly their administration and their efforts in favor of Sanfuentes.

Three months passed thus, and they were nearing July, the time when the budget of receipts of the preceding year expired. A new law was indispensable in order that the government might continue to collect the taxes, a constitutional regulation formally requiring it. It was also the time awaited by the chambers to make positive their authority. By a majority of three-fourths both branches of the legislature suspended the right to collect taxes until such a time as there should be a ministry appointed which should have the support of the majority of the two houses. The ministry, convinced that the chambers would retract before the dire consequences of such a situation inflicted for any length of time upon the country, resolved to maintain their power. The citizens having the incontestable right to refuse to pay their assessments, the government dare not attempt to compel them, and Chili remained for twenty-five days under an ideal régime, all the public duties being carried on regularly and the people exempted from all charges.

The situation grew more grave each day, and dangerous manifestations were not long in making their appearance. At Iquique, a port where much saltpeter is shipped, thousands of miners and workmen in the pay of government abandoned their work and gave themselves up to clamorous outbreaks. At Valparaiso, the largest port on the Pacific, on the occasion of the meeting of the two parties, there occurred a general struggle which the police were powerless to suppress. There were left upon the public square a number of dead and more than four hundred wounded.

In the face of such difficulties, the leading men of Santiago assembled not to protest or to act as partisans, but to address themselves dispassionately to Balmaceda, to appeal to his patriotism, and to show him the necessity of saving the country. Balmaceda coldly received the delegation of six citizens, and, without making any promise, simply complained of the majority of the deputies and senators and threw upon them the responsibility of the whole situation.

However, a little later, Balmaceda relented and accepted the mediation of the arch-

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bishop of Santiago. After several conferences the desired result was obtained. A ministry composed of men who adopted a policy of neutrality, refraining from the exercise of all influence in the near electoral struggle, was formed and placed under the presidency of Mr. Prats, a remarkable man, a former president of the cabinet during the war of the Pacific, and also formerly a president of the Supreme Court of Justice. The Conservative party for the first time in twenty years was then represented. Everything seemed settled. The chambers passed the law of finances. The whole country manifested satisfaction and returned to its habitual tranquillity. But, unfortunately, this did not last long. Very soon the new ministers saw that they too passed for nothing in the government and that Balmaceda, leaving their cause, was shaping the campaign in favor of the official candidate. The ministers then asked of Balmaceda greater liberty of action and authority to dismiss some prefects who were openly the partisans of Sanfuentes. Receiving a negative reply from the President and not wishing to aid a policy which they were expected to end, the ministry retired on October 15. The law regarding finance having been passed, Balmaceda had no need of a parliamentary ministry, and without the least scruple he recalled his old friends. The first act of the new cabinet was the closing of the extra session of parliament called by the preceding ministry. In this fashion they put an end to any questioning and to votes of censure.

The conservative commission is an institution recognized by the Chilian constitution. It consists of a delegation of seven members of each house, whose principal duties are to see that during the time Congress is not in session, there is a proper observation of the constitution and the laws; and to present to the President all important communications. Besides, it can demand the President to convoke the houses in exceptional cases. It was by making use of this right that this commission has played a considerable rôle in the events which we are relating. Immediately on the dismissal of Congress, the national commission assembled, and after a debate which will remain celebrated in the history of Chili, it addressed to the President a note demanding an immediate convocation of parliament. The President refused. The commission continued to meet three times a week, and the conduct of the government was the subject of many brilliant discussions.

But Balmaceda had no intention of yielding, and on the first of January, on his own authority, he arranged for the budget of expenses for the year. The army, far from being dissolved, had the promise of much higher pay. All employees opposed to the policy of the government were dismissed; a state of siege was declared in violation of the exclusive right of parliament; and public gatherings were prevented by force. The two branches of Congress not being able to convene either in the legislative palace or elsewhere on account of the measures taken by Balmaceda, drew up the following declaration: "The President of the Republic, Don José Manuel Balmaceda, has shown that it is absolutely impossible that he should any longer continue to discharge the duties of his office, and consequently must cease to fill it from this day." On January 6, the resolution taken by the fleet changed the face of affairs. That organization declared that it would no longer obey the government, and after having taken on board some leaders of the opposition, it departed for Valparaiso and took possession of the provinces of the north of Chili. Later the fleet blockaded several ports, cutting off thus the income of the custom houses.

At once the telegraphic dispatches reported that all seemed to lead toward the solution desired by parliament, the dismissal of Balmaceda. Balmaceda had thoroughly prepared his resistance. He named his minister of war as general-in-chief of the army, and a great number of prefects as colonels; he dismissed all doubtful officers and promoted the rest and increased the pay of the troops. He collected the arms scattered through the country, increased the army to thirty thousand men, and threw into prison every citizen capable of heading a revolt.

The insurrecting party has only the fleet. Soon the government will have expended the resources in the treasury and those secured by the last decree, but then not being able to draw longer from the custom houses, it is thought it will be easy to vanquish. But it has still time in which to act. The latest news (at the time of writing) announced some engagements in the northern provinces, in which the government troops were defeated. These provinces being as-

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sailable only by sea, the insurgents are masters of the territory in which saltpeter is found and in which are the three ports where are collected two-thirds of the Chilian customs. Thanks to these circumstances, the Congressional party has been able to organize at Iquique a government having at its head the presidents of the two chambers and to organize an army to attack the forces of Balmaceda, assembled at Santiago.

What is the end pursued by Balmaceda and his personal friends on one side and by the majority of the parliament and the people on the other? The object of Balmaceda remains a mystery. It cannot be supposed that he would sacrifice his country simply for the satisfaction of designating his successor; it is not probable that he thought he himself might still remain in the office. He has not proclaimed any program, any doctrine, any reform, in order to justify his policy.

On the contrary, the object of those making the revolution is perfectly defined. They wished to save the country from the danger of a dictatorship established with a permanent character. It was only too evident that without the revolution Balmaceda would have organized a parliament to suit himself, in which the government would have had no control. The determination of the parliamentarians to proceed in their course grows constantly stronger, for the danger is now doubly grave.

This is one of those conflicts frequent in the parliamentary system of the English type. The president being irremovable and irresponsible to anybody during the exercise of his functions, if he once refuses to nominate a cabinet in conformity with the views of the majority of parliament, there is no remedy possible. The most powerful arms placed in the hands of the members of the houses in order to constrain the president to follow their policy, become inefficacious in effecting a solution. It is for this reason that France acted wisely in deciding that her president should not be elected by direct suffrage, but by Congress. In Chili, on the contrary, they carried so far their imitation of the English system, that the members of the constituent assembly of 1833 did not recoil before the absurdity of establishing in a republic a president who cannot be judged during his official term, even if he should be guilty of treason. It is neither more nor less than the theory of the impeccability of the ruler of England, the ministers or the counselors being considered alone responsible for the resolutions adopted. And in Chili the evil is aggravated, for the necessary congress cannot be dissolved by the president in order to make new elections. This arrangement places great inconveniences upon a country in which the actions of the leader can be made to rest so heavily upon the representatives. A conflict under these conditions has no other issue than a revolution.

These are the only causes of a general character which can be assigned to the events in Chili. That these causes have not produced such results before, during all the time elapsing since 1833, is to be attributed to the enormous preponderance of the Liberal party, to the calm, cold temper of the people, and to the superiority and wisdom of the men who have served as presidents. In fact there have already been two very authoritative presidents, but both always checked themselves before the menace of an opposition majority and a refusal of the budget.

As to the probable consequences of this revolution, it is necessary to distinguish purely political consequences from those which are economical and financial. The first will vary somewhat according to the result of the struggle, but one can be assured that the institutions of the country will end by being considerably and favorably modified a short time after the close of the revolution.

Official pressure in elections will be remarkably lessened; the power of the president will be reduced, and in all probability he will be held amenable to the senate; in short, the administration which to-day rests almost entirely in the hands of the executive will be decentralized. These are reforms for which the public has wished for a long time.

The economic and financial consequences of the revolution, on the contrary, appear in a very different light, and nothing can dispel the evils which will result. It can only be hoped that a people as advanced as the Chilians will very soon put an end to this critical situation, born of the caprices of a man who, forgetting that he ought to be the greatest servant of the country, imagined that he was its master. On this condition alone will Chili be able to resume her march of progress, and to preserve the high rank which her material and intellectual development won for her among the nations of the earth.

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A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

THE story of the life of Winifred Howells, the eldest child of William Dean and Eleanor Mead Howells, is one of the most exquisite in literary history. Born in Venice, whose "unearthly loveliness" seems to have entered into her nature, the spirits of love and wisdom dominated her temperament.

As a little child she was so sweet, so wise, so strangely all-comprehending; and still as the years went by and she developed into girlhood and lovely womanhood, there was before her always a beautiful vision which pathetically eluded her grasp; an ideal too high to be realized on earth; and this defect in realization, which was so subtle and unusual as almost to defy analysis, is very truly portrayed in the expression of her father, who alludes to it as "her baffled and bewildered being."

Its explanation, I think, is that she had the purely ideal nature; she was the child of poetry, of beauty, of love, of enchantment; she was essentially a spirit and adapted to more perfect conditions than those of the material world, and there was to her a sense of sad surprise that persons or circumstances should not be all that she beheld in her transfigured vision. While this solution of it seems to me the true one, I do not mean to portray her as in any sense eccentric or as one in whom sentiment ever degenerated into the sentimental. She was singularly joyous in her nature—frank, simple, spontaneous and free—but she was born with an intense craving for ideal beauty and harmony and responsiveness, and if the wings of her spirit beat against the bars of crude materialities she sank, baffled, sad, before them.

The feeling I am trying to interpret is exquisitely reflected in a little poem she wrote, some years ago, entitled "A Mood," which runs thus:

> The wind exultant swept
> Through the new leaves overhead,
> Till at once my pulses leapt
> With a life I thought long dead,
> And I woke as one who has slept
> To my childhood—that had not fled.
>
> On the wind my spirit flew;
> Its freedom was mine as well.
> For a moment the world was new;
> What came then to break the spell?
> The wind still freshly blew;
> My spirit it was that fell.

These lines are Shelley-like in their ethereal beauty. They were set to music by Mr. Frank Booth, under the title of "The Wind Exultant," and have proved to be a favorite song with lyric artists.

The exquisite sensitiveness of Winifred Howells to beauty and art was of course fostered by the atmosphere in which she grew up. It was a spiritualized literary atmos phere, so to speak. Mrs. Howells herself is an artist with pencil and brush; her brother, Larkin S. Mead, is known as an eminent sculptor; Mrs. Howells was studying art in Rome when Mr. Howells—then in the first flush of his literary fame—met her, and they were married in Paris and set up their household gods at once in Venice in an old palace on the Grand Canal. It was here that Winifred was born into an atmosphere of literature and art, the guests of the house, as well as the parents, being naturally men and women of letters.

Then followed years of childish life in Cambridge when almost daily the little maiden with the starry, luminous eyes, met Mr. Lowell, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. James, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Fields, and Mr. Aldrich, and her first little poem brought to her from Mr. Longfellow a note which, as her father has said, made her "wildly happy."

Henry James, the elder, was especially fond of the quaint child. One of her stories particularly diverted him, "and he laughed over it tenderly," Mr. Howells relates, "with a sympathy for all she meant and failed to express. To his most religious presence I used to go, as to a church," continued Mr. Howells, "and I have still the sense of her little hand in mine as I led her with me. He praised her and laughed at her and made her heart dance homeward with her feet."

Withal this sweet daughter of the great nov-

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elist had a most joyous childhood,—radiant with privileges of lofty companionship, and her days were illuminated with beautiful visions. She must have been almost touchingly trusting, and her father relates of her this little incident:

"Once there was to be a Sunday-school fair and she said she would write a book of poems and sell that. I was too fondly touched by the simple notion and encouraged it. She came back from the fair with the poor little manuscript in her hand and flung herself upon me in a wild burst of tears. 'Oh, papa! nobody wanted my book.'

"Afterwards," added Mr. Howells, "she grew accustomed to rebuffs. She came to have a fine courage, and sent her poems to editors, under false names, so as not to profit with them by any supposable weakness for her father's name; and when they came back, as they often did, no one knew, from her at least, what pain it gave. It was her noble pride unalloyed with vanity, her beautiful, never-failing dignity of heart and mind, which enabled her to do this; but this we know now was the lightest part of the suffering she kept from us. Her life was deeply interior; it sank more and more beyond our sight; and it is only the records of it which teach us how intensely poetical it was."

Perhaps the most artistic expression of this phase of her life that Winifred made was in a sonnet called "Past":

Then as she sewed, came floating through her
head
Odd bits of poems learned in other days
And long forgotten in the noisier ways
Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
And, looking up, she saw upon the shelf
In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand;
And her heart smote her, thinking how herself
Had loved them once and found in them all good
As well as beauty, filling every need;
But now they could not fill the emptiness
Of heart she felt even in her gayest mood;
She wanted once no work her heart to feed
And to be idle once was no distress.

In the first declining years of her health, which came soon after passing her twentieth year, Mr. and Mrs. Howells took this child of their tender love to Venice, hoping that the air of her native city would work its miracle for her, and incredulous that anything less than happy youth and radiant strength should lie before their darling. They had passed a winter in Florence, but there she could not sleep; a month's sojourn at Sienna proved no better; but the air of the lagoons gave to her peace and quiet. There was a radiant May-time there in all the glory and the gladness of spring in ethereal Venice. She dreamily glided in gondolas, and breathed the atmosphere of beauty that so charmed and soothed her soul.

In all this absorption in beauty she did not lose any of the tender sympathies that cling to humanity. It was not the mere esthetic instinct which is often not unallied to the sensual,—but it was the truly artistic which is closely allied and is even identical, with the ideal. The esthetic nature, that loves to steep itself in mere beauty, is too often a selfish one. The artistic nature is ideal and spiritual.

The first check—for $5.00—ever sent to Winifred for her writing was for a poem entitled "Magnolia," and when her father cashed it for her in a gold piece and they looked to see her buy some memento of her first literary earning, she brought it instead to her father asking that it might be sent to the destitute negroes flocking into Kansas. Mr. Frank Garrison sent the coin—and the story with it—to Messrs. Kidder and Peabody, and five or six years later Mr. Kidder showed the coin to a friend saying he had been so touched with the story that he could not part with it, and sending a check of his own in its place he had carried it in his pocket since that day.

One of her nearest friends describes Winifred as slender and rather tall, with an oval face of the mediæval type, densely black hair growing low on her forehead, which was of an exquisite mold above the level eyebrows, and eyes "of a strange starry, wondering purity." Mr. Lowell said, "All New England looks from her beautiful eyes."

Of this beautiful life of only twenty-five summers, her father says: "She was on the earth, but she went through the world aloof in spirit, with a kind of surprise."

Truly of Winifred Howells might the words of Whittier be written:

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

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WASHINGTON A LITERARY CENTER.

BY ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

WILL Washington, the national capital, ever become a center of literature, art, and science? Such was the question which arose in my own mind when I turned my thoughts toward Washington as the Mecca of enthusiasm, the source of historical investigation, and as the city that offered the peacefulness and economy of a quiet home combined with the conveniences and facilities of a city residence. After the close observation of repeated visits to Washington, followed by a residence of two years in that city, I feel justified in answering the question with an unqualified yes. The National Capital will naturally and necessarily become a center of literature, art, and science in America.

Boston has lost much of its prestige as a literary center, and is superseded by New York. This is mainly due to the business facilities of the great metropolis for printing, illustrating, and publishing. Such advantages have attracted many leading men in literature and art. The men of science still cling to the university towns, but they are gravitating to Washington, where many special students in science are now at work, enjoying the privileges of the Smithsonian Institution with its scientific and historical treasures and its lectures.

The Academy of Science meets at the capital every year; the International Congress of Science held its first meeting in America in the same place in the past summer, as did also the National Society for the Advancement of Natural Science.

Washington cannot claim the business advantages that New York offers to students and artists; but its nearness to New York, with constantly increasing facilities for reaching that city, permit business arrangements to be adjusted with ease and rapidity. It affords unusual opportunities for study and investigation. Access is easily obtained to all the privileges of the vast Congressional Library and to the universities here of long established reputation, while the great universities recently established or projected, promise much for the future.

For those persons interested in historical research in American records, the State Department and the War and Navy Departments hold the original documents of priceless value which will authenticate the wonderful facts of our national progress.

These resources of the student are well known, but others of less prominence are equally significant. There are in the city well established societies in science and literature which will develop into organizations of national importance. The Geographical and Anthropological Societies, the Shakspere and French and German clubs, besides other circles devoted to historical study and to general literature, are not mere transient organizations for social purposes, but are permanent and are engaged in serious work.

Students of art have in this city free access to the Corcoran Gallery and to the school connected with it. This school has now reached a high standard of excellence. The Art Students' League is also a popular place for study, and there are artists of the best rank who receive private pupils. The Art Congress recently initiated and the great art building promised in the near future offer additional attractions to students of art.

The leading men in literature and art still find their headquarters in New York, but women, natural prophets of the race, with farsighted wisdom, are gathering in and about Washington. The women who are leaders in literature, art, science, and patriotism congregate here. This sentiment of patriotism has recently arisen in a great wave of enthusiasm which promises to bring about a solution of many problems which perplex statesmen and politicians. The questions of immigration and of naturalization, of the Indian and Negro races, and of similar subjects, now engage the earnest thought of women, and they will eventually lift these themes out of the arena of ordinary politics into the region of justice which embraces the rights of individuals and the rights of home and country. Thus in time the influence of woman's opinion and woman's effort will find acquiescence and acknowledgment from men, who will unite with the women in preserving, one might say in creating, an Americanism that shall keep our inheritance of political principles and superior opportunities intact

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as they come to us from Revolutionary forefathers.

Women who are editors find Washington the true center from which to promulgate their opinions and reach their most appreciative audience. Those who have so long and bravely struggled for equal suffrage find the advantage of making Washington their headquarters. Women who are ambitious in business reside here, dealing in real estate and occupying leading places in large business houses. Of the large number who have employment in the Government Offices, it is unnecessary to speak. Thus Washington is becoming each year more truly the field for woman's best and most earnest efforts, and the great capital holds out to her the fairest promises of a future which the common verdict proclaims shall be a great era of woman. This development of opportunity for woman in Washington has been one of natural and easy growth, hence the permanence and importance of its results.

The social precedence and influence of women in this country in the past have found their broadest and highest exercise in and about the social life of Washington. This has attracted many brilliant women to the capital, and those who were independent by means of money or of a strong will, and those who could persuade fathers or husbands to bend to their wishes, have remained, making it a permanent, or at least a winter, residence. From social power there has gradually developed a power in politics, in business, in affairs generally. Women of established position have been able and willing to help others who were less favored; ability and energy have found encouragement, and have also created a demand for talent. Authors, musicians, artists, doctors, lawyers, all find clients or patrons among their own sex in Washington; but adventurers have little scope; the day for them has past; society is well guarded, and such must look for a fresher field. Talent must be unusual and cultivated to a high standard; to succeed here, work must be sincere and excellent in technique as well as in purpose.

Yet it is not for woman only that Washingington is becoming a center of art and literature. Men who are devoted to these pursuits are drifting here more slowly, but with the fixed purpose of remaining, since they find the requirements of an intellectual life and the pleasures of a complete home. No other city is so ideal a place of residence, where homes are so free from the noise and rush of traffic, and yet near enough to business centers for all purposes of convenience. Here is an opportunity for the development of a high type of American life, at once simple and refined.

THE FRENCH COOK IN HER NATIVE LAND.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

PERHAPS it will be interesting to hear from the actual experience of the writer, something about housekeeping in France, where the past four winters were spent. After one has been banished for some time from one's "ain countree" there is likely to come an inexpressible longing for a taste of home life. Finding ourselves overtaken by this feeling, we proceeded upon the advice of friends, to gratify the desire by taking a furnished apartment, or flat, as we have it in our less euphonious parlance. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of French towns live in this manner, and for the sojourner who intends to move on in four or five months, it is more than convenient.

You can enter such an apartment at a day's notice. Indeed you may select it in the morning and enter in the afternoon, or as soon as you have signed the lease and paid down half the rent. Every thing is in readiness for occupancy, and you have nothing to do but to look over the inventory with your landlord, being very particular to note carefully every crack in the china, every nick in the toilet sets, and any weakness in the chair legs. You will usually find your rooms generously furnished with all necessaries, and your bed linen, table linen, silver, and cutlery all that could be desired. As for the kitchen, with its numerous casseroles and shining brass pannikins adorning the walls, it is a pleasure to look upon it; and the anxious housekeeper will find that she has nothing left to long for, even down to the

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regulation six white and six blue aprons for the cook.

Of course the next and most important step is to select cautiously that being who is to reign supreme in her own realm, queen of the cuisine. There is no waiting for days, looking around or answering of advertisements. You go to a first class agent, explain precisely the sort of servant you require; she sends you one after the other until you are suited, and, whereas in the morning you had no abiding place, by afternoon you are cosily settled in your own home, talking over the coming dinner in your own *salle-à-manger*, with your own cook, who at once puts to flight all your misgivings, is sympathetic and suggestive, but above all, respectful and reliable.

And now you begin to note the difference between the privileges enjoyed by our own much-spoiled Hibernian servitors, and this blue-aproned, white-capped, tidy individual. In the first place she has no day out. I have never had a French domestic ask me for an afternoon for herself, and when I have indicated to one that she may have one hour every Sabbath morning for mass, and may take two hours' outing the same afternoon, she accepted the privilege with gratitude, as if I had bestowed a favor. They never have company, and do not use my kitchen as a meeting-place for their friends, but are trained to give up their waking-hours to my service, and are in readiness to wait upon me at any time during the day or evening.

The wages of a cook in a French city vary from eight to twelve dollars per month. The latter price will command a *cordon-bleu* who can cook an elaborate dinner of twelve courses, without asking outside assistance. But I have had this winter in Nice a Parisian cook for nine dollars a month, who understands very well all kinds of family cooking,—soups, roasts, vegetables, entrèes, croquettes, and desserts. I have not as yet a single failure to record on her part within the entire season. Everything has turned out just as she planned it, and always most delicious.

There are a few privileges which a French domestic considers hers by right. One is her allowance of wine. Just so many bottles (three and a half quarts per week) of the *vin ordinaire* must be provided, or there would be a strike. As this is the pure wine of the country, costing from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half per dozen (most likely watered, but not alcoholic), there is no fear of intoxication with this small quantity.

A second privilege which is hers is the "cinq per cent," or the commission of one sou on every franc, granted to the cook by all the tradesmen with whom her mistress deals. The coal merchant, the grocer, the butcher, and the milkman, all ungrudgingly bestow this money on the cook, when the bills are paid at the end of each month, *pour tenir la pratique*. She is then supposed to interest herself in their behalf to direct the custom to their shops. This is quite a lucrative business for her, for in a family where the living expenses come up to three hundred dollars a month, her gains would amount to fifteen dollars, which means much more in France than in America.

Of course the wages of a *chef* are much higher than those of a *cuisinière*. He would receive anywhere from twelve to fifty dollars a month in a private family, and in *pensions* or hotels even more.

The morning meal of the domestic consists simply of black coffee with sugar, and bread without butter; but if you should give her a dinner without soup and a salad of some kind, she would feel ill-treated. She will make this same salad for herself out of almost anything that is left over; a few slices of beet, the outside leaves of the lettuce, cold boiled potatoes, or even a few dandelion leaves; but salad she must have.

Now as to the acquirements of an average French *cuisinière*. In the first place, she thoroughly understands her work. She is no raw recruit, experimenting with the material which her mistress provides; she is a born cook, as most of the French are. Down to the ignorant peasant you will find that they know how to cook what they are able to procure, be it only a *soupe aux choux*, in a manner which makes it palatable and even delicious of its kind. The French cook will never waste anything, to the smallest crust of bread; and she will teach an American housekeeper such lessons in small but fruitful economies, as could never be learned in our land of extravagance and overflowing wealth. Then she is never at a loss. If anything is forgotten or the grocer has failed her, she will substitute something else at the last moment, and you will hardly notice the difference. Seasoning is her forte. A leaf of *laurier* here, an *échalote* there; a *truffe* or two with one dish, and a taste of *poirot* with

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another, while the white wine, the red wine, and the *vin de madère* must always be at hand for her sweetbreads or filets.

There are two great reliefs to the pressure of work in a French household. The washing and the baking are always done outside. All the house linen is given to the washerwoman, even to the dish-towels. This is not so expensive as it seems, for the prices charged are extremely low, and vary according to the size of the article. For instance, a table-cloth costs five cents to launder, while a napkin is only two, and a dish-towel one cent.

All bread is bought at the baker's, and most of the cake also, so there is no baking in the house, beyond desserts, puddings, etc. We have no extra pressure in the kitchen on Saturdays, when our cooks at home are apt to be wrought up to a pitch of anxiety about their cake and pies. We do certainly miss the delicious home-made cake of our childhood's memory, but the delicate little fancy cakes of the French *pâtissier* are so attractive, and it is so easy and inexpensive to order them made fresh expressly for you for twenty-five cents per dozen, that one cannot complain. We can buy home made bread here which they call *pain anglais*.

But when Monday comes and there are no cold dinners, no cross cooks, or untidy waitresses, but all things running as smoothly and delightfully as on other days, then one feels that the French could teach us something if we were only willing to learn, about housekeeping made easy.

A COLORED SISTERHOOD.

BY J. K. WETHERILL.

THE Convent of the Holy Family—the home of a colored Sisterhood—is in the French quarter of New Orleans, on Orleans Street, between Royal and Bourbon. Standing at its great doorway and looking riverward one can see the garden at the back of St. Louis Cathedral with its banana and magnolia trees and rosy-blossomed crape myrtles; and the balconies of the gray old houses opposite are gay with flowers.

It was pleasant, the day I visited the convent, to leave the noise and dust of the streets and enter the cool and dimly-lighted hall. When I explained my errand to Sister Berchmans, the portress—who, with her pale, freckled complexion, might easily pass for a white woman—she looked rather puzzled, but said cordially, "Sit down a li'l' in de parlor, Madame. I run call Sister Frances."

This parlor was spotlessly neat; the floor covered with a red and white matting, and the paneled and wainscoted walls hung with pictures of the Holy Family and various Saints. Among the latter was a portrait of St. John Berchmans, "saved by a miracle," so Sister Frances subsequently told me, "when Faranta's Theater took fire, and nearly burnt us out of house and home."

As the Convent includes a boarding-school for colored girls, I was not surprised to see several gay little pink dresses and some white muslin mob-caps lying upon a chair. I could not help smiling, however, when suddenly there broke upon the conventual quietude the sound of a piano accompaniment noisily banged, while a childish voice shrilled out that very secular ditty:

> Ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
> Little brown jug, how I love thee!

but the strain ceased abruptly, as if suppressed by some one in authority.

At this point Sister Frances entered. She is a Canadian by birth, a small mulattress with a face at once cheerful and gentle. In talking with her I found her to be a woman of quick intelligence, with a natural capacity for business, but little education; full of enthusiasm for her vocation, an energetic worker whose delight is in action.

"I've been nearly all over the United States begging for our Convent," she told me; "and I've been right successful, too."

Many years ago, when Sister Frances first came to New Orleans, she found the Order very poorly housed. In looking about for better quarters she chanced upon their present habitation, a commodious building, once the famous Globe Ball-room, where wildest revelry held sway in the old times; and afterward used as the Criminal Court.

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"The price was twenty thousand dollars," said Sister Frances, "and we hadn't a dollar when we agreed to take the house; but we were given a year's credit. That's twelve years ago, and now we've nearly paid for it," she added with pardonable pride.

Sister Frances took me through the Convent, saying that any disorder I might notice was due to the fact that to-night the pupils' annual exhibition was to take place. There are at present twenty-five children in the boarding-school; and seven Sisters are engaged in teaching them the English branches, music, French, Spanish, and fine needlework.

"Some of the children are going to act 'The Vacant Chair' to-night," said Sister Frances, "in remembrance of Mother Madeleine, who died about ten months ago. Ah, our good Mother!" and a tear glistened in her eye, "we can't get reconciled to losing her."

Upstairs is the children's dormitory, very tidy, with its rows of white-covered single beds, and a long wooden table, running almost the length of the room, on which are disposed basins, pitchers, mugs, tooth-brushes, and other toilet necessities. Two of the younger pupils were there, one very black, with her kinky wool tied up with white strings; and the other almost white, with light brown hair which fell in pretty curls about her shoulders.

In the music-room, bending over a weighty-looking volume, was Sister Ursule, a tall, handsome quadroon with a fine profile. She was trained in the Convent of the Ursulines, in New Orleans, and is the instructor of the novices. The present Mother Superior, Mother Cecilia, is a portly, benevolent-looking yellow woman, a great worker, I was told. In one of the corridors we encountered a tall and very stout negress, the "cooking Sister." It looked rather odd to see that jolly black countenance, which expressed in its coarse features no higher virtue than animal good nature, framed by the snowy whiteness of the nun's coif.

The Chapel is very nicely fitted up, and has a pretty white and gold altar, the gift of some ladies of New Orleans, who also donated money to repair the organ, when it was injured by the fire previously mentioned. On the severe-looking wooden benches of the Chapel were seated, in silent prayer, two black-robed Sisters and three in spotless white. The latter were to assume the Holy Habit, in a few days.

There are about forty-five Sisters in the Convent at present. The vow becomes perpetual after ten years' probation. When I asked Sister Frances if many of the postulants discover that they have mistaken their vocation, she answered: "Well, you see, Madame, there always will be discontented ones everywhere. We're very particular about one thing. Even if we bring up a girl in the convent, and she wants to join the Order, we return her to her family and let her see something of the world first. Then if she don't alter her mind, well and good. Ah! the world ain't such great things, after all."

The history of the community is interesting. It was founded in 1842, during the existence of slavery, by four young free women of color, natives of New Orleans, well educated and of respectable parentage. Full of zeal for the elevation of their race, they began by teaching the catechism, and preparing colored girls and women for their first communion; devoting their time, energies, and money unstintingly and lovingly to the work. They built indeed better, far better than they knew.

In connection with the Convent of the Holy Family there are an Orphan Asylum, a Home for Aged Women, and a day school for girls in the Third District. There is a branch of the Sisterhood at Donaldsonville, and another at Opelousas. The Order is not wealthy by any means, and with the many calls that are made upon it, funds are often sorely needed. The accommodations of the Orphan Asylum leave much to be desired, and it is the hope of the Sisters that they may, one day, be able to erect a suitable building on a vacant lot next to the Mother House.

In Louisiana there are 300,000 Catholics, 100,000 of these being colored. Of the latter there are about 25,000 in New Orleans, most of them living in the French Quarter.

By unprejudiced minds the Catholic religion must be rated as a strong factor in the moral progress of the negro race. Instead of appealing to their excitable and barbaric side, its church worship teaches lessons of mental repose, meditation, silent prayer, and self-control; while the paternal guidance of the priest is an influence for good over their childlike, half-developed natures.

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WHAT ENGLISH WOMEN ARE DOING IN ART.

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS.

I SAW for the first time the other day that interesting book "Woman's Work in America." There I found excellent chapters on Woman in Literature, in Journalism, in Medicine, in the Ministry, in Law, in the State, in Industry, in Philanthropy, but, to my surprise, not a word about Woman in Art. This is all the more unexpected since I know how very thoroughly and enthusiastically American women have studied and are studying art as a profession. I have just come back from Paris and the two *Salons*, where American women artists are well represented. We have only to look at our illustrated magazines to know how many have become illustrators and wood engravers. And as for decorative art, is it not enough to mention the names of Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Dora Wheeler?

In England women are fast becoming no less prominent in art. It is true that at present those who hold the first rank as artists are few, but the progress they have made of late years from their old slough of ladylike amateurism promises far better things for the future. It is at this season, of all others, that their progress can best be appreciated, since women are among the contributors to all the large summer picture exhibitions in London.

There are too many people who look upon art as a mere pastime or mere amusement, which sometimes, in case of a reverse of fortune, can be turned to profit. By painting *menus* and Christmas cards and little trumpery odds and ends which no one wants, the daughter of people in "reduced circumstances" can make a little money for herself without endangering her social position. But art is something more than this. It means years of hard work and hard study; it necessitates first a thorough training and then the entire devotion of one's life to it. If Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal accomplished nothing else, it at least showed the sacrifices the would-be painter, whatever his or her circumstances, is called upon to make. This is realized now by Englishwomen, who know that to succeed they must embrace art as a profession, not amuse themselves with it as a recreation.

There are women students in the Royal Academy and South Kensington schools and in most of the large private studios where pupils are admitted. Many English girls go to Paris, where the advantages are so much greater, the art education so much more thorough. The result of all this serious endeavor is the very creditable appearance women make on the walls of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery.

There is in London a Society of Lady Artists who give a show every spring. I have been to their exhibition this year. But I shall say little about it because to me it seems but a survival of the old days when women never tried to rise above amateurism. Those who can really do anything send to the large shows where they are content to be judged as artists, not as "ladies." Thackeray declared once that there was no such thing as an authoress; and so there should be no such thing as a lady artist. There is little to be proud of in the collection the society has got together. Commonplaceness is the standard, incompetency the rule. There are some few exceptions, but one wonders what they are doing there in that gallery.

It is pleasanter to turn to the Royal Academy, where one finds women exhibitors fully equipped to compete with men. Their number is large. If you run your eye down the catalogue you see name after name with the distinctive *Miss* or *Mrs*. Much of their work, it must be admitted, is not very interesting. But neither is much sent by men contributors. Here and there one stands out with distinction. Most distinguished this year is Mrs. Stanhope Forbes. She is the wife of the well-known painter of that name, but before her marriage, as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, she had already made some little reputation both as painter and etcher. She is one of the little group of artists known as the Newlynites, who have their studios down on the Cornish coast, chiefly in Newlyn and St. Ives. But while this year for one reason or another, most of their pictures are hardly up to the mark, Mrs. Forbes has rarely shown anything finer than her "Game of Old Maid." In painting three little girls playing their favorite game at a table in front of an open window, she has given a delightful study of

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light and color, and shown her mastery of technique and keen artistic perception. It has exactly those qualities which appeal to the artist, who cares less for subject than treatment. Mrs. Forbes lives in Newlyn.

Another of the same school is Mrs. Adrian Stokes who lives in St. Ives by the sea. She too comes to the fore with a striking "Annunciation"—striking because of its technical excellence and her novel conception of a theme used again and again by painters. Her Virgin, in pale sage green gown and Quakerish cape, looks like a little charity girl; the angel Gabriel stands just behind her, holding the conventional stalk of lilies. Quiet color, restrained treatment, are its most notable qualities.

Then at the Academy too, are Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, the Philadelphian who has been in London for long years and whose picture last summer was bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest Fund; Mrs. Louise Jopling Rowe who has a large flourishing school in her studio; Miss Clara and Miss Hilda Montalba, the two sisters who have done so much work in Venice and are always seen in all the principal English exhibitions.

The New Gallery now holds the position of the old Grosvenor—Bunthorne's greenery-gallery. It is here that Mr. Burne-Jones and the artists of his school—the Neo-Gothic school—exhibit. They are nearly the legitimate successors of the Pre-Raphaelites, whose traditions they cherish. Among them are as many women as men. Most conspicuous are Mrs. Evelyn De Morgan, a very faithful student of Mr. Burne-Jones, whose beauty of color as well as eccentricity of drawing she fortunately borrows; Mrs. Stillman and Miss Lisa Stillman, the wife and daughter of the well-known American art critic; and Mrs. Swynnerton. The latter this year surpasses herself; she has a study of the nude which she calls "Cupid and Psyche," not only the cleverest thing she has ever done but one of the finest canvases in the gallery; in it, one is glad to see, she throws off much of the mannerism peculiar to the school in which she has been trained, to give a staightforward, realistic rendering of her subject. I doubt if her name has been heard in America but she must now be counted one of the most promising women artists in England.

But not merely the Burne-Jones group are represented in the New Gallery. Here we also have Miss Anna Tadema, who, owing to ill health I believe, is less strong than usual, though, as always, she is interesting; and Mrs. Tadema, who is as constant to Dutch interiors as her husband is to classic marbles; and Miss Flora Reid, a vigorous young Scotchwoman who paints with much individuality and power.

I have mentioned none but the principal women exhibitors of the year. To give a mere catalogue of names here would be useless. In the smaller galleries many others figure. At the Institute of Painters in Water Colors a picture by Miss Gertrude Hammond was singled out and bought by the Empress Frederick during her visit to London. A few have even made their way into the New English Art Club where the technical standard is unusually high for England, and the Hanging Committee unusually strict. Altogether, I should say that when the history of Woman's Work in England comes to be written, Woman in Art cannot be overlooked.

PLAYING WITH HEARTS.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

SEVERAL instances, showing the results of playing with hearts, have come under my notice recently, which have emphasized in my mind the danger of being careless in such matters.

That it is natural for young men to admire and love young women, goes without saying. As well argue that we must not love flowers and music and sunlight, as to say one must not love the beauty and grace and sweetness of young womanhood.

A home to many if not most young men, means all that is restful and delightful; a place for comfort after the toil of the day; a place of companionship with some one whose interests are identical with his and whose tastes are congenial to his own. He does not wait as does a woman to see if love be reciprocal. He loves, and hopes for, and asks for a return.

The girl is apt to be less impulsive. She or her mother for her, is perhaps worldly wise,

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and considers well whether the man can support her and whether he will probably make her happy. She accepts the attentions of one or a dozen, and decides among them. This is right according to our modern society, but she too often forgets whether she is giving pain needlessly.

It is too much the fashion to argue that men are not deeply touched in such matters; that full of business as they are, a refusal is easily borne, and another love takes the place.

True we read in the daily press quite often of a suicide resulting from a rebuff or a broken promise, but we seem to forget, unless perchance it touches our own home circle, and then the mother's heart breaks for her tenderly reared son or daughter.

I believe the history of the world shows that men love deeply, and with an affection as lasting as that of women. Who can ever forget the undying affection of Sir Walter Scott for fair young Margaret? He met and loved her at nineteen, and for six years worked at his law drudgery, looking forward to a happy union with her. He said to a friend, "It was a proud night with me when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth while to sit and talk with me hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view."

As his first year's practice brought him but $125, his second $290, and his third $420, the young lady counseled waiting for better days.

Two years later Margaret was married to the eldest son of a baronet, afterward Sir William Forbes, and died thirteen years after her marriage. The cause of her change of mind is not known.

At first Scott felt that he had been wronged, but this feeling against Margaret soon subsided, and was replaced by an unchangeable affection. She became the heroine of "Rokeby" and of "Woodstock."

Thirty years later, when Europe and America were filled with praise of Scott, he met the mother of his early love. He writes in his diary, after the meeting:

I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of awakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

When he visited St. Andrews he recalled how thirty-four years before he had carved her name in runic characters on the turf beside the castle gate, and asked himself why, at fifty-six, that name "should still agitate his heart."

I never read of stern and fearless Andrew Jackson without recalling his devoted love for Rachel Robards. With the world he was thought to be domineering and harsh, and was often profane; but with her he was patient, gentle, and deferential. Having no children they adopted her nephew, when but a few days old. When Jackson conquered at New Orleans and young ladies strewed flowers along the path of the hero, to have the commendation of Rachel was more than that of all the world beside. When he was elected President she said, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part I never wished it."

Earnest in her religious convictions, he built a small brick church for her in the Hermitage grounds, that she might gather her neighbors and servants about her for worship. Mrs. Jackson died suddenly just after her husband's election to the presidency. He could not believe that she was dead. When they brought a table to lay her body upon it, he said tenderly in a choking voice, "Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

All night long he sat beside the form of his beloved Rachel, often feeling of her heart and pulse. In the morning he was wholly inconsolable, and when he found that she was really dead, the body could scarcely be forced from his arms. He prepared a tomb for her like an open summer-house, and buried her under the white dome supported by marble pillars.

While Jackson lived he wore her miniature constantly about his neck, and every night laid it open beside her prayer-book at his bedside. Her face was the last thing upon which his eyes rested before he slept, and the first thing upon which his eyes opened in the morning through those eight years at the White House. He made his will bequeathing all his property to his adopted son, because, said he, "If she were alive, she would wish him

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to have it all, and to me her wish is law."

Two days before he died he said, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not find my wife there." He used to say, "All I have achieved—fame, power, everything—would I exchange, if she could be restored to me for a moment."

Washington Irving cherished forever the memory of Matilda Hoffman, who died at the age of seventeen. He could never hear her name mentioned afterward. After his death a package was found marked "Private Mems." In a faded manuscript of his own writing, were a lovely miniature of Matilda and a braid of fair hair. For years Irving kept her Bible and prayer-book under his pillow, and to the end of his life these were always carried with him on his journeys.

In the faded manuscript one reads:

The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and most angelical to the last.

I seemed to care for nothing, the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thought of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear the solitude, yet could not endure society. . . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamed of her incessantly.

> For time makes all but true love old;
> The burning thoughts that then were told
> Run molten still in memory's mold,
>   And will not cool
> Until the heart itself is cold
>   In Lethe's pool.

The memory of Ann Rutledge never faded from the heart of Abraham Lincoln. Years after her death he was heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl. I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms beat upon her grave."

Gruff Samuel Johnson worked in his garret, a most inconvenient room, after his "Letty" died, because, said he, "In that room I never saw Mrs. Johnson." Her wedding-ring was placed in a little box, and tenderly kept till his death.

Michael Angelo's devotion to Vittoria Colonna will be told, perhaps, even after the wonderful statues of Day and Night are lost or destroyed. "He bore such a love to her," said his pupil, Condivi, "that I remember to have heard him say that he grieved at nothing so much as that when he went to see her pass from this life he had not kissed her brow or her face, as he kissed her hand. After her death he frequently stood trembling and as if insensible."

All lovers of art know of Saskia whose life was to Rembrandt like the transcendent light he threw over his pictures; whose death left him forever in the shadow of shadows.

If men give such affection as these men gave—and tens of thousands do—then the affection is worth the most careful consideration; accepted, if possible, with gratitude that one has been thought worthy of homage; refused, if necessary, with the utmost delicacy and kindness.

Young women sometimes, perhaps because of youth, do not realize the far-reaching influence of what the world is pleased to jest about as "love affairs."

An acquaintance of mine, pretty, intelligent, and reared by a Christian mother, became engaged to two young men at the same time. One of course was refused, with, to him, bitter heart-ache. She married the other, led a wretched life with him, and finally was divorced.

Another received for years the attention of a worthy and wealthy young man. Another young man visited her, for whom she possibly had a preference. Both offered themselves to her, and both were accepted, she doubtless hoping to choose later, the one who pleased her best. Both discovered her plan, were indignant, and left her to make other conquests.

These cases are far from isolated. I do not believe they arise from the heartlessness of women, but from lack of thought and care. A man can offer a woman nothing higher than a sincere love. While she need not assume that men who offer her attention wish to marry her, it is a mistake to keep one's eyes shut, and open them only to find that a heart has been hurt temporarily and perchance permanently. Good common sense as well as principle, are necessary in matters pertaining to hearts.

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THE WAIFS' PICNIC AT CHICAGO.

BY ADELAIDE G. MARCHANT.

ONE of the most marked signs of the progress of the world in humanity is the increased attention paid to that class of children, found in all large cities, who are practically homeless. One of the ways in which Chicago is showing her interest in this subject is in the Waifs' Picnic, which has become an established custom, taking place in Jackson Park, the broad expanse of lawn there offering an excellent opportunity for games and races of all kinds.

This picnic was originally an outgrowth of the Waifs' Mission, a Sunday school held at nine o'clock Sunday morning, where, by offering the attractions of music and free lunch, an effort is made to gather the neglected newsboys and bootblacks of the great city into classes and impart some degree of religious instruction. As might be expected, the teachers in this school have labored under great difficulties in the way of obtaining order and attention. Nevertheless, much good has been done.

The annual outing given to the members of this school has been extended to include many others; every child, in fact, whose appearance indicates that he is a stranger to home comforts, is welcomed. In this work, the sympathy of all is enlisted, with no distinction as to religion or sect. The railroad furnishes a special train, free of cost; several business firms and daily papers furnish suits for a certain number of boys, and if they choose to mingle a little judicious advertising with their charity, by having their names placed prominently on the garments, surely no one will object, for the boys are happy and proud of their suits. Contributions of food, ice cream, and lemons are made by other firms and individuals. There is never any lack of these essentials to a picnic. A free bath and hair-cut are also given every boy applying for the same at the rooms of the mission. This operation adds much to their appearance if not comfort.

Young America is never so happy as when he can march, and these street urchins are no exceptions to the rule. The march from the place of meeting to the station where they board the train is one of the features of the day. Many carry flags, while others bear banners of their own devising, some of the mottoes expressing their confidence in the success of the World's Fair, others their own needs. This year the hearts of the boys were gladdened by the presence of two visiting bands, those of Detroit and St. Louis. These amateur musicians made a very fine appearance, although they were composed of newsboys. The Park officials also contributed a number of small pony carts, which were highly appreciated by those fortunate enough to occupy them. This motley pageant of boys of all ages and sizes attracted much attention.

To see the true inwardness of this picnic, however, one must be on the ground. Four or five thousand children present many different types of humanity, most of them, alas! showing sadly the want of home influence and mothering that is the most pitiful feature of the life of these gamins. A foreigner, whose English has been acquired from grammars and select literature, would doubtless have difficulty in understanding many of the expressions heard here. The compiler of "English as she is Spoke," or of choice specimens of slang, would find a wide and rich field.

In spite of these characteristics, there is an evident air of enjoyment, from those of larger growth, eagerly arranging for a game of baseball, to the small boy, who is contented to lie on his back on the grass and kick up his heels.

Moving about among the crowd of boys, many little points are noted, small in themselves, but suggestive of their daily life. At first sight, it appears strange that bootblacks should burden themselves with their outfits when coming on an excursion of pleasure; a second thought will bring the explanation that they have no homes in which to leave them. A number of the boys have bruised faces or black eyes, reminders of recent fights. Some have attempted a suitable attire for the day by twisting a piece of red, white, and blue cloth around their hats; one girl is seen with a wisp tied around her head. For there are many girls in this company, not all of whom, perhaps, sell papers.

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Not only the homeless children are included, but many of the very poor. Numbers of poor women with their families have taken this opportunity to visit the Park, and if they have provided no lunch, it is freely served to all from the abundance. Here a baby lies on its back, sound asleep, with arms and legs stretched out straight, showing that it is not accustomed to the restraints of a crib, there three little girls are passing around one handkerchief with which to wipe their warm and perspiring faces.

The dinner is the most exciting event of the day, of course. To serve lunch in the ordinary picnic fashion would be impossible in a company of this size. Therefore, in an improvised enclosure of unpainted boards, the teachers and helpers are busy cutting and buttering bread, slicing ham, and preparing cake and other dainties. A bountiful supply of each of these is placed in a paper bag and passed to a boy, who fills up the chinks with popcorn. When all is ready, by great effort on the part of several stalwart policemen and others, a line is formed and the children pass through the enclosure, each is handed a bag containing the luncheon, and departs to eat it in his own time and place as best suits him.

Previous to the dinner, ice cream was served in wooden butter dishes. Much effort was required to keep order here also, but some semblance of a line was obtained. Sometimes a dish would contain two spoons and be served in common. In other cases, one spoon did duty for several or one dish furnished refreshment for an entire family.

After dinner was disposed of, the company were free to do as they liked, many preferring to play ball or run races, while others were content to enjoy the fresh air from Lake Michigan and walk over the green grass, which for the day was all "common." The number of cripples noticed shows the liability of the street boy to accident; but no elaborate crutches or artificial limbs supply the place of the missing members. A piece of board smoothed and cut into shape usually does duty for a crutch or is strapped on at the knee to walk on.

Such an undertaking involves much work on the part of those entrusted with its management, but is cheerfully given for the sake of the pleasure thereby brought to these unfortunates, who through no fault of their own, lead lives of misery and ignorance. The world is beginning to realize that the best interests of the community demand that something be done toward lifting them out of this condition to a higher and happier life. A day's holiday in the Park is only one of the means to an end.

WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

BY DR. KLARA KÜHNAST.

Translated from the "Frauenberuf" for "The Chautauquan."

THE spirit of every epoch is reflected in its works of art; yet while ideas contained in painting and architectural art are intelligible to only a comparatively few, thoughts expressed in literature are accessible to all educated people. Indeed, literature is so good a mirror of its time that in those works which writers in remote lands and in bygone centuries have handed down, the features of life at that time are evident to-day.

Literature, therefore, offers a rich treasure for the study of every phenomenon of social life; and it is of great interest to see in what manner the life of woman is represented in poetry.

Observance of the literature of modern civilized people from the time when they began to crystallize as nations, about the beginning of the middle ages, until about the middle of this century, reveals a point of great importance, namely, that man, acting and suffering as a personality, commands an interest in himself, while woman is, almost exclusively, of interest only in her relation to others. As sweetheart, wife, mother, and sister she plays a very real, an indispensable rôle, but of herself, as a personality, she is nothing.

In the oldest epics of the German race, which originated in crude, uncivilized times, women are not mentioned. War and murder fill the poems; so also in the song of Hildebrand, and in the northern saga of Beowulf.

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The first women characters are met in the Nibelungen tradition. Feelings of love and of hate, even of truth come forth with elemental force, as the storms of winter roar through the old oak forests, and the sea thunders on the barren crags. Terrible reality is given to the portrayal of how grief for a murdered husband changed a lovely gentle maiden into a terrible woman in whom all other feelings, even motherly love, are crushed to the background in the struggle for revenge. In Kriemhild is shown the whole might of rampant passion, yet unrestrained by religion and morality.

A charming counterpart to Kriemhild is Gudrun, who is decked with all the feminine virtues, and in spite of the hardest trials remains true to her love; a clash between inclination and duty is spared her, for when she follows her heart she does right at the same time. But this contradiction between an overpowering love and forbidding duty forms the principal problem of the third great saga of the north, the Frithjofsaga. Ingeborg, one of the loveliest characters of old literature, does not remain true to her beloved, but submits to the command of a cruel brother to give her hand to the gray-headed king. It is not so much the outward aim which she follows as the monition of an inner voice that holds the reader's full interest. To-day the maiden wins most sympathy who gives up outside aims and worldly interest and holds fast her love; and that justly, for conditions have changed. But in Ingeborg's time woman was rooted in the family and could not lead an independent life. She herself pictures this, as she declines Frithjof's glowing proposition to escape with him, with the poetical figure of a water lily. As long as the flower remained rooted fast in the ground it had luster and color, but when it tore itself loose it faded and died and drifted at the sport of the wind and the wave.

It could not be otherwise in so crude a time, when might made right, and when the noble Frithjof for a long time maintained himself and his people in a manner which according to modern ideas can be designated as nothing else than sea-robbery. A strong, untiring love is shown by Ingeborg, who conquered the second temptation to meet again with Frithjof, but it is refined by a higher conception of life than the desire for personal gratification.

In the very gradual development of the culture of the middle ages, we encounter a period which stands alone in its kind. It is the youthful age of to-day's humanity overflowing with lively feeling, which is expressed in lyric effusions of the troubadours of sunny Provence and of the German minnesingers. It passes through the time of aspiration to be fancifully resigned to anything, and this aspiration finds its expression in the three great inclinations of the age of chivalry; devotion to God, devotion to men, devotion to love,—an epoch in which the mere sight of a blooming meadow in the evening splendor impresses the passing knight in such a way that he resolves to go into a cloister and devote his life entirely to purity and the saints. Such an epoch makes comprehensible the high degree of exaggeration in vassal fidelity and still higher in woman worship.

From their power of expressing emotion the poems of the minnesingers have a high poetical value; but it were over-rash to draw from this fanciful worship a favorable conclusion in regard to woman's general position. In this enchanted moonlit night, feeling always came into notice first, and then the object, which lost its importance, when feeling had vanished. It should not be forgotten that many of the most gifted minnesingers had women at home whom the poem ignores.

The Italian poet Petrarch was full of this idea of respect for womanhood. The great Dante, a victim of the religious and political movement of his time, and very deeply affected by the fearful disorders of his native country, pictures the existence of the human soul in all its vicissitudes; he descends into hell and ascends into paradise, and the beautiful and significant part of it all is that while Virgil leads the poet through the horrors of hell and purgatory, Beatrice is the heavenly form which hovers before him, pointing the way to heaven. In the works of the third great poet, Giovanni Boccaccio, women in general do not appear in a very favorable light; and the men certainly do not.

After a time of poetical decline, following upon the epoch of lyric poetry, came the drama,—a classic period, as it was called in most lands. In Spain are found Calderon and Lope de Vega, who wrote their many wonderful dramas at the end of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

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It will excite no wonder that in Spain, where, in consequence of a seven hundred years' rule of the Arabs, Oriental influences are evident yet to-day, woman's position at that time was not specially favorable. Neither is it surprising that in the country where Don Juan's saga exists and was first treated dramatically, woman appeared in poetry almost exclusively as an object of love. Yet it is remarkable that Calderon does not introduce a mother in one of his numerous important dramas. Children appear as seldom. The mothers usually are dead at the beginning of the play, and in the single instance where a mother occurs, in "The Daughter of the Air," she is the enemy and opposer rather than the mother of her son. It seemed an impossibility to the first dramatists of Spain to fit into poetry a character like that of Isabella in the "Bride of Messina," Volumnia in "Coriolan," or even the mother of Emilia Galotti.

The women are always young, intriguing, quick-witted, and yet cannot say the right word at the right time; the servant girls are cunning, without principle, and bribable. Cruelty is not unusual. In the "Devotion of the Cross," one of Calderon's most celebrated religious tragedies, Julia flees from the cloister to follow her lover and for no other reason but to make sure of their silence, she suffocates five harmless, well behaved persons who have given her shelter and attendance. Her father Julias, who has heard nothing of these murders, wants her to die for another crime, while he finds not a word of blame with his son, who has committed the same wrong. It goes to show that at this time in Spain there was a different standard for men than for women.

In nearly all plays, as mentioned before, love forms the principal point of interest, but it is not that great, deep, overruling feeling which is found in German, English, or even in French dramas, but a rashly inflamed ardor, light trifling, knightly gallantry, and humble submission. This love flits easily from one object to another, and excuses the charge with the very popular comparison, that the moon ceases to be bright after one has seen the flaming face of the sun. Often without cause worth mentioning, through mere tiresomeness, this love turns into hate, which is just as ardent; for instance, Don Juan's archetype in Gomez Arias, who sold his faithful Dorothea to a robber, and sent the purchase-money to another lover, whom he silently condemned to a similar fate. Yet retribution finally overtook him and he was beheaded.

A motive that almost always accompanies love, and in such excess is made an almost incomprehensible point of honor by other nations, is jealousy. This is so often the case that a large number of Calderon's plays may be called jealousy tragedies. The most important of these is "The Physician of His Own Honor." This physician operates so peculiarly that it is worth while to learn his method. Don Gutierre suspects his wife Mencia of infidelity to him. Appearances are against Mencia, and although she is perfectly innocent, she intrigues so unfortunately to avoid this appearance that her husband is only strengthened in his suspicion. An open statement of facts is neither asked nor given. Believing his wife guilty, Don Gutierre writes to her that she must die and gives her two hours to prepare for death like a Christian. He locks the doors and retains a surgeon whom he compels, on pain of death, to kill Mencia by bleeding, in order that her reputation shall not be compromised to outsiders. He fostered the plan, never disapproved in a play, of murdering the surgeon so as not to be betrayed, and only forbears because crossed by two men, one of whom is king. The latter knows through the supposed lover of Mencia, that she is innocent, and explains so to Don Gutierre. But when he contradicts, the king urges him no further, finding his deed quite justifiable. No investigation takes place, the innocent one is not avenged. Don Gutierre evinces neither repentance nor despair, but without delay marries Leonor, with whom he formerly was well acquainted. And that is "the physician of his own honor"!

How different in Shakspere! In the greatest of all jealousy tragedies, "Othello," the passion rises and wanes; it is made intelligible through the glowing temperament of the African, who is systematically charmed by the villain Iago, and cunningly cut off from every possibility of an explanation. And then as his terrible resolve comes to maturity within him, he does not shut up his victim two long, dreadful hours, and without faintness of heart have the deed committed by a strange hand, in cold blood, but in a rage of despair he thrusts the dagger himself into his wife's breast. Then as her innocency

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comes to light, his sorrow is as boundless as his rage, and he expiates his crime with his own death.

In Shakspere's time, when the great Elizabeth ruled land and sea, the women almost all show a freely developed character, and for the most part are given an important introduction. They do not submit silently in sorrowful resignation to the fate imposed upon them, but taking the rudder of their life's boat in their own hands, they guide it independently, whether for good or for ill. The wide-awake Portia through her decision and cunning rescues her husband's noble friend from a frightful death; the gentle Juliet devises a bold adventure to join Romeo, who has given up to hopeless despair. Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," firmly believes in the innocence of her cousin hero, when all others despond, and does what is in her power to bring the truth to light. Viola attires herself in men's garments to get through life easier, and Lady Macbeth entices her husband to crime to satisfy her insatiable ambition. In all of Shakspere's plays the women show themselves equal in importance to the men; but in the historical dramas, where great political matters are more or less considered, they are decidedly placed in the background.

A very different apprehension is met in the great French dramatists, Racine and Corneille. Representing the maxim that noble tragedy is played only in bygone centuries, or at least in remote countries, as in Turkey, they picture women as models. In consequence the closely proved agreement of place and time seems to have a certain uniformity of characters which effect is heightened by the fact that all the plays must be rehearsed in the presence of the court. The authorities there went so far as to choose their places on the stage along the movable scene; this gave much trouble to the author and actor. Since everything that could be construed as a disagreeable hint had to be avoided, it consequently happened that the women characters were taken from the realm of fancy. When they are good, they are very good, as Camille, Monime, Andromache; when they are bad they are very bad, as Medée, Phèdre, Athalie. But these classics have not that wonderful mixture of good and bad, of bravery and weakheartedness which it has pleased Providence to place together in the human heart. To be exact there are no individualities, but only perfect characters. Yet this representation is preferable to Calderon's delineation. Here, too, love naturally is woman's chief emotion, but it is nobler than among the Spaniards and is not completely dominant. Other feelings too are made much of, and among all wild passions, Andromache's mother-love shines like a star, when all the rest of the sky is dark and stormy.

On the other hand, true, unvarnished human nature is shown in Molière, the third excellent dramatist. He does not take his characters from the realm of fancy, but reaches down into real human life. This great reader of human character has studied men and women with equal care. He has investigated woman's social position and her claim to scientific culture, hence in a certain measure the woman question of his day; for at that time other points of view regarding cultured positions had not come into observation. To woman's position in marriage, the only civic position which deserves special mention, he devotes two of his important moral comedies—*L' Ecole des Maris* and *L' Ecole des Femmes*. In both plays the injustice is the men's fault, who by selfish narrow-minded restrictions seek to crowd woman back into slavery.

A true masterpiece in the portrayal of such a lord is a scene in *L' Ecoles des Femmes* between Arnolphe in ripe age and the seventeen-year-old Agnes, whom he has taken for his bride, a scene in which he does all the talking and she never says a word.

His chief cause of disquiet is the fear that his wife will be untrue to him, a fear which might be well founded by the light morals of that time and the bad example of the court; for in most of Molière's plays it is mentioned as a sort of natural condition. But the foresight and vigilance displayed in bolted doors and paid wardens is illy fitted to generate love and confidence in the young heart, and this method almost always fails. Repeatedly the author indicates that a deserving freedom and a perceptible confidence alone are suited to ensure the constancy of the bride or wife.

But deeds speak louder than these excellent words. Attracted by his wisdom, of her own free will the young Leonor prefers the gray Ariste for the object of her youthful adoration; in both plays the young lovers manage with wonderful skill but with much good luck to deceive the unfeeling watchers and rivals.

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A PLEA FOR ADVANCED WOMEN.

BY M. A. WADDELL RODGER.

A RECENT writer in THE CHAUTAUQUAN says that "the marked decline of politeness to women in public conveyances is a frequent topic of conversation in the East." Then she jumps at the conclusion that this is due to the influx of "advanced women" into business circles and the professions.

We agree with her that "woman's true realm is the home," but the stern fact remains that thousands of women must earn their daily bread for themselves, their children, and often for husband and parents.

Many years spent in the British Isles have lead us to conclude that it is the "advanced women" who are best fitted to make beautiful homes, companionable wives, and wise mothers. Many trades and professions open to women in America are closed to them here. A social career (woman's *bête noir* for centuries) is about the only one sought here. If we go below the business stratum we find women competing with men in turning hay, binding corn, hoeing and picking turnips, spreading fertilizers, gathering potatoes, picking rags, and even working about the coal mines and brick yards. For these are all occupations in which hundreds of women are engaged here. Women have been competing with men in these menial occupations for centuries. It is only since they have entered the more lucrative and honorable professions that we find objections raised against their advent.

The young woman who would rather have her sister "cook in a restaurant, or scrub floors, than work in a building full of men and talk business with them," had probably never cooked or scrubbed. Those who cook and scrub seldom meet with more respect and courtesy than the reserved, relf-respecting woman engaged in business.

Among my acquaintances are two mothers, each left with a family of five little ones to support. Mrs. Quinlin's parents gave their daughter a superficial education, for they were firm believers in the oak and vine theory. When her husband died she was left penniless. She could do nothing well. In despair she turned to the washtub. Now her children run in the streets while she goes out washing, for unfortunately there are no "advanced women" in that neighborhood to start a day nursery or kindergarten for such children.

Mrs. Matthews, through great personal effort and sacrifice on the part of her parents, gained a thorough college education, with careful training in domestic economy. Her husband was superintendent of a large state institution, and she found time to manage her home and assist him in his work. Their married life was a royal companionship, which was brought to a sad end by the untimely death of her husband. The trustees assured Mrs. Matthews that they considered her quite capable of filling her late husband's position, which they accordingly offered her at *half* his salary. Being an "advanced woman" she gladly accepted the offer even at half the salary. To-day her children are useful men and women filling prominent and honorable positions.

Now which is better fitted to make her corner of the world a better place than she found it, the "advanced woman" or the woman who prides herself on having no interest outside her own home? Is it true that "men have less respect for themselves when placed in competition with women"? Is it not rather that man's self-esteem is lessened and his respect for the ability of women increased?

Again, the poor woman is advised not to seek to advance herself, but to "make poverty beautiful by dainty devices, by an economical and at the same time artistic *cuisine*," etc. The writer overlooks the fact that the poor woman must be greatly advanced before she has any thought or desire for "dainty devices" or an "artistic *cuisine*." She must be brought to this stage by a process of evolution. The dormant mind must be awakened, she must begin to think and have ideas of her own and then, alas! she will become one of those odious "advanced women."

Is it a fact that "men are becoming more effeminate"? True, we have not quite so many cases of wife-beating as twenty years ago. The English common law does not now allow a man the "right to beat his wife with

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a stick as thick as his thumb." But we had supposed that this and some other signs of improvement were due to the adoption of certain principles promulgated some eighteen hundred years ago by the Prince of Peace.

Chivalry is a very pretty flower, but the fact is it has always been an exotic, grown in conservatories for the beautiful, wealthy, and powerful. In the old days the mass of women never saw it, much less caught its odor. To-day the teachings of the Prince have given us a hardy and more vigorous plant of Christian courtesy, which blossoms by every wayside where He is honored. Nay, more, it is only where this fragrant flower blooms that *all* women are shown a tender courtesy *because* they are women.

The "marked decline of politeness to women in public conveyances" is cited as an effect of the influx of women into business. But if the writer will visit the land of the "canny Scot" where "advanced women" are a rarity, she will find that "politeness to women in public conveyances" is practically unknown. In Edinburgh I have again and again seen students keep their seats in the street car, while white-haired ladies old enough to be their mothers have stood for half an hour. In the same city I have seen delicate looking young mothers stand in the car, holding in their arms a heavy baby and two or three packages, until one of their own sex offered them a seat, while seven or eight well-dressed, corpulent gentlemen (?) sat at ease.

A few years ago when the Woman's Medical College was established in Edinburgh, the lady students were hooted and even stoned on the streets by the male medical students. But, mark ! it was not association with "advanced women" which led to such manifestations of chivalry. A residence of many years in New England never showed me a masculine selfishness that approximated this Scottish variety. Yet the cause, as given by the writer in THE CHAUTAUQUAN is almost entirely lacking here ; whence the effect?

But let us go a little farther east—to Turkey for instance, where "advanced women" have not yet been dreamed of and where man's highest conception of woman is that of a set of pretty dolls shut up in a harem to while away his leisure hours ; what do we find? Logically, Turkey ought to show us the most charming domestic life, the noblest women, and manliest men. But alas ! alas ! Turkey is "rotten": morally, socially, and politically "it smells to Heaven." Woman is well protected here, but instead of being man's "helpmeet, companion, and counselor" (only the "advanced woman" *can* be that) she is his slave, his toy ; and man and woman are alike ignorant and degraded.

It is not by repressing woman and remanding her to Oriental seclusion that the world will be peopled by manliest men and womanliest women, but it is by opening every avenue to woman and giving her equal opportunities with man to engage in the work or profession for which her Creator has best fitted her. The world may not see so many marriages for money, convenience, support, etc., but it will see fewer ill-assorted couples, unhappy homes, and divorces. The double standard of morals which now prevails will be abolished. Independent, self-poised, intelligent gentlewomen will demand from man the same virtue that he demands from woman. Chivalrous men will be no less chivalrous, while the majority of men, who are not chivalrous, will respect woman more because of her independence and ability. Hence the mass of women will gain more than they lose, in bettered conditions for themselves, their children, and the race.

The protection theory reaches its logical outcome in Turkey. The protection theory pays woman one half or one third less for the same amount and quality of work, than it pays to man and for centuries has deprived her of aught but a smattering of education. Even in the church the protection theory says "woman may do all the work she will," but let her look longingly toward the honors or emoluments and listen to the outcry, "Every time you put a woman in you put a man out"! Fitness is of no account. Doubtless some Levite coveted Deborah's place when she ruled Israel.

All that the "advanced woman" asks is not a false protection, but justice and the opportunity to develop the talents with which her Maker has endowed her. Nature will see to it that the supply of wives and mothers does not run out. But because of the broader opportunities, the widened horizon, the greater responsibilities, we shall have better wives and mothers, and a nobler humanity.

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EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

EXECUTIONS BY ELECTRICITY.

On the 27th of July at the Place de la Roquette, Paris, two young men were executed upon the guillotine. Three hundred policemen, one hundred mounted police, and two hundred and fifty soldiers were required to keep a multitude of spectators in something like order. It is difficult to find just the right words to describe the dreadful scene on the scaffold. Best not describe it at all. At the end the crowd broke through the line of guards and fought among themselves for a handful of the horrible sawdust in the basket. The effect upon the people of France who saw these executions or read about them in the papers, the effect upon the people of England and the United States who will read translations of descriptions of the scenes in the Place de la Roquette, can never be estimated. It will be a vast sum of morbid curiosity, false sentiment, and weakened conscience. The morally feeble will make heroes of the criminals who made their exit before such an audience.

On the 7th of July four murderers were executed at Sing-Sing, New York. Each man was in turn placed in a chair and carefully fastened there. A few seconds later some unknown person in another room turned a switch and in an instant later the man sat in the chair dead. In place of the howling mob in the open street, there were as each man died only a few serious and silent men in a room in a prison. No noise, no multitude, no array of police, soldiers, and executioners, no possible chance for any dramatic or sensational exhibitions. No use to "die game" for there was no audience to be impressed, no reporters to spread the "last speech" over the reading world. Moreover, there was at Sing-Sing a sudden and probably a painless death. No man has come back to report that any death is painful. Natural death, like birth, is probably absolutely painless. Instant death, like that from a current of electricity, is, as far as we can ever know, without pain.

If there must be a death for a life taken, which is the better way, that of Paris or Sing-Sing? Which is the more civilized community, France or New York State? The executions by electricity at Sing-Sing are now sufficiently remote to get the right perspective. In the days immediately following, certain papers contained descriptions of the supposed scene in that quiet room in the gloomy prison. It seems to be clear now that the actual scene was decorous, solemn, and in a certain sense mysterious. It does not appear, so far, that the persons who actually saw the executions could explain how or why the men died. They were placed in a chair, the current came in silence, nobody knew precisely how or when, and the unfortunate lives were gone. The actual vital part affected does not matter. Perhaps the heart stopped. It is enough that the deaths were sudden and apparently quiet.

It is quite aside from this matter whether it is best or not to take a life for a life. In some states the people lawlessly take the matter into their own hands. In law-abiding communities it is left to certain authorities. So long as, in the general opinion, it must be done, so long is it necessary that the community command through the laws that it be done in the best way. Comparing extreme cases, like those at Paris and Sing-Sing in the same month, there can be no question as to which is the best. Best for all. Best for the people at large that they have no chance to be witnesses at the last moment, that they do not even have the chance to read sensational accounts of the execution. Report it by all means, but let the reports be brief and exact. Best for the morally weak. Such minds are braced up to crime by the vanity that pictures an audience to see how "game" they can die. No actor can do his best in an empty house. It is the inspiration of the audience that counts. If those infirm of moral purpose see no chance to "die game," they will hesitate to venture on the path that leads to such a flat and inglorious end. Merely to sit in a chair surrounded only by doctors and guards is not heroic. It isn't worth while to risk such a death. Moreover, the death itself is so strange, so sudden, so mysterious, that the very thought of the electric chain is a deterrent.

Efforts have been made to cast doubt upon

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this new and humane method of execution. Happily these efforts have failed. There can be no doubt that the electric execution is practical, really humane, and entirely proper. Its very privacy, suddenness, and mystery are in every respect advantageous. The hangman does not belong to this century any more than do the scenes at the Place de la Roquette. Sing-Sing, at least, points to a better way.

WE REST WHEN CONGRESS IS NOT IN SESSION.

AMONG the blessings for which good men are grateful and bad men ought to be, is that Congress is not in session during the summer months. Summer is America's period of rest,—not that there is not a great deal of work done in June, July, and August, but the season is not that in which any one with a heart in the right place would like to impose extra worry upon a fellow-being. It is a natural period of rest—a time in which the mind, if not the body, seeks repose. It is the season when the people rest; consequently we are glad that Congress is not in session.

Not that Congress is a nuisance, for it is far from it. It is not even a necessary evil; it is a constitutional necessity, as any one knows who has read the Constitution of the United States. So long as laws must be made, and nobody doubts that they must, Congress must make them. Looking deeper into the question it must be admitted that we the people, perhaps with too much help, occasionally, from bosses and other wire-pullers, make Congress, so if its doings are not entirely to our satisfaction we have no one but ourselves to blame. Nevertheless we as a new people and a new nation need a great many new laws; we are as nearly "in the air" as a nation can be which has a continent practically to itself with no bad neighbors and nothing to do but attend to its own business. We make our congressmen, as we make our lawyers, doctors, teachers, and preachers, from the material nearest at hand and apparently best fit for the purpose; if the timber isn't sufficiently tough and seasoned, we are quite as much to blame as the timber. The wonder is not that Congress does not do better, but that it gets along as well as it does. Many hard things have been said about recent Congresses, yet a little more than a hundred years ago George Washington would have thought himself in luck could the best Congress of his period have been as good as the worst of ours. Still, Congress is not in session now. We rest.

Nothing seems to the average citizen so easy to do as that which some other man is doing. To most of us Congress is that other man. No man understands politics so well, in his own estimation, as the good fellow who can free his political ideas in words instead of embodying them in laws. Congress indulges, it is true, in much irresponsible talk, but it also charges itself with law-making, and until we know the worst—that is, what the laws are to be, we are "in a state of mind." Congress, during the session, is all politics, Washington is all politics, but now, and until the beginning of the next session, congressmen are making hay, or at worst making fences, and the people are at rest.

How much more interesting the newspapers are when Congress is not in session! Of course every man reads politics—there are times when he can't find anything else in the daily papers if he tries—but it is possible to get too much of any good thing—except religion and Chautauqua—and by the time a man has read all the political news which his favorite newspaper publishes during a session of Congress he has reached a deplorable stage of mental indigestion. It does not much matter what is the subject before the House or Senate; the newspapers act upon the principle that the people pay the expenses and are entitled to all the results. During the session a paper may not give more than ten lines to some moral or social endeavor with far-reaching possibilities, but it always can find a column in which to repeat a pointless squabble between two members of one House or the other; now, however, while the members are safe at home or safer at the nearest summer resort, the newspapers have space in which to tell us about all that is going on in the world; and the people, taking a delightful rest from political agitation, are learning of many interests quite as attractive and beneficial as party politics.

These good times cannot last—neither can the summer vacation and the welcome benison of the summer season. Americans do not shirk their duties, among which politics is an important one, but they do enjoy a period of rest according to the labor and tur-

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moil which preceded it. Next December we shall all again be on the edge of the fight, applauding or denouncing Congress, according as we approve or disapprove its doings. While, however, we have the chance to rest, let us rest and improve the opportunity to pick up the ends of threads which we dropped when Congress met last winter. We have none too much time in which to do it.

WOMEN AS MORAL REFORMERS.

It is not many years since the direct and personal participation of a woman in any public enterprise was looked upon as unseemly, as unsexing her, according to the cant of the time. The great temperance and other moral reform movements of the first half of this century proceeded without the help of women as active agents. Women contributed to them their prayers and their influence in domestic life, but they were listeners and not speakers at the meetings. The women who originated the woman's rights movement, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, and their sisters, were irreproachable in character and unselfish in motive; and yet they were jeered at by the public as unfeminine monsters. In the churches women constitute two-thirds of the membership, but the organization of the church is in the hands of men. The Christian Fathers of the third and fourth centuries declared it to be disgraceful for a woman to assume to meddle in such a matter. She was admonished to keep within doors, except when duty absolutely called her abroad, to hold her peace in the house of God, to cover her head even when she prayed, and as one of the Fathers expressed it, to be ashamed of her very sex, the sex of Eve, the tempter of man. When women first began to appear on public platforms, and it was only a few years ago, people shook their heads and prophesied degradation for society as the inevitable consequence. Women would so far unsex themselves, said the gloomy critics, that they would lose their feminine charm, homes would be neglected, and manners would be roughened. A favorite picture of those days was of a distracted husband tending the baby while the mother was off battling for her rights. Good and conservative people really thought that the disposition of women to exercise their full powers in society and to attain the fullest intellectual development was the sign of untold and untellable evils to come on the race.

To the young people of this generation, such prejudice may seem childish, but when they were born it was still in existence and was the dominant feeling. The entrance of women into business and professional life was resisted by it with something like violence. Women's colleges are a recent experiment, and only within a very few years have the old colleges opened their doors to feminine students. A generation ago it was a rare and brave girl who ventured beyond the narrow sphere within which conventionality confined feminine activity. Men must work and women must weep, was the prevailing sentiment, or, at least, women must not attempt to take hold of any labor or any occupation which had been regarded in the past as specifically masculine.

Nowadays all that has changed, and the change has come with surprising rapidity. In every employment where rude strength is not requisite, women have appeared as the competitors and assistants of men. They are not blacksmiths, masons, and stone cutters, the drivers of drays, stevedores, hod carriers, brakemen, and locomotive engineers, but any work, manual or intellectual, is deemed suitable for them if they can perform it. The appearance of women as speakers on public platforms and as organizers and directors of public enterprises is taken as a matter of course. Ladies of social distinction will serve on committees of the Chicago World's Fair. Women commissioners to that exhibition are appointed by the governors of states. Clubs and societies of women discuss questions of public reform in all parts of the Union. Women are acting as school officers. The churches are coming to the conclusion that not to employ their activity and consult their judgment is to waste a tremendous force available for the service of religion. The present temperance movement is largely, if not chiefly in the hands of women, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union being foremost in the good work. The meeting of the Women's Council and its cognate associations fill Washington with an enthusiastic crowd like that in attendance on a national political convention. At political meetings seats are set apart for ladies concerned as to public questions, and there is hardly a movement, secular or religious, which starts or proceeds without calling in the aid of feminine energy.

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This introduction of the feminine element into the work of the world, and more especially the work of moral reform, involves a new phase of civilization. It means that the forces of reform are to be strengthened and enlarged to an enormous extent. The half of the race which of old was counted out of such movements is now to be counted in. Women have thrown off the shackles with which long-time custom, convention, and prejudice bound them. They have found out their strength, and they will exert it for the benefit of society. Social opinion and public sentiment do not now stand in the way of their progress and the accomplishment of their purpose, and hence the occasion for their former timidity about taking part in public enterprises has passed away.

It looks, therefore, as if we were now entering upon a new stage of civilization, in which the feminine influence will be powerful everywhere, and with it will come a higher moral tone, a keener and more sensitive moral sentiment, and a profounder and more pervasive sense of moral obligation. In quiet and unobtrusive ways, in the home and in society, women have always been doing their best to reform individual men. Now they are extending the sphere of their exertions and seeking to reform all men. They are also working with a tenacity of purpose so great and with so much intelligent zeal that they are moving the world by their concerted and altruistic efforts. Whether they get the suffrage or not, or rather whether that duty is imposed on them sooner or later, apparently they are destined to be the chief agents in bringing about the reformation of society, its elevation, and its purification. They have taken the forward step and they will not go back. They will move ahead steadily and irresistibly. The woman's age, as Victor Hugo called it, is in its beginning only.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WITH this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN the present volume ends. The yearly subscription of a great many people has expired. We do not continue to send the magazine unless the subscriber renews by sending in his or her name; when a list of subscribers runs up into tens of thousands, as in the case of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, it is the only good business policy. It has worked well the past ten years; therefore we shall continue the practice. THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be more brilliant the coming year than ever; it will be illustrated and a large corps of distinguished writers will enrich its pages with their ablest papers. The time to renew subscription is when it expires; it should be done with promptness; do not brook delay.

THE visit of Emperor William of Germany to his royal grandmother, Queen Victoria, July 4–13, has been made an occasion by the English of national demonstration of hospitality. His arrival at Port Victoria was greeted with a naval welcome rendered by the pick of the British navy, and all along the railway route to Waterloo Junction the stations were nearly hidden under masses of floral and flag decorations. Great enthusiasm met the Emperor everywhere, while on his part he openly admired the military exhibitions and the troops which he reviewed. He expressed his pleasure also in the attention shown him and in his whole visit. But a few disagreeable surprises occurred, even in the presence of royalty, such as the accidental whizzing of a bullet past the Emperor's head while he was reviewing the Eton Volunteers, or the partial deluge at the Royal banquet at Windsor Castle by the bursting of a large waterpipe. Barring these mishaps the Emperor received consideration more befitting a mature model of virtue, wisdom, and power, than a young soldier-emperor. Two things, however, he has done: Made an African treaty with England involving some rather extensive concessions by England, which may explain his being greeted as a conqueror there; and renewed the Triple Alliance. Apparently one of the most important events of the Emperor's sojourn in England is his visit to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield. The purport of this meeting is surmised to be intrigue between the two men who virtually govern the two greatest powers of Europe.

THE passage of a special act to provide for the admission into France of American pork products, marks a triumph for Mr. Reid, the

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American Minister in Paris. It will open immediately to American producers a market in which formerly they sold several million dollars' worth of products a year and which the present partial failure of French crops promises to make unusually important the coming season. Mr. Reid met the protest of unwholesomeness with the facts that some of the most profitable French products are adulterated and injurious to the health. Those interested in maintaining the exclusion in France used the new American tariff as a pretext for opposing a change as long as possible. Then they objected that it was unnecessary in view of the new French tariff, which soon would go into effect. But the passage of a special act was necessitated in order that American producers might enjoy the benefits of a change some months, probably, before the French tariff went into effect, and it was obtained only after persistent and wise efforts had shown the exclusion to be futile and unfair. The Germans also give evidence of readiness for a change of policy, and it is generally expected that Germany will accord an equally favorable decision. The American Minister, Mr. Phelps, has skillfully used similar tactics, and has carefully referred the German authorities to the efficiency of recent American laws for the inspection of export meats.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT HANNIBAL HAMLIN, one of the last of the old anti-slavery generation of statesmen, died July 4, at the advanced age of seventy-three. He leaves a long and enviable record of faithful service for his country, having begun public life at twenty-six. Beginning soon after his admittance to the bar, he was elected to five successive Legislatures, in the last three of which he was Speaker of the House. He then wielded influence as Congressman, where he early disclosed his anti-slavery views,—and later, as United States Senator, in which capacity he acted for twenty-five years all together. Mr. Hamlin's connection with the Democratic party was practically severed with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and he naturally sided with the Republican party, just then coming into life. In 1857 he was made Governor of Maine, which office he resigned to resume his seat in the Senate. The campaign of 1860 established Hannibal Hamlin Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln President. He afterward served twelve years as Senator and was minister to Spain in President Arthur's administration, retiring in 1883. The life of this patriot is memorable for his unimpeachable integrity, his strict attention to business, and adherence to his principles.

THE growing list of precautions for the safety of travelers on the sea is not a small index of increased international intercourse and interests. The proposed investigation of the advisability of the transportation of cotton on passenger steamships is of vital importance to the safety of travelers on the sea. The English House of Lords has made a motion for the appointment of a commission to inquire into this evil. It is so dangerous that some of the trans-Atlantic vessels already have abandoned it in the competition for patronage. However, it probably will be continued by some companies until prohibited by law. It is a disputed question how the fire originates which frequently breaks out in cotton cargoes, whether by spontaneous combustion, of which the conditions are not fully understood, or from smoldering sparks from the pipes or cigars of careless workmen. It cannot be denied that cotton bales are often handled carelessly in the southern ports. Nevertheless ample and dearly bought experience teaches that any system of inspection of the cargoes hitherto in vogue has not been perfect enough to warrant the safe transit of this highly inflammable substance. The enterprise is one in which the United States would do well to take part.

COMMISSIONER MORGAN has acted wisely in his decision as to the distribution of Government funds, to deal directly with the individual contract schools rather than through a Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, as has always been the custom. The Catholics, by far the most active religious sect in Indian mission work, have accordingly received the greatest share of the Government money. In 1889 they were given $342,689 of the whole sum of $554,558 devoted to the contract schools; last year, $363,349, and it is now proposed to give them for next year about $400,000 or more. Commissioner Morgan's decision affects only the Catholic method of spending the funds, not the amount of appropriation. They will be spent under the supervision of the Government instead of by ecclesiastical authority. The Catholics will be treated just like other religious bodies, under the same rules and

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regulations. This work of the Government was begun in 1876 with an appropriation of $20,000, at a time when the only work of Indian education was kept up by sectarian contributions. The Government unfortunately divided her strength between sustaining these schools and establishing non-sectarian and non-partisan schools of her own. In 1889 out of a total appropriation of only $1,364,568 for educational purposes, the sectarian schools received $554,558, or 40 per cent. Though they certainly accomplished less for the money than the public schools, this objection shrinks in sight of the greater one that it is wrong in principle; the American spirit revolts at the use of public funds or any public property for sectarian purposes.

THE friendly attitude of the British Society of Authors toward the Copyright act was very timely and acceptable to Americans. But the English press has been discouraging and verged on coarseness in its manner of considering the concessions made by Americans. Judging from *The London Times* the real end and aim of the act has been overlooked by the British while seeking to get control of the publishing business. This paper says that where ten votes had been secured for the Copyright act by considerations of honesty and fair dealing, thirty were got by prospect of advantage to American authors, and sixty by the desire of the legislators to protect paper manufacturers and to curry favor with trades unions. The bill gives the foreign author equal rights with the American author, granting him protection in any arrangement for the publication of his works here. Though some were disposed to be more liberal, all felt that this was conceding enough. It seems that it did not occur to Congress that it should relinquish a large and profitable American publishing business in order to secure British approval of a measure for justice to the British author; nor is there any reason why a foreign author wishing to enjoy the profits of an American market should not introduce his productions through an American publisher.

THE hard dealings which Fortune occasionally metes out to those who at one time seemed to be her favorites is strikingly shown in the case of the French Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. A short time ago, holding the admiring attention of the whole engineering world for the vastness and boldness of his Panama Canal scheme, he is now virtually on trial in a criminal court for willfully deceiving his fellow countrymen into investing their money in an enterprise which he must have known would prove a dead failure. To have the whole undertaking collapse and sink out of sight under a wide-spread financial disaster, was surely a sore enough punishment to fall upon a too aspiring genius, without submitting him to the ignominy of fighting to save, if possible, his name from being tarnished. Having surmounted the immense difficulties of constructing the Suez Canal, how was he to know that those in the way of a like construction across Panama were absolutely insurmountable until he learned it by experience? It is a sorry ending of a great enterprise, and one deeply to be regretted.

THE anomalous spectacle of a republic ruled by an absolute despot is presented to the world by Hayti. Hippolyte by his acts is covering with ignominy the title of president, which he has borne since 1889, and deserves to be severely dealt with by other nations. Owing to his persecutions of those who remain friendly to Legitime, his predecessor in office whom he overthrew, there are frequent insurrectionary movements in the country, and he has adopted the plan of dispatching after the manner of the Reign of Terror those participating in these revolts, or giving in other ways evidences of disapproval of his methods of government. It is said that he gave orders for the execution without any form of trial, of more than three hundred persons between May 18 and June 1.

To invite himself into his neighbor's domains and then to attempt to manage his neighbor's affairs to suit himself seems to be the dodge that the Prussian, Herr Cahensly, is attempting to carry out in the United States. His plan is to make such arrangements that the Prussian immigrants to this country shall be organized into congregations by themselves; shall have bishops appointed over them who shall speak to them in their own language; and that in these little communities the Prussian customs shall be preserved *in toto*. In short, it is simply a scheme for the transportation of a miniature Prussia into America. He is seeking to win the assent of the Pope to his plans. Nothing more un-American in spirit could be devised.

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It is high time that this country take strict measures regarding all immigrants, especially those who do not seek these shores with the full purpose of becoming Americans.

THE directors of the World's Fair will receive the sympathy of intelligent people everywhere in their conflict with the organized labor of Chicago. The labor organizations have been making periodical threats of a boycott since the first estimate for work was submitted, and they make the absurd demand that the directors issue a proclamation warning workingmen away from the city on the ground that the supply of labor is already excessive and that if more workingmen go to Chicago starvation will ensue. The Fair directors are men of sense and their judgment will not be influenced by the somewhat erratic demands of the labor organizations. The fundamental law of supply and demand will in all probability regulate the Chicago labor market in the future as it has in the past.

APROPOS of the government persecution of the Jews in Russia, it is reported that Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew philanthropist, has purchased an immense tract of land in South America, with the object of establishing there a colony of Russian Jews. That the Russian government is emphatic in its disposition of this particular class of population there can be no doubt. All Jews residing in St. Petersburg have been ordered to leave that city, and the only paper in St. Petersburg which stands firm in defense of the Jews has received a "second warning" from the ministry of the interior. The attitude of the Russian government upon this question is not of a kind calculated to strengthen its reputation among the civilized nations of the earth.

SHALL a city own its illuminating gas works—which light homes and places of business—is one of the living questions for most of our municipal governments. It seems, from information furnished by Dr. Bemis, that only nine cities in the country have risen to this distinction and own the machinery and manufacture their own gas; they are Philadelphia, Pa., Wheeling, Richmond, Danville, Charlotteville, and Alexandria in Virginia, Bellefontaine and Hamilton, Ohio, and Danville, Kentucky. It is presumed that more cities will soon own gas works, for the following reasons: The city gets its gas cheaper and furnishes it to the individual consumer at a lower rate, besides in some instances becoming a source of revenue to the city. Over sixty cities own their electric light plant, and more than half the cities in the country own their water works.

WITH the increase in the number of conflicts between labor and capital, and the various demands made by one upon the other, the fact should not be forgotten that the labor question, so-called, is in no sense a problem of only one class or locality. Relations exist in some form or other between labor and capital in almost every sphere of social action, and it should be remembered that the labor question is but a part of the industrial problem, the source of which is traced to a larger social field, embracing art, science, and religion.

THE oil business of the world is now almost entirely controlled by an American syndicate, the Standard Oil Company. From recent developments it would seem to be the object of the great company to absorb every branch of the oil trade both in the United States and Europe. First, it got control of the American well owners and refiners, then of the American export business, next of the private shipping interests, then of the European importing business, then of the export from European ports, and now it seems to be trying to secure the entire retail trade. The oil business of Bremen, one of the greatest oil markets in the world, has been for a long time controlled by the Standard Company and by a system of combination the entire business of Germany has been absorbed. Russia appears to be the only country not yet committed to the international monopoly and if the Standard Company succeeds in buying out or combining with the men who control the production of Russian oil, then the supply of the world will be subject to the direction of the American syndicate.

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CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE COURSE OF STUDY.

FOR 1891-1892.

Subjoined is the completed course of study for 1891-92. Slight variations may be made in the order, but the books and topics for the magazine readings will remain as given.

October.

American History.
Social Institutions.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." I.
"The Town Meeting."
"The History of Political Parties in America." I.
"George Washington, the First President."
"Colonial Life of the United States." I.
"Sunday Readings."
"Life." I.
"National Agencies for Scientific Research." I.
"Science, the Handmaid of Agriculture." I.
Post Graduate Course:
"English Literature."
"The Theory of Fiction-Making."
"The Classic and Romantic Movements in English Poetry."

November.

American History.
Social Institutions.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." II.
"The Shire System."
"The History of Political Parties in America." II.
"Thomas Jefferson. The Declaration of Independence."
"Colonial Life of the United States." II.
"Sunday Readings."
"Life." II.
"National Agencies for Scientific Research." II.
"Botany." I.
Post Graduate Course:
"Novels and Romances."
"The New Birth of Poetry after 1750."

December.

American History.
Social Institutions.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." III.
"Grants made by the King."
"The History of Political Parties in America." III.
"States Made of Colonies." I.
"Colonial Life of the United States." III.
"Sunday Readings."
"Life." III.
"National Agencies of Scientific Research." III.
"Botany." II.
Post Graduate Course:
"The First Novels in English."
"Cowper."

January.

American History.
Social Institutions.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." IV.
"Trading Companies."
"The Church Older than the Government." I.
"States Made of Colonies." II.
"Colonial Life of the United States." IV.
"Sunday Readings."
"Life." IV.
"National Agencies for Scientific Research." IV.
"Botany." III.
Post Graduate Course:
"Jane Austen."
"Coleridge."

February.

American History.
The Story of the Constitution.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." V.
"Holland Land Co., Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Co.
"The Church Older than the Government." II.
"States Made of Territories." I.
"Colonial Life of the United States." V.
"Sunday Readings."
"Physical Culture." I.
"National Agencies for Scientific Research." V.
"Botany." IV.
Post Graduate Course:
"Dickens."
"Wordsworth."

March.

American Literature.
The Story of the Constitution.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." VI.
"Land Tenure in America."

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"The Growth and Distribution of Population."
"States Made of Territories." II.
"American Morals."
"Sunday Readings."
"Physical Culture."
"The Development of Our Industries Through Patents."
"Vegetable Pathology—How to Save Fruits."
Post Graduate Course:
"Thackeray—Scott."

April.

American Literature.
Two Old Faiths.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." VII.
"The Financial System of the United States."
"States Made of Territories." III.
"American Morals."
"Sunday Readings."
"Physical Culture."
"Patent Office—Organization, Personnel," etc.
"Chemistry—The Adulteration of Foods."
Post Graduate Course.
"George Eliot—Byron."

May.

German Literature.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." VIII.
"The Financial System of the United States."
"Slavery—Anti-Slavery."
"Sunday Readings."
"Physical Culture."
"Application and Granting of Patents."
"Scientific Uses of Foods."
Post Graduate Course:
"Modern Tendencies."
"Shelley."

June.

German Literature. Finished.
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Battles for American Liberty." IX.
"Our Educational System."
"The Southern Confederacy."
"The North in The War."
"Sunday Readings."
"Physical Culture."
"Animal Industry."
Post Graduate Course:
"Keats."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

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CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

A MEMBER of '91 in her "fifties" writes: "In the summer of '87 I joined the Class of '91 and became a member of a local circle. So many years of my life had passed without much thought of intellectual improvement, I really did not know how to begin or whether it would be a success. But I did begin in earnest, reading each day the required lessons and, penciling the questions off on a bit of paper, I carried them with me about my work to memorize them. I could retain the reading better and prepare to answer the questions in our circle. In this I took an active part, and it has been a great help to me. In the last four years I have stored away so many new thoughts in my head that it seems like the golden age of my life. I never spent four years that I could look back upon with so much satisfaction."

DR. H. R. PALMER, the director of the Department of Music at Chautauqua, has written a song for the Class of '91 which will be sung by the Class on Recognition Day, August 19.

FROM New York State: "Please send me a circular of the course in the Gospel of John; I think I shall take it up. I have just finished my four years' study in the C. L. S. C. and intend to review this year. I wish I could have had this course when I was thirty. You can't imagine how I have enjoyed the reading. It seems like bidding an old friend good-by."

A MEMBER of '91 from one of the large eastern cities reports that although much hindered she has been able to finish not only the four years, but the White Seal memoranda as well. She adds, "Owing to large social obligations, it is through many obstacles that I carry on my reading through the winters, but when the social

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season ended this year I gave my housekeeping into the hands of servants and shut myself up to Chautauqua work. I must acknowledge that the hours thus spent have been the pleasantest of the year. I shall hope to go on till the seals are all completed, and even then to go on. To this now acquired habit of reading good literature, I am greatly indebted to Chautauqua."

AN Oregon '91 writes: "I have not had the advantages of a circle a part of the time and have missed it very much. I know that all are lifted up by the C. L. S. C., and I pray that it may ever widen its influence and help all as much as it has helped me."

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.

First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.

Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.

District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. Ernest P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.

Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT:—AN assurance, which in the experienced is unaccompanied by doubt, is that every one who keeps up with the Chautauqua course will know the truth of '92's motto, "Seek and ye shall obtain." Yes, you will obtain as personal benefits all and more than the glorious Chautauqua founders promise.

I trust that every '92 will be continuously zealous in attending to all duties incumbered on class members, also in forming circles and maintaining them, and in aiding every other wise movement for the expansion of Chautauqua influence, and particularly in pursuing the course in a broad and comprehensive manner, thereby accelerating personal, moral, and intellectual development.

The efficient, devoted Chautauqua management make constant improvements; and every class ought to be in thoroughness of accomplishments a little ahead of its predecessors. It is our duty to attain that standard. If every member's duty is properly performed the result will be a bountiful harvest in which, from the operation of wise, immutable laws, the member who does best obtains most.

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; the Rev. Russell Conwell, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. T. F. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; Mrs. E. C. Chapman, Oakland, Cal.; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; J. C. Burke, Waterville, Kan.; the Rev. M. D. Lichliter, Allegheny, Pa.

General Secretary—Miss Ella M. Warren, 342 W. Walnut, Louisville, Ky.

Prison Secretary—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.

District Secretaries—Miss A. M. Coit, Syracuse, N. Y., the Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; the Rev. E. S. Porter, Bridgewater, Mass.; Miss Anna C. Brockman, St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. Chas. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.

Treasurer—Welford P. Hulse, 112 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee Union Class Building—Geo. E. Vincent.

Building Committee—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

A '93 WHO says she has "unfortunately no special occupation, not a graduate of any school, simply an individual reader," adds, "Allow me to say that I for one am truly thankful for the inestimable advantage which the C. L. S. C. offers and find the reading delightfully interesting and entertaining, as well as useful."

THE Class of '93 in the Stillwater Penitentiary recently enjoyed a visit and an address from the "prison secretary" of that class. After the address a vote of thanks was given to the chaplain, Mr. Albert, who has been untiring in his devotion to the prison Chautauquans, and to Miss Gowdy, the founder of the C. L. S. C. at Stillwater.

THE Chautauqua Circle at the Lincoln Penitentiary reports the best year's work it has yet done. There are fifty-four men in the class, whose persistent efforts have been greatly promoted by the untiring interest of Lincoln Chautauquans. Twice a month throughout the C. L. S. C. year members of the Lincoln S. H. G. or undergraduate circles have met with this circle conducting reviews, hearing papers, giving recitations, and in every way co-operating with them. The reading is accomplished under difficulties which few of us can fully appreciate and the C. L. S. C. people of Lincoln feel that this work is only the beginning of greater things yet to be achieved. During the months of June and July Frank Beard, Principal Hurlbut, and Miss Kimball visited this Chautauqua Circle, saw something of the work for themselves, and came away with a determination to see that it did not languish for want of support. The state of Nebraska makes no appropriation for educa-

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tional work in the prison, and upon the Lincoln Chautauquans has fallen the burden of providing the books. They have thus far responded right loyally with some help from outside. Eighteen sets of books will be needed next year—one set to every three men. Any member of '93 or of any other class whose "tenth" can spare a small contribution to this noble undertaking, can send the amount to the C. L. S. C. Office at Buffalo and it will be used to the best advantage.

A VERY interesting letter comes from a member of '93 whose occupation, that of steward in a large hotel, taxes his time severely. He writes: "I have felt a hundred fold repaid for the money invested in the course of reading the last two years and hope for health and liberty to pursue it during the coming year. I have gained intellectually and my faith in Bible truth has been strengthened by careful reading of the 'Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.'"

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"Ubi mel, ibi apes."

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N.Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C.L.S.C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

Building Committee—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE following from a member of '94 ought to encourage members of this class who work against heavy odds. "I have at last filled out my memoranda, having enjoyed the readings very much. I am an engineer in a factory, arise at 4.30 a.m., go to my work, have one half hour for breakfast, the same for dinner, and get home from work at 6.30 or 7 p.m., and as I have a family to look after it gives me very little time for study, but I propose to continue in the good work, and enclose 50 cents for membership fees for '91–2."

"THE Chautauqua Course of reading is such a wonder and delight to me, I feel that I must write you how thankful I am to have the advantages of such a circle. The readings have been a great solace to me in the midst of trouble, having lost husband and home since I joined the circle. I do not know what I should have done but for the pleasant old English acquaintances made during the winter, and the 'Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.'"

MEMBERS of the Class of '94 who are just completing their first year send varied accounts of how the course has proved itself adapted to their needs. Extracts from the following letters reveal such a variety in the surroundings and equipment of students that they will find echoes in the experiences of many other '94's. From New York State: "I am a farmer having absolutely no time in the day, and when the night comes I am tired and can read only a short time. I read systematically as given in the programs for each week, but when the spring work came, I fell behind. Now between spring work and hoeing there is a little breathing time in which I will try to catch up and will."

A MOTHER speaks her mind as follows: "I desired some years ago to become a member of the circle but a friend said, 'Oh, wait until your children are grown. It is such an undertaking.' In an evil hour I listened to this advice and now I consider those years precious time lost, for I have fully demonstrated that I could easily have read the course without neglecting my home, my children, or my duties to the world. Indeed, I feel that I am a better mother, a more intelligent friend and companion, a more useful citizen than when I began. Besides increasing my knowledge it has strengthened my powers of thought."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

NEXT year the Class of '82 celebrates its decennial at Chautauqua. Let "Pioneers" everywhere keep this fact in mind and plan to celebrate their anniversary by attending either Chautauqua or some other Assembly.

NEW badges have recently been prepared for the members of the Guild, League, and Order. They are made of garnet ribbon just the width of the graduates' badge, and are to be worn at the top of the garnet badge, just above the monogram. They can be secured from the Buffalo office for ten cents each.

THE Society of the Hall in the Grove has made its influence strongly felt in many cities, and always with good results. Members of the S. H. G. are urged to organize themselves into a local body whenever possible. If there are only two or three members of the S. H. G. in a place they should form a simple organization, welcome all new graduates, and do all in their power to extend the work of the C. L. S. C. and to uphold a high standard. In many cities undergraduates look forward with real pleasure to their admittance into the fellowship of the S. H. G. It is a strong bond of union among Chautauquans. Let us make the most of it.

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THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1891.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA. AN attendance twice as large as in previous years, marked Opening Day as an auspicious beginning for the third annual session of the Beatrice Chautauqua Association, June 23—July 6. The large number present thus early seemed to have come in expectation of study as well as pleasure, and happily welding the two, immediately laid a good foundation for the summer school. The leaders' tried proficiency and the general enthusiasm made organization easy and effective. Prof. C. C. Case, one of the best musical directors in the country, banded the musicians together into a chorus of not less than 200 voices, and Prof. Carnes organized his elocution class with a membership of 100, which later was nearly doubled; Superintendent Eaton had about 1000 pupils in the Sunday-school. More than two dozen orators graced the platform, among them Sam P. Jones, Dr. A. A. Willits, Mr. Robert Nourse, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. Frederick D. Powers, ex-President Hayes, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Leon H. Vincent, Prof. John C. Freeman.

Exceptionally fine music was furnished by the chorus, band, Swedish Male Quartet, Madame Rosa Linde, soloist, and Mr. Lehmer, solo whistler.

Recognition Day, July 2, was worthily observed. The C. L. S. C.'s formed in procession at Whittier Hall with nearly one hundred and fifty little children carrying bouquets of flowers, marched around the Golden Gate, through which only the graduates passed, and through three arches erected in the Tabernacle, where Prof. J. C. Freeman gave the address, followed by the presentation of diplomas.

It was generally admitted by those in attendance that a fine program had been prepared, and capable persons assigned to carry it out. Success was so decided a feature of the Assembly that it refused to be drowned or blown away by the terrific storms which occurred. Such was the high spirit of the occasion that these latter seemed only to offer new and unexpected opportunities for enjoyment.

The grounds were well kept. The handsome Willard hall was just finished. Many buildings had been repaired and new ones erected. Electric motor cars were built connecting the grounds with the city. Active measures were taken to promote next year's session.

CHESTER, ILLINOIS. SOUTHERN Illinois Chautauqua at Chester, the first one ever conducted by a woman, opened with more than five hundred in the audience and all but two of the expected Assembly helpers on the platform.

All the schools formally opened on July 6th and from the first hour of the first day until the last hour of the last day praises were heard on all sides. The various classes grew larger daily, some overflowing the boundaries of the tents erected for school purposes. The charming location of the Assembly grounds also received favorable comment.

The Press in St. Louis and southern Illinois were liberal in their reports, some expressing all the enthusiasm of a local organ.

The Assembly Directors were Prof. H. S. Jacoby, Prof. N. Coe Stewart, Miss Mary Allen West, Prof. Stevens, Miss Libbie McMasters, Miss Gregory, Miss Lizzie Holbrook. On the list for lectures and entertainments were the following names. Ben Hur Tableau Co., Col. James N. Brown, and Col. David Murphey, Jahu De Witt Miller, Charles T. Underhill, James Clement Ambrose, Miss Tiebold (soprano), Mrs. William Moore (contralto), the Rev. G. H. Tucker, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the Hon. John Baker, and the Hon. Owen Scott, and the Rev. Dr. Edwards; the Rev. Dr. D. M. Hazlett, was in charge of the Assembly Church Congress, and Mrs. Clara Holbrook Smith of the Assembly Woman's Council.

The stereopticon lectures, "Picturesque Washington" and "Scenes in the Life of Christ" by the Rev. Charles N. Cate were pronounced by old Assembly goers as unsurpassed on any platform. The audience on closing night numbered nearly twelve hundred.

Immediately at the close of the Assembly a charter was applied for and preliminaries of permanent organization effected. Thus the Southern Illinois Assembly takes its place on the list of permanent Chautauquas, with the prestige of attendance equalling an Assembly of five years' standing.

The efficient work of Prof. H. S. Jacoby enrolled fifty names on the list of members for '95, some of these names representing leaders of other Circles to be formed in various localities of Southern Illinois—all of whom became stanch supporters of this local Chautauqua Assembly.

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FREMONT, NEBRASKA. The Central Chautauqua Assembly at Fremont, Nebraska, held its first session June 23-July 6. It was a pronounced success and has already attained the features of permanency enjoyed by much older assemblies. Fremont, a thriving western city of eight thousand people, is most favorably located for the establishment of a strong Assembly, being a railroad center at which twenty-two passenger trains from all directions arrive each day, and also having, within a radius of fifty miles, two hundred and fifty thousand people who are yet to realize the advantages of a Chautauqua Assembly. The beautiful grounds were planned and laid out by J. T. Hunt, the landscape architect of Chautauqua, N. Y.; they are conveniently located just outside the city limits and reached by street car. The permanent improvements are a fine auditorium, with a seating capacity of three thousand, and twelve other buildings erected this year including hotel, cottages, and offices. Before the recent Assembly closed plans were perfected for a better program and a greater success if possible the next season. The Rev. G. M. Brown, of Omaha, was re-elected General Superintendent and a number of workers and speakers were engaged for the year of '92.

The Rev. A. W. Patten, D.D., of Aurora, Ill., won many friends by his pleasant administration as Superintendent of Instruction. The general work of the Assembly may be summed up as follows: Forty-seven lectures and addresses; forty hours of Normal work, forty hours given to the work of the Teacher's Retreat, seventeen hours to chorus work, ten hours to a Young People's Conference, besides the regular work of the Round Table held each day, and a W. C. T. U. School of Methods.

Among the workers and lecturers were Dean Alfred A. Wright, Leon H. Vincent, Prof. M. R. French, James Clement Ambrose, Rev. Conrad Haney, Mrs. Mattie M. Bailey, Prof. E. S. Shelton, Mrs. E. A. Blair, Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Hornberger, Mr. L. A. Torrens, Milton D. Carroll, Chancellor C. F. Creighton, Dr. W. F. Crafts, and Miss S. A. Swanson.

The daily sessions of the Round Table conducted by Dr. Patten were full of interest and Chautauqua enthusiasm. Recognition Day, July 2, was a great occasion. The arches were erected and the graduates passed through the Golden Gate in due form. At the auditorium after the regular Recognition Day service had been observed the claims and advantages of the C. L. S. C. work were faithfully presented by Dr. Patten and at the close of the exercises many came forward and gave their names for membership in the Class of '95.

It is not saying too much that the interest in the work increased from the first to the closing service and that despite the annoyance caused by an unprecedented storm lasting several days during the Assembly, the people were enthusiastic to a wonderful degree and went away convinced that the success of this first session is a prediction of greater things in the future.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS. The result of the first session of the Georgetown, Texas, Assembly is to place it far beyond the experimental stage. Though there is not a large number of C. L. S. C. readers in the state, the interest awakened culminated in a contribution of $1,000 for the sustainment of the Assembly, and in the sale of several thousand dollars' worth of lots on the grounds.

The program, carefully prepared, went off without a break. Between opening and closing days, July 1-18, the Assembly was visited with showers of good things, interspersed with cyclones of wit and wisdom.

The orators were Prof. A. H. Merrill, the Rev. W. B. Palmore, Col. L. F. Copeland; the music was furnished by the Chicago Convention and Concert Company, assisted by a well-trained chorus.

A day was devoted to an inter-collegiate oratorical contest, and an afternoon to an elocutionary contest.

Recognition Day's impressive service was observed July 15.

GLEN ECHO, WASHINGTON, D. C. The magic growth and beauty of Glen Echo and the success attending the session June 16-July 4, were it not for the vivid substantiality of every detail, would have given the Assembly the character of a meeting in Wonderland. From five hundred to nine hundred workmen were employed on the grounds in a week. An electric railway has been built which soon will reach the grounds, and another is already projected. All the buildings and avenues are supplied with electric lights. The buildings are beautiful, and many of them constructed of massive granite quarried on the spot.

Opening Day relieved the promoters of the enterprise from any anxiety concerning the welfare of the Assembly. Large and enthusiastic crowds continued to take possession of the grounds, and in various ways showed their enjoyment of the proceedings. The great new organ, the orchestra, the celebrated Marine Band, and solos and choruses added their music to the harmony of the occasion. Washington ministers vied with each other in their addresses, and Chancellor A. H. Gillet, the Rev.

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T. DeWitt Talmage, and other popular speakers entertained and instructed appreciative audiences.

Competent teachers in the several branches of physical, social, economic, musical, spiritual, and general science won high approval in their respective departments. To the skill and experience of Dr. A. H. Gillet, who was chosen Chancellor, a large degree of the rapid and perfect organization of the Assembly is due. No expense has been spared to further the cause, and the welfare of the enterprise seems assured.

KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS. THE seventh annual session of the Kansas Chautauqua Assembly, held in Oakland Park, a suburb of Topeka, June 23—July 2, in spite of rain preceding and in part accompanying its exercises, drew large audiences and presented a very strong program. On the platform were Robert Nourse, the Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, Samuel W. Small, Dr. B. B. Tyler, the Rev. E. B. Graham, the Rev. Dr. A. J. Palmer, Bishop Thomas, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. J. F. Berry, the Rev. Dr. H. A. Gobin, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Ray, the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, and Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, who also served for the sixth year as Superintendent of Instruction, and taught the Normal workers a special series of lessons on the Life of Saint Paul. Miss Eva M. Moll, of Hiawatha, taught the children; Prof. F.W. Phelps, of Washburn College, represented Dr. Harper's School of Sacred Literature; Dr. Young conducted the C. L. S. C. Round Tables and urged the formation of circles in every locality in the state. The happy graduates received their diplomas from the hands of Bishop Ninde on Recognition Day, which was the crowning day of the Assembly. The new officers of the organization are: President, Bishop W. X. Ninde; Secretary, the Rev. A. P. George, D.D.; Treasurer, Chas. S. Elliott. Dr. J. B. Young, it is expected, will serve also next year as Superintendent of Instruction, and plans are already inaugurated which will, it is believed, make next year's session of the Assembly the overtopping and climax-touching point in the whole series.

MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG. THE Missouri State Assembly reports good work from the extensive plans made. The rolling and well-wooded grounds are connected with Warrensburg by a line of coaches. The springs were as attractive as ever; pleasure boats glided over the large artificial lakes.

The Rev. J. W. Geiger and Mrs. D. K. Steele took charge of the Chautauqua Normal Union work; the Rev. W. H. Shaw of the C. L. S. C. work; Prof. S. H. Perkins conducted the music.

The departments of instruction provided for Greek and Hebrew by J. W. Ellis, elocution by Prof. R. I. Fulton, physical culture and fencing by Miss May M. Pierce. The School of Methods prospered under the management of Mrs. A. S. Benjamin and Mrs. Clara Hoffman, and Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Ketchum pleasantly guided the Kindergarten. The platform was occupied by the Rev. Ira Hicks, Dr. Robert Nourse, Mrs. Hoffman.

Recognition Day proved a notable event; on that day after the address, delivered by Bishop E. R. Hendrix, about twenty-five persons received diplomas. Grand Army Day was most enjoyable.

NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA. THE Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly held its tenth session at Crete, Nebraska, from June 30—July 10. The President of the Assembly is the Rev. Willard Scott, of Omaha, and the Superintendent of Instruction the Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D.D. The heavy rains before the Assembly opened made the grounds more beautiful than ever before, but they swelled the Big Blue River to such a degree that entrance to the Assembly was almost impracticable during the earlier days of the session. Visitors were compelled to ride across five hundred feet of water more than a foot deep, but the attendance was large, and the Assembly successful.

The speakers included Dr. A. J. Palmer, the Rev. J. DeWitt Miller, Mrs. Von Finkelstein-Mountford, Prof. J. C. Freeman, the Hon. W. M. Cumback, Senator J. J. Ingalls, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, Mrs. C. H. St. John, the Hon. W. J. Bryan, and Dr. Geo. W. Miller. Classes were held in Bible study, Sunday-school Normal work, Primary teaching, in musical training, drawing, and painting. Mrs. Helen A. Beard conducted a most successful Ladies' Club.

The Chautauqua work was carried out in every detail. Dr. Hurlbut held a daily Round Table; Mrs. M. H. Gardner presided at the C. L. S. C. headquarters, and the program for Recognition Day was fully observed. Miss Kate F. Kimball, the secretary, gave an admirable recognition address, after which four graduates received diplomas. As a unique feature, a Class Tree was planted by the graduates and officers. The Crete Assembly holds fast to Chautauqua traditions, and proposes to be in every respect a true Chautauqua Assembly.

OTTAWA, KANSAS. THE Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly, at Ottawa, Kansas, fifty-seven miles from Kansas City, opened June 16 and closed June 26, under the presidency of the Rev. D. C. Milner, D.D., and the superinten-

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dency of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. Although rain had fallen almost incessantly for a month, and continued to fall on eight out of the eleven days of the Assembly, and although those who attend the Assembly live in tents, yet the audiences were nearly as large as during any previous session, and the interest and enthusiasm were like the river, up to high water mark. The program of classes was extensive, consisting of Sunday-school Normal, English Literature, Hebrew, Greek, the English Bible, Primary Teachers, Young People, Children, Little People, Drawing, Vocal Music, Elocution, etc., besides a Ministers' and Church Workers' Institute, conducted by Dr. Geo. P. Hays, and the Woman's Club led by Mrs. Helen A. Beard. The Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League were also recognized in daily meetings. The total daily attendance at the classes was more than twenty-five hundred.

Among the lecturers were Dr. McClintock, J. De Witt Miller, the Rev. Sam P. Jones, Frank Beard, the Hon. Will M. Cumback, and the Rev. Geo. P. Hays, D. D. The C. L. S. C. held a daily Round Table; and the office on the grounds was in charge of Mrs. M. H. Gardner of Kansas City. Recognition Day was duly observed, with all the forms,—arches, flower misses, processions, camp-fire, and the traditional "ghost procession" in the evening. The Recognition Address was given by the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, of Omaha, and thirty-eight members of the Class of 1891 received diplomas. The Ottawa Assembly is inferior to no others in its zeal for the Chautauqua idea.

PACIFIC GROVE, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA. THE Pacific Grove Chautauqua Assembly in session from June 24–July 10, was more largely attended than on any previous year. Each morning dawned on a perfectly cloudless California day.

The program published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June was fully carried out, and the departments progressed with great satisfaction to teachers and students. Notably the Art Class, under Prof. J. Ivey, was full of animation. The Teacher's Retreat was successfully managed by Prof. W. S. Monroe, this being the first attempt to carry it on at Pacific Grove. Much amusement was given by Dr. P. S. Henson in his humorous lectures, but his Sunday sermon showed him a master in earnest scriptural teachings as well. Dr. Withrow, leader of the Canadian Chautauquans, gave two admirable lectures, and indeed all the lectures and entertainments were excellent, as was the music by the Berkeley University Glee Club. Perhaps the most popularity was gained by Dr. David Jordan, who told in a plain and severely simple fashion the story of his ascent of the Matterhorn. He also addressed the School of Methods upon the College Curriculum. The Assembly welcomed with delight Dr. Homer B. Sprague. Dr. A. C. Hirst, President of the Pacific Coast C. L. S. C. was greatly missed, but imperative business called him east, and the responsibility thus thrown upon others was met in true Chautauqua spirit.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK. ALL parts of western New York were represented Opening Day, July 7, at Silver Lake Assembly. The formal opening services, which took place in the Auditorium at 7:30 p. m., showed splendid preparation and were well received. After the introductory remarks by the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. Ward D. Platt, Miss Alice Everett sang several fine selections, followed by the address by the Rev. J. A. Smith.

Large classes patronized the schools of shorthand, penmanship, typewriting, physical culture, and language. Theology and music received much attention.

A lively session characterized the Convention of Sunday-school Workers, presided over by the Rev. Samuel McGerald.

The Silver Lake Local Preachers' Association, of the Genesee Conference, arranged for permanency as an organization with the Rev. L. Myles president, and the Rev. E. W. Sears, secretary.

Among the lecturers were Alice Moore, Dr. Waterbury, Prof. W. L. Sprague, M. J. G. Halaphan, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Losey, the Rev. J. L. Davies, Prof. Fred W. Root, and Prof. Putnam.

The music was rich and varied. Miss Alice Everett's songs were rendered with charming effect, and the three favorite musicians, Signor Guiseppe Vitale, violinist, Signor Fanelli, harpist, and the Chevalier de Kontski, deserve special mention.

The elocutionary contest for the Demorest gold medal was a good effort and won great applause, the first prize being awarded to Miss Fanny Boughton.

The business department of the Assembly denotes a wonderful progress.

A bright array of faces was to be seen in the Auditorium at the School Teachers' Convention, where able and eloquent addresses were delivered by Dr. Waterbury and Dr. J. M. Cassidy, Miss May Catton presiding at both morning and afternoon sessions.

The Teachers' Retreat won the approbation of school commissioners and principals; talent and experience were represented in its meetings and a large and attentive audience was present.

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A TRIP FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, September 9, 1889.—Scotland again, and never more beautiful than now! The harvest moon is shining upon the grim old castle, and the bagpipes are playing under my windows to-night. It has been a lovely day. The train rolled out of King's Cross, London, at ten this morning, and it rolled into Waverley, Edinburgh, about seven to-night. The trip by the Great Northern Railway is one of the most interesting journeys that can be made in England.

At first, indeed, the scenery is not striking; but even at first you are whirled past spots of exceptional historic and literary interest—among them the battlefield of Barnet, and the old church and graveyard of Hornsey where Tom Moore buried his little daughter Barbara, and where the venerable poet Samuel Rogers sleeps the last sleep. Soon these are gone, and presently, dashing through a flat country, you get a clear view of Peterborough Cathedral, massive, dark, and splendid, with its graceful cone-shaped pinnacles, its vast square central tower, its lofty spire, and the three great pointed and recessed arches that adorn its west front.

The country is so level that the receding towers of Peterborough remain for a long time in sight, but soon,—as the train speeds through pastures of clover and through fields of green and red and yellow herbage, divided by glimmering hedges and diversified with red-roofed villages and gray church towers,—the land grows hilly, and long white roads are visible, stretching away like bands of silver over the lonely hill-tops. Figures of gleaners are seen scattered through fields whence the harvest has lately been gathered. Sheep are feeding in the pastures, and cattle are couched under fringes of woods. The bright emerald of the sod sparkles with the golden yellow of the colt's-foot, and sometimes the scarlet waves of the poppy come tumbling into the plain like a cataract of fire. Windmills spread their whirling sails upon the summits round about, and over the nestling ivy-clad cottages and over the stately trees, there are great flights of rooks. A gray sky broods above, faintly suffused with sunshine, but there is no glare and no heat, and often the wind is laden with a fragrance of wild flowers and of hay.

It is noon at Grantham, where there is just time enough to see that this is a flourishing city of red brick houses and fine spacious streets, with a lofty, spired church and far away eastward a high line of hills. Historic Newark is presently reached and passed—a busy, contented town, smiling through the sunshine and mist. In a little while magnificent York bursts upon the view, stately and glorious, under a black sky that is full of driving clouds. The minster stands out like a mountain, and the giant towers rear themselves in solemn majesty—the grandest piece of church architecture in England! The brimming Ouse shines as if it were a stream of liquid ebony. The meadows around the city glow like living emeralds, while the harvest fields are stored and teeming with stacks of golden grain. Great flights of startled doves people the air—as white as snow under the sable fleeces of the driving storm. I had seen York under different guises, but never before under a sky at once so somber and so romantic. . . . .

All trace of storm has vanished by this time, and when, after a brief interval of eager expectation, the noble towers of Durham Cathedral sweep into the prospect, that superb monument of ancient devotion, together with all the dark gray shapes of that pictorial city—so magnificently placed, in an abrupt precipitous gorge on both sides of the brimming Weir—are seen under a sky of the softest Italian blue, dappled with white clouds of drifting fleece.

Durham is all too quickly passed—fading away in a landscape sweetly mellowed by a faint blue mist. Then stately rural mansions are seen, half hidden among great trees. Wreaths of smoke curl upward from scattered dwellings all around the circle of the hills. But the scene changes suddenly, as in a theater, and almost in a moment the broad and teeming Tyne blazes beneath the scorching summer sun, and the gray houses of Gateshead and Newcastle fill the picture with life and motion. The waves glance and sparkle—a wide plain and shimmering silver. The stream is alive with shipping. There is movement everywhere, and smoke and industry and traffic—and doubtless noise, though we are on a height and cannot hear it. A busier scene could not be found in all this land, nor one more strikingly representative of the industrial character and interests of England.

After leaving Newcastle we glide past a gentle, winding ravine, thickly wooded on both sides, with a bright stream glancing in its depth.

The sun is sinking now, and over the many-

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colored meadows, red and brown and golden and green, the long, thin shadows of the trees slope eastward and softly hint the death of day. The sweet breeze of evening stirs the long grasses, and on many a gray stone house shakes the late pink and yellow roses and makes the ivy tremble.

It is Scotland now, and as we pass through the storied Border we keep the ocean almost constantly in view—losing it for a little while at Dunbar, but finding it again at Drem—till, past the battlefield of Prestonpans and past the quaint villages of Cockenzie and Musselburgh and the villas of Portobello, we come slowly to a pause in the shadow of Arthur's Seat, where the great lion crouches over the glorious city of Edinburgh.—*William Winter.**

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"HAS you made out what to do with yerself, Miss Rebecca?"

I can see Columbia now, as she looked when she used to ask me that question, day after day, standing with her dark head sharply silhouetted against the whitewashed wall. She had been given to tears—poor Columbia!—ever since the time when we, who had been accustomed to believe that the universe was our own, had been disabused of that notion.

In those days, something very unjust took place,—we never understood what,—and our pale, sensitive father, who was like a reed shaken in the wind, when the smallest thing went wrong, was broken to the earth, never to rise again. Our invincible stepmother was a widow then with a widow's right to her thirds; but it turned out that the only property my father left to be divided was Dick and Cam and Milly and me.

Contrary to the usual feeling among heirs, my stepmother was magnanimously allowed to keep the whole estate, against which she generously protested. She was not without comfortable means of her own, but these she had carefully managed, not at all with a view to bestowing the results upon Dick and Cam and Milly and me. Her first economy was to dismiss our old Columbia; and after that we wouldn't have been surprised if she had dismissed all the rest of us, for Columbia seemed to belong in our home as much as we did.

Dick and Cam were presently sent to a good school where the poor boys work to pay their expenses, and little Milly was taken by a lady in Worcester. How closely I held her in my arms all the night before she was carried away! and in the morning her pretty yellow curls were quite wet with my tears.

* Gray Days and Gold. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Then there was only myself, the oldest, left, and as I was seventeen, and was supposed to have had very good advantages, it would be a pity, I thought, if I couldn't take care of myself. Columbia had taken a little hut of a dwelling for herself, and took in washings. I went nearly every day to talk over my prospects with her. There was not the least clamoring for my assistance coming from any quarter whatever, though it had been confidently offered, it seemed to me, from shore to shore of the continent, in almost every capacity of which a young lady could be conceived to make a resource; as a companion; as a teacher of a little music, a little drawing, a good deal of Kensington embroidery, and at length simple reading and spelling; as one who would do various kinds of writing and sewing; who would read aloud to invalids and blind people. Any genteel or respectable mode of attendance upon humanity at large, which would put into market almost any power of a girl's mind or body, was, in effect, hopefully considered, until it seemed as if the Chinese question, the Irish question, the great Future State question, itself, fell into insignificance beside the stupendous inquiry,—*What is to be done with this young woman?*

I sat up nights to devise an answer to it, unaware that the world was studying a similar problem, and even began to write feverish treatises calling the attention of mankind to the fact that the avenues were all closed to a girl who wanted to earn her living, while a boy could sell newspapers and black boots. If all my dumb, struggling passion could have poured itself out, the woman's branch of the sociological question might have found a voice which would have been heard above that of Mr. Henry George.

At length, one day, when I paid my visit to Columbia, I carried something in my pocket which represented my first opportunity; yet it was a very unwelcome one.

She began with the usual formula,—"I s'pose you hasn't found out anything, Miss Rebecca?"

"I've had a situation offered me."

"Oh, Miss Rebecca!" she cried, resting on the corner of the wood-box, as the most available offer of support, and almost turning white with the double emotion of terror at the thought of losing me, and joy at the prospect of some provision for me. "What kind of a offer is it? What to do?"

"To engage in the cheering-up business."

. . . . . .

"Who's to be cheered up, dear?"

"Aunt Maria."

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"The dismallest cretur on this side o' the yarth," she groaned. "But we're all of us what we was cut out to be, I expect," she said, "so I do' know who's to blame. If it's the Lord's work, I know He'll forgive me, though some say He's turrible quick-tempered. But them ain't my views. Hows'ever, I must say yer aunt Maria's sech stuff that I should think He'd be ashamed to own her. An' she ain't real smart neither, for here's a chance to do the thing that seems to be most sot by up above, an' have it said to her, 'I was poor an' needy, an' ye took me in.' She might have done something for her soul an' you too, but she's put on the wrong shoe, an' I reckon 'twill pinch her. Hope so, I declar' !"

We decided that it would be best to try Aunt Maria, or let Aunt Maria try me,—there would be a severe trial on both sides, probably,—and when I went back to Mr. Preston's I was thinking that there might be other openings in the world for the same business, for, said I to myself, if one is really disposed to bring cheer to sad or fretful humanity, it is wonderful how frequent are the opportunities for repeating and resuming the pleasure—or the occupation. One *might* make a business of it.—*Mary Catherine Lee.**

*In the Cheering-up Business. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A FRENCH FESTIVAL.

M. DE MONTPENSIER gave a fête this evening in the Parc des Minimes, in the Forest of Vincennes.

It was splendid and delightful. The fête cost the Prince two hundred thousand francs. In the Forest had been erected a multitude of tents borrowed from the Government Repository and French Museum of Arms, some of which were historical.

The tables were laid out under some other tents; there were ample refreshments, and buffets everywhere. The guests, while numbering more than four thousand, were neither crowded nor few and far between. Nowhere was there a crush. There were not enough ladies.

The fête had a splendid military character. Two enormous cannon of the time of Louis XIV. formed the pillars of the entrance. The artillery soldiers of Vincennes had constructed here and there columns of pikes, with pistols for chapters.

The principal avenue of the Park was illuminated with colored glass lamps; one might imagine that the emerald and ruby necklaces of the wood-nymphs were to be seen among the trees. Sap-matches burned in the hedges and cast their glimmering over the Forest. There were three tall poplar trees illuminated against the dark sky in a fantastic manner which created much surprise. The branches and leaves were wafted in the wind amid a brilliant scenic display of lights.

Along each side of the great avenue was a row of Gothic panoplies from the Artillery Museum; some leaning against the oaks and the lime-trees, others erect and with the visor shut, seated upon dummy studs, with caparisons and coats-of-arms, with trappings and dazzling chamfrons. These steel statues, masked and motionless in the midst of the rejoicings, and covered with flashes and streams of light, had something dazzling and sinister in their appearance. Quadrilles were danced to vocal music. Nothing more charming could be conceived than these youthful voices singing melodies among the trees in soft, deep tones; one might have fancied the guests to be enchanted knights tarrying forever in this wood to listen to the song of fairies.

Everywhere in the trees were suspended colored lanterns, presenting the appearance of luminous oranges. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this illuminated fruit appearing suddenly upon the branches.

From time to time trumpet blasts drowned in triumphant tones the buzz of the festivities.

I think this fête will be remembered; it has left a certain uneasy feeling in my mind. For a fortnight previously it had been talked about. Yesterday, from the Tuileries to the Barrière du Trône, a triple hedge of on-lookers lined the quays, the streets, and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as the carriages of the guests passed by. At frequent intervals this crowd hurled at the gilded and bedizened passengers in their carriages shouts of disgust and hate. It was like a mist of hatred amid this splendor.

Every one on his return related what had befallen him. Louis Boulanger and Achard had been hooted; the carriage of Tony Johannot had been spat into; mud and dirt had been thrown into the open carriage of General Narvaez. Théophile Gautier, so calm and impassive, so Turk-like in his resignation, was rendered quite thoughtful and gloomy by the occurrence.

It would not seem, however, that this grand display had anything impolitic in it, or that it should have proved unpopular. On the contrary, the Duke de Montpensier, in spending two hundred thousand francs put them in circulation for the benefit of the people; they ought to be gratified.

Well, it is not so. Luxury is necessary to great states and to great civilization, but there

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are times when the people must not see it.

But what is luxury which is not seen? This is a problem. Magnificence in the background, profusion in obscurity, a display which does not show itself, a splendor which dazzles no one's eyes; is this possible? This must be taken into consideration, however. When the people have luxury paraded before them in days of dearth and distress, their mind, which is that of a child, jumps to a number of conclusions at once; they do not say to themselves that this luxury enables them to get a living, that this luxury is useful to them, that this luxury is necessary to them; they say to themselves that they are suffering, and that these people rejoice; they ask why all these things are not theirs; they examine these things; not by the light of their poverty which requires work and consequently rich people, but by the light of their envy. Do not suppose that they will conclude from that—Well, this will give us so many weeks' wages and so many good days' employment. No; they, too, want not the work, not the wages, but leisure, enjoyment, carriages, horses, lackeys, duchesses! It is not bread they require, but luxury. They stretch out their trembling hands toward these shining realities, which would vanish into thin air if they were to grasp them. The day on which the distress of the many seizes upon the riches of the few, darkness reigns; there is nothing left, nothing for anybody.

This is full of perils. When the crowd looks with these eyes upon the rich, it is not ideas which occupy every mind, it is events.

That which specially irritates the people is the luxury of princes and young men; it is, in fact, only too evident that the first have not experienced the necessity, and that the others have not had the time to earn it. This seems unjust, and exasperates them; they do not reflect that the inequalities of this life prove the equality of the next.

Equilibrium, equity, these are the two aspects of the law of God. He shows us the first aspect in the world of matter and of the body; He will show us the second in the world of souls.—*Victor Hugo.**

THE LAST DESPATCH.

Hurrah! the season's past at last!
At length we've "done" our pleasure.
Dear "Pater," if you *only* knew
How much I've *longed* for home and you—
Our own green lawn and leisure!

And then the pets! One half forgets
The dear dumb friends—in Babel.
I hope my special fish is fed;—
I long to see poor Nigra's head
Pushed at me from the stable!

I long to see the cob and "Rob,"—
Old Bevis and the collie;
And *won't* we read in "Traveler's Rest"!
Home readings after all are best;"—
None else seem half so "jolly!"

One misses your dear kindly store
Of fancies quaint and funny;
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot;*
The Mayfair wit I mostly know
Has more of gall than honey!

A change of place would suit my case.
You'll take me?—on probation?
As "Lady-help," then let it be;
I feel (as Lavender shall see),
That Jams are *my* vocation!

And NO. You know what "*no*" I mean—
There's no one yet at present:
The Benedick I have in view
Must be a something wholly new,—
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you!
Good-by to Piccadilly;
Balls, beaux, and Bolton-row, adieu!
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two;
Till then,—your Own Fond—MILLY.

—*Austin Dobson.**

THE MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

A CERTAIN charlatan, who gained his livelihood by traveling about the country, and exhibiting the tricks of a little dog which he had trained up to his purpose, was one day showing this curious little animal in the public market place of the city to a delighted and wondering populace. He made his dog, who was perfectly well taught, display a thousand tricks; all of which he performed with such ready understanding and attention to his master, that he seemed endowed with human intellect. Epictetus the philosopher was among the spectators, and seemed particularly delighted with the amusement. This raised the wonder of those present who knew the dignity of his character; but their wonder ceased when Epictetus, whose peculiar method was to draw excellent morals from the meanest things and most trifling circumstances,

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*Things Seen. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*At the Sign of the Lyre. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

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exclaimed: "Oh! the glory of knowledge! Oh! the great felicity of the most serene virtues! The only rich patrimony of mankind! Rejoice with me, my good friends, at this instructive sight, which shows the excellence of learning; since you see there that the little knowledge which a man has been able to beat into a dog, is sufficient not only plentifully to maintain his master, but to furnish to him the noblest enjoyment of which a great soul is capable by enabling him to travel through all nations, and see the wonders of nature!"

APPLICATION.—We may perceive by this the importance of a good education, which had been the means of raising a poor little brute to become the admiration of mankind. For notwithstanding that education may not be supposed to add to the original portion of intellect with which nature has at first endowed us, yet it may and certainly does concentrate those powers that we have; like as the lens collects to a focus the scattered rays of light, and brings them to a burning point, which otherwise would be dissipated, and lose all their power. This is chiefly what education can do: it draws to one object the wandering energies of the mind, be they great or small; stores the memory with useful knowledge; fills up that time which otherwise would be wasted in idleness, or what is worse, employed in mischief, directs us to a nice discrimination of right from wrong, fits us for the most enlightened society, and enables us to pass through this difficult life with comfort and reputation.—*James Northcote, R. A.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.

IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; . . . but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought. . . . . .

I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters.

If there be one characteristic of the sky more valuable or necessary to be rendered than another, it is that which Wordsworth has given in the second book of the Excursion:

"The chasm of sky above my head
Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain,
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through;—but rather an *abyss*
In which the everlasting stars abide,
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth, might tempt
The curious eye to look for them by day."

And, in his American Notes, I remember Dickens notices the same truth, describing himself as lying drowsily on the barge deck, looking not at, but *through* the sky. And if you look intensely at the pure blue of a serene sky, you will see that there is a variety and fullness in its very repose. It is not flat, dead color, but a deep, quivering, transparent body of penetrable air, in which you can trace or imagine short, falling spots of deceiving light, and dim shades, faint, veiled vestiges of dark vapor.—*John Ruskin.*

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Religious. "What has been done can be done," is the line of argument taken in "Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century,"* to prove false the assertion frequently made, that to evangelize the pagan nations is to attempt the impossible. Away back in history it is shown how the Anglo-Saxons and other nations were converted by missionary efforts. Many valuable lessons are also drawn from the teachings of the past as to the best methods of this branch of Christian work. The book is an encouraging one,—especially in that it shows how mistaken and wrong efforts have been overruled for good, and how even the wrath of man has been made to praise God.——A series of lectures delivered to the students of Union Theological Seminary in Bangor on the "Evidence of Christian Experience"† has been published in book form. The task set by the author for himself was that of acting as the interpreter of the best thought of the age in the department of theological investigation. Other systems of religious beliefs are examined, the good in them admitted and commended, and their fallacies pointed out. Granting to the adversaries of Christianity the same rights that he takes himself, he candidly states their objections to the Christian system, and carefully considers and fairly answers them. The work is searching, careful, strong, and sound.——Bishop Foster has ventured into a new field of investigation in his "Philosophy of Christian Experience."‡ Little reference is made in the work to the Bible, the argument being built up on self-consciousness—on the soul itself. His first step is to give clear definitions of the leading terms involved; he then examines the grounds of Christian experience, traces its history, and studies its principles and elements. The clear, keen, sound arguments carry conviction with them, and the author fully realizes his hope to show that Christian experience is capable of rational interpretation and defense.——A thorough search into the question whether the Christian hope rests upon a true foundation is made in "Credentials of the Gospel."* Evidence is sought in individual experience and in the outside world; Christianity, other religions, and history are explored; objections are stated and answered. The arguments are forceful, logical, and such as to strengthen faith in the Divine Word, and to enable one the more readily to give a reason for the hope that is in him.——A book to teach boys to be, not to seem, is "Under the Lantern at Black Rocks."†

*Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. Elbert S. Todd, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton, Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 75 cts.

†The Evidence of Christian Experience. By Lewis French Stearns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.00.

‡Philosophy of Christian Experience. By Randolph S. Foster. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.00.

*The Credentials of the Gospel. By Joseph Agar Beet. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.00.

†Under the Lantern at Black Rocks. By Rev. Edward A. Rand. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, $1.25.

Biography. Charles Wallace French's latest history‡ bears for its title the magic name Abraham Lincoln. All the material in hand is admirably arranged to focus its light upon this noble man, whose great achievement in erasing slavery from America gives him a sacred place in history like that of Moses; whose insight and activity in national affairs rank him with the world's greatest rulers, and whose individual life offers a shining example that does not tarnish with time. This favorite theme is handled ably, almost reverently, in a style direct and unobtrusive, sometimes welling forth in conspicuous beauty. The book is one to develop rapidly one's bump of acquisition.——The history of "Theodoric,"‖ an important character in the Story of the Nations, begins at the middle of the fifth century. This "Barbaric Champion of Civilization," born in Pannonia, is an important arbiter in the destiny of Italy. The hero of a series of brilliant exploits, he was the son of Theudemir, one of the chiefs of the Ostrogoths settled on the banks of the Danube. At the age of eight years he was sent as hostage to the court of Constantinople. Finally he established his rule in the whole peninsula of Italy. Under his care, Italy flourished again: in agriculture, industry, literature, and art. The facts are important, are handled vigorously, concretely, and will attract the younger students of history. The trend of events is clearly shown.——In the series Makers of America, the volume

‡Abraham Lincoln. By Charles Wallace French. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, $1.50.

‖Theodoric, The Goth. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Price, $1.50.

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entitled "Alexander Hamilton"* treats its subject politically and socially, considering his career more especially as statesman. The time itself of the events, is an attractive one in the history of the nation, and Alexander Hamilton's great activity, particularly in the evolution at this time of a monetary system out of seeming chaos, gives rise to a consideration of questions many of which are of present importance. The book is of great historical value, and gives a clear insight into affairs which are wont to present themselves as puzzles to the reader.—— An important addition to the series Great Explorers is an exact and detailed account of the first circumnavigation of the globe given in connection with the biography† of Ferdinand Magellan. This explorer's life is shown to be full of noble adventure and outcome notwithstanding the prejudice which long has made him unpopular in history, and a calm retrospect of events at a time when a more generous public opinion favors fealty to the good of humanity rather than to any one country, bids fair to free his name from any stigma of disloyalty. The author has been so conscientious in giving authorities and so profuse in foot-notes that the main text has rather a dry and choppy effect, though it is new and connected. The work is illustrated and beautifully mapped and indexed. ——A charm of writing like that with which Washington Irving imbued his historical works distinguishes Tarducci's "Life of Columbus." ‡ The style is at once easy, natural, and graceful. The exhaustive search among all documents—including those of the latest discovery—relating to the discovery of the New World was made with the utmost pains, as the author aimed to refute the charges of imposture made against the great discoverer. His proofs are so strong, his arguments so incontrovertible, as to win a unanimous verdict of acquittal for the accused. At the same time the Italian author is no hero-worshiper; he makes no attempt to represent Columbus as a perfect man. His narrative is a faithful account of the facts of the man's life and times. The translator gives the book to English readers with remarkable preservation of its original tone. The illustrations are phototype reproductions of the paintings of Luigi Gregori.

*Alexander Hamilton. By William Graham Sumner, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company. Price, 75 cts.

†The Life of Ferdinand Magellan. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, $1.25.

‡The Life of Christopher Columbus. By Francesco Tarducci. Two volumes. Translated by Henry F. Brownson. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, Publisher.

Fiction. In his novel entitled "One of Our Conquerors,"* George Meredith expatiates on the comedy of marriage and the tragedy of love when blundering circumstances compel a person to locate love and marriage apart. Reading character deeply, fathoming action, motive, and caprice, the author bandies with the weaknesses and strengths of frail humanity and with the reciprocal evolution of the one from the other. He resembles Thackeray in his mixture of narration with philosophical disquisition; these stand united and harmoniously, too, with the exception of an occasional jar, although they do not pretend to lead together. The book discloses wonderful resource and variety; it is deep in pathos, not wanting in sarcasm, while probes and observations fly fast. In its general effect upon the reader's mind it is one of those bright books which may be defined as one which brightens.—— A charming story† of Switzerland is reproduced in a smooth translation from the French. It is a story which pleases by its naïveté, whose scenes are laid and whose characters drawn without exaggeration or weakening of nature, whose atmosphere is fragrant with the breath of rural districts, but which pleases only to disappoint, because it ends without finishing. The reader is rudely parted forever from the friends he has made in the course of the volume.—— The interest in "Felicia"‡ begins to thrive in the first chapter and suffers no serious relapse throughout the novel. The love story contains a plenteous sprinkling of fun, more frivolity, and the whole is highly tinctured with woe. Deep pathos is reached in describing the existence of the pet of fortune and position who marries an opera tenor. The story gathers force as it progresses and some noble thoughts are impressed. The opposition of one's reality to one's ideal is shown. The general effect is one that is not likely to be soon forgotten.——"An Idyl of War-Times"‖ ought to win popularity. It attacks the reader on both the hard and the soft side of his nature, offering the bitterness of war and the sweetness of love in all their intensity; it caters to the covert desire for a wedding as a climax to the story, and yet, by a judicious variety in the fate of the several lovers, saves

*One of Our Conquerors. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.50.

†A Question of Love: A Story of Switzerland. From the French of T. Combe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.00.

‡Felicia. By Fannie N. D. Murfree. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, $1.25.

‖An Idyl of War-Times. By Major W. C. Bartlett, U. S. A. New York City: Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Company.

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from the satiety which usually shadows the gratification of this wish. Besides pleasant scenery and amiable characters, may be found a lesson of constancy.

Miscellaneous. "Adopting an Abandoned Farm"* is the name of a bright, breezy book full of escapades and amusement, that laughs alternately at city and country people, at good fortune and ill-luck, and provokes a responsive ripple of fun and sarcasm in every reader. It does not pretend to deepness or etherealness; it is a pen caricature of ideal rural life.

A beautiful "Page in the History of the West London Mission" presents the story† of the conversion to Christ of an atheist shoemaker. The account, which is true, is pure and touching, with no attempts at humor or romance and so simply told that a child can read and understand.

Art students will be interested in the new edition of the Art Dictionary,* which will be found available for all ordinary purposes in regard to the theory and practice of art. Its conciseness enables it to cover a very large field, the definitions considering all terms used in painting, sculpture, architecture, etching, engraving, heraldry, etc. The book is attractive in appearance, printed in good, clear type, and is profusely illustrated. The lucidity and brevity of explanation and the excellent authorities for the information contained render it a reliable reference book.

*Adopting an Abandoned Farm. By Kate Sanborn. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, 50 cts.

†The Atheist Shoemaker. By Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 40 cts.

*Adeline's Art Dictionary. Translated from the French, and Enlarged. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, $2 25.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JULY, 1891.

HOME NEWS.—July 1. Professor Lebarron Russell Briggs made dean of Harvard College in place of Clement Lawrence Smith, resigned.

July 2. Tornadoes in Iowa and Missouri.——Prince George of Greece entertained at Delmonico's by the Greek residents of New York.

July 3. Railroad accident at Ravenna, Ohio. Nineteen killed and twelve injured.

July 4. Death of Ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.——Re-union of the Army of the Potomac at Buffalo, N. Y.

July 6. A gift of $500,000 to the University of Chicago, from the estate of Wm. B. Ogden.

July 7. Convention of Young People's Societies of Baptist Churches in Chicago.——State Teachers' Association opens at Saratoga.

July 9. Opening of the Tenth Annual Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in Minneapolis.——Southern Educational Association at Lookout Mountain.

July 11. Program for the dedication of the World's Fair agreed upon.

July 12. Destructive forest fires in Michigan.

July 14. The Afro-American National League meets in Knoxville.

July 15. The opening session of the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga.

July 16. Many people killed in a tornado at West Superior, Wis.

July 17. Much damage done to crops by hailstorms in Minnesota.

July 19. Death of Major-General Kelly.

July 27. Chinese discovered fraudulently entering the port at San Francisco.

FOREIGN NEWS.—July 1. Emperor William and party welcomed to Holland by the Queen. ——Dominion Day celebrated in Canada.

July 4. Death of William Henry Gladstone, eldest son of the statesman.

July 5. Paris papers urge the abandonment of proceedings against M. de Lesseps.

July 9. The great strike of Belgian miners ends.

July 10. The Emperor and Empress of Germany entertained by the Lord Mayor of London.

July 14. The anniversary of the fall of the Bastile celebrated in Paris and throughout France.——Opening in Toronto of the Annual Convention of the National Educational Association of the United States.

July 17. The English Society of Authors celebrates the adoption of the Copyright Act.

July 19. The Wagnerian Festival at Bayreuth.

July 21. House of Commons votes $300,000 for the relief of the suffering poor in Ireland.

July 23. World's Fair Commissioners received by Lord Salisbury in London.

July 27. Terrible railroad accident at St. Mande, France.

July 28. Election of Claudio Vicuna as President of Chili.

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