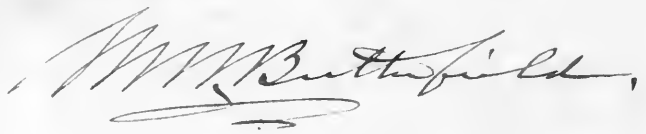

HITS

AT

AMERICAN WHIMS

AND

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

BY FREDERIC W. SAWYER,

AUTHOR OF "A PLEA FOR AMUSEMENTS."

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO MAKE MILLIONAIRES.

It may be done at very little expense. Every thing thrown open to the public adds so much to each man's estate. The Boston Public Library has added fifty thousand volumes to the library of each citizen of Boston. There is not a poor man in Paris, who is not, in the best sense of the word, a millionaire. Be he rag-picker, laborer, student, invalid, clerk, or poor annuitant, he has still a hundred or more old estates, in and about Paris, that are worth their millions and tens of millions. Has he an hour of leisure, he has no motive to go to the dram-shop, or loiter away his time in folly anywhere. He has as many sources of pleasure at hand as any lord or lady in the land.

He has his *Louvre*, where he can while away his hour, if he wishes, among miles in extent of objects of *vertu* and art; he can go to the academy and listen to interesting lectures on the useful arts; he can, if he pleases, wander into the Garden of Plants, and enjoy his collections of animals and plants from all parts of the world; he may enjoy, if he likes, the cooling shade of his Bois Bologne, a beautiful wood near Paris, twice as large as all Boston, full of ponds, lakes, flowers, statuary and fountains; he may walk on the Boulevards, or in the garden of the Tuileries;

witness a review on the Champs Elysee; visit and consult the great imperial library of Paris of over 800,000 volumes; stray into the Luxembourg, or the imperial observatory; take a little trip to Versailles, and enjoy its wonderful gardens, fountains and works of art; indulge his taste for the useful arts, if he likes, in visiting the Sevres Museum, the Artillery Museum, the Gobelin Tapestry Museum, the Museum of the Mint, the Medical Museum, or the Military Museum.

If his mood of mind leads that way, he may find food for quiet meditation in *Pere le Chaise*, sacred to the memory of the thousand distinguished dead; in the Church of the Madeleine; in bending over the Urn of Napoleon; in the beautiful Chapel of Expiation, sacred to the memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; in the Chapel of the Duc d' Orleans, built and adorned to commemorate the place where he fell mortally injured; in the Holy Chapel of St. Louis; in Notre Dame, around whose massive walls have thundered the tumults of seven centuries; in the Hotel d' Invalides, filled with commemoratives of a hundred pitched battles; in the Palais Royal, full of historical paintings; in the Place de la Bastile; in the Palace of Justice, from whence Hugh Capet gave law eight centuries ago; in the Hotel de Cligny, a museum of Roman antiquities and medals; St. Germain, the palace where James II. lived and died in exile; St. Cloud; the Champs de Mars, large as Boston Common, and a score or two more of such places, filled with curiosities appropriate to the place, curiosities in history, art, science, and everything to interest and instruct the mind of man. And all of those noble old estates are his to use and enjoy, without fee or reward.

Every thing dedicated to the public is so much added to the private fortune of those whose situation admits of their enjoying it. Does a city lay out a park, then Mr. Trott, the hand-cartman, who rejoices in just one room and an attic, has so many broad acres added to his domicil, where he may take his family and snuff the fresh air as well as any other landholder. Is a library made free,—then Mr. Trott's tenement is enlarged; he has a library room attached, where he may go and loll on his arm-chair, and call for his book and enjoy his property. Is a gallery of art added,—then Mr. Trott's tenement is enlarged again. He has now his picture gallery, so that his house is quite a castle, with its park, and its library, and its gallery of art. Mr. Trott is a lord in all but name.

The demoralizing influences now prevalent in this country can be better stayed by such public institutions — gymnasiums, baths, libraries, galleries of art, museums, gardens of plants and of animals; by adorning our churches with paintings instead of damask, and having them open too; and by preserving our old historical memorials,—than by all the patent ethics put together that are trundled yearly through our land. There should be in every village in our land, and in every ward of our cities, inviting public places for old and young, rich and poor, male and female, where they can see books and paintings, pictures and statuary, and curiosities in art and science. And thus let us outbid the dram-shops, the billiard-rooms, and the saloons of vice and crime of every description.

CHAPTER II.

WHIM AGAINST DANCING.

It is seldom that you find a religious sect without its religious whim; and what is the worst of it, that whim is generally the darling article of its creed. If you would rest in peace with your friend, never attack his religious whim. His religious principles will bear assault; hence, when you attack those, you give him no offence. Whether he be a sturdy disputant, or ever so much otherwise, he will be apt to relish a quiet little encounter with you, on original sin, the apostolic succession, or some equally knotty point in theology; and, however the argument may wax and wane, will be most likely to think that he has come off victor. At least, he will have some weapons to show, and some skill to display, and will ordinarily rather warm towards his opponent than otherwise. But when you attack his whim, it is an entirely different matter. You take him then unarmed and at a disadvantage, and he feels that he has a right to bluster and be offended. His passages of scripture fail him, and Moses and the Prophets refuse to assist him.

Indeed, almost every sect has its eleventh commandment, to wit: "Thou shalt honor our whims." One sect has its whim about meat on Friday, and

another about pork at any time; one renounces narrow brims; another, matrimony; another, dancing; and so on until half the catalogue of God's gifts are excommunicated.

Of all the religious whims, there is not one in the whole catalogue so entirely unscriptural as our modern Puritan whim against dancing. Had the ancient Jews been under Puritan church government in good old scripture times, Miriam the prophetess, and her women, who went out with timbrels and with dances, would have been "disciplined;" and even the pious David, who danced before the ark, would not only have had his tart spouse, but the whole church, reproving him. That beautiful closing psalm of his, where he exhorts all the living to "praise God with the sound of the trumpet," "with the psaltery and harp," "with the timbrel and dance," would have been denounced and expunged as heretical. Solomon, with all his wisdom, would have been cited before the deacons for declaring that "there is a time to dance;" and as for that best of parents, who it is recorded saw his own prodigal son afar off, instead of welcoming him as he did, with "music and dancing," would have had to greet him with a pic-nic or a sewing-circle. A wiser than Solomon would have lost caste with them, as he did with the Pharisees, by attending to the end, a Jewish wedding, which was always celebrated by dancing; and as to those who refused to "dance" when they were "piped unto," it is clear they might have excused themselves on the ground that it was wicked.

The origin of this whim lies veiled in obscurity. It did not originate with the great reformer, for when

Luther's followers inquired of him if dancing was sinful, he replied, "Was not dancing allowed to the Jews? Dancing is a necessity of our state, like dress with women, and like dinner or supper. And, indeed, I do not see how dancing can be prohibited. If people commit sin, it is not the fault of the dance, which does not offend against faith or charity. Dance, then, my children!" Nor did it originate with the great leader and apostle among our Puritan Fathers, John Cotton—for we find him in 1625 writing in reply to similar inquiries from his friend Leavett, approving of dancing, both "civil and religious," as he styles it, and citing scripture in support.

The truth is, that the dance is an involuntary emotion, like laughing or crying. Mankind in all ages and among every people, have made use of it as a testimonial of the highest joy. It is the first language of the infant, waving its little hands and feet, in token of and to denote its untold joy. Barbarians have always used it to celebrate their victories. Civilized nations, (as among the Jews and Greeks,) have used it in celebrating their religious mysteries, but oftener it has been used as a pastime and exercise in the family and social circle. And it is worthy of remark, that the people who have been sneered at for centuries by all Anglo-Saxondom, for their fondness for the dance, now stand out the foremost in all Christendom,—foremost in science, in art and in arms. That is mentioned, not for the purpose of crediting it to the dance alone, but to credit it to that system of physical and social culture, of which the dance is a leading element, and of which France is the present, and Greece the ancient model and exponent, and

America the most conspicuous for ignoring and opposing them.

This whim of ours is clearly a remnant of asceticism. The Pharisees, I will be bound, never danced. Monks and nuns, the world over, have repudiated it. All those sects that have aspired to earn heaven in that good current coin called self-denial, mortification, and self-infliction, have always abjured it. It never has had any friends among those who "wear long faces," "fast often," and "make long prayers." Whatever else may be said of the dance, it cannot be accused of ever being found in such company as that. It is a penance. Other sects have harder penances than this of ours, but the difference is only in degree, not in principle. The pious Hindoo throws himself under the wheels of Juggernaut, or hangs himself on a hook; the Mussulman makes a pilgrimage to Mecca; the Catholic can have his choice all the way from peas in his shoes to a hundred stripes; the Quaker puts on the broad-brim; the Shaker discards his wife; and the Orthodox renounces the dance and the fiddle-bow. It is a penance, but a real Yankee penance; for if you look at the list of penances the world through, you will find that the Yankee one involves as little self-denial as any, and then it costs nothing, but rather makes a saving. If heaven were to be bought by a penance, the Yankee, as usual, would take the premium for the sharpest bargain.

But this whim has had its day, and is passing away. Premium tracts, and ponderous articles in a few religious papers, have been tried, but they have proved "flat, stale and unprofitable." Indeed, few now feel as they did towards it. They see that it was a

whim — and a very injurious one. That it drove children from their own homes to other and worse places for amusement. That it deprived them of an innocent source of family enjoyment; of one source of healthy exercise; and of a great source of improvement in the way of ease and grace of manner. The tables are now turned. Heretofore, the *unco guid* would not reason on the subject of dancing, but contented themselves with frowning it down; now, when they are willing to reason, the perverse public good-naturedly laugh at them.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION *sans* MORALS.

We hear on every side, now-a-days, astonishment expressed at the number and frequency of the crimes committed in moral, Puritan New England; and great numbers now seem to be really losing that self-complacency ordinarily so apparent among us concerning everything American. But there ought to be no astonishment at American preëminence in immorality. It is no more than what may naturally be expected from our system of education. If we go on as we have heretofore, doing those things that we have done, and leaving undone those things that we have left undone, there is no reason in the world why our countrymen should not take the lead in every branch of public roguery.

Our system of education is a fractional one. We do not take into account the necessity of cultivating alike all the faculties of the body, mind and heart; but we select one or two, and spend all our energies upon those. Our forefathers early turned their attention to two things—intellectual and religious culture, to the total neglect of physical, social and moral culture. As in the beginning, so it has been ever since. From the day the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth until the present moment, our system of education

has been one with moral culture left out. I do not mean to say that the rising generation, through all, or any of this time, have been left without moral *admonition*.

On the other hand, I am ready to admit, that in the family, in the church, in the school, and everywhere, there has been a becoming desire on the part of every one to have the young grow up alive to the importance of correct moral deportment, and that in all those places, the youth have been admonished daily not to lie, not to steal, not to do any wrong thing. But what I mean to say is this — that in all our history there has been no public or even private *instruction, cultivation, teaching* of morals in the fair, reasonable sense of the word. There has been no teaching of morals as a science. We are a nation of people wholly undisciplined in ethics. If any one has any doubt of that proposition, let him attempt to call to mind, if he can, where in all our educational system, past or present, our youth are taught, trained, instructed and cultivated in morals, as they are intellectually and religiously.

None of those branches of study that are to aid in obtaining a livelihood, are treated as we treat this branch, which is to aid in developing, establishing and sustaining a good moral character. We have teachers and classes and schools for almost every branch of human knowledge, except the most difficult of all — that of knowing good from evil, right from wrong, and just from the unjust. We fit a boy by apprenticeship and study for the acquisition of property, as a merchant, or a trader, or as a manufacturer, or as a mechanic, or as a physician, lawyer, ship-

master, or other special calling; but when and where and how, and under what masters and tutors do we fit him to decide aright the thousands of moral questions that must necessarily come up in his business? Suppose him to possess by nature a mind and heart all alive to the claims of truth and justice and equity; how is he to know just the boundary line between right and wrong, where honesty stops and dishonesty begins? It takes study and discipline to make one a ripe scholar or a good merchant, physician or mechanic. Why should it not take study and discipline to give him a knowledge of good and evil, and make him circumspect and honest?

I know that there is a popular idea that children get their moral culture, and enough of it, at home, at their own firesides. But that theory will not stand one moment's honest examination. There is not one family in a thousand where the moral culture goes one step beyond admonition. The child is admonished of the pains and penalties of dishonesty, and falsehood, and violence, but is in no appreciable degree instructed as to what does, and what does not, constitute those offences. Suppose those same parents should teach their children the other branches of knowledge in the same way — admonish them to be good readers, and correct in spelling, and by all means expert with figures, and yet provide them with no books tending to teach in those branches — and put them under no tutors? But how comes it that parents, one and all, are supposed to be apt and competent teachers in moral philosophy, and nothing else? If their child is to be taught to read or spell, write or cast accounts, a teacher bred to the business is sup-

posed to be indispensable; but if the same child is to be instructed in his whole duty in life, as between man and man, what is right, what is just, what is true, each parent in the land is supposed to be a proficient in that science in which many contend that even Archdeacon Paley failed.

Then there is another popular idea, and that is, that religion and morals are all one substantially, and that the church and pulpit are ample for both. But no fallacy could be greater. Religion concerns our duties to God; morals concern our duties to one another. Properly speaking, the minister has nothing specially to do with the discussion of moral principles and precepts. And as a matter of fact, he seldom does come down to such discussions pure and simple. If morals are treated upon, it is generally by incidental allusion, and not as the substance and burden of the discourse. A man might attend church all his lifetime, and never get so well-defined and accurate an idea of his moral duties and obligations as could be given him in one week by a competent tutor devoted to that branch only.

Few consider how vast and complicated is the whole subject of morals. Every act of our lives has, to some extent, a moral bearing, not always or often perhaps clearly perceptible. When we take into account the complex nature of human life, how many and how conflicting the principles and practices, manners, customs, laws, rules and precedents of those that surround any one of us, and how each person's duties are modified by his particular circumstances, it will be seen that no other branch of study in the world takes precedence of it, in breadth and impor-

tance; and it is a science that must grow with the growth of the world. Each age, with its improvements and progress, gives rise to new duties and new responsibilities.

There are a thousand situations in which one may be placed, for which the education of the school-room and of the church and family affords no direction. It is not to be believed for a moment that the parties who have in so many instances of late proved defaulters, took the first wrong step with the intention of doing any wrong in the end. Nor is it at all certain that they entertained any clear conviction that that first false step was one really dishonest. On the other hand, without doubt, most of those who have fallen have no conception that their first error began so far back. They had, no doubt, the greater part of them, been pursuing a wrong course, until escape was impossible, before they once awoke to the consciousness that they had been guilty of any wrong. And most of them now, I have faith to believe, looking back, can hardly see how they could have done otherwise than they did, so did one step in error prepare the way for the next. What is wanted, is such public instruction in all the contingencies of human intercourse that no one need err for lack of knowledge.

Another singular feature in this matter of moral culture, is the fact that the subject has not enlisted public attention as a theme any way, to any very great extent. There are less books on it than on almost any other subject that can be thought of, however insignificant. I apprehend a learned bookworm could find more works to-day on the habits of the

bee or the butterfly, than on moral philosophy, pure and simple.

It must be clear that if we omit moral culture entirely, then the more we do to cultivate our people in other respects, the worse it will be for us. We open their eyes to a thousand wants, we give them all the means and appliances that knowledge can give to acquire and satisfy them, and then leave them to adapt their morals to their circumstances and tastes. Could anything in the world promise more disastrous results? It is in view of the energy of our intellectual educational system over that of most other countries, that I fancy that I see our country making hitherto unheard-of strides in immorality and crime, unless we link with it public moral instruction in our schools, one and all.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LATE CAPTAIN FUME.

My first experience in travelling by steam was in the boat first established on the eastern route, commanded by Captain Fume. The captain was what is called a "very smart man," and believed that there was nothing like making a little stir when he had anything to do. The getting his steamboat under way was generally made an event to be remembered by all mere landsmen. The captain then felt in duty bound to work himself into something of a passion, be all over the boat, and make himself heard in all directions. There was running to and fro, and shouting down below, and hailing fore and aft, and a tremendous excitement all around. Meanwhile the affrighted passengers drew themselves into by-places and held their breath, believing that everything depended on Captain Fume; and that if he should stumble, or his voice fail him, the boat must inevitably be blown to atoms. For a long time it was thought that no one but Captain Fume could run a steamboat; and that the whole business on the eastern waters would die with him. In due time, however, the gallant captain was gathered to his fathers, and another reigned in his stead. Now you may make a dozen trips on the route, and hardly know when the

boat gets under way; and as for the captain, you will scarcely be able to detect him by the most diligent inquiry. He is the most unobserved man on board.

Since then I have seen a great many Captain Fumes. Sometimes I see the Captain in trade, and then how he prides himself on being always busy and in a hurry, and turning corners quicker than other people, and talking louder on 'change, and swearing deeper. Sometimes he appears as a financier, and then the world seems hardly able to wag without him. Committees of corporations wait on him from all directions, beseeching him to accept of presidencies and treasuryships; and they detect a certain metallic ring in his very coarseness; and regard his chair tilted back on two legs as an omen, that with him for president, their corporation will be able to stiver on, as it is, with half a foundation. The Captain has always been a great railroad man, and is said to be the inventor of preferred stock and mortgage bonds. Sometimes I see him on the bench, brimful of wrath and learning, carrying consternation and dismay into whole ranks of young attorneys and timid suitors, or clearing the docket at the point of the bayonet, and calling it doing business. Sometimes the Captain appears at the bar with his green bag and bushel of papers, looking very fierce, and bent on doing something very awful. His great talent lies in denying everything, badgering witnesses, talking loud, fighting right on after he is soundly whipped, and getting the most applause from outsiders as a smart lawyer, when he is doing most damage to his own case. Sometimes the Captain takes to politics, and then other people have little else to do but to stand one

side and hear his battle-axe ring on the thick bosses of the Constitution and the Union. He is very destructive in that capacity, and generally goes for staving something to pieces right away. Indeed, the Captain may be found in almost all of the various departments of business, ready to ignite at a moment's notice, and make a terrible ado, and run, and shout, and hail, and really think that he is despatching business.

Captain Fume is very popular with the multitude. He is thought to be a tower of strength. He creates a great impression on mere lookers-on. The very best and wisest of men shake their heads knowingly, and pronounce him "a very smart man." They believe in his rough points, it looks so much like strength. His very wrath they look upon as so much propelling power, and the noise and bluster as conclusive evidence that things are moving. But so much friction soon wears the Captain out. His friends, one after another, get gored by his rough points, and fall off. His oaths, after awhile, hardly generate steam equal to pitch-pine, and he begins to fall astern. His very protestations that he is overrun with business, and his constant hurry operate against him, as people learn at last to take him at his word, and deal with others who have more leisure. He goes off and goes up like a rocket; but then, unfortunately the similitude holds good all through, for he goes out like one, leaving his gaping admirers in the dark, with a chance of a stick on their heads in the shape of unpaid bills.

Your true business man is always quiet and well-bred. He understands the science of physics; that

there is nothing like lubricating a little where you want things to move on smoothly. Agreeable manners are in business what oil is to machinery. They obviate a deal of friction. The well cultivated man conducts his business with so little noise that those not specially dealing with him are apt to think but little of him, and know but little about him until they wake up some fine morning and find him clearly at the head of his profession. It is wonderful to see how little sound and fury there is in truly great men. You have only to look around you, where you are, and those who have won the race in their respective callings, and have put off their armor, will almost always be found to be as remarkable for their good breeding and modesty, as for their success.

CHAPTER V.

VILLAGE AMUSEMENTS.

Viewed in one light, there is nothing in history more marvellous than the frightful progress that intemperance was making at one time in New England. Our ancestors came here sober, industrious and pious. They reared a population that could read, write and cipher, and recite the Assembly's Catechism better than the same classes could in any other country in the known world. Yet, at the end of two hundred years from the date of their landing here, their descendants had become the greatest consumers of alcohol in their drinks, of any people on the face of the globe. Their schools, churches and free institutions had not prevented that. In the sterling virtue of temperance, they were then, beyond all comparison, below the inhabitants of Spain, France and Germany, whom they were in the habit of considering so far inferior to them in general intelligence.

Yet there is, in reality, nothing strange in all that, when we come to trace the early history of our New England villages. The history of one is the history of the whole. The model is a very gem of a village to look at. Its leading feature is the village church, supported on one side by the schoolhouse, and on the other by the inn. Those are the only public edifices

in the place, unless you include the village hay-scales and the town pound. It has no public library, reading-room or mall. Its only village green is the plat of land around the church, and that is a graveyard. The church is closed six days in the week, so that for that time the only place in the whole village open and free to the public is the village bar-room. Yet the little village is full of conscious importance. It scouts the idea that there is anything wanting to fill up its full measure of glory. It points to its church and its schoolhouse as the sovereign remedies for all diseases. It considers the drama a very sorry device of the devil; dancing, as heathenish and sinful; and parties and gayeties of all kinds, as vain and frivolous. Its reigning powers, the pastor and his deacons, countenance no such perversion of one's time and thoughts. The happiness of this world is an abomination unto them, and the world itself a deceit and a lie. Nothing in the nature of amusements has any defined and legal place in the economy of the village. In truth, the little community are determined to brave the world without them. It will neither harbor nor trust them.

The dancing master that essays to raise a class among them, is made to *chasse* out of the village in double quick time; and even the poor wight of a music-grinder has to beat a speedy and ignominious retreat. As for those scapegraces, the circus riders, their Shetland ponies and infant phenomena find no favor there; and it is only after serious doubts and misgivings about the moral tendency of such things, that they allow themselves the privilege of looking upon those wonders of nature, the Bengal

tiger and the learned monkeys. Card-tables are a proscribed piece of furniture on account of the name, — and no domestic amusement is countenanced of a higher grade than blind-man's-buff and Tom-come-tickle-me. It is true that the children do get up an *extempore* "checker-board," as they call it, with red and yellow corn, but then that exists only by sufferance; and does the pastor or deacon happen in when that is about, the poor parents turn pale with affright, and feel that they are verily guilty. The speculative genius of a Yankee, who proposes a bowling-alley, is frowned down at once as a wretch totally depraved; and even the venerable but chirping village cobbler is looked upon with distrust, as little better than a heretic, merely because he will persist in scraping away upon an old cracked violin at a merrier pace than the jog-trot of Old Hundred.

The village grows, and its pastor and its people wax and wane. The young men who founded it are passing on to old age, and their children are becoming heads of families around them. They have lived without enjoying or countenancing any amusements. But human nature is weak in its best estate; and men, as well as sheep, are gregarious. Though cut off from the drama, from dancing, from parties, and such festive enjoyments, they have had one comfort left. All this time there has been no question but that a little something stimulating was quite a necessary thing, it helped so to keep the spirits up, and invigorate the constitution. It was altogether legal, and almost scriptural; for the deacon dispensed it with his own hand. So while their wives were having their evening chat over their tea, the husbands betook them-

selves to the village inn, and talked over the village politics, and grew patriotic over their cups, and "resolved to stand by their country, when it was plain that they could stand by nothing else."

In process of time their sons become emancipated from birch and school, and they, too, soon follow in the footsteps of their fathers. There is no amusement for them at home. They linger awhile about the corners of streets, until, driven to do something to employ their leisure hours, they found a rival establishment at the grocer's, and there the second generation meet and sip and while away the weary hours of stormy days and sleepy evenings. In the meantime, one after another of the old standards at the inn have ripened into sots, and others are ripening like them. The family hearth-stone is becoming less and less enticing. There has never been anything that could be called light-hearted enjoyment there. There has never been any effort by the parents to make home a happy, joyous place. Hence, their children have fled from it the moment they could. There was no link that bound them to it. There were no associations of happy, gleesome hours; no remembrance of festive enjoyments with friends and kindred around the family hearth. Those that left had not one sigh to heave on leaving their home and native village, to wander away, never to return. Those sons that remained, soon became the heads of other families, to follow in the same routine, each succeeding generation starting earlier in the race of intemperance, and arriving earlier at the goal, a miserable home and a drunkard's grave.

Under such a state of things the spread of intemper-

ance among our ancestors seems all natural enough. We are not even astonished that they thought no more of it, and felt no more alarm about it. They had given up all the cheering influences of life; and it would have been hard indeed if they could not have one solace, even if it was poor one.

CHAPTER VI.

HINTS FOR PROMOTING JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

Snub Nature in every direction; the more you cross her, the better. Your children will persist in being busy about something, but that is no affair of yours. Your first and only duty is to call them up to their meals regularly, wash their faces, see to their clothes, send them to school, and end there. That will be providing for, at least, half their waking hours, and as to the rest, all you have to do is, to doubt, object, oppose and hold back generally. Do not, on any consideration, plan any amusements to fill up their leisure hours, for that would be decidedly vain and sinful.

Your first object should be to exclude from home all light and cheerful enjoyments. The home is no place for such things. Besides, the ruling idea of home, in a child's mind, should be that it is a place of last resort and fearful reckoning. In that way you make a fair division with your children, — take to yourselves the inside of the house, and give them the outside, and teach them self-reliance. Their young friends are not to be tolerated about your house on any account, — much less encouraged to come and bounce round on your fine furniture. Set your faces like flint against all that. It will save you a world of

anxiety about carpets and mirrors, and will serve to inure your children to pursuing their sports under difficulties, about doorways and on sidewalks, besides adding to their stock of fancy phrases and deep and mystical knowledge.

Take decided ground against amusements, everything bearing that name being wicked. Besides, they consume time that may so much better be employed by your children taking airings on the backs of carriages, and facetiously ringing door-bells. Be especially particular about *social* amusements. Scripture says somewhere that "it is not good that man should be *in company*," so keep your children *alone* as much as possible. It will improve their manners and morals, and make them more gentle and engaging. To that end, never do anything yourselves to secure agreeable associates for your children, and be sure to frown on any that they themselves may secure. That may serve to thin out the timid and retiring, and thus leave your children to a closer intimacy with those of more decided traits of character.

Dancing is not to be tolerated on any terms; it consumes precious time that may so much better be employed lolling around or sky-larking. Besides, what can be expected of young lads who spend their time bowing and scraping and hopping around among pretty young misses? Any one with half an eye must see that it tends to destroy all independence of character, so that they never could be depended upon in an emergency to rob a house or pelt an apple-woman. The thing is absurd.

Indeed, object to all definite modes of spending idle time, such as singing-schools, swimming-schools gym-

nasiums, and the like, especially if they cost money. The great thing is to make your children apt scholars and ready reckoners, so that they can cry newspapers and peddle apples to advantage and save the half cents. The doctrine that parents have anything to do with the physical, moral and social culture of their children, is all a whim, and was exploded long ago. Manners and morals come by nature, and as to health, it is time enough to look after that when it is lost.

In a word — beware of doing anything special towards employing your children's leisure hours — and you need have no fear for the result. That great pedestrian and contractor, who represents himself as "going to and fro and up and down in the earth," is always short of hands, especially in the children's department; and when he finds them idling around is always ready to take them into his employ. He will thus kindly relieve you of the burden of superintending their amusements, and leave you to the more appropriate employment of founding prisoner's friends societies.

CHAPTER VII.

CANONICAL AMUSEMENTS.

The leading, and almost only way of entertaining in New England, is through the medium of evening parties. Breakfast and dinner parties are comparatively of little account among us. Technically, these evening parties are supposed to be designed for social enjoyment. But how seldom does the spirit of the entertainment come up to the manifesto. Certain it is that as now conducted, they afford little enjoyment to those who give them, unless they find it in a total rout of everything about the house, and a general surrender of the premises to the commissary, followed by a dismal entailment of unsatisfied and unsatisfying bills. With most people here, a party is seldom ventured upon without long and patient meditation and family conference, nor perpetrated without being followed by hearty repentance. The statistics of parties here, showing the relative number of those having the ability who have ventured one, to those who have dared a second or third, would be very curious; and show, I think, that there are some things, after all, that are too much for Yankee courage.

There are a good many things that have concurred in bringing about this inhospitable, unsocial state of

things. In the first place, the popular prejudice against enjoyments of all kinds, and against social enjoyments in particular, early tended to make us an unsocial people. Then, too, social culture was so much neglected that when the people did come together, few could enjoy it. It was under the pressure of such a state of things that our present practice of bounteous feeding at parties grew up. Indeed, for a long time, there was nothing else that one could do on such occasions that was really legitimate. Few could converse with any enjoyment to themselves or others; music, for a long time was a rare accomplishment, while dancing and cards were taboo and contraband altogether. But then, theologians, however they differed about the propriety of music, cards and dancing, all agreed that eating and drinking were entirely canonical, and hence the supper soon grew to be the leading feature in the social circle, infusing new life into all the company. What was wanting in joyousness, was made up in genuine heartiness; and what enjoyment social culture, wit and taste did not furnish, the pastry cook did.

It is to be regretted that, now, when there has been such a great improvement in our social enjoyments, and we have so many other and better modes of entertaining each other than our ancestors had, we should still adhere to the supper table as the very soul of the entertainment. It is very sure that the more refined the society, the less is there thought of it. The Hoosier greets his friends with a roasted ox; Pat, his, with a generous effusion of the tap; the sturdy rustic, his, with a bounteous hot supper; the American cit, his, with champagne and oysters; the

English gentleman, his, with more pomp and less oysters; while the Germans and French pay but little regard to all those, and rely on the social enjoyments of the hour. Wherever social enjoyments are considered a part of every-day life, to be provided for as they do for their other wants, extravagant outlays for what are sometimes quaintly called "creature comforts," are never made. The more people accustom themselves to entertain, the less they think of those things.

It is a common remark of well-informed strangers who visit us, that we do not appear to be a happy people. The remark is a just one. We are not a happy people. The truth is that all our plans are negative, not positive. All our energies are bent on warding off evils, instead of attempting to promote our own and others' happiness as a good in itself. Our houses are so fortified round about with moats and scarps and counter-scarps to keep out want, and make them appear formidable to the world, that they are little better than feudal castles that look down defiantly upon the passers-by, and warn off all sorts of guests, the sprightly, joyous and happy, as well as the rest. Some one has described the Englishman's idea of enjoyment as summed up in a "sea-coal fire, and doors well bolted against intruders." Ours is not much better.

Enjoyments are regarded too much in the light of luxuries that are only to be indulged in quarterly or semi-annually, rather than as something that belongs to every-day life. The sums that are now squandered in one of our annual parties, would, in the hands of a Parisian lady of taste and refinement, defray the

expenses of a round of social entertainments for a whole season. Our want of economy in those things arises from the fact that we have been taught to regard everything in the nature of enjoyment that ranges beyond food and shelter, sleep and a Sunday sermon, as something entirely useless, if not injurious, whereas the best course to pursue to make people better, is to begin by making them happier.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELEVATING TENDENCY OF SOAP AND WATER.

It has always been conceded that there is a very intimate connection between cleanliness and virtue, but still few quite comprehend, in all its fulness, the troop of little family blessings, sweet smiles, cheerful words and kind acts that lie concealed in the well-filled ewer and basin, with the nice little cake of Windsor, and neatly folded white towels by their side, waiting to come out on call. And then what a host of domestic enjoyments spring from that much abused washing-day! The Sabbath would be but half a Sabbath without it. Tristam Shandy is by no means the only person who has felt the elevating tendency of a clean shirt. The mind will sympathize with the body. One of the best preventatives of Sabbath-breaking is a nicely-folded Sunday suit. No boy ever carried off the prizes at school without that "shining morning face," and as for men, there is no amount of assurance that can stand up under the discouraging load of soiled linen and a seedy hat. Few realize the moral character of the toilet. Hundreds feel irritable and peevish all day long, without once dreaming that they put on their temper with their reeking dicky, and stepped at once into their dusty boots and a family jar.

A filthy people never were and never can be a moral people. The cleanest cities are the most orderly and moral, and so, too, the cleanest part of any given city is the most orderly and moral part.

I cannot help looking upon our Croton Aqueducts and Lake Cochituates as whole fountains of virtue, and our soap-boilers as standing clearly at the head of the moral reformers. In that point of view, each hydrant in our streets, with its shining pewter cup dangling lovingly by its side, like the keys to the apron-string of some fond grandmother, suggestive of good things in store, seems a stationary temperance lecturer, crying at the top of his voice, "Walk up, gentlemen — walk up; here is your fine liquor, fresh from the vintner; no adulterations here — walk up!" And then the sight of the little group around it, waiting for the "loving cup," old men and young children, dusty, shaggy-browed laborers, and trig and trim school children, taking a tiff of the invigorating beverage, and then walking briskly away — what is there that affords a more pleasing picture? It is enjoyment to look at them. One such hydrant ought to be rated as equivalent to one good dozen of police, bright buttons and all.

But there is another feature to this picture not yet ready in this country for the canvas. There are thousands of families in our cities that occupy only one, or, at most, only two rooms. It will be seen at once that those families are not in a situation to obtain all the benefits that naturally belong to a full supply of water. Common decency will prevent their availing themselves of all the advantages of bathing; and then their cramped room and insufficient means for heating

water will shut them out from obtaining all the good it has in store for them, in the way of keeping their clothes clean and tidy. For those classes there should be in every ward of each city in our land, public Wash Houses, where the needy can go and get their bath, and carry their clothes, and wash, dry and iron them, at a very slight expense. In London, Liverpool, Paris, and the other large cities of Europe, such wash houses have been, within a few years, provided, and they have been found to be great public blessings. For a penny or two, the poor woman has her tub of hot water, with apparatus for drying and ironing her clothes, or her bathing-room and tub of water for a bath. It has been found that such accommodations can be afforded at a very slight expense. The waste steam from a boiler, such as can be found in every ward of any considerable city, would be amply sufficent to heat all the water wanted for an ordinary wash house of that description.

It is not precept that is wanted to carry forward moral works, so much as actual helps to make the people more cleanly, more comfortable, and hence, happier and better. The Old World is now far in advance of the New in devising substantial helps for the poor in their poverty; the New far in advance of the Old in affording the poor that liberty of thought and action that may enable them to put poverty and all its trials far away. What is wanted is a union of both of those agencies in the good work.

CHAPTER IX.

STRAITS OF A MAN OF FORTUNE.

As I was sauntering down Broadway the other day, who should I see approaching, with hand extended, but my old friend, Charles Bender, whom I had missed from earth and classed with the lost pleiad long ago. "How do you do, Bender?" and "How are you, Carl?" with a good honest shake of the hand, followed each other in rapid succession.

I had known Bender in former days, when he was a good, hard-working, contented attorney; but, poor fellow, he had an unlucky, childless uncle, who died one day, leaving him fortune enough to craze a common man. And what made it worse, was the fact that the whole was so admirably invested that Bender had nothing to do but collect and spend the dividends. Very soon, it became apparent that his clients had taken the hint, and voted him too independent to do their business, and so his office was becoming quite a solitude. Then Bender's friends were mostly brisk business men, and soon it was clear that they, too, were shying him, lest, being a man of leisure, he should hold them too long by the button. I had seen him pass from one stage of sadness to another,—first, a hanger-on at picture-galleries and rehearsals; then I had heard of him personating the Grand Turk at

the Springs; after that came tidings that he was at Washington, supporting the character of a Congressional beau; then came rumors that he had been seen escaping from Paris in the midst of a revolution, in a cab, and there all trace of him was lost.

It soon became clear that Bender and I had too many exciting topics to discuss to be disposed of on the pave, so it was moved and carried that we should adjourn to a snug coffee-room, and make an afternoon of it. Bender was evidently in high spirits, and called on, and did the honors like a man who had the world at an advantage. Like an inveterate bachelor as he was, while I was meditating how to probe his history, and find out by what mighty magic he had achieved happiness again, he had entered upon business at once, and was cross-examining me, and tracing down the history of a half score of his old flames, before I could get in a word. As luck would have it, they were a choice collection, and had taken well, so that by the time Bender had reached his third cup, they had all been duly married and settled happily; and then he was ready to go on with his story.

"My story is a short one," said Bender, as he drew up to the fire, and lighted his cigar, "for a life of leisure has little of incident. If it has few annoyances, it has no blessings. I was wearied with it before the first year had ended, and so sought refuge in travel. I visited foreign countries without object, wandered there without interest, and returned more wearied and sad than I went. I then endeavored to interest myself in works of benevolence. At first, I had a mania for charitable societies. I was duly appointed one of the 'Council of Universal Benevo-

lence,' that met once a week, and had in hand multitudes of projects, that were one day to revolutionize society, and carry happiness and content to every heart. But I soon grew weary of vain babble about schemes for the future, while we were losing sight altogether of the present. At length, on being designated by my fellows to the presidency of the 'Epitaph Society,' designed to furnish suitable epitaphs for the victims of want, I gave up in despair, and retired from the Council; and ever since have been looked upon by them as wanting in sympathy for the poor.

"Disgusted with *sending* relief, I tried what virtue there was in *carrying* it. I sought out and relieved the wretched and the destitute, and when I saw how their eyes glistened with joy as I fed and warmed them, and heard their devout benediction, I said to myself, 'I have at last solved the problem of almsgiving. Surely, there can be nothing but good in following a life of charity like this.' In a short time, however, as I was entering one of the dwellings of the destitute, I overheard the mother of a family that I had often assisted, declining her landlord's offer of employment, and saying, 'And sure, do you think I will let Johnny work for your dirty shilling a day, when the good man comes wakely and pays the rint himself?" I turned away from further eaves-dropping, to retrace my way home in sadness. Doubt from that moment began to gather over my cherished theory. I said to myself, 'And can it be that in attempting to escape from indolence myself, I am fostering it in others?" and diligent observation soon compelled me to believe that I was. Where at first a few shillings had sufficed, a few months or a year later, as many

dollars hardly satisfied. None seemed to improve under my bounty, and few seemed to aspire after it. Those who had once felt my assistance, afterwards relied on it, and took courage to be idle; and even the diligent took counsel from them to deserve charity by being idle themselves.

"While I was thus pained and in doubt, the term of credit on a great portion of my capital had expired, and I was notified to attend and receive it. A new era was opening upon me. Hitherto I had had no experience in investing, and now I was to inquire and doubt about securities. One day after I had been on 'Change, considering and rejecting, as I was wending my way thoughtfully home, in doubt what I should do with my money, who should I see but Uncle Ned and his wife staring very wishfully at a little cobbler's stall, labelled in taking capitals, 'This stock and stand for sale.' I had known them long as a poor but industrious couple, and so stopped to inquire whether they were thinking of making a purchase. 'No,' said Uncle Ned, 'there is no such good luck, I am afraid, in store for us; but Nancy has just been saying how happy we should be if some one would come along and lend us the money to buy this stall, and how soon we could save enough to return it with interest.'

"His hint was well-timed. I was in the mood, and so made him the loan without further parley. After that, day by day, as I saw my industrious cobbler plying the waxed end, and noted the evidences of thrift about him, I felt that I had touched a new chord. Before, I had given the poor bread; now, I was putting them in the way to *earn* it. Before, I

had been bidding for indolence; now, I was bidding for industry. My new mode of administering alms was so fascinating, and my industrious cobbler was so grateful and loquacious, that you may suppose I was not long in obscurity. Applicants for loans multiplied, all of whom were forewarned that aid was only furnished to the honest and industrious, and then only by way of loan, to provide them the tools with which they were to achieve their own livelihood. To be brief, what began in accident has now ripened into system. I am now the creditor of hundreds of the industrious poor. To one, I loan means to buy a hand-cart, and to another, means to stock a little toy or candy stand. But enough for to-day. Come again, and let me introduce you to my loan office and my debtors."

With many thanks, I took leave, promising to avail myself of his invitation; and thus ended my first interview with a happy man of fortune and of leisure.

CHAPTER X.

PARKS AND PROMENADES.

COMMERCE may make a *great* city, but it must be allied to taste and art to make a famous and a wealthy one. Trade *creates* wealth, but it cannot retain it. As soon as acquired, its possessor, if not the merest slave to traffic, seeks a higher good amid scenes that please the eye and gratify the taste. It has always been so since the days of Babylon the great, with her hundred gates of brass, and her wonderful towers and hanging gardens. It was the beauty and splendor of Jerusalem, enthroned like a queen on Mount Moriah, with her unrivalled temple, that drew wealth and travellers from afar, and made even the ships of Tarshish tributary unto her. Alexandria, Thebes, Athens — all the cities famous of old for their wealth and influence, were great centres of attraction for the beauty of their squares and gardens, and their imperishable monuments of taste and art. It was not until Rome had plundered them, and enriched her forums, squares and temples with their choicest works of art, that she succeeded in supplanting them. So, in modern times, it was not until Paris had laid all Europe under contribution for the beautiful and curious to establish her *Louvre* and adorn her public edifices and places, that she became, as she is, the capital of the world.

It is in Paris more than anywhere else, that travellers now congregate, and it is because she does the most for their enjoyment. The stranger, the moment he enters her gates, is, as it were, presented with the freedom of the city. All her treasures of science and art are laid at his feet. The Louvre, the Royal Library, the Garden of Plants, the Museum of Natural History, the lectures before all her learned societies, and all of them the most perfect of their kind in the world, are thrown open to him for his amusement and instruction without fee or reward. Wherever he turns he finds something to admire. She is the capital, because she is the most beautiful city in the world — has the most to please the eye, improve the taste, and interest the traveller. One fact alone will suffice to illustrate the practical advantages of this attention to the beautiful, and to the entertainment of the stranger. It is estimated that there are in Paris, on an average, at least one thousand of our own countrymen all the time. At a reasonable estimate, we shall find that we alone, are paying her millions of dollars annually for mere entertainment. Great Britain is paying her every year ten times that sum for the same; and other nations are paying in greater or less proportion, according as they have or have not similar works of taste and art nearer home.

All the wealthiest cities in Europe are the most beautiful. Not beautiful because of their wealth, since even wealth cannot always create spacious parks and promenades. Those have to be reserved early, and are the cause, not the effect of wealth. Fortunes made in the provinces are spent in the

capitals. The cotton lord of Manchester to-day is the retired capitalist of Belgrave Square to-morrow. London is the most beautiful as well as the most wealthy city in Great Britain. Her Hyde Park is almost as large as the original limits of Boston, and makes one of the most beautiful drives in the world. Then there is Regent's Park, very spacious, filled with flowers and shrubbery, and ponds and villas; Kensington Gardens, Lincoln Inn Fields, and more than eighty squares, many of them containing from ten to fifteen acres each. Then there are St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and a thousand other things to interest and delight. It is these things that make her the centre of all the fashion, wealth, genius and taste of the British Empire. Sweep all these away, or coin them into gold, and leave nothing but docks, and brick and mortar, and Edinburgh, Dublin and Bath, with their parks and promenades, and the sweet hills and valleys of England, would rob London of half her wealth and fashion in a twelvemonth. Most of the wealthiest men of London never made a dollar by merchandise in their lives. So it is in Paris and most of the capitals of Europe.

We have yet a great lesson to learn in this country — and happy will it be for us if it does not come too late. When we compare our own cities with those of Europe, one cannot help feeling sad. We have had such opportunities, and we have so heedlessly thrown them away. We cannot yet rival them in artificial embellishments — that cannot be expected. It takes time for those. But where we might have even excelled them, we have failed altogether. One would

have thought, where land is so cheap as it is with us, especially in the early history of our cities, that we might, at least, have laid out spacious parks, gardens and squares. Yet even in that particular, we are disgracefully behind every city of note in Europe. London has more land in one of her parks, than is to be found in all the parks united, in all our cities on the Atlantic board, beginning at Bangor and ending at New Orleans.

Paris, too, has more land appropriated to the public enjoyment in her Tuilleries, Champs Elyssèes, Boulevards, Bois de Bologne, and public places, than is so set apart in all the cities of our Union put together. The same is true, in a less degree, of all the other great cities of Europe that claim the attention of the traveller and the man of leisure and taste. They are laid out and adorned so as to attract and not to repel. St. Petersburg is a modern city, but it was laid out by that truly great man, Peter the Great, with a view to just what I have been inculcating here; and by making it a beautiful city as he did, he did more to bring around him the whole wealth and nobility of Russia, than he could have done by all the navigation acts or imperial edicts that he could have issued during his entire reign.

CHAPTER XI.

JURY TRIALS AND TRIALS OF THE JURY.

Let no one accuse man of being fickle. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is the very pink of constancy. He takes to things as he finds them as naturally as a duck takes to the water. Old opinions he adopts without a question, and old customs without a thought. Be they good or bad, well or ill, wise or simple, up to the times or a thousand years behind them, it is all one to him. What was, is, and what has been, must be. Grounded on a rock, or bedded in the sand, the winds and floods are equally powerless against them. There is nothing like the constancy of the whole human race to the customs and opinions in which they were educated, especially if they are very absurd. Reason undoubtedly has something to do with establishing national opinions and customs, but how seldom does it have anything to do with their continuance.

We have a case in point in our jury trials. When they were established in England, general intelligence among the people was at a very low ebb. The united acquirements of the jurors on any given panel then, would hardly have equalled those of a common Yankee school-boy now; and as to independence of character, there was none of it. The judge was a lord, and the jurors, nobodies. They were clay, and

he was the potter. He always told them how they ought to find, and generally how they must find, and they did it. The case is not very different there now. The rule requiring the assent of each mind on the jury then might have been very well, because the subserviency of the judge to the government, and of the jurors to the court, was so universal and marked in those days, that the only hope then was that there would be *one* independent mind there to stand up against wrong, if perchance any was attempted.

But what reason is there now for our rule requiring unanimity on the jury, in any and every case, from the larceny of a tea-pot to Sambo's claim for washing a window? Who, now, outside of Bedlam, if he were called upon to frame a mode for deciding disputed questions, would pitch upon our present mode requiring twelve full-grown, educated men, to agree to a penny's worth, and on every point, for one or the other party, before the dispute could be settled. If the matter now was entirely new, not one man in a hundred would believe that a disputed point could, by any chance, be settled *unanimously*.

Unanimity! why, we have no such thing as unanimity now. That day is passed. We have reached such a stage of general intelligence, inquiry and wilfulness, if you please, that there is no unanimity on any question that the parties care a stiver about. It is only on subjects that they are wholly indifferent about, that men now agree. The only reason why our juries now ever agree is, that half the cases tried are not worth disputing about, and it does n't matter a pin's head to anybody but the parties, which wins; and that the claims of business and of the trencher,

and of tired wives and sick children, drive minorities, in other and more important cases, into concessions inconsistent with their oaths, and that their hearts condemn.

The same jury that has agreed to a penny, how much Richard Roe ought to recover of the Smashum-up Railroad, for that most difficult thing of all others to estimate, a broken head, after marking all round, some, one hundred dollars, and some ten thousand, would, on inspection, divide on the color of his eyes, disagree on the direction of the wind, wrangle on politics, split on the modern drama question, and go all to pieces on religion. And yet these same men must be unanimous to a farthing on the value of a sound head. Never was there any greater absurdity; and yet to-day, let the absolute perfectibility of jury trials, including the unanimity rule, be questioned, and nine hundred out of every thousand of our people shall turn up their eyes in holy horror; and ninety-nine of the other one hundred would see no use of living if such fanaticism was to be tolerated. Such is our love for old customs.

But let us think of it. The majority rule governs now in almost everything. The law by which a citizen is consigned to the gallows is passed by a bare majority; every award of referees may be settled by the majority of the arbitrators. We make constitutions to bind whole communities and their seed after them, — declare wars that deluge whole nations in blood; and anything and everything, bad or good, beautiful or awful, that man may do, man now does by a bare casting vote, excepting to determine the

price of pea-nuts, and the like, in a court of law; there we must have unanimity.

The worst feature in the unanimity rule is in the fact that it begets a trimming disposition on the part of all but one or two master spirits on the jury. To be found in a minority is so uncomfortable a position, that very soon the majority of the jurymen follow, at once and without objection, the two or three leading ones on their panel. Instead of parties getting the independent judgment of a majority of the jury, on their case, it is generally the judgment of some two or three of the most self-willed and obstinate of the number, not always men the most clear-headed and of the soundest judgment. Often entirely the reverse. What is wanted is the independent judgment of a majority of the jury, honestly and fearlessly and decisively expressed.

By adopting the majority rule in our jury room, we should be quite sure to get the independent judgment of at least seven out of the twelve men, where we now only get the judgment of some one, two, three or four. Each juryman would then be remitted to his native independence of character, and would feel entitled to stand by his own judgment in the matter at issue. And what is better than all, he would not be called upon from every quarter to make terms with his conscience, and tamper with his oath.

How, then, does it happen that juries so often agree? It comes from that facility that mankind have for adapting themselves to circumstances. They enter the jury box impressed with the difficulties of their position. One of the first lessons they learn is concession, and the importance, above everything, of

coming to some agreement. The judge presses it upon them in his charge; the officers of the court whisper it in their ears; the witnesses and spectators are proclaiming it in their hearing, and the tired and worn-out litigants seem to be invoking it. Then there is the close, uncomfortable jury room, the importunity of the majority, the demands of hunger, the thick-coming fancies of home, lonely wives and pressing duties — all vociferating for agreement. Worn out with fatigue, hunger, and watching; exhausted with answering objections, and with constant badgering; nervous, dispirited and sad; in a strait between duty and inclination, one after another of the minority yields; and at last, at half-past ten P. M., supperless and sleepy, the last of the obstinate gives in, consents to a verdict, and they separate. The next morning it is recorded as the sworn judgment of twelve men.

But sometimes the jury are at variance on the amount. The case is assault and battery, slander or some other case sounding in damages. The majority of the jury perhaps have marked quite judiciously, a reasonable sum, under all the circumstances. Three or four have marked wild. One, say, has marked five dollars, while another has marked a thousand. What is to be done? They talk, they reason, and all to no purpose. At length they agree to mark all round — add the whole number together — divide the sum by twelve — and that the quotient shall be their verdict. It is done, and a mean sum is hit upon, which is not precisely the sum marked by any one man on the jury, and yet they adopt it as the verdict of the jury. Sometimes, and generally in such cases, it is the only

way an agreement can be brought about. But what a commentary is it on the unanimity rule, requiring the whole twelve to adopt a sum that was not the judgment of any one of them.

But a worse feature of that mode is yet to be stated. Sometimes, when that mode of arriving at a verdict has been agreed upon, those persons who have marked low, will mark much lower, so as to bring the average nearer the mark; and those who have marked high, mark higher, so as to bring the average nearer their mark. In that way it has often happened that the average so struck was higher than the sum demanded in the writ. And verdicts have often been rendered under the operation of such, to a certain extent, necessary proceedings in the jury room, that the attorney of the prevailing party has been under the necessity of remitting a portion of the verdict on the spot, to save it from being set aside.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DRAMA.

About all the progress in civilization that has been made in the world, has been the result of the training and culture of the school-room, of which the theatre is one. And the nations of the earth have taken rank from age to age, just about in proportion as they have fostered and employed it.

In most of the schools of the world, however denominated, the pupils are only taught the rudiments of knowledge, merely the names of the tools with which they are afterwards expected to work and achieve their several fortunes in life, while the drama takes them far beyond all that, into the grand old workshop of the world, there to look down upon the workmen of every place and all time, to mark just what tools they employ, how they handle them, and with what success.

The lessons taught on the stage are entirely different and beyond those taught in the ordinary seminaries of learning. It is like passing from the lecture-room, from hearing of simples, of gases, of crucibles and retorts, into the laboratory itself, to see those agencies in use and those forces employed. The ordinary schooling is as if the pupil should be led along the Paris Louvre, gazing on and being told

the story of the several pictures on its walls. But the drama is as if each of those pictures should start into life as he approached, the old warriors in one of its battle-pieces once more seen buckling on their armor for the encounter; as if he should see the little scene of the picture enlarge until it became a wide extended plain, covered with armed men,—could hear the bugle note that sounded to the charge, the roar of the cannon, the bursting of the shells, the shouts of the victors and all the din and turbulence of battle.

The ancient Greeks were the first to appreciate this most striking and efficient mode of education, and they were the first to found the drama and give it laws. And it was while the drama enlisted the talents of the most gifted minds among them, and numbered among its patrons and pupils the whole nation, that Greece rose to her greatest height, and her people were accounted the most cultivated in the world. The Romans never adopted the drama as a part of their system of education, or as a leading feature of their diversions. During all the dark ages, when the Roman priesthood held gloomy sway over all Europe, the drama was under a *quasi* prohibition, and is to this day in the states of the church and in other places more immediately subject to priestly rule. After the Reformation the drama began to enlist attention again, and in France, and afterwards in England, dramatic literature soon took the first place in the world of letters, and the dramatic art soon stood forth as the first and chief of arts. For the last century and more it has been steadily growing in public favor, until it commands the approbation

and patronage of the most influential and cultivated classes in all those countries where it has any foothold whatever. The people of those two nations where it has been most employed are now clearly the most cultivated and refined people on the face of the earth, and those two nations are clearly the foremost nations of the world. The world is now governed, and has been for centuries, by men taught in the school of the drama.

When we consider the nature of man, how much more he is moved by sight than by sound, by stirring scenes before him than by hearing accounts of them, and remember that the peculiar characteristic of the drama is to teach by action rather than by words, by appeals to the eye and ear both, instead of to one of them only, the persistent and bitter hostility of the church to its use is, to say the least, passing strange. It seems almost like resisting a natural law; like refusing to use both of those senses, together, in relation to all that is past.

It is as if the church should say to the eye, "You are very well in your way, for present purposes, to hunt a needle, or spy a moat, but very dangerous in all past transactions. As to all those matters, the battles of the Trojans, the wars of the Roses, the virtues and crimes, the good and bad of former ages, you are too sharp, and see too much, and we dare not trust you."

It is as if the church should say, "We don't believe in reënacting anything. Let by-gones be by-gones, unless they are done up in verse by Homer, in history by Macaulay, or in fiction by Sir Walter, and taken in an easy chair by the fireside. We think very well of

the eye for present purposes, as aids to the other senses, but in examining the past we will have none of it."

If the natural tendency of the drama was towards evil, and that only, it would entirely justify that hostility; but there is no more propriety for so charging, than for making the same charge against the pulpit, the school-house or the printing-press. They are each pliant instruments in the hands of man, ready to do his will. He can mould them to his purpose at his pleasure.

The idea that any good can come from the mere cold frown of the Christian world, on such a living, stirring, energetic engine of influence as the drama, is all as idle as the wind. This is not the age for any such sickly sentimentality. The times demand manliness and courage. If any good is to be done now, it is by action, and not by inaction. The church may have a hand in *directing* the vast influence of the drama, but can never annul it. Her clear and bounden duty is to take her place in the ranks, as she has in politics, literature, the arts and in arms, and resolve to make the drama her ally and friend.

I do not see how any one can doubt that the drama can be made a valuable auxiliary in the work of educating us for honor, virtue and happiness. It brings before us past scenes as nothing else can. It brings before us, too, society past and present, giving all an opportunity to see and know the habits, manners, and customs of past times, as well as the present, and of different places and classes, so that we may seize upon whatever of theirs belongs to the beautiful and true, and shun whatever of theirs is false and

ruinous; and all of that it presents to our minds so much more clearly than it can be done in any other way. To contend that we should copy the false rather than the true, is to contend for the reëstablishment of monkery, since if that doctrine be true, then is the cloister, the safest place for us all on this side of the grave. Then, clearly, ignorance would be bliss.

What the church is to our religious natures, and the school is to our intellectual, the theatre may be made to our social and moral natures. It is there that we can learn better than elsewhere, if they are rightly conducted, the springs of action that govern the human mind and heart, and the best mode of living and acting to ensure permanent happiness. And the theatre, both in its arrangement and the plays presented, is as much subject to the popular will, as the lecture-room, the concert-room, or the church. The public can have any kind and description of the drama that it wants. As it is, with the whole church banded against the theatre, it is going on improving from year to year. The most of all of the old plays are pruned to suit the more correct taste of the present age. Indeed, those who go to the theatre, and see plays acted, instead of reading them at home, escape many of the old impurities that the mere reader still encounters. And what is a very hopeful sign, is the fact that the best conducted theatres, those that are the least liable to objection, are the most successful.

The theatre is now, and for years has been keeping step with the great moral improvements of the times. Time was when it had its liquor saloon, its coarse and brawling pit, and its immoral gallery. But that was

when the deacon might have kept the liquor saloon, and the parson might have drank at his counter, and yet both have been in good standing; while their religious brother within, listening to the mournful speculations of Hamlet, or the facetious quirks of Dogberry, should have been forthwith, thereafter, excommunicated, as an utter and depraved heretic.

Under the fostering care of those who believe the drama to be capable of being made highly useful, all those offensive features of the theatre have been entirely removed. Now, in those respects, the theatre stands on the same level with the concert and lecture room. And what has been accomplished in those respects, is only an earnest of what can be done in any and every other respect where reform is needed.

Time was, too, when there was good cause of complaint against the plays put upon the stage, both on account of language, sentiment and action; but with the more liberal and generous patronage of the stage, has come improvement in all those respects; so that now plays are both pruned and written for the new and more elevated demands of the audience. Indeed, now, for elegance, chasteness and elevation of sentiment, as a whole, the stage is on a par, if not above the lecture-room, while it is infinitely above the caucus house and the legislative hall.

The history of the last twenty years has fully demonstrated that the theatre stands ready to be moulded into an engine of usefulness, in any way and to any extent desired, but that it must be done by patronage, and not by denunciation.

CHAPTER XIII.

JONATHAN ON THE ROAD TO GENTILITY.

JONATHAN is clever at almost everything except gentility. There, his usual luck fails him. In all the ways, and even by-ways of business, politics and religion, Jot is seldom found lacking. But when he undertakes to sink the business man and affect the genteel, it is the least happy of all his efforts. He can easier achieve a poem or an oration. Indeed, it is seldom that you can take a Yankee much beyond his depth unless you take him into the drawing-room. There he seems too often to be entirely off soundings. The American eagle seldom looks less formidable than when hovering over the social circle. It is no more than justice to say, however, that Jonathan, though naturally a little vain and presumptuous, seems perfectly conscious of this, his principal weakness, and makes those occasions of solemn duty as few and far between as possible. It is seldom that the most heroic can be tempted beyond an annual party, and if he is doomed to put on the sable weeds, he does it with the more sad satisfaction that it not only serves to mark his present bereavement, but postpones for a year his annual trial.

I was mentioning this to my friend Blot, the retired accountant, the other day, as we were enjoying

together our tea and toast. As usual I found him, to use his own language, quite "posted" on it. The whole matter had been before the statistical society, of which Mr. Blot is an active member, and he immediately drew forth from an ancient drawer near him, a bundle of papers, from which he read me some curious results of their inquiries. For instance, it had been found that out of three hundred and sixty families that had taken decided steps towards perpetrating gentility, two hundred and ninety-four had set up on cash capital alone, thirty-one on ancestral dignity, twenty-two on official station, and the remaining thirteen only, on accomplishments of the head and heart. Mr. Blot remarked that the society had been the most struck with the prominence given to houses and horses in the race of gentility, they having found that ninety per cent. of all aspiring families commence their career in new and very much more extensive apartments, and that ninety-nine per cent. take to gentility and a fashionable turn-out simultaneously.

The minutes of the society were very full on many other points, and embraced a score of curious estimates; but, as I detest figures, I pass them over to remark that, from all I could gather, our gentility is an expensive commodity, having much to do with those authors of so many accomplishments, upholsterers and Paris milliners, and those pillars of fashion, confectioners and colored waiters. The statistics of the society seemed to fully substantiate that public station without material guaranty, and distinguished ancestry without a plentiful accompaniment of oysters and salad, are of no account in the fashionable world.

For all practical purposes, that it had been found that a grand piano and the last opera in the parlor are equivalent to any three of the graces, and that a carriage and pair stands for the whole troop.

Mr. Blot proceeded to dilate upon this national peculiarity of ours, and to deduce from it reasons for much of our financial delinquency and embarrassment; but, being myself a stanch protectionist, and bound to trace all our troubles of that kind to the unnatural license we give ourselves to trade where we can do it to the most advantage, I bade him good-night, and bowed myself out, fully convinced that making money the mark of gentility, instead of taste and social accomplishments, could have nothing to do with corrupting and impoverishing a people.

CHAPTER XIV.

RELIGIOUS CREEDS OF NEW ENGLAND.

When we remember how little it is that we know of the metaphysics of heaven, the history of religious creeds affords one of the most sad and humiliating lessons in the record of our race. Since the date of the Apostles' creed, (falsely so-called) the shortest and best of all the creeds that have come down to us, the world has suffered more from religious platforms of belief, than from all the horrors of pestilence and famine, ten times over. But, however much of arrogance, presumption and pride we find in the ancient creeds, they are as nothing in comparison with those that are modern. For unparalleled rashness and presumption, there is nothing that can compare with an old-fashioned New England Orthodox creed.

What a modern prayer is to the Lord's Prayer, or a modern sermon is to the Sermon on the Mount, a modern creed is to the Apostles', or any other ancient creed. Those latter are all very brief, and to a few cardinal points — the existence of God, the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of the body, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting; where in a modern creed would be embraced a whole body of divinity and philosophy, minute and exact, covering the whole plan of the universe, from the date of the creation to the end of all things.

The ancient fathers had a little modesty, and seemed tacitly to admit that there were some things not entirely understood by them, and so made their creeds as brief, and to as few points as possible. But not so with the authors of modern creeds, particularly those made by our pilgrim fathers and their descendants. The authors of our New England creeds seem to claim to be perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of heaven and earth. There is apparently nothing hidden from them. While all the wisest and best of mankind are compelled to admit that they cannot account for even the least of the operations of nature — why earth, sun and water should cause a blade of grass to grow; why the body obeys the will; why living things spring from inert matter — the manufacturers of the ten thousand different New England creeds, with the most surprising recklessness, without the least expression of doubt or misgiving, pronounce authoritatively on all the doctrines of the Bible and on all the mysteries of the universe. And then, too, in ancient times the adoption of a creed was an event of solemn moment, the work of kings and princes and prelates, and the whole church assembled again and again in council, and after diligent and careful study. But here, and with us, a creed is the work of a single sitting of a parish church, and adopted in gross by a hand vote.

The whole truth about religious creeds lies in a nut-shell. A half dozen of village dignitaries have just the same right to frame a creed and hold it over a village, that a pope and council have to frame one and hold it over a state or a kingdom. The difference is only in degree, not in principle. The history of

one New England village is the history of them all. A cluster of houses, then a half dozen mortal men, mechanics, tradesmen and farmers, with their pastor at the head, assembled of an evening to frame a creed and organize a church. It is done. The creed covers one whole quire of foolscap, decides all the questions of theology raised since the days of Polycarp, and is intended to be final and conclusive in all matters of theology for that village forever.

Time wears on. The village increases in population, in wealth and in knowledge. The villagers find more time for mental culture, and enjoy better means. Here and there arises dissent from some of the stanch old articles of the creed. Disputes and dissensions arise, the creed is impregnable, unamendable, and unendurable; and a secession ensues. The authors of the old creed are no more despotic than His Holiness the Pope, for they simply serve the seceders from their church as His Holiness did Luther and his followers,—excommunicate them, and denounce them as heretics. That is all. And as for those who do not subscribe to the creed at all, they are looked upon as heretics any way. The seceders, with their followers and friends, found a new church, but unluckily, still believing in the absolute necessity of creeds, they construct one not much shorter, nor much less dogmatic than the first. And so they go on; each new idea, each step in knowledge, brings division and a new creed, until the village is filled with antagonistic creeds and sects.

Population increases, and so do vice and crime. Where there ought to be brotherly love, there is nothing but strife. Where there ought to be a band

of Christians worshipping one God, in peace and unity, the stranger and traveller shall look down on a village, torn with religious dissensions; with one school-house, no library, no reading-room, no hospital, no home for the destitute, no museum, no village green, no rural games or sports, no May-day festivities, no Christmas, no harvest home, no academy of music, no gymnasium, no conservatory, no public garden, no public walks or promenades, no riding school, no gallery of art, no holidays, no social gatherings, no amusements. But in place of all those, he shall find six hotels, twenty-four grog-shops, twelve weak and discordant religious societies, and eight light gossamer-looking meeting-houses, with not one solitary word or thing, within or without, suggestive of heaven or heavenly things. If the world had been created without tree, shrub, plant or flower, with the heavens one unvarying canopy of white plaster, without star, cloud or sunset effulgence, and earth clothed in a pure garb of white; if the temple to the Most High, erected by Solomon in obedience to the divine command, had been built of white pine boards, and adorned after the similitude of a well-finished barn, there could be nothing more entirely natural and scriptural than a New England meeting-house.

The most damaging things in all New England, have been those interminable, irreverent and presumptuous religious creeds, deciding questions that no mortal man is competent to decide absolutely, and attempting to decide questions for others that no prudent and wise man would attempt to decide for any human being but himself. If creeds were necessary, or even useful in any degree, there would be

some apology for them. But they are not. They have been a curse upon the earth from the days of Arius to the present time. And for the very good reason that mankind have attempted to decide and settle questions by means of creeds, that God never intended should be settled this side the grave. The world comes to a unanimous understanding very readily on all questions that admit of absolute solution. While nineteen centuries have been spent in acrimonious disputations over this and that article in the creed about which no man has any certain knowledge, and about which no amount of knowledge could be of any service whatever; while creed manufacturers have been growing more numerous and more diverse in sentiment, the world has been going on agreeing absolutely on everything placed positively within man's knowledge. There is no controversy between Rome and the first parish in Creeddom, but the sea rises and falls, but that the earth turns on its axis, but that there is such a thing as heat and cold, wet and dry, light and darkness; but let Rome and the first parish aforesaid, attempt to tell how and why those phenomena exist, the same as they attempt to tell the how and the why in the heavenly mysteries, and there would be variance at once and forever.

A creed to assist in loving God and your neighbor as yourself, is just as necessary and just as useful, as a creed is to assist a family of children to love their parents and one another. If the inhabitants of a village cannot assemble around the same altar, and worship God acceptably, without first understanding and adopting a creed as to all the mysteries of Godhead, and all the purposes and plans of the divine

government, how then can a family of children love and serve their parents acceptably, without first adopting a platform of principles as to who and what their parents are, and all the ethics of parental and filial piety? The last would be no more absurd than is the first. Where is the sane man now living who would not have just as much respect for the opinion of the babe in its mother's arms, on moral philosophy, as that of the pope and all his nuncios on the Immaculate Conception, or any other divine mystery?

Of all things here below, the most sublime is the immortal mind. It is the only one thing that is clearly above and beyond all earthly things. While all our other capacities have their limit, the human mind may go on improving as long as life lasts. The most cultivated mind can only be said to be filled with knowledge as we say of the heavens that they are filled with stars. And it is the work, and only work of the religious creed to stop the growth of such a mind. It is to the mind what an iron shoe is to the foot, or a casement of mail would be to the child's head. The sectarian — the idolater of a certain creed, seizes upon his victim when young, or inexperienced, claps on him his creed while warm with religious fervor, and the poor prisoner is straightway yoked and enclosed forever. New England is dotted all over with people so yoked and penned like geese in flocks. There is not, probably, one in ten of them, who assents in mind and heart to one-half the articles of belief statedly read to them. Without the courage to break away from bonds that oppress them, they struggle on, trying to persuade themselves that they believe what they do not and cannot, quite willing

that their children should file off in any direction, rather than come under such thraldom. And the second generation now seldom do continue in the same fold with the first.

We have before us many notable instances of the revulsion of the human mind to those old iron creeds. We have it in the fact that of all the churches founded in Massachusetts by our pilgrim fathers within the first century, not one in ten remained in the hands of the sect that originally founded them, at the end of the second century. The old creed was impregnable, but not so its authors and adherents. Its followers dropped into the grave, and but few of the second and third generation were willing to put on the yoke. The old church dwindled to a handful, were outvoted and forced to give up the old edifice and find lodgment in a smaller one near by. The history of those old churches and their total religious insolvency at the end of the second century from their foundation, is enough of itself to settle once and forever the character and worth of such creeds. It settles the point that the church must be left free to grow, in knowledge as well as grace, or else meet the fate that clearly awaits everything else that fails to keep step with the progress of the world,—to wit,—impoverishment and insolvency.

The time has clearly come when this whole matter of universal and indiscriminate creed manufacture and general creed idolatry should be brought up, discussed and disposed of, for discussion is to dispose of it forever. The whole thing is unnatural, unchristian, unscriptural, an outrage on individual rights, and everyway unworthy of our age and people.

Theology is centuries and centuries behind all the other sciences; and well it may be, for in everything else, schools are founded to learn, but in theology no such thing is thought of. The only purpose of theological institutions is to maintain the dogmas of the founders. In other institutions it is taken for granted that the science is in its infancy, and new questions are started to be investigated, and if true, adopted; but in theology, new theories and questions are only to be combated and demolished. It is said that at Andover the professors, once in five years, either have to make oath that their opinions on doctrinal points remain unchanged, or be dismissed. Churches, too, with creeds, have nothing to do with growth in knowledge.

For more than four thousand years, including that whole age illustrated by those noblest, wisest, and best of men who ever walked this earth — Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Elijah and the prophets — the children of God lived and walked with Him without the sign or shadow of any religious creed. They obeyed the divine command, and left the rest to their Maker. There were no John Calvins and Jonathan Edwardses in those days. There is to be found nowhere in all the Old Testament any attempt to solve questions clearly beyond man's comprehension. In that respect those ancient worthies stand out sublime and beautiful as the children of faith. They erected altars, made burnt offerings, went up to Jerusalem, observed numerous rites and ceremonies as commanded — and all without one word of questioning as to the why or wherefore — as is dinned in our ears now-a-days, from morning till night.

When the brazen serpent was lifted up before the sick and despairing Israelites in the wilderness, and they were told to look on it and live — they had faith and obeyed. But when, centuries after, the Saviour of men is lifted up, and sick and despairing Gentiles are told to look on Him — repent, believe and live, — they must first know just who and what this Saviour is, whether divine or human, coëxistent with the Father, or how otherwise. That settled to their mind, then they must further settle the point whether they have the power in and of themselves to either look, repent, or believe, before they can think of attempting to obey. To be at all consistent with us, those Israelites ought to have taken time to have settled a host of questions before deigning to cast their eyes on the fiery serpent thus lifted up; and their valuable discussions should have been recorded for the edification of man. Think, if you can, of Moses devoting one whole book of the Bible to disquisitions on the will, designed to show that those dying Israelites, though commanded to look, yet had no power, heart, or will to do so, until it was given them by miraculous interposition.

If we turn from the old to the new dispensation we find it the same. The gospel of Christ and his apostles, as given by them, stands unprofaned with a creed. Our Saviour lived, taught, and then commissioned his apostles, and sent them forth to preach the gospel to every creature, and all without a shadow of an attempt to make and ordain a creed. The whole apostolic age passed, and yet there were no religious creeds. Churches were organized all over the then known world, and all without religious creeds. It

was not until three hundred years had passed — not until the church had become demoralized and corrupt, that we hear of the adoption of religious creeds; and then, be it remembered, it was in that dark, blind, corrupt fourth century, in company with asceticism, monkery and all sorts of fooleries.

I have now before me a large number of written creeds, of various churches, of the most ancient and numerous sect in New England, and thus far I have not found any two of them alike. If they were compelled to differ by decree, it could not be more uniform and complete. On what possible ground can such a state of things be accounted for, except this — that the framers of those creeds have been attempting to determine questions entirely beyond man's finite powers? Else, why not harmony and agreement among some of them? I do not suppose that any of those churches, or the members of them, would be willing to admit that religious truth was any other than always one and the same; nor would they be likely to charge that the Scriptures, so far as they do reveal facts, do it mystically and vaguely, or confusedly and contradictorily. Then why this discordance, if nothing is attempted but what is revealed and known? Is it so in other things that we do know and fully understand about?

There lies the difficulty with creeds. Those who make them are not content to take the Scripture language word for word, and stop when and where that stops; but they must go beyond, and draw inferences and conclusions, and make deductions, and guess at this and that, until the Scriptures are nothing and creeds are everything.

To show how the disposition to solve the unknown, and explain the unexplainable, and determine the undeterminable, has grown upon the religious world, step by step, until it has become a load too great for any church organization to bear, I cite, first, the Apostles' creed, entire, as first in date, and if any creed is necessary, least objectionable of any of the well known and established creeds; and then follow with quotations from later, longer, and more objectionable ones.

"I believe in God the Father, almighty maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried. The third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

No one can fail to observe at once that the creed just quoted enumerates nothing but clearly revealed facts, without attempting to go beyond to inquire how and why those facts came to exist, how and why and to what end, and in what way the Father, Son and Holy Ghost have and had being. Now from that short and simple formula of divine truths, turn to a short extract from the Athanasian creed, of much later origin, and adopted in many instances by the Protestant churches in the beginning of the Reformation;

"The Father is neither made, created, nor begotten; the Son is of the Father alone—not made nor created, but begotten; the Holy Ghost is of the Father and the Son—neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding; and in this Trinity none is afore or after another, none is greater or less than another."

No one can fail to mark the difference between these two creeds. There is just the difference there would be between announcing a belief in the existence of the sun, and attempting to tell what the sun is made of, and how and why it gives light. The first feeling is to inquire how the framers of that creed came by all their wonderful knowledge. There is no such collocation of language in the Scripture. No such knowledge is revealed in the Bible. Indeed, it is not within the scope and design of the revealed word to instruct man on any such points.

Now listen to an extract from a creed made much nearer our own day:

"God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own free will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass, yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of his creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established. Although God knows whatsoever may or can come to pass upon all supposed conditions, yet hath he not decreed this, because he foresaw it as future or as that which would come to pass, upon such conditions. By the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men,

thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

This citation is from the famous Cambridge platform, adopted by our New England churches in 1680. That creed is about fourteen hundred lines in length, say one hundred times the length of the Apostles' creed, and stands as godfather to about all the ancient orthodox creeds in America. To be sure, it lost its ancient *prestige* long ago, so that no church dares to adopt it whole and entire at the present day, unless it is done, as in one case before me of a Boston church, by referring to it, and adopting it, as school-boys say, "unsight, unseen." Take it all in all, it is probably one of the most remarkable documents ever seen by mortal eyes. It is safe to predict that its like will never be seen again. For unparalleled presumption it stands without a rival. Indeed, in that particular, it may be said to be truly sublime. What the angels desired to look into, the framers of that creed have without hesitancy not only looked into, but very pointedly decided. It may be safely said that they were Christian heroes, if not *savans* and saints. You cannot help admiring them for their daring, if you do not for their discretion. If it be once admitted that they really knew and understood all that their language in the passages cited seems to imply, then it is plain that the only question now is, "what could there have been left that they did *not* know?" After penetrating to the very secret recesses of heaven and announcing its fundamental laws, there would really seem to be little else for those respectable gentlemen

to have done, but to have made a world of their own. It is perfectly clear that they were just as capable of the one as of the other.

There can be no pretence that the passages quoted are, either in text or substance, the revealed word. No reverent mind would for a moment entertain any such blasphemous proposition. They are neither scriptural, nor philosophical, nor logical. They are, however, most excellent gibberish, and undoubtedly throw all the light upon the subject that the authors of that creed had to bestow.

The best test of all these handiworks of man is their ability to withstand the assaults of that ablest of critics, father Time; and he has pronounced on all the creeds cited. The Apostles' creed — the creed of facts, and not of dogmas, still lives; not because it is the creed of this or that church, but simply and only because it is a creed of facts. The Athanasian creed and the Cambridge Confession are not only dead, but so completely buried and forgotten, that it is difficult to find a copy of either, from which to frame an epitaph. To be sure, from their ashes, as from the ashes of an old ruin, there have sprung up ten thousand others, mere briars and thorns, choking the good seed that always and everywhere underlies the works of man. The Cambridge Confession was not, however, laid aside until it had well nigh laid in the dust every church that had built upon it. And yet that old creed only differed in degree, not in principle, from thousands of creeds still in force in New England.

There are thousands making and ordaining creeds, and treading the same old perilous path of the members of the Cambridge Synod, daring to go beyond

the Scriptures, daring to decide questions that they know and can know nothing whatever about, and the end is not yet. I end as I began — that the most damaging thing in all New England is her irreverent, presumptuous and interminable religious creeds.

As not denunciation, but cure, in all these cases, is the object, allow me to say in conclusion, that if this disorder, or creed-mania, is not entirely incurable, one copy of the Cambridge Confession, in each family, with such other creeds as can be conveniently obtained, faithfully conned, may be relied upon in ordinary cases, where the mind is otherwise in a healthy state, as an infallible cure.

CHAPTER XV.

HINTS FOR REDUCING THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

ENCOURAGE on shore the largest liberty. Abolish stocks and whipping posts; discountenance corporal punishment, and educate every one to resent as an indignity the slightest blow upon the person. Add to that, let the law step in and declare sternly and inflexibly, that no words of insult can justify the insulted party in resorting to blows. When you have educated your boys under that system, send them to sea, and there, as variety is the spice of life, treat them to a little change.

Let the young sovereigns, as soon as they have tipped the anchor, feel that their country does indeed extend only one league from the coast. Let the young rogues, the first time that they forget to respond, "Aye, aye, *sir!*" find themselves sprawling on the deck, and, if they take offence at being knocked down for so just a cause, seize them up and give them the cat, and then they will know, practically, what a handsome bird a man is when, in sailor phrase, he is a "spread eagle." As the officers cannot be employed in that way all the time, to destroy any illusion that the youngsters might have that their vessel is a little speck of their country afloat, when an order is given, mind and tack something harsh and personal to it; it will make the young freeman feel like working live-

ly, especially when they are bowsing up the anchor for the passage home. If the master goes forward, and the sailor does not rise to receive him, hit him over the head; and if the master is on deck, and the sailor passes to the windward of him, and thus comes "between the wind and his nobility," let him have it somewhere; it will teach him where he is, and that old Neptune is no republican, but holds to strict etiquette and courtly manners.

Follow these things up strong, giving him a hit for every miss, so that, let him sail under what flag he will, he can still feel that his bark carries the "*scars* and the stripes," and let the whole be well sustained in your courts at home, and you will soon begin to see the beneficial effects of it. For the very first class of boys, one voyage will be a dose. The romance in that time will be all taken out of them, and whatever else may become of them, it may safely be predicted that they will never come to their death by drowning, falling from the mast-head, or other such marine mishaps. Those of the second quality who do not get promotion, and thus converted from floggees to floggers, may be expected to fall victims to the seductions of home and country, after the second or third voyage, and go no more a-roving. The third class may be expected to tough it out, some to find promotion and get their revenge for a long list of grievances, on the quarter deck, and the rest to do duty sullenly, and waste away between the lash and the land-shark, until summoned below to take their place in Davy's lock-up. Under this course of treatment you can depend on running out the best body of seamen in the world in half a century.

If you want to close the thing up handsomely, and reduce the native element in the service to the lowest fraction, let a law be passed to abolish flogging in the service. Then let the courts take a magnanimous view of the act and hold that *flogging* is a technical word, and that the act only abolished that punishment on shipboard which consisted of seizing a man up and whipping him, and that the inalienable right of ship-masters and their subordinate officers to knock down and rope's-end their crews, is left untouched, and the whole thing may be looked upon as completed. You can then man your vessels with the poorest class of blacks and foreigners without being annoyed with native applicants.

No claim for any patent for these hints will be made, since it is understood that a middle-aged gentleman, familiarly known as Uncle Sam, claims to be the first inventor.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO-FIFTHS EDUCATED.

WITHOUT at all intending to insinuate that we are the most self-complacent people in the world, yet, I imagine, the idea is pretty current among us, that our educational system is just about perfect, and that other nations and succeeding generations have little else to do than to look on and copy. That we are in advance of most other nations in respect to education is very true, but that we are not yet doing all that we ought, is equally true. Though it is little short of rank heresy to say so—yet I will venture to do it— our present system of public education does not pretend to cover one-half the ground of a full and thorough education, such as the varied and necessary duties of life demand. All have physical, social, moral, religious and intellectual capacities that need cultivation and training, and one just about as much as the other.

What may be accomplished by proper culture of each of those capacities, has been abundantly illustrated in history. Greece affords us an illustrious example of the happy results of good physical training, not only in improving the human form, but also in raising up a brave, healthy, and noble race of men, excelling as much in everything else as they did in personal appearance. The period of her greatest at-

tention to the physical culture of her sons, and when her gymnasiums, and Pythian, Næmean and Olympic games were forming them for deeds of daring, strength and agility, of all kinds, was also the period of her greatest glory in poetry, music, oratory, the sciences, in arts and in arms. Greece undoubtedly owed more of her unrivalled celebrity for a long period to her generous and constant public provision for the physical cultivation and improvement of her children, than to any or all other causes combined. The world has been governed almost always by military men, and it has arisen not a little from that strength of mind, nerve and will, which accompanies men having that good physical training that military men are sure to get. Coming nearer home, our Military Academy at West Point is the only public institution of learning in our country that I know of where good physical culture is made a definite and leading part of education, and it not only sends out graduates that have no equals in personal appearance, in any other of the colleges of our land, but also sends them out more thoroughly educated.

France, Belgium, Bavaria, Tuscany, and most of the southern states of Europe have demonstrated the advantages of the social culture of the people. There, those wants of the inhabitants are provided for just as we provide for intellectual culture. Public promenades, gardens, fountains, libraries, galleries of art, lectures, theatres, and numberless holidays and festivals, are either encouraged or wholly supported, with the express design to bring the people together socially, soften and refine their manners, and make them more contented and happy. The result of all

those aids to social improvement has been to make the people of those countries a well-bred people, easy, polite and affable, and so attached to their homes and country, though suffering under intolerable burdens, that they seldom emigrate in such numbers as they do from other parts of Europe.

In relation to the moral culture of the young, few nations have ever done anything, in a public way, and as a permanent and distinct branch, at all worthy of the importance of the subject. The Scotch alone, so far as I know, have made it a distinct and prominent part of their educational discipline.

Our system of public education provides for our religious and intellectual culture, and there it ends. There is no definite provision for either our physical, social or moral culture. Our children, so far as public education is concerned, are just two-fifths educated, and no more. They are just two-fifths prepared for the highest usefulness and the highest happiness. Is not this so? Our churches give us good religious culture, and our public schools give us good intellectual training. But what provision do you find in either of those for physical, social or moral culture? Neither of them pretend to have either of those ends in view. Strengthening and cultivating the intellect is one thing, cultivating our hearts and manners and improving our tastes, is another. The feeling is too prevalent that our schools and churches as at present constituted, are quite sufficient for all useful purposes in the way of educating our children. But how utterly groundless is this supposition. Purely intellectual culture is just about as likely to unfit as to fit one for social happiness. It is well known that great

scholars seldom make happy companions. On the contrary there are abundant instances of intellectual giants, who, socially, were mere bears, and carried consternation into every circle they entered. We have been periodically for the last ten or twenty years, thrown into a fever of excitement by some European traveller who has called in question the purity of our taste, and the elegance of our manners. It has never entered the heads of half of us, that while we have been educating ourselves intellectually, they have been cultivating themselves socially, and that they are as much in advance of us in the latter, as we are of them in the former.

If good bodily health were of no account in this life whatever, if the mind were entirely independent of the body, and never under any circumstances sympathized with it, if good morals came by nature, and taste, grace, and all the social amenities were always on hand at the furnishing stores, to be had on call, our New England educational system would be, clearly, well nigh complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

This is an age of precept. Our land is overrun with patent ethics. They are peddled from door to door, and lecture-room to lecture-room. Periodically whole tribes of dealers in ethical nostrums go up into convention. "The noise of them there is like the noise of many chariots." The very air around them becomes charged with their peculiar moral precepts. Ethics are exploded about your ears like fire-crackers. The mercer measures them off to you with your stuffs, and the grocer weighs them out to you with your tea. You cannot, then, draw a long breath without taking down a dose of patent notions. And so much of this peddling is done in so coarse and one-sided and ferocious a manner, that many get quite alarmed about it, and tremble lest the world should be turned topsy-turvy by mere talk. But there need be no fear of that. Precept is a very mild medicine. Indeed, without example to give it point and force, it is of no account whatever. Precept is instruction written in the sand — the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is instruction graven on the rock. Ages may pass away before that lesson is lost.

Almost everything worth having in the world is the product of long-continued example. The world was not made, as many modern reformers seem to suppose,

by passing a series of resolutions, nor were printing presses and steam engines discovered in convention. Precept alone could no more make a good child than it could a good watch. It has about as much to do with mending the morals of a people as the school bell has with educating the pupils. A good son left behind is the parent's best epitaph. An erring man will bear the brunt of an army of reformers vociferating against his sin, better than the counter example of one good neighbor.

There have been thousands of writers and orators, who have lumbered libraries with their precepts, who never influenced the world for good so much as so many industrious honey bees. The cotton planter, in *his* field, is ten times the pacificator between this country and Great Britain, that the peace agitator is in *his* field. There was more precept in Prynne, the courageous old Puritan in the time of the cavaliers, and the author of some forty volumes of writings in favor of liberty, than in all of our pilgrim fathers put together; and yet, his influence on the world, as compared with that of any one of them, was only as a drop to an ocean. Our country, as it is, united and prosperous, is to-day doing more for the cause of freedom, without uttering a word, than it could do if every man in our land was a Garrison, and bellowing at the top of his voice for universal freedom, and doing nothing to make freedom seem desirable. Thrones can stand republican logic well enough, but crumble before its life. Fret not thyself because of mere loud talkers; the world will wag all the same with or without them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PUBLIC DRIVES.

Most of the capital cities of the old world have one source of healthful recreation entirely unknown among us. I allude to what may be called their Public Drives. The Romans have theirs on the Corso, one of their principal streets, about two miles in length, enclosed with public buildings and splendid palaces. The Viennoise have their favorite public drive on the Prater, a beautiful wood near Vienna, tastefully laid out for the purpose, and commanding fine views of the neighboring mountains. The Berliners have their public drive in their Unter den Linden, one of their principal streets, one hundred and seventy feet wide, and adorned with stately lime-trees. The Parisians have their drive in the Bois de Bologne, a beautiful wood near the gates of Paris, adorned with lakes, jets, fountains, statues and flowers. The Londoners have their drive in Hyde Park, one of the finest drives in the world, situated in the very heart of London. The Havanese have theirs on their beautiful Passeo, just outside of the city, and the Mexicans have theirs on their Alemada, a long, wide and splendid avenue, in the city of Mexico.

Those public drives do for the whole body of the people of a given city, what the drawing-room does for only a very small and a very select part of them;

it brings them together at stated periods of the day. The public drive is a citizens levee in the open air. Instead of the usual cake and wine, there is air and exercise. Instead of the accustomed cards and compliments, the guests look out upon the sky, and venture or not, at the beck and call of the sun and the clouds and the winds.

All the principal families in those cities, make it a point to appear on the drive, at a certain time or times in the day or evening. Every conceivable style of jaunty and elegant equipage and turn-out may then be seen, from the cabriolet of the humble cit, to the coach and four, footmen and outriders of the duchess, and the courtier, or of royalty itself.

On many of the best planned and conducted of them the carriages move up the way quite slowly on one side, and return on the other; so that friends and acquaintances on the drive, are quite sure to meet and find an opportunity to salute, if not to exchange congratulations with each other. The space between is occupied by equestrians, who are privileged to pass from carriage to carriage where they happen to have friends, paying their respects, and greeting each other. Where those public drives have become one of the social and recreative institutions of the people, as in the places that I have named, they constitute decidedly the most striking, the most pleasing, and apparently the most popular, cherished, healthful, and invigorating source of enjoyment in the whole city.

It is said that a Roman family of patrician blood, would sooner give up one meal a day, and keep to their beds all the morning to save firewood, than forego their drive on the Corso. The Viennoise, from

the Emperor down, every evening flock in crowds to their beautiful Prater, over-looking the Danube; some in carriages, some on horse-back, and more on foot. The drive in Hyde Park is peculiarly the show place of all England. There the stranger will see in one day, more of the beauty and fashion of Great Britain, more of her statesmen, orators, poets and divines, more illustrative of her wealth, and her social customs, than he could see elsewhere, with the aid of the best of introductions, in a month. It is a grand drawing-room of the privileged classes of the whole realm, with its windows thrown wide open to observers.

Nor do these drives constitute a source of recreation for the independent and privileged classes alone. Most of those public drives are lined with wide and well-shaded side-walks; and those at the same time are usually well filled with pedestrians who seem to enjoy the pagentry as well as the best mounted and provided on the drive.

It can readily be conceived that those public drives, where social union is added to healthful exercise and sweet air, should draw out daily very many of the invalid and the indolent, who would hardly avail themselves of the privilege, if that air and exercise was to be taken, as with us, without the savory salt of sociability. There is no one thing in all the world that so charms and cheers the heart of man, as the sight of the human face, and the sound of the human voice. For those he will leave instantly all other sights and sounds in the universe. But if, as on those great public drives, it is a place and occasion where acquaintance meets acquaintance, and friend meets friend, where notabilities congregate, and where man

and woman both appear in their best estate and happiest mood, it is easy to see that it must constitute a most efficient aid and incentive to healthful recreation.

Now, while our country is young, while our cities are growing, and what is now the suburbs of the town will soon be the centre, is the time for our citizens in every part of our land to move in this matter. No city should be without its great public drive. The time will come, and soon enough, too, when it will be life almost to the infirm and the invalid, length of days to the man of leisure, health and cheerfulness to the confined and weary, and a great and ever increasing public blessing to each and every one of her citizens, as well as the stranger within her gates.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKIPPER SINKER.

MANY years ago, the favorite line of boats for fishing excursions was kept by Skipper Sinker, a veteran fisherman of the old school, who had outlived all of his contemporaries of the hook and line, and retired on three sail-boats and a dory. Many are the hours that I have laid in the stern of the Roving Polly, and listened to the Skipper's long yarns about boats struck down in sudden squalls; of long and hard pulls against wind and tide; of black and gusty nights, and foundered boats and missing comrades. And yet, the Skipper's faith in Old Ocean was as confiding as ever. For every disaster he was prompt to assign a cause. This comrade was rash, and carried too much sail; and that one was careless, and let his running rigging get foul. One was stubborn, and always at war with the winds and tides; and another was heedless, and hence always in their power. Indeed, the Skipper charged all the mischances of life to rashness, heedlessness or obstinacy, and was quite sure that his lost comrades would have fared no better on the land, but met shipwreck sooner or later there. So, for every nautical instruction he had a nautical disaster to give it point.

But when he was about to entrust us with a boat alone, then his admonitions came thick and fast. With

the great and little generals there came also a good and generous outfit of sage counsel and advice. It might then be truly said of him, that he gave line upon line, and precept upon precept. "Don't carry too much sail, boys," he would kindly charge, as he was handing in the canteen; "mind and improve the tide, for it's the best oarsman about," he would hint, with a wink, as he was casting off; and "trim your sails well to the breeze, my hearties, and keep your running rigging free," he would shout to us from the wharf as we were putting off.

Since then I have often thought that the sage Skipper's parting charge was as good for one meridian as for another, whether of the land or of the sea. For all along the voyage of life, wherever made, the fresh winds are constantly blowing, now filling the well trimmed sails of the watchful and prudent, and now flapping and flouting the half bent canvas of the heedless and indolent. And that there are indeed "tides in the affairs of men" is no more poetry than history.

When, therefore, I have seen ambitious young tradesmen extending their shops until they could hardly see from end to end without a telescope, I have felt tempted to shout through the keyhole, "Don't carry too much sail, boys, or you will run your craft under." And when, too, I have seen your heedless men loitering away the young flood of their lives, and evidently dooming themselves and their families to a hard pull by-and-by against the current, I have felt half inclined to hint to them kindly, "Mind and improve the tide, for pulling up against it is hard business." And then again, when I have seen your

men of business entering into entangling alliances, exchanging notes and kiting, I have often thought what a kindness it would be if some one would hail to them, "Beware of squalls, there, my fine fellows, and keep your running rigging free."

And so, too, when I have seen your wilful politicians, theologians, and philanthropists, with hearts set on carrying some darling object, obstinately refusing to take note of attendant circumstances, but with sails set just one way, and helm lashed, doggedly standing on the same tack day after day, without regard to change of winds or set of currents, I have felt tempted to shout to them at the top of my voice, "Trim your sails to the breeze, my hearties, or you will make Dead-man's-land before you know it."

Indeed, I seldom pass a day without seeing some one who seems to need a kindly hail from some safe and sagacious Skipper Sinker.

CHAPTER XX.

MODERN VATICANS.

In my strolls about town, I am pleased to observe evidence of growing trust and confidence in the general right-heartedness of the people. I see it everywhere and in every place, save one. I see it in the piles of goods displayed within reach and unguarded, on sidewalks, in door ways and on counters. I see it in beautiful and elaborately wrought monuments and other works in marble, conspicuously exposed beside our public streets, within reach, uncovered and unprotected night and day. I see it in the almost total abandonment of the old fashioned system of long lines of counters between the purchaser and the commodity for sale. Particularly have I seen and enjoyed it in our book stores, where we are now admitted face to face with the books, with no provoking counters or other obstacles in the way, to prevent us from taking down a volume here, chatting a little while lovingly with an author there, and holding sweet converse with them generally.

But there is one place where that trust and confidence has not yet penetrated. A few days ago, happening to be in New York, I strolled, very naturally, into Appleton's new book store. And there I found what all along I had been observing here. There were acres of books, (more, probably, than in any

library in this country,) lying in piles on the several floors, which the customers and visitors walked among and examined at will, as freely as did the proprietor and his assistants. From there, I went to the great Astor Library, the largest and most splendidly endowed institution of the kind in all North America. The edifice, the hall, the books, everything, except one, was imposing. It was a bright, sunny spring afternoon; the streets of the city, the saloons, the galleries of art, were full of people; every other place that I had entered seemed to be crowded. But in the grand hall of the Astor Library, around which clustered one hundred thousand volumes of books, collected and stored at a cost of near half a million of dollars, there were *just four people.* And yet, when I took into account the manner in which that great library was administered; when I observed its rules, that no book could be taken from the public hall; that no person could enter where the books were, but must apply in writing for the particular book he wanted, before he could see and consult it; that there was no conveniences for lighting the building; it was plain that the New York people were estimating the Astor Library at its true value. It is a show institution. It sounds well. It looks pretty in the papers. A photograph of its great hall would be splendid. The people understand it, talk of it, boast of it, show it, but never use it. When I left the hall, half an hour afterwards, the number in enjoyment of that vast bounty, had been reduced to three individuals, and they had the look of persons who felt fearful lest they were intruders. The New York editor who has lately written home from Rome, that he wandered

for miles through the library rooms of the Vatican without seeing a book, was just as profitably employed as if he had been wandering around the great hall of the Astor Library. In the first, they have each volume enclosed in a little cell of its own; in the latter, they have a hundred or a thousand of them imprisoned in a little alcove of their own. In both cases, they are guarded just the same as if it was conceded that they were golden guineas, and each visitor known to be light-fingered.

That same want of confidence in the people, is painfully prominent in all our public libraries. The great Cambridge library is not of one-tenth part the use to the public of a well-appointed book store. For twelve weeks in each year, that library, with its one hundred thousand volumes, enjoys equally with the professors and juveniles its vacation, except on Monday of each week, it is open four hours. For all the rest of each of those weeks, its doors are closed tight and strong against intruders; and the fathers, historians, poets and novelists, wearied with the toils and perplexities of term time, are left to undisturbed repose. The librarian, broken down with the exhausting labor of four hours attendance daily, has time to recuperate; and books and man are prepared to resume their wonted and laborious duties at the end of the season, refreshed and invigorated. Besides, where's the need of books when the College disbands? Shall not all nature nod when Harvard sleeps?

Taking it for granted that librarians are a race of mortals requiring unwonted quiet and repose; that books of all things should be preserved unspotted

from the world, and that the less people have to do with either the better, and it admits of positive demonstration that the Harvard Library is one of the best managed in the world. That of the Vatican has heretofore been supposed to take the lead in those particulars, on account of each book having a separate cell, with separate lock and key, and no catalogue; but the Cambridge library may be described as the Vatican in miniature, with this improvement, that it has a catalogue, and cells well locked, but no keys.

Then how admirable the arrangement in term time. The library opens at the genial hour of nine, A. M., when pupils are rung into school, and business men are one and all off to their several posts, and it is closed again securely at one, P. M., before those above mentioned pests of your ancient and quiet librarians have been released again from duty. The Dartmouth professor, who invented the art of opening the library of that College at dinner hour, may take the first premium; but the trustees of the Harvard library are clearly entitled to the second. How truly Alexander Selkirkian must the librarian of Harvard appear during those morning hours. How it must wake up the echoes of the old pile to hear a fly buzzing on one of its dim window panes; how unearthly must be the sound of the librarian's pen as it goes scratch, scratch, scratch, as he makes up his daily record; and then the creak of the shoe of some mousing book-worm in a distant corridor, must be too awful for endurance.

Then how secure everything about the Harvard library. The authors seem to each and all to have turned revolutionists, and erected barricades. St. Paul, and even Father Ladd, stand behind entrench-

ments, and you can only hold parley with them on special application. They must come out unto you — you cannot go in unto them. The doctrine of total depravity does not seem to be abandoned in the Harvard library, however it may be in the College. The definition of man there seems to be, a being who naturally steals books. One alcove, that of the novelists, is left unguarded. The theory is, that we were created with power of resistance against all the allurements of romance and rhetoric, in paper covers, but that human nature cannot withstand bindings of real calf.

The Boston library, so far as its great hall is concerned, where are stored the great body of its books, is modeled on the same plan. Its alcoves are all closed tight and strong. The banker's specie basis is not more absolutely protected.

There has been a good deal of congratulation of late, occasioned by the discovery, by J. Wingate Thornton, of the long lost Governor Bradford Manuscript. While the literary world are rejoicing, mere mortal men, who do not belong to historical societies, are no antiquaries, and never wrote a history in their lives, are wondering how it could happen that by far the most valuable manuscript connected with our Puritan and New England history, could lie undiscovered in a public library so long, say more than three-quarters of a century. In all that time antiquaries were supposed to be mousing for it, learned historical bodies delving after it, and profound historians ready to scent it afar off. The fact that Prince, Morton, and Hutchinson, had used it freely in compiling their histories, gave our his-

torians familiar acquaintance with it, so that its loss, its value, its style and character, were well known, and furnished a ready and sure means of identifying it.

Our wonder, however, is modified, when we remember the peculiar mode of administering libraries in this country, as well as in England. The Bishop of London's library, where this manuscript lay embalmed, is probably a fair sample; access to it very likely being about as easy as to the Queen's bed chamber. When this valuable manuscript was added to his library, it was equivalent to being respectably buried. And what are most of our libraries but literary sepulchres? On a late examination of the library of Dartmouth College, it was found that the students for the year past had taken only thirty books from the library. On inquiry it was found that one of the professors was librarian; that by the rules he was only required to have it open an hour on certain days, and that he had hit upon the wise expedient of making that opening at the students' dinner hour, thus preventing a great deal of noise and confusion, and rendering the duties of his office quite quiet and comfortable.

There is hardly a book store in New York, Boston, or Cambridge, that is not a public institution and a public convenience, in a far better sense of the word, than either the Astor, the Boston, or the Cambridge library. There are ten books consulted daily in many of those book stores, where there is one consulted in either of those libraries. And that that comes entirely from that exclusion of the visitor from the books, is evident from the fact, that in the Boston

library, where there is a room where there are two or three hundred magazines and books, that the visitor may consult and read at pleasure, that room is crowded with visitors, when the great hall is comparatively empty.

Previous to the discovery of the art of printing, it was all very natural and very right that the manuscripts composing any given library, should be guarded with pious care. So, too, after printing became general, most of the works published were in very small editions—one or two hundred copies—and at such extravagant rates, that but few could hope to see, much less own a copy. The loss of a book then was irreparable. The second edition seldom followed the first in less than a quarter or half a century. It hence continued to be quite prudent if not entirely necessary, that great care should be observed in preserving books, especially of the older and scarcer works. It was under that state of things that the Vatican library was instituted and has grown up, with its cell and lock and key for each work. Under that same state of things the libraries of the old Spanish monasteries, so difficult of access, came into existence.

Most all of those ancient libraries were begun, and have been continued by ecclesiastics. As it was in the beginning of those institutions, so it has been up to the present day. In Spain and in Italy, they have vast libraries full of manuscripts and old works, many of them, perhaps, of surpassing interest, but they are of no practical use whatever. The student of history finds it an endless toil to get permission to explore among them at all, and then when he has obtained the permission, they have no catalogues. It was with

those models before them, that the more modern libraries of Paris and London, Munich, Dresden, Berlin and Vienna were established. But it is perfectly clear that a public library now, should have no correspondence whatever with a public library then. With very few exceptions a public library now is made up of books that can be duplicated at any moment. The loss of a book now is the loss of just so much money, and nothing more. The reason for cells and closed alcoves, exists now only to protect bindings, save the librarian trouble in arranging, and to guard against losses by pilfering, so trifling, that it is entirely disregarded by the most churlish and suspicious in the book trade.

The management of the principal libraries in America is now at least one whole century behind the age. If the present mode is to be continued, do pray give us ecclesiastics in gowns and cowls for librarians.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Among the Greeks, physical culture laid at the foundation of their whole system of education. From the earliest period of their history we find them training their youth in manly exercises, and rewarding proficiency in that branch of education with the very highest honors. In the lives of their great men we are told under what masters they were taught in gymnastics, as much as in philosophy and rhetoric. Plato and Aristotle, and all their great philosophers lectured and taught in gymnasiums. They walked and talked with the pupils as they rested from their games and sports, and carried along mental, together with their physical culture. Their whole system of training was based on the idea that a perfect education must embrace the whole man, body as well as soul. Indeed, that the tenement is to precede the tenant — the nominative to precede the verb. Hence the attentive student of Greek history cannot fail to see how philosophy, poetry, oratory, music and sculpture, all seemed to follow in the train of their manly sports and exercises — their Pythean, Næmean and Olympic games — and, grow up and flourish with them.

And what was the *result* of their educational system? for that is the best test after all. We find that the

golden age of Grecian history was just when the greatest attention was given to physical culture, so that even such philosophers as Plato and Aristotle taught their students at those very games. It gave them the finest race of men that the world ever saw. It gave them philosophers and poets and orators and sculptors that never since have been equalled. It gave them, too, martial courage and prowess that made them for a long time the most formidable nation in the world. The Romans adopted the Grecian system, and established gymnasiums throughout her dominions, and while Rome continued that system of education, she too, rose in power, and attained her highest eminence in arts and in arms.

Now look at our own vaunted system of education. Two hundred public schools in this city, and not one public gymnasium — some scores of private schools and only two private gymnasiums; and those latter with a scale of prices calculated to exclude forty-nine out of every fifty of our youth. Here are some fifteen or twenty thousand pupils, all under the forcing system of birch and Lawrence prizes, with their little minds going for six or eight hours in the day like little steam engines, and all without the slightest reference to physical culture. No public provision for it. No private provision for it. Indeed, no one seems to think that physical culture as a system, is at all necessary. So far from it, one-half of our citizens look upon anything in the nature of it as quite questionable, especially if it takes the form of hopping about to the sound of music.

Now I venture to say that our children cannot stand this exclusively mental culture two generations

longer without its breaking down the physical and mental health of our population. I allude more particularly to our cities, for in the country, children can always find opportunities for healthy exercise to a certain extent. We are already doing something handsome for the nostrum-mongers, doctors, and insane asylums, and the cause of nervous irritability, and general disorder, with highly promising prospects for the future. Some people wonder that our old Commonwealth should send forth so many queer geniuses with their queer heads full of quirks, and all sorts of mad-cap fancies. But when you consider our system of education, there is nothing marvellous about it. The wonder is that there are so few of them. You cannot expect harmony from a poor, sickly, cracked, rickety instrument, let the ivory and cat-gut be from the hands of ever so great a master. You must have a sound body if you would have a sound mind. Mental aberration, be it little or much, one-ideaism, fanaticism, or total madness, all may generally be traced to physical causes. Our bracing and invigorating climate is bearing up against our one-sided system admirably, but it cannot do everything. We must have physical exercise and training, regular and systematic, with our intense mental culture, or we shall get so full of crochets that there will be no living with us.

We must have public gymnasiums; either connected with our schools or distinct from them. We must give more attention to the tenement, even if we give less to the tenant. If we would have the highest style of sculpture, we must have the highest style of men for models, for the artist never improves on

nature. If we would have our people with minds truly rational and sound, we must look to it that our children are well physically educated. What is often called genius, which often means only eccentricity, may inhabit any sort of a tenement. The more rickety and tumble-down the better; but you will remark that that sober wisdom, that is the very warp and woof of truth and real life, is seldom found in any such habitations. The wise men of the world have generally been men of fine physical development. As the historian remarks of Plato, his body and his mind were equally well disciplined and developed. Think of Moses, and Solomon, and Demosthenes, and Cicero, and of our own Franklin, and Washington, and Webster, and of that host of worthies who signed the declaration of independence, as so many weazen faced, sallow, nervous gentlemen, and see how ridiculous is the whole idea. But it is not so when you bring before you with the same conception, Cataline, and Cassius, and Loyola, and Voltaire, or even that living oddity, the celebrated opium eater. And it is all because our experience as well as our intuitive knowledge tells us that true wisdom cannot be found in poor disordered bodies, nor eccentric mad fancies in well developed humanity.

There are other reasons why we should have public gymnasiums. Children will seek exercise. If their parents houses are not spacious enough for them to get it indoors, (and but few can,) then they seek it elsewhere. Those who have not the means to send their children either to private gymnasiums, or to dancing school, or to do anything else for their recreation, are obliged to let them run in the street. It is

there that thousands of our youth go for their exercise. It is there that the frightful number of youth that come before our courts, are taught their first lessons in crime.

Furnish them with a good gymnasium to resort to, and there is not five out of one hundred of them that would not avail themselves of it with joy. Give us good public gymnasiums, and it would be a dead shot at our houses of reformation, our institutions for the insane, and our thousand and one quackeries in medicine and benevolence. It would not cost any given city one-half as much to provide public gymnasiums and sustain them, as it would to pay the expenses for taking care of culprits, made so for want of such institutions.

CHAPTER XXII.

MANNERS.

A PLEASING address is one of the master influences. It is more potent, as a means of advancement, than birth, riches, or power. It does more to promote happiness than all other influences combined. Until we have become hardened by exposure, we are as sensitive as the aspen to the least touch of ill-manners. Your bluff people, who make a mock of refinement, do not dare to carry their principles into the nursery. The child will not tolerate such a doctrine for a moment. Whoever courts his acquaintance must do it with all the delicacy and grace that he can master. As we grow older, other influences are brought to bear upon us. We tolerate the coarse Mr. Grater, because he is in power; endure the uncouth Mr. Burly, because he is wealthy; and actually laugh at the sour sarcasms of Mr. Crusty, because we have got used to them, and because everybody else does. But our hearts always remain loyal to their first love. There is nothing wins upon us like engaging manners. We sacrifice almost every other consideration in life to enjoy the society of those whose manners please us. Our likes and dislikes are almost always founded on them. The most fatal shafts in Cupid's quiver are winning ways. Miss Fanny elopes with her father's well bred, penniless clerk, with nothing more promis-

ing in prospect than an enraged parent, and an attic, rather than endure the clownish Mr. Bullion in a palace.

The world has been pretty uniformly governed by men of pleasing address. It is men of that stamp that are usually selected to guide and govern. They preside in our deliberative assemblies, occupy the chief posts of honor, are relied upon in difficult emergencies to persuade, and are put forward in times of sharp conflict to conciliate. In tracing back the history of public men, it is true, we find enough of coarse and rude nature in public life, but they are generally found stationed at the outposts, as commanders in the field, or subordinates in duty. The one, two, twenty, hundred or more, who constitute the central government, who plan, direct and are responsible for all, are generally no more at the head politically than they are socially. The first gentlemen of the age are generally those at the head of the government. It is so now. It has always been so. History attests to it from the days of Joseph, to those of our own. And no more instructive examples of all that exists than those to be found in our own country, and almost in our own day. Mark the fact that the first bronze statue erected to any public man in New England, was to Benjamin Franklin, the man who captivated all Paris, as much by the simplicity and grace of his manners, as he did his own countrymen by his statesmanship, wit and wisdom. And in that same connection let us remember that that great leader and head of the bar, Rufus Choate, was fully as eminent among his friends, including his life long antagonists at the bar, as a true hearted and

finished gentleman, as he was to the world at large, as a jurist and orator. And who can say, in their case, that they did not each of them owe to their gentleness, and grace of manners, and true kindness of heart, the finishing grace of that crown, which each of them so clearly won.

The true secret of Mr. Clay's undying popularity was, that his manners were so genial and engaging that those who had once approached him never forsook him. So, too, Mr. Calhoun's magical influence in South Carolina may be traced mainly to the same cause. All who were honored with his acquaintance always loved him. One of our citizens who happened at one time to be in Charleston when Mr. Calhoun arrived there from Washington, and saw how the citizens gathered around him, and witnessed the frank, easy and natural manner with which all classes saluted him and entered into conversation with him, without form or introduction, was quite amazed, it was so different from anything he had seen North. One reason why the South has taken almost all the presidential nominations has been that her politicians are better cultivated, socially, than ours, and are making capital with the leaders at Washington, in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, while our Northern politicians are spending all of their force making long and eloquent speeches. There is great influence in speeches and orations, undoubtedly; but there are times and seasons when smiles and oyster-sauce make a greater impression.

Indeed, engaging manners do not stand a man in stead in the drawing-room only. They are the poor boy's capital, and the stranger's letter of credit. The

village pastor oftentimes may better rely on them to save him his parish, than on the most brilliant talents. They are the only current coin in society, and without it the wisest and the wealthiest are sure soon to be pinned to the wall. They are, besides, the only worldly possessions that are beyond calamity. Beauty is confessedly fleeting; wealth may, and often does, take to itself wings; the mind may become enfeebled; but true grace of manner, once acquired, never forsakes one. Indeed, the most captivating manners are always found among the aged.

It has been thought by many that the great thing that stood in the way of Mr. Webster's advancement to the presidency, was simply and only his apparent inability to shine out warm and sunny, except upon a few select friends, who enjoyed his entire confidence. Mr. Webster as he was, with Mr. Clay's social qualities added, (if such a thing were possible,) would have been a miracle of strength in a presidential canvass. Few ever comprehended the whole secret of General Jackson's wonderful power. He was no more a man of an iron will, than he was a courteous and true-hearted gentleman. The same bolt that kept out the enemy, served just as effectually to rivet him to his friends.

Our forefathers came here counting taste and refinement as among the heresies. They were no more at war with the Pope, than they were with Lord Chesterfield and the dancing master. They were no believers in bowing and scraping. They believed heartily in the profound piety of those first gentlemen of the world, Abraham, and Lot, and David, and Paul; but as a model in the matter of manners, they could

not help admiring most the uncompromising Modecai, with his hat on in the king's gate. Accordingly when they laid here the foundation for a nation, they took care to provide for mental culture in the public school, and for religious culture in the church, but made no provision whatever for social culture. Indeed, they went farther, and took care to discountenance everything that tended towards it. Everything that the age of chivalry had fostered they discountenanced—music, dancing, the drama, games, taste, arts, and all those natural appliances in the way of social culture.

We have in the present condition and altitude of France a life-long lesson. Where is the full-grown man of all Anglo-Saxondom, who cannot remember the time when his prevailing idea of a Frenchman was only that of a light, trifling, vivacious man; frittering away his time on mere forms and ceremonies, dividing it between dancing, studying the best cut for a garment, and the perpetration of a pretty saying. And it was all true that they were attending to all those things. But with their attention to the amenities and graces of life came a whole troop of other accomplishments and blessings—taste, ease, grace, courtesy, kindness of heart, courage, strength, agility, skill, science, industry, cheerfulness, and hundreds of other things, until to-day they stand the foremost people in all the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADORN.

THE law of progress is to adorn. No high state of civilization has ever been achieved without corresponding attention to the beautiful. While the world was without form and void, it was not the abode of man. It was only when it was adorned with sun, moon, and stars, floods, fields, shrubs and flowers, that he was created. We find nothing in scripture or history to justify us in believing that man would have been created to this day, if his eyes were to be greeted with no more beauties than limit the desires of half the people we meet.

Those people, in ancient times, who undertook to live without cultivating the beautiful, have left no name worth possessing behind them. Of Babylon, with its gates of brass and its hanging gardens — of Jerusalem, with its beautiful temple — of Thebes and Athens, we have heard and know; but what do we know of the hundred and one other places, alluded to in history, where no talent was cultivated, but the so-called useful? There were Scythians and Chaldeans and Guelphs and Ghibelines and Huns and Picts, and all of them very matter of fact people, no doubt, quite indifferent to embellishments, who never built any very elaborate temples, or spent their time on works of art, or in the laying out of parks and

promenades. Their works followed them — perished with them. And so will the works of every people who neglect the work of beautifying and embellishing.

There is life and strength and power in beauty. A beautiful statue or structure is immortal, because it is beautiful. Amid all the storms of war it is respected. A church or a cathedral, designed and embellished with art, is a church or a cathedral forever. But not so with one of our plain — entirely and hopelessly plain — meeting-houses? It is as evanescent as the morning mist. Now it is a church, now it is a dwelling, and by and by a hostlery. It wants the grace of beauty to sanctify and save it. The scholar who has read all his days about the beautiful statues, temples, churches, and cathedrals of the old world, and who at last goes abroad to see them, finds them still there — memorials of the age of Pericles, of Charlemagne, and of Michael Angelo. But how is it here? The merest school-boy can scarcely venture to stay from home a whole term, without danger of finding, on his return, that his play-ground has been sold to speculators, and that the church of his fathers has been carted away to give place to the counting-house of the trader. Washington Irving once gave as a reason for the non-appearance of apparitions now-a-days, that if a poor uneasy ghost does return, and attempts to walk about his old haunts, he finds everything so changed, that he slinks back to his resting-place disappointed, never to attempt it again. If it is not true of ghosts, it is certainly true of all those who have settled far away from their native villages. One return to them, to find all the old landmarks swept away, the church

where they worshipped, the mall where they played cricket and foot-ball, the school-house — everything — gone, is generally enough.

If we want to drive far from us, vice and crime — if we want to outbid the wine-cup and the gaming-table, we must adorn. We must adorn our parks and gardens; adorn our churches and public edifices. We must have paintings and sculpture. We must have something to claim the attention, to mould the taste, and cultivate and elevate the minds and hearts of the people.

Few stop to think how much taste has to do with morals. But there is nothing better established than that slovenly habits beget slovenly morals. All those orders of men who have attempted to ignore taste and beauty and elegance, and to go through the world without regard to appearances — such as the Cynics, and the mendicant friars, have all proved conclusively that immorality goes hand in hand with habitual uncleanliness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PROVIDED, HOWEVER.

THOSE are the two great words in our modern statutes. All other words, even those wonderful ones, *nevertheless* and *aforesaid*, pale before them. Our statute books are full of them. No act seems to be considered perfect without them. They come in at the close of every section, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, or the refrain in an old song. They cut up more comical antics in legislative halls, undoing what has been done before, and turning serious things into ridicule, than any clown in a play. No sooner is a general law proposed and put into form, than it is knocked into pieces with a "*provided, however.*" Construing modern statutes, is like travelling in modern times; in both cases, you are sure to encounter divers crossings, where you are liable to be dashed to atoms—in the first case, by the proviso, and in the second, by the locomotive. Every American statute book ought to bear emblazoned on its cover, words of warning—"*Look out for the proviso!*"

The peculiar function of the *provided, however*, seems to be to afford practical examples for the people in substraction and vulgar fractions. No sooner does a statute make a grant, than a proviso is added to break it up, cut it down, knock a corner off here, and put a rider on there, until the act has as many aspects

to the beholder as the Horse Shoe Fall at Niagara, and is as difficult to solve as a problem in Euclid. If any one will take up any modern American statute book and look along the several acts therein contained, keeping his eye steadily directed for the word "*provided*," he will not go far before he will be convulsed with laughter, to see how regularly and pertinaciously, and sometimes even comically, *Monsieur Tonson* comes again.

Does Mr. Stubbs, member from Coventry, on his way to the General Court, have his hat brushed off on the highway, by an overhanging branch, he forthwith applies himself to frame a law to suit the case, and in strict accordance with parlimentary rule in America, the law thus framed is special, not general. In other countries it would have read thus: "Every tree that is planted or suffered to grow in or near any highway shall be so planted, pruned and suffered to grow, as not to incommode travel and travellers on said highway." Our member, having due regard to precedent, frames it thus: "No tree planted in any highway shall be suffered to so extend its branches as to brush off the hat of any member while on his way to the General Court." His law suits *his* case, and that is enough.

That draft goes into the hands of a committee of the House, where another member, to meet a case that he has heard of, adds another section, making it apply to trees not planted *in*, but *near* the highway. The bill comes into the House, and then, on motion of the Rev. Dr. Stokes, a third section is added, making the act apply to ministers of the gospel while on the way to church; and Ex-Judge Tinker

succeeds in adding another section, so as to protect the officers of the law from such casualties while riding the circuit.

Then comes the chorus. The member from A. moves the adoption of the following proviso: "*Provided, however*, that the party incommoded by any such overhanging branches shall not be entitled to recover damages, provided he rides a high horse, wears a steeple-crown hat, or might have avoided the casualty by ducking." The member from B. adds another proviso, so amending the last proviso, that it shall not apply to near-sighted people. The act is then passed.

Afterwards a suit arises under it, and three weeks are spent in determining, *first*, whether the plaintiff was a member of the House, a minister of the gospel, or a member of the court; if he was, then, *second* whether he was on the way to the General Court, to church, or travelling the circuit; if he was, then, *third*, whether he was riding a high horse; or, *fourth*, wore a forbidden hat; or, *fifth*, failed to duck; and, *sixth*, if he was found guilty of not ducking, whether it was because he was near-sighted. One county judge, one clerk of the court, one sheriff, four officers, four lawyers, twelve jurymen, and five and twenty witnesses, (including three photographists, with prints of the tree,) having spent three weeks on the case, no agreement can be arrived at by the jury, because though they all agree that the member's tile was brushed off, one man seriously doubts whether he was legally a member, two jurymen insist that his horse came under the denomination "high," several are in the fog whether or not he was near-sighted, and three stoutly maintain that he did not duck.

Though there are seven of the panel, good men and true, a majority of the body, enough, if in a legislative body, to declare war, make peace, or do anything that man can do, yet in the case of the tile it is too solemn and awful a question to be determined by anything short of unanimity on every point. This world would not be worth living in for a moment if *such a question* could, like peace or war, an embargo or a sedition act, be determined by a mere majority. And then if the jury do agree, what a long vista of law points, for the consideration of the full court some years hence, do those provisos open to the astonished gaze of the happy man who has prevailed.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. BLOT GORED BY BULLS.

My mind has been much exercised of late with the case of my friend Mr. Blot, the even tenor of whose life has been sadly interrupted by two ecclesiastical bulls, fulminated within the present year. To appreciate fully the nature of his disaster you must know that when he resigned charge of the account books of the great commercial house of Boker & Co., and retired on a snug competency, his active temperament forbade his sinking into listlessness and idleness; so that Mr. Blot in the saddle in the morning, bathing, boating, skating or rambling towards night-fall, soon became settled habits, while a dozen other minor amusements filled up other hours of the day, making his life, as before, one of routine and diligence. Led by his taste for such accomplishments, he devoted considerable of his time to music, so that he had even taken upon himself the instruction in music and dancing of a large class of indigent children; was quite a leader at the gymnasium; presided at the organ in a feeble church; was consulted on occasion of childrens' festivals, merry makings, and excursions; was relied upon by several old crones to help while away a winter's evening over the chess or checker-board; was considered an invaluable acquisition at the whist table; and at his boarding-house, he oftentimes

set a whole bevy of juveniles dancing for hours together, with the inspiring notes of his viol. Indeed, Mr. Blot, of whom I have before several times spoken, was rather my beau ideal of a man of leisure of the *genus* bachelor.

Some week or two ago I called upon him, and found him sad and disheartened. His former cheerfulness was all gone. Where before I had always been welcomed with a smile, I was now only saluted with a sigh. The cause of all this was soon explained. An Orthodox ecclesiastical council at Gloucester, Massachusetts, had recently, while sitting in solemn conclave, found and declared dancing to be immoral, and all aiders and abettors therein depraved and hopeless sinners. And while smarting under the rod from that quarter, a Quaker ecclesiastical council sitting within and for the State of New York, had solemnly denounced the pianoforte as a device of the devil, and the owner thereof unworthy a seat with the elect.

Poor Blot! those two momentous bulls of sage and learned ecclesiastical councils of the nineteenth century, were too much for his devout, reverent and sensitive nature. They threw discredit on all his past life. His blotter, where he had tremblingly entered here and there a credit to offset so much of debit, was at last pronounced by theological accountants false and fraudulent. Where he had vainly counted on a balance stood an awful deficit. The same decree that outlawed his pianoforte, and disbanded his class, had consigned him to moral and religious bankruptcy.

Some of his friends, too, who I fear could not

appreciate the beauty of that simplicity which led him to acquiesce in those findings, as the voice of Heaven, had aggravated his disquiet by suggestions that those decisions were only part of a great whole; that all amusements of the same nature were to be denounced; but that to save the several denominations from each encountering the whole odium, these sins were to be denounced in detail. Each denomination was to select and denounce some one or more amusement, not under sentence by any other religious tribunal. Those friends had even gone so far as to name the *programme*, to wit: that the Baptists were to follow up the blows already struck, by anathematizing cricket and foot-ball; the Presbyterians, bowling and skating; the Episcopalians, chess and checker playing; the Catholics, flutes and fiddle-bows; the Methodists, battledoor and blind-man's buff; the Unitarians, hoop-driving and kite-flying; and the Universalists, jumping the rope and see-sawing; while the Orthodox and Quakers were to drive home their advantages already gained, by denouncing everything connected with the harmonies of sound or motion, so as to include an anathema against horseback riding unless at a square trot, and swimming unless at dog-paddle. I do not pretend to include the whole list as given me, because I find no reliable authority for the rumor that Mr. Blot's friends have so industriously circulated, although the action above related, of the two religious bodies named, affords reasonable ground enough to suppose that something of the kind may be contemplated.

In view of such a state of things, I found that my

friend had been casting about him for means of recreation and employment not likely to be the subject of ecclesiastical censure, and that he had hit upon catching fish, killing birds, hunting game, and the pleasures of a well spread board, as entirely canonical and legal; and so upon looking around, I found in place of his pianoforte stood an old fashioned sideboard, bountifully covered, — where before used to hang his lute and viol, branched a pair of huge antlers, and on them rested fishing rods and fowling pieces. On his card table lay powder horns and shot pouches, while in the hall where the children were wont to move in merry measure, they were now romping in wild confusion with a brace of ill-bred, noisy pointers. Indeed, everything about him, in a few short months, had changed — strangely changed. The quiet, genial harmony of my friend's abode was all gone. The change had penetrated even to his very guests. Together with his lute and piano had gone those musical friends of his, whose rich melodious voices had joined with his own genial nature to lend a charm to his abode, seldom found in the homes of those who attempt life in *solo*. And when I came to note the air and conversation of his hunting companions, discussing fiercely the relative merits of different breeds of dogs and horses, I could stand the contrast no longer, and took a hasty farewell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PILGRIMISM.

We have in our own history a conclusive argument against all manner of asceticism, whether taken in infinitesimal doses, prescribed by a Puritan, or taken by the quantity, prescribed by a Jesuit. It is to be found in the history of the Pilgrims. We are too apt to confound Pilgrimism (if I may be allowed to coin a word) with Puritanism. They are, however, two very different things. The Pilgrims came here with some half a dozen contraband ideas that they had fled their country with, and wished to experiment on in this western wild. They were, Religious Liberty, Civil Liberty, Popular Education, Congregational Church Government, and *Puritanism.* The whole constituted what I call Pilgrimism, or the doctrines and principles of the Pilgrims. Their experiments have been tried, and now let us note the result.

The leading idea in Pilgrimism was, undoubtedly, *religious liberty.* There was little of that extant then. They came here expressly to enjoy it. And yet it has been thought by many that their ideas of it were quite one sided — a sort of religious liberty for one. But that, I think, is hardly a fair statement of the case. They came here to try a religious experiment, and hence, when the Quakers and Anabaptists flocked in here, and began sowing what the Pilgrims believed to be tares with their true seed, they became excited

and said and did things that look now exceedingly intolerant. And yet I am apt to think that the Pilgrims did not mean to deny to the Quakers and other sects the right of private judgment in matters of religion, but only to deny their right to come in and interrupt their experiment. The object was to *exclude* schismatics, not to *punish* them. At all events, the Pilgrims must have brought the *true* seed with them, however poor the quality might have been, since from it has sprung the genuine religious liberty that we are now enjoying.

Pilgrimism, too, contained the idea of *civil liberty*. Their church without a bishop naturally associated itself in their minds with a "state without a king." No sooner, therefore, had they moored their barque on the "wild New England shore," than they began to experiment on that item of their creed. We all know the result. From their experiments in that direction has sprung our own model republic; and the end is not yet. So, too, with *popular education*. No sooner were the Pilgrims fairly landed in New England, than they began to experiment on free schools. The result has been that our land is now dotted with school houses from one end to the other, and other lands are profiting by our example. Their experiments in *church government*, too, were eminently successful. So that in all those respects the Pilgrims may be said to have succeeded beyond measure. Never before was such a balance carried to the credit of any firm, as now stands to the credit of the Pilgrims, on those four items of their adventure, to wit: *religious liberty*, *civil liberty*, *popular education*, and *congregational church government*.

But Pilgrimism had in it one other idea, and that was Puritanism. The Pilgrims were staunch Puritans. Undoubtedly that was one of the darling articles of their creed. They did not believe in beautiful churches, nor costly robes, nor formal ceremonies, nor in pictures and crucifixes. Neither did they believe in the beauties and pleasures and delights of life. The world and all its joys they looked upon as dangerous snares. On mere doctrinal points the Puritan did not differ very materially with the Churchman, or the Presbyterian. He only differed with them in respect to those rites and ceremonies of the church, and modes of life and practice, that admitted the eye and ear to be delighted, the face to be wreathed with smiles, and the heart to be filled with joy. Whatever contributed to those deplorable ends, he renounced and abjured. He came here as much to escape being drawn heavenward joyfully, as he did to win heaven ruefully. His house of worship was to be plain in title, and plain in form and finish, and the mode of worship was to be without vestments and without formalities. There were to be no public monasteries, for those were popish, but instead thereof, every house was to be a private one, every father of a family an abbot, and every mother a lady abbess. Amusements of all kinds were to be forever outlawed. May-day, Harvest-home, and Christmas festivities were to be forever abolished. Music, dancing, the drama, rural sports, domestic games, art, taste, fashion, dress, social parties, and everything of that kind were voted common vagabonds, with whom no good Puritan could have any fellowship. In a word, a Puritan was not only a really well-meaning,

good, pious man, but in addition a monk without the monastery.

The Pilgrims were true as steel to their religious principles. For two centuries their creed was not relaxed one iota. For all that time a pleasure-seeking, dancing or theatre-going Puritan would have been a greater raree-show than a mermaid or a sea-serpent. They tried the Puritan experiment faithfully and well; and now let us note the result.

At the end of the second century from the landing of the Pilgrims, the old Puritan churches in Massachusetts seemed to be about to become extinct. Almost all of its old strongholds had capitulated to another and less ascetic sect. Out of eight Puritan churches built in Boston during the first century of its existence, seven had gone over to the enemy. The Old South alone remained steadfast. In the very pulpits where those old Puritan divines, John Cotton, the Mathers, John Davenport, the Coopers, and the Thachers taught the Puritan faith, another sect taught another doctrine to the children's children of the original founders. The same religious revolt had been going on throughout the State; in Salem, in Roxbury, in Cambridge, in Hingham, in Plymouth, and in other places, so that in many towns there was not left a solitary Puritan church to mark the former existence of the Pilgrims. Harvard College had struck to the foe, and old Massachusetts was no longer swayed by the Puritans. The children one by one had dropped away from the cold and gloomy asceticism of the old church, and at last, at the end of the second century from the commencement of the religious experiment, the balance sheet showed it to

be an entire failure. History no where else furnishes another similar startling example of religious revolt.

It is not to be supposed that so general and so sweeping a desolation was brought about by any one thing. A great many elements must have entered into it. Too much Geneva — too much creed — too little gospel, perhaps; but that the family and village monkery inculcated by the church had much to do with it, does not admit of a doubt.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOSPITALITY.

THERE are few of the virtues that surpass in real value the virtue of hospitality. There is a wondrous charm, a magnetic influence about the hospitalities of the family. They win upon the heart as none other of the courtesies of life do. They have a power for good that we can scarcely estimate. The most appreciative act of consideration that one man can extend to another, is to invite him to his table. There is hardly any one act that implies so much. The table is the social spirit level. It is a treaty of peace and a proclamation of amnesty. It dispels doubts and heals differences. It is one of the most potent of pacificators. It is full of power to reclaim the wandering, strengthen the weak and stay the falling. It is seldom that where such courtesies are extended to the young and ambitious, that they will fall below the standard thus created. And then how full of pleasant memories, those little rites of hospitality, to him who has felt them in friendlessness, and in loneliness. To him who has been in journeyings oft, and tasted their fruits, how much has it been to him as a pool of water in a thirsty land. There is something peculiarly refining in the very courtesies naturally springing from those two opposite positions, that of the host and that of the guest. If there is anything

worthy, anything of good report in either party, the situation will call it forth. It makes the rude less rude, the careless more careful, and the thoughtless more thoughtful. It enlarges the heart of the entertainer, and warms with more generous purposes the entertained. It is one of the best of schools, both of the manners and of the heart.

One of the happiest things in the history of any people is that of being hospitable. It is one of the great elements in human happiness. It has seldom, if ever, been estimated at its true value. The people of the world, and those of that part particularly in which we live, are improving no doubt in most things, but not in individual hospitality. In that respect we are still far behind the ancient Jews, Arabians, and other oriental nations. The Bible is yet the most perfect hand-book of manners. It gives some of the finest examples of good breeding, politeness and hospitality, that have ever yet been recorded. Take for instance, that scene in the Scriptures, where the three strangers appeared to Abraham, as he was sitting in his tent door, and "when he saw them he ran to meet them, and bowed himself toward the ground and said, 'If now I have found favor in thy sight pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant; let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourself under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts —after that ye shall pass on.'" What is there in all the Scriptures more charming than that account of the aged patriarch's spontaneous hospitality. And how seemingly just and natural, after that, follows the divine condescension in listening to, and answering

his appeals for the doomed cities. I will not be so uncivil as to inquire what would have been the reception of those strangers had they been commissioned to make a like visit to our shores, in Pilgrim times, especially if they appeared in broad-brims. It is enough to say, that there would have been no bowing and scraping. They did not believe in those things. We do not believe in them half enough ourselves.

Hospitality was a part of the religion of the ancients. It is a material and prominent part of the religion of the Bible. All the men signalized there as having been peculiarly favored of Jehovah, were preëminent for good breeding. I will go further, and say that those who were the most eminently favored, were those the most eminently well-bred. Whether you consider Abraham as parting from his brother Lot, or entertaining the three strangers, or interceding for the doomed cities, or standing and bowing among the children of Heth, he is everywhere the finest model of a perfect gentleman that the world ever produced. And no one can doubt but that he stands first among the favored of God. Then there is David, and Moses, and Job, and Paul. Where in all history can you find men who can compare with them for all those qualities that go to make up the finished gentleman? And all of them were the subjects of special divine favor.

An unhospitable, unsociable people will naturally be an ill-bred people. It is only in society that you can learn the art of pleasing. Books do not teach it. Learning does not give it. Practice alone can command it. We have a striking illustration of it in

our own history. At the North we have our justly celebrated common school system, and our colleges, and with them a vast amount of intelligence and learning, but we have never known but little, technically speaking, of the drawing-room and the dinner table. At the South, the case is different. They have not our schools, but they have always maintained a most generous hospitality. Their houses are always open to the stranger. They are seldom without guests, and their dinner table is a social reunion. What has been the result? Go into a drawing-room, — say at Cambridge, — where you will find young men from all parts of our country, and in one hour's time, any man, with a practised eye, shall be able to determine who of them are from the South without any fear of mistake, judging from their manners alone.

The social institutions of the South have been doing for their sons what all our literary institutions could not do for ours. They have made them gentle, courteous and well-bred. They have made them easy and graceful in society far beyond our northern young men. May not, too, their dinner table account for the hitherto inexplicable fact that in all political pitched battles, they are sure to win the day. It is barely possible, after all, that there is really more working power in a generous hospitality, than in a high sounding speech.

Our lack of hospitality has not sprung from want of means, nor want of any of the elements either of head or heart, that go to make the hospitable people. I do not believe that there exists on the face of the earth a more generous people than our own, nor one

which would be more hospitable, had they been bred to it, and had it been taught them as a duty. But the difficulty is, that all the early teaching in New England, and most all the teaching in later years, has tended directly the other way, to keep people asunder, and discourage everything that brought them together whether in the drawing-room or at the dinner table. The social principle that lies at the root of all hospitality, when not positively and pointedly denounced, has been only tolerated, where it ought to have been relied upon as one of the master influences for good.

And be it remembered that hospitality, dispensing the social food to your children at your own table and around your own fire-side, places the whole thing just where it belongs. If there are evils connected with the cultivation of our social natures, that mode is the most natural, the safest and the best. It renders all those other modes, the public table and the public hall unnecessary, and places them in their true light, in comparison, as coarse and cold, and everyway uncongenial and unsatisfactory. It makes home the happiest place, and that, alone, could sooner be relied upon to dry up many of our present social evils than thousands of prohibitory laws.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HINTS TO STRINGENT LAW MAKERS.

THERE is unexampled speed in everything nowadays, but there is nothing in nature, history or art, that equals the haste of a modern philanthropist. If another world was about to be made, six days would be deemed an age to do it in, and not a man of them would allow more than twenty-four hours for the job. God and nature allow time for everything, and abundance of it too, but a modern philanthropist must be paid down, on the instant, in good current coin of glorious results, or he flies in a passion at once. The reason why so many of our great reformers are so fractious, and scold so unmercifully is easy enough explained. They do not distinguish between operating on mind and operating on matter. Because a skilful dentist can change the teeth of a luckless inebriate in a day, they conclude, forthwith, that they can as speedily change his appetite. But the truth is that however fast a man may be when operating on matter, he may as well make up his mind to be slow, when he comes to operate on mind. There is no such thing as speed there. Every advance in public opinion has been most provokingly slow to those philanthropic husbandmen who go out sowing, sickle in hand, expecting to return bearing their sheaves with them. A few well known historical facts will serve to illustrate.

It took more than three centuries to obtain toleration, for Christianity. Wickliffe and Huss sounded the tocsin of reform more than two centuries before the Reformation actually took root under Luther. Copernicus published to the world the true planetary system one whole century before Isaac Newton was born, and nearly three centuries before the Catholic church acknowledged it as the true system. Clarkson and Wilberforce, and their compeers, labored and agitated thirty years before the British nation were convinced that stealing negroes was wrong, and ought to be prohibited. About the same time has been employed in this country in sowing broadcast the seed of immediate emancipation. Perhaps our abolition friends can tell us how the season advances, and what are the signs of the harvest. Old habits and modes of thought are stubborn antagonists. Granite boulders, and ridges of flint stone, are nothing to them. As sound as we are on moral questions, in a race of diligence between a company of smart contractors to tunnel the Atlantic, and as numerous a force of lecturers bent on convincing us that it is wrong to steal the literary labors of foreign authors, the odds would be greatly in favor of putting the tunnel through first.

The state of things here, in regard to intemperance, is the growth of over two centuries. It is the natural result of our ascetic, social, and religious habits. Yet our philanthropists, without attempting to touch the cause of the evil, expect to cure it at a single blow, without escape, evasion or circumlocution. Because they have somewhere heard of imperial edicts that have dealt instant death to a certain cut of garment,

or fashion of *moustache*, in a Russian army, they forthwith sagely conclude that a cunningly contrived ukase, from the sovereign majority of an independent State, will instantly work a thorough change in the settled habits of a million of free people.

There is, however, a slight difference between the two, if they would only be persuaded to look at the philosophy of the thing. In despotic governments, a numerous, well organized, and well paid police force stands charged with the duty of seeing that each and every law is observed, good, bad and indifferent; and hence it matters little whether a law is just or unjust, popular or unpopular, the argus-eyed police are ever on the alert, and woe to the unlucky violator. With us it is entirely different. Here, we have no such organization charged with the duty of seeing to the due observance of the laws. Nor do we need any such, unless we copy after those despotisms. Our penal code, with very few exceptions, (and it is a pity that there are any,) is based upon the simple principle of natural justice. It recognizes the principle that every man has a right to use his own as he pleases, provided he so uses it as not to *injure* others. It is only when he so uses his own that he injures others, that the law comes in and punishes him. Hence it is with us that no police force, no spies, no informers are needed, since every breach of the law brings with it some one *injured party* who stands charged, both by inclination and by interest, to bring the violator to justice. And it will be found that almost all of our prosecutions for crime arise in that way, — the injured party complains.

The weak spot in all our liquor laws, the Maine

law as well as the rest, is in the despotic feature of it, which declares certain acts to be crimes without pretending that those single acts of themselves *injured* any one. They declare, for instance, a single sale of one glass of liquor to be a crime, without regard to the point whether that single sale *injured or benefited the party sold to.*

No one of those acts pretends to give the party injured, say a drunkard's family, any redress, any compensation, for the injury suffered from the liquor dealer who has done the injury. They are all enactments to prevent injury, and consequently, crime,—not to redress it and to punish it. Now, although it may sound very well to talk about making penal laws to prevent injuries and to prevent crimes, there is nothing in the world more sure than that such laws need and must have the despot's tools to enforce them. The Maine Liquor Law is, as usual with us, very verbose. Louis Napoleon would enact the same thing thus: "whereas the use of intoxicating drinks oftentimes leads to poverty, suffering, vice and crime, it is hereby decreed that the use of the same hereafter shall forever cease. The Minister of Justice is charged with carrying into effect this decree."

With his police force to stand by the decree, and his military force to stand by the police, he might perhaps enforce it. So, even in this free country, a despotic, preventive law, like the Maine law, can be enforced for a while, to wit,—just so long as the friends of the law are willing to do the work, gratuitously, that the police does in despotic governments, but no longer. And the weak point there is that you can get but few people who are willing to do that work at

all, and those only while there is a strong excitement about it. As soon as it comes down to the every day labor of life, where the informer is sure of the hatred of the accused, but not sure of any emolument or public laudation for the act, the philanthropist faints and grows weary of his task. There is scarcely a penal law on our statute books, not based on an injury done, or directly menaced, that has ever been worth a penny to the community. Men, unless they are employed to do it, will not busy themselves in accusing and punishing people for acts that do not injure themselves personally, and that they cannot see clearly have injured, or are about to injure others. Our ancestors demonstrated all that in their blue-laws. And we have now too many practical illustrations of the rule on our statute books to admit of any dispute of the substantial accuracy of the principle above laid down, that mere *preventive laws* cannot be enforced among a free people.

To frame an effectual liquor law you have only to find out what is just and equitable. If men will deal in an article that leads naturally to the ruin of families, and to vice and crime, declare them responsible, both civilly and criminally, for all the injuries that they *aid* in the slightest degree, in inflicting; on the same principle that the law now declares each one of a thousand rioters, or conspirators, liable individually, for all the injury done by the whole thousand. If Mr. Guzzle drinks at twenty shops in a given town, and finally becomes intemperate, and neglects his family, give any one or all of that family a right to complain against one or all of those who aided in doing the injury, by so much as the sale of a single

glass of liquor to him, and obtain a permanent decree for that support from them, that before they had from him. So let the town complain and get a decree for the support of the man and his family if they become chargeable upon the town.

If crime ensues, and the criminal becomes a public charge, visit the expense to the State upon those who aided, in the least, in causing it. If irresponsible parties deal in it and injure others, confine them to hard labor until they have repaired the wrongs that they have done. Besides all, let there be a penalty proportionate to every injury that the vender of intoxicating drinks has, in the slightest degree, aided in inflicting. Under such a law there would be a police force for its enforcement coextensive with the sufferers by intemperance. Every sufferer would not only be an accuser, but a *charge* upon the traffic, so that if it is true that the gains from the traffic will not repair the injuries that it does, it would soon go down like any other losing business. At all events, the law would be just, and hence could be enforced; for there is nothing more marked and sure than that juries are always ready to enforce the claims of equity and justice.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PEEP INTO THE FORECASTLE.

You will please to consider yourself on the deck of the good ship Philanthropist, prepared to take a peep into that delectable place where the sailor is boarded and lodged. You observe that hole in the deck near the bows, with a ladder stretching down therefrom into the blackness of darkness. That is the place; please to descend. Witness how admirably arranged to woo slumber. Although it is now high noon you have here all the soft obscurity of midnight. No useless panes of glass, or other modes of letting in sunshine to interrupt the dim religious light of the place, or to tempt the sailor to spend any part of his watch below in reading, writing, mending his clothes, or other such frivolities. In its architectural arrangements it is modeled after designs by Woodchuck. Reynard, too, from time immemorial, has built on the same judicious plan: the leading peculiarity of which is that all the light and air is admitted through the hole at which you enter.

Allow me now to direct your attention to the admirable arrangements of the forecastle, for feeding and lodging the crew. They are all after designs by Swineherd. The beds and bedding are all by Ship Carpenter, and consist of a pine board bunk for each of the men. The tables, chairs, table-ware and

cutlery, are by the Hingham Bucket Company, and consist of a single kid, or small pine pail for each member of the crew, as a complete and ample fit out, in which to serve up to him for the longest voyage, his morning, noon, and evening meals. The pine bunk and the pine nogging completes the entire outfit of the ship-owner for this home of the sailor on the sea. If he is provident, and brings along with him a bed to sleep upon, a cup to drink from, and a spoon and knife to eat with, it is all well. But if he is improvident, or unable to provide himself with such necessaries, he is permitted to sleep on the soft side of a board — drink his coffee and sup his soup as he can, and tear his food in native style with his teeth.

His frugal board is set, as a general thing, with salt beef and hard bread, hard bread and salt beef — just that and nothing more, morning, noon, and night, week in and week out, year in and year out. Anything and everything over and above that simple fare is looked upon by the master as a work of supererogation, for which Jack is expected to give thanks, with all meekness and humility, evermore. Where the living is tip-top, the forecastle is illumined, once or twice a week, with either beans, peas, or rice — one of them, no more — and on Sunday, Jack is expected to be made everlastingly happy if he is treated to "duff," or common minute pudding made of flour. Once a week he gets a taste of pork with his beans, and morning and night he has served to him, coffee or tea.

Perhaps you are disposed to think that all this is

necessarily incident to life on shipboard. Allow me to conduct you aft, and dispel that illusion.

You will please to observe the broad and well lighted stairway before you — that leads to the cabin — please to enter. Allow me to direct your attention to the beautiful panneling in maple and satin wood. Those corinthian columns, with capitals, richly carved and highly gilt, are also deserving your inspection. The table, you will observe, is set with the best of ware and cutlery, the beds are models of taste and neatness, and all the appointments of this highly finished and elegantly furnished abode are rich, beautiful and classic.

The favored mortals who are to enjoy this princely abode, are some other individuals whom the owners have taken to board and lodge, styled officers and passengers.

CHAPTER XXX.

JONATHAN'S REVERENCE FOR THE PAST.

No foreign country can present much of interest to the general traveller, that is not well stored with memorials of the past. Few have sufficient command of foreign languages, or time and patience, if they had, to inquire much into the present condition and institutions of the people they are visiting. They can usually only follow up and verify the records of history, by wandering over old battle fields, bending over decayed tombstones of patriots and scholars, and making more distinct and accurate their recollections, over the relics of scenes and events that have passed into history. What could money or art do for London to atone for the destruction of the Tower, or for Rome, to interest the traveller, like her obelisks, her ruins and her ancient temples? And who would not rather dwell a day only among the ruins of Thebes or of Athens, than to be presented with the freedom for life, of that great mushroom, the city of Manchester?

Jonathan has no well defined organ of veneration. He has quite a distaste for everything that smacks of age, unless it be old feuds, and old wines. With his heart brim-full of pride in everything that pertains to his past history, yet has he not one jot of veneration for any of its old memorials! Old and venerable

homesteads, hallowed by a thousand sacred recollections, go down to their graves with those who erected them, to make way for paste-board palaces, of most painful whiteness. Old battle-fields are cut up, and improved with perfect *nonchalance* under the roller. The auctioneer succeeds to the cherished library of the scholar, presentation copies and all, before the mute mourners have fairly left his remains alone with the undertaker. Significant and historical names of old localities are carelessly cast aside, like an old novel, for others more sounding and sentimental. Soon, nothing will be left us which has not been so *improved* under the plane and the paint-brush, that those old and hackneyed allusions, "ruined," "ivied," and "moss-covered," will be words wholly unintelligible to American ears. The hoary head of Mount Washington, too suggestive of age, will have to be touched up to a delicate aburn, the rough ridges of the mighty Alleghanies will have to be smoothed and terraced, while as to that uproarious big bully, Niagara Falls, it will be voted *passé* and vulgar unless it is cut into cascades, fashioned into whirlpools, and scented with rose water.

For any perversion of taste in this matter, our old Commonwealth must come in for her share of the common obloquy. It was here that the most renowned battle-field of our revolution—that told a living story to the eye of the stranger—was cut up and despoiled to help erect a column that tells him nothing. Where the field itself would have pointed out to the inquisitive traveller, "here our forces threw up their breastworks, and there the enemy advanced and were repulsed," its mouth has been closed forever. And

how have our people been improving, even upon that example, by attempting to build a heaven-high monument to Washington, while that old homestead of his, where he lived, and died, and lies entombed — where every tree, and stone, and hillock, is vocal with patriotic sentiment, was left liable for a long time to pass into the hands of speculators, perhaps to be sold under the hammer, or, perchance to be shown at a pistareen a head, as a showman shows an ape.

Each city, town and hamlet in our land should be instant in season and out of season, to preserve each and every memorial of its early history, its old forts, old breastworks, the mansion houses of its old worthies, and the resting places of its honored dead. The old Hancock House preserved by the public with pious care, and stored with the relics of revolutionary history, would be ten thousand times more interesting and instructive, and vastly more honorable, both to the dead and the living, than a monument to its patriot founder, five hundred feet high.

How many times have I strayed of a moonlight evening to our famous Dorchester Heights; rambled over those old breastworks; pictured to myself that memorable night-scene, when our fathers threw them up; fancied the dismay on shipboard when the morning's sun displayed them to the British fleet in the harbor, until the whole panorama of the scene was vivid and life-like before me. A few evenings since I took a stroll that way again, to revive those old historical reminiscences. But how was I bewildered when I had clambered the old familiar mount as before, to find every revolutionary relic gone! Astonished and chagrined beyond measure, I tried still to palliate

the sacrilege. I said to myself, "doubtless these heights were private property, and now that the venerable patriot who owned, and has so long preserved them is no more, hungry and distant heirs are parting his raiment."

But imagine my feelings, when an honest Hibernian near by scattered all my palliatives to the wind, by informing me that the thing was no private speculation "at all, at all," but that the whole was one of the *improvements* of our great and patriotic city. And how was I edified and improved as I looked around, to see with what a just sense of the beautiful and true, those old triangular, up-and-down, and every-which-way breastworks had been removed, and the whole mount wrought into a roundness and smoothness that cannot fail to cheer the heart of geometricians, and presenting a plump and well-rounded model for a brown loaf, that is well calculated to throw a baker into ecstasies.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUNT DIADAMA.

MANY years ago, in the days of my top and kite-hood, my father, being about to leave home, to be absent some considerable time, signalized the event by presenting me with a watch. It was none of your dumb watches, such as boys are generally treated to, but a veritable, outspoken, industrious little time-piece, that kept up a most tempestuous ticking day and night, and had its hands always full of work. It was when watches were not an every day commodity, and it made something of a stir in the neighborhood. The boys got excited about it and made daily pilgrimages to its shrine. The neighbors gossiped about it. Teamsters got wind of it, and drew up short, and let their cattle blow, while they consulted it. John, our man of all work, and Jim the boy, both fell dead in love with it, and became more than ever observant of the flight of time, consulting it often and thoughtfully, to see if it proclaimed any of those festival hours of the day, when the rake and the shovel might be legally laid aside for the spoon and the porringer. Amid all this adulation, however, there was one sceptic, one Mordecai, in the king's gate. Aunt Diadama refused to bow down and do reverence to the timepiece that I had set up. She not only refused to do it homage, but she was even severe

upon it, pronouncing its gold mere pinchbeck, and its time false and deceitful.

Aunt Diadama was one of your strong-minded women, who looked upon any dissent from her doctrines as downright perversity. However it might be with others, she herself claimed to be infallible. She was tall in person, and sharp in voice and outline, so that she was seen and heeded afar off. Disease and doctors fled at her approach. Bed-ridden invalids turned uneasy on their couches, as the watchword passed from mouth to mouth — "Aunt Diadama is coming," — distracted with fearful forebodings of drenchings of herb tea; while juveniles crept into corners and formed desperate resolutions of resistance to inflictions of oil and senna. Order was legibly written on every fold of her carefully plaited garment; the higher law stood out cold and stiff in her well starched muslin ruff; and reform of all abuses, and that instanter, too, seemed set severe between her thin compressed lips.

Now long before the advent of my watch, Aunt Diadama had set up a sun-dial on the window-sill, and soon my watch and her sun, (spell that latter word with a *u*, if you please, for Aunt was a maiden lady,) were at logger-heads. When my watch said "twelve pon honor," her sun would speak up and say, more likely than not, contemptuously, "no, half-past eleven," or, " wrong, just one," or something of that sort flatly contradictory. At first my watch carried the day; but I soon learned that it was all idle to pit one little feeble piece of mechanism against such a model of abstract principle, and undeviating rectitude, as the sun. Now, a neighbor would lose the coach, at the

village, by too implicit faith in my watch. And now another and another, would fail to come up to time from the same misplaced confidence. Friend after friend dropped away, until at last I myself began to distrust it, then I came to detect it, in its short comings, and at last I was forced to openly side with Aunt Diadama and denounce it. Aunt could never endure error anywhere, and much less in my watch; since towards that she had conceived a special hatred, and she was for lynching it at once.

On my mother, who was gentle and conservative, and who in the palmier days of my watch had kept aloof from either faction, now fell the whole burden of defending it. "You ought not to expect it to be perfect," mildly suggested my mother. "Then where is the use of it," inquired my Aunt, tartly, who was a religious believer in perfectability, and severe on error wherever found. "Wait awhile and see if it cannot be repaired and regulated," urged my mother mildly. "Regulated! Fiddle-de-de!" ejaculated my Aunt, sharply. Poor woman, she was thinking then of the attempt she made in her youthful days to do a little regulating herself—to wit, to regulate a young rake who was paying his addresses to her, and the reminiscence made her spiteful. "Once wrong always wrong," was her motto ever afterwards. "It will only take a week or two," pursued my mother coaxingly, who knew my Aunt's weakness. "Why not say a century and done with it," grimly responded my Aunt, who abominated all delay. She was always for having things set right at once—"now or never." "Send it to File, the jeweller," said my mother, addressing me. "No," screamed my Aunt, now thoroughly

aroused, fixing her gray eye severely upon me and gesticulating with her bony finger, "let us regulate it ourselves. Those who have the wit to detect errors are just the ones to correct them," said my Aunt, determinedly, as she took the little watch and laid it on the table for instant dissection.

Aunt Diadama, in the view of all of us, had clearly vanquished my mother. She had not only talked twice as long and much faster than my mother, but had laid all down, too, with ten times the emphasis. There was no resisting such eloquence and determination, and the work of dissection had therefore to go on. Aunt was always for probing the disease to the bottom, and hence decreed that the watch must come to pieces. And so at it we went. No jeweller could have done it with greater celerity. John and Jim were as handy as the greatest experts, and as for Aunt, to say nothing of myself, the facility with which she took part from part, and laid the whole in fragments about her, elicited unbounded applause. John declared that he should live and die in the belief that she had spent all her days making watches, so very handy was she in taking them to pieces.

It was only in the work of putting it together again that we experienced any difficulty. Though civil and polite at parting, the machinery seemed bent on never coming together again. No two pieces of it could be prevailed upon to agree for five minutes. No sooner did one wheel get affable, and consent to go into place, than another got angry, and insisted upon coming out. So soon as one thing came out of the sulks another went in. Did one screw begin to take, and work kindly, then another would hang back and grow

dogged. If one post came to a sense of duty, and concluded to stand up, it was only the signal for half a dozen others to mutiny and tumble down. If anything did go in, it went in under protest. Indeed one half that came out of the case seemed bent on never going back. At last, after days and days of puzzling over at, Aunt Diadamas' patience became exhausted. She pronounced it a cheat, and sent it off and sold it to File, the jeweller, for raw material. Afterwards, our village schoolmaster bought an admirable little time keeper at File's, looking marvellously like my little culprit, but no amount of evidence could ever convince my aunt that it was made out of the perverse materials that we parted with.

Since then I have often been reminded of my spare and spunky aunt. Anniversary week, when most of our institutions undergo their annual scrutiny and tinkering, is sure to bring her vividly to mind. I see her then in your higher law orator, who can brook no defect in anything, and is for dashing in pieces the most elaborate and cherished of human institutions that has a moat on it. I seem then to hear a gentle voice chiding him as thoughtless and irrational, and exclaiming, in the language of my mother, "You ought not to expect it to be perfect." I see Aunt Diadama, too, in your impatient orators, who seem to forget that it takes time to perfect any, even the least of God's works, much more those of man, and who are for obtaining results right off—immediately—reaping before they have fairly sown. I feel then sometimes like quizzing a little, and quietly beseeching them to grant a little time, a week or so, to change a national institution or habit, say as long as

it would take to regulate a watch. But, of all places to bring my aunt to mind life-like, give me the legislative hall. I see her there in your reformers of the intense and universal school, busied about affairs of State, knife in hand, dissecting the Constitution, pulling the Union to pieces, and taking things apart generally. I cannot help then ejaculating, mentally,—"There is Aunt Diadama regulating my watch;" and I am sorely tempted to break over the usual limits of decorum, and shout lustily from my perch in the gallery, "Hold on, there—hold on—don't start another peg. It is all very pretty pulling those things to pieces, and you may be very handy at it, but let me tell you, ten to one you never get them together again. Take warning from Aunt Diadama, and if anything goes wrong call in an expert."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ADORNMENT OF THE SANCTUARY.

Our Protestant sires abandoned to Rome three things, that, other things being equal, would be enough to give her the victory for all time to come. First of all, they yielded to her custody the only emblematic and characteristic Christian flag. Because Rome employed the cross as the sign of her faith everywhere, they refused to employ it anywhere. Because Rome misused it, they resolved to disuse it. Nothing could have been more unwise. Flags, banners and standards as signs and signals of a common purpose, are of the highest antiquity.

Then our fathers found Rome employing pictures and other appeals to the eye in religious teachings, and not only using but abusing those modes of influence, and so they yielded to her the use of them altogether. Rome ornamented her churches too much, so they refused to ornament theirs at all. Rome deified paintings and crucifixes, so they determined to scorn them. Rome made her churches too inviting, so they made theirs wholly uninviting. We all know how well they succeeded. In all creation there is nothing probably less inviting than one of our empty churches. It must be evident that in all this Rome and our fathers were about equally in error. Rome thought too much of appeals to the eye and too little

of appeals to the ear, and our fathers went to the other extreme. The true system is to employ them both and about equally. There is more religious influence in one of her sublime altar-pieces than in our pulpit upholstery; and more to stir the soul in one of our pulpit discourses, than in all her masses and mummeries. There is more to excite devotional feeling in one of her churches, adorned and illustrated with sacred history and memorials, than in one of our meeting-houses with its vast and indefinite extent of plaster. All of this is understood well enough in secular life. No one of us carries the severe simplicity of the church into any other place, unless it is into a barn or a depot.

The same Deacon Dolorus who would look with dismay upon an altar-piece in one of our churches, will fill his drawing-room with Madonnas and Holy Families, and subscribe with alacrity for "Illustrated Bibles" and "Scenes in Palestine." If we wish to make our homes enticing and agreeable, we adorn them. If we wish to preserve family recollections, we store our houses with family portraits. If any scene is peculiarly dear to us, we prize a painting or a sketch of it. All of those appeals to the eye we know heighten and strengthen our impressions. We use them on all occasions and in every place, except one. The moment we enter the church all such aids are thrown aside, as if we changed our nature the moment we entered there. Six days in the week we feel that we are mere mortals, and must use all our senses, or fail; but on the seventh, we set ourselves up for pure, disembodied spirits, ignore sight, and rely on sound altogether.

Together with our cheerless churches, comes, naturally enough, our custom of closing them on week days. The custom has neither reason nor precedent in its favor. Its origin can neither be traced to Jew nor Gentile. The Hebrews went up daily to the Temple to worship. All the Temples of old were always open. Rome in keeping her churches always open has only copied after Jerusalem. The idea of building a Temple to the Most High, and solemnly consecrating it to Him, and then quietly closing it for six-sevenths of the time against all His people, is surely a novel one, to say the least. For six days in the week there is no public altar to Jehovah — no shrine for the pilgrim to kneel at. For all practical purposes for that time the stranger might as well be among mere heathen. It ought not to surprise us that the almighty dollar takes the lead with us that it does, when we consider that it has six days the start of spiritual things. Our system of closing our churches on week days, seems to say as clearly as anything can, that religion has no claim on those days. All of that I believe is unnatural, unscriptural, and tending to the subversion of Christianity. Our system in that respect is all wrong. The reason for erecting Temples to God is to be found in that universal law of the mind that connects our thoughts by association, and claims a time and a place for all things.

The Temple is a living epistle of itself; if it is stored with illustrations and memorials of its mission, the greater is the aid it can give to the worshipper. If, in addition to that, it is in truth and fact God's house, so that the poor stranger who enters it to worship can feel that he is the guest of his Maker,

and not of some purse-proud pewholder, it is at once associated with its high office, and becomes an object of tender and sublime veneration. That distinction is legibly marked between the churches of Rome and of the Puritan. There a church is a church forever; here, until the world bids higher. There one feels an awe steal over him as he treads alone the solemn cathedral aisle, while with us he feels nothing but the cold cheerlessness of unappropriated and unadorned space. There a church seems a church, whether filled or not; here it is nothing if it is empty. There it is surmounted with the cross; here with a weather-cock. There morning and evening, its bell calls all to solemn duty; here it calls us to our meals and to our rest.

Rome at this moment is making greater encroachments on us than we are on her. With the printing press, lightning and steam engine enlisted almost entirely on our side, how few are our victories over her. In our popular education and free principles, we have the elements of universal conquest, but our advantages there are all frittered away by unnatural and antiquated prejudices. We will neither be scriptural, nor reasonable, nor avail ourselves of the light of experience if it is to pronounce that Rome is right in anything. We set ourselves against the collected sense of the world and go forth to battle without a banner. We are seeking a far country and yet resolutely set ourselves against the aids that God and nature have given us, and say, away with your maps and charts, we will have no aid from the eye. We are surrounded with watchful foes, yet we, good easy

souls, having fought the good fight on the first day of the week, deliberately lock up our entrenchments and disband for the remainder of it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HINTS ON THE ART OF LIVING.

Beware of the bounties of nature. The old-fashioned notion that they were made for man is flat heresy, and was exploded long ago. His only true and unquestioned inheritance here below are briars and thorns. Do not delude yourself with the belief that those gorgeous clouds that you see floating above you are so many fountains of water, formed there to shower down blessings, quench the thirst of the parched earth, and nourish into life little niceties for you, as many thoughtless persons suppose. They are gathered there in the heavens for quite another purpose, — to hurl thunderbolts, and terrify lonely wives and timid children. The sooner you get quit of those popular ideas the better. Be not deceived. Grapes were by no means made to strengthen and cheer the heart with their luscious juices, but to teach the first rudiments of tippling, and to treat gouty old gentlemen to a twinge now and then. The rich fruits of the earth were not ordained to invigorate the body, but to beget pains and colics. Flowers were made to fade; teeth were made to ache; and the tongue, that unruly member, was vouchsafed to man just to set people by the ears, and make them miserably unhappy.

You will be guilty of a great blunder if you attempt

to go through life looking to the right and left, spying out beauties, scenting the sweet flowers, and plucking, here and there, the ripe fruits. Toil is the great thing in life. You should bend to it, day in and day out, without an hour's cessation, laying up money for some far-off distant day, when you propose to enjoy your riches in ease and comfort, keep your carriage, take the air, cultivate the acquaintance of your wife and children, and look after the health and happiness of yourself and family. Until you are too old to enjoy anything, you have no right to idle away precious hours on mere recreations and amusements.

Do blessings flow in upon you, don't, I pray, break out into thanksgivings and rejoicings. Nothing could be more unnatural. Your first feeling should be one of distrust, lest they should turn out to be enemies in disguise, sent to tempt you from duty. Besides, how do you know but that Divine Providence has made a mistake, and sent them to you quite unconscious of your unworthiness. You should take all those things into consideration, and receive them with fear and trembling. Do not on any account, I beg of you, be tempted into a state of hopefulness. Make it a point to always look on the dark side. The truly healthy-minded man will know his own deserts, and be constantly in fear of getting them. When you spread your canvass to the breeze in the morning, do it with fearful forebodings that not a rag of it will be left standing at nightfall. If, however, to your astonishment, gentle breezes do fan your sails, and you find your bark booming along over the seas merrily, do not, I beseech of you, give way to rejoicings, but rather lean over the taffrail, and peer down into

the depths of the ocean, to discover, if you can, something to mark the disasters of those that have gone before you.

Have a care how you have anything to do with society in any of its forms. It is not good for man to be *in society*. He ought to be alone. The finest types of manhood, the world over, have been your monks and friars.

If you cannot make your house a monastery, and your children monks and nuns, do try and *see* how near you can come to it. When you do go into society, be on the watch always for something wrong. If you have friends and neighbors, have a sharp eye to their faults. Virtues are self-sustaining, and will naturally take care of themselves, but failings need looking after. In your own house adhere strictly to the same rule. Whenever you present yourself at the dinner table, always do it with a fixed resolution to take exception to every dish upon it. On going into the drawing room, open a set of books, forthwith, and note carefully the exact number of disagreeable guests in the room; it promotes gravity and circumspection. If you travel, do it with your tablets in your hand, recording as you go the annoyances you encounter.

If at any time, by any mischance, you find yourself cheerful and happy, and disposed to let yourself go, don't do it, I beseech of you. Cross yourself at once, and bethink immediately whether you have not some cause of uneasiness. Call up, if you can, some old latent grief. Are you poor, dwell upon that. If you have had losses, run them over in your mind, till the old feeling comes back again. Have you had luck,

and are you wallowing in riches, think, till it calls tears into your eyes, how many instances there are of riches taking wings. It is only babbling brooks, and silly birds, and thoughtless children, that sing away their lives. Do not you do any such thing. Be a man, look sad and wearied and disheartened, as though you knew and felt that all creation was in arms against you; and thus give the world credit for fulfilling its destiny.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FORTUNE MADE BY AN INVITATION TO TEA.

A FEW evenings since my friend Mr. Blot, the accountant, was moralizing over a cup of Souchong on the virtue of hospitality. "Why," said he, elevating his cup as if to give point to the remark, "I once knew a lad's fortune made by a mere cup of tea." "How so?" said I. "I will tell you," said he, helping himself to another cup. "You must know that I was esteemed by all the neighborhood, including my parents, as the flower of our family; so, when I had arrived at sixteen, my mother fitted me out with a new suit, clapped some change and doughnuts into one pocket, and the Bible into another, gave me a multitude of good advice, a flood of tears, and her blessing, and sent me away to Boston to seek my fortune. The companion of my adventure was a neighboring boy, who was thought quite my inferior, whose mother had placed him under my protection, given him a similar outfit, including the tears, and had added, by way of special capital, a letter of introduction from her minister to one of the good deacons of Boston.

"As luck would have it, we both secured places in the same store, and soon I fancied that I was taking the lead. Before long, however, the good deacon came in, inquiring for his boy. Oh! how I wished it

was me, when Ned was pointed out to him; and then how lonely I felt when I saw the good deacon shaking him so kindly by the hand, and then how the tears came into my eyes when I heard him saying to my companion, 'Come up and see us this evening, and get acquainted, and take a cup of tea.'

"And well the tears might flow — for that cup of tea was revolutionizing all my plans. Our master had drank down that invitation as he sat poring over his newspaper; the chief clerk had noted it down as he entered nine and carried one into the next column, and even the porter had caught it up and carried it away with his luggage on his back. Before the next morning every one in the store had it; and Ned had been set down as indorsed and of value on 'Change, while I, poor I, was looked upon as mere doubtful country security. Ned, before long, was called up and entrusted with the money to deposit, while I was ordered to clean up the lofts.

"After that, when evil influences were setting in against us, that cup of tea was always present to Ned's mind, holding him up to the level of his friends; while I, poor lone boy, was left to drift with the current, with nothing to check me but that far-off family influence at the old homestead. Besides, when he went out to see his friends of an evening, our little room seemed too tight to hold me, and so, almost of necessity, I wandered off too, but, not like him, to a social hearthstone, though I would, it seemed to me, have given worlds to have done it; but, ten to one, I strayed into the pit of some cheap theatre, or loitered in some bar room, amid smoke and fumes. In due time that cup of tea wrought out its mission, and

duly installed my companion as a member of the firm, while I was left to rejoice in a high stool, a lean salary, and the books. Since then I never meet here a country lad without thinking of the cup of tea, and feeling that if the poor boy has been sent here without good social acquaintance provided him, he is already half ruined."

Blot was evidently getting blue very fast; so, to turn the conversation, I asked him what he thought of those latest of our benevolent organizations, the "Christian Unions." "Well," said he, "if they are meant as aids to hospitality, and their down-in-town rooms are designed merely as way stations, where the brethren can find the country lads, and take them home, and introduce them to their families, they are above all praise; but if, on the other hand, they are only designed to shirk private hospitality, by providing a substitute in a public room, then they are the worst institutions imaginable."

CHAPTER XXXV.

GALLERIES OF ART.

WERE I called upon to give what has so often been attempted, without any very distinguished success, a definition of man in a single line, I should define him as "a being naturally fond of pictures." I am not aware of his having any synonym or counterpart in that particular. And then the rule is so absolute. Through all the stages of his existence he takes to pictures as naturally as the honey bee takes to flowers. It is a taste that survives all the frosts of age. No matter what the character and interest of the book, no one ever thinks of reading it, where it happens to be illustrated, until those illustrations have been examined. And the reason of it is very plain. There are none of our other senses that can fill the place of the eye. The merest dolt in Christendom would prefer to see and examine any given thing with his own eyes, than to take his information from the most eloquent lips living. We are never satisfied with the mere records of history. They only create a still stronger desire to travel, and see and observe for ourselves. And until man can be more ubiquitous than at present, he must continue to take a great part of his most satisfactory knowledge of men and things from pictures.

That natural trait in his character is better appre-

ciated on the continent of Europe than in any other part of the world. There, for ages, pictures have been in use as a favorite mode of perpetuating events, and impressing them on the minds of the people. A great picture is prized there higher than a learned work. There is no amount of money that would tempt the owner to part with a cherished work of art. And yet nearly all of their most valuable paintings are gathered into galleries of art that are free to persons of every degree. All of the most considerable cities in Europe have their collections, and some of them are of very great extent and of exceeding value. And as one good act only paves the way for another, the private collections of art on the continent are at stated periods thrown open to the public in the most unreserved manner. Indeed, all through continental Europe, if any one has anything to be seen, that he has reason to believe will give the people pleasure, whether it be works of art, or flowers, or grounds, at certain periods, he is sure to throw them open to the public.

In one sense their galleries of art may be said to be their primary schools. The people are there taught many of the great lessons of history through the medium of the eye. And it is the most natural mode, certainly, of beginning one's education. We adopt the same mode ourselves to a certain extent. The picture book, with us, with its cuts of a few familiar objects, precedes the primmer and the spelling book. But there we stop. All the higher walks of study, Columbus, DeSoto, Yorktown, Washington, and all the great events of our own and the world's history the pupil is expected to encounter in his studies long

before he meets them pictured to the eye. On the continent it is otherwise. There, the pupil, from his earliest years has before him, on canvas, from the hands of the greatest masters, for his study, nearly all of the great events of history, portrayed in the most striking manner. He comes to the study of the history of any given subject or period, with the same preparation that our pupils come to the study of the common every day matters illustrated in their picture books, or that have been passing under their eyes every day of their lives. Those galleries are, to a certain extent, pictorial histories. And the lessons there taught are so much more life-like than those obtained otherways, that it is to be doubted whether we Protestants, with the Bible in our hands, are so thoroughly imbued with many of the great truths of Scripture, as most of the worshippers of far less culture, in Catholic countries where pictures on holy subjects surround them on every side.

At all events, nothing can be more certain than that those free galleries of art in Europe fill a very important place in their popular institutions, and that they have much to do with educating the people in taste, grace and general intelligence, and that they minister largely to the happiness of the people. As mere places of recreation, where any and every one who has an hour to spare, can spend it profitably and agreeably, away from every temptation to vice and crime, they are valuable beyond all estimate.

It is to be hoped that the time will come, and that soon, too, when we shall begin the good work of founding free galleries of art in all our cities and principal places. There is no one thing that shows

the absolute poverty of ideas of our over-burthened wealthy men, than to read from day to day the catalogue of their dying bequests, they so much resemble the case of the poor Indian. He was to be granted any three things he might demand. His first wish was for "enough rum," his next for "enough tobacco," and then, after cudgeling his brains for a long time, he concluded to take for his third wish, "a little more rum." The bequests here are *education*, then Harvard College, then *education* is made residuary legatee. In some cases, the poor hard-up devisor, with a city lying at his feet, without one solitary free bathing house, without a free reading room or library, without gymnasiums, galleries of art, or conservatories, has had to give up in despair, and leave it to his executors, to be the almoners of his bounty. It does seem as though there ought to be a commission of public-spirited men to advise, in their bequeathing moments, with such unfortunates.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MY FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY IN BOSTON.

Some years ago I happened to be in Boston a stranger on Independence Day. Bright and early I was awakened by bells and guns, boys and squibs, ding-dong, bang, bawl, whiz and snap, under my window, until I supposed all creation was wide awake and up to something tremendously exciting. Every moment spent that morning at my toilet and breakfast seemed to me so much time lost, for I knew not how many acts in the great drama of the day would be passed before I reached the scene of festivities. I felt almost inclined to quarrel with the city authorities that they had given me no bill of the performance beforehand, with notice of time and place, so that I might have been in at the opening. I was then quite green of the city, barely equal to a trip to the Common by the aid of the Old South, and then working up my reckoning and setting my course by the State House.

With beating heart I made my way from the Commercial Coffee House, through Milk, to Washington street, watching sharply on the route to see that I did not pass the scene of attraction,—met people looking sad, and supposed them to be thoughtless beings who had rushed out breakfastless, and now had to leave the festivities, just in the nick of time, to satisfy the

cravings of hunger, and congratulated myself that I was good for the forenoon at least, if not for the whole day. The throng of people were evidently with me —up Washington, and through Winter streets, and so on to the Common. When I reached the Common, I breathed free, for I knew where I was, and felt certain that I must be near the scene of the grand performance. I felt a little staggered, however, as I hurried along down one mall, and through another, and up another, that the rest of the people seemed as much at a loss as myself as to the whereabouts of the show. There were so many going, and coming, and meeting, and crossing, and stopping, and looking, and all seemed so anxious that I began to feel bewildered, and wonder where on earth it was.

Several times I thought I could discover that the current of human beings — for the Common was full — was setting particularly strong in one direction, so with feverish desire to be first at the play, I would join the throng, and push on valiantly with them until I would find them turning back, or, perhaps, stopping to see a monkey go through his tricks, or to listen to "Coal-black Rose" from an organ grinder. Then I would be led off with a press in another direction, and then in another, but all ending in discomfiture, one way or another, until the forenoon was quite spent. I had circumnavigated the Common in search of the show five times; had followed a man with a plume till he disappeared from view in a big building at the north end; had made the trip to Roxbury and back in an omnibus, watching sharply both ways for the grand show, but discovering no sign of any. Once in the course of my wanderings during that

eventful forenoon, I thought I had really found the place of public rejoicing. I espied some scores of solemn-looking men, arm in arm, entering a building, and I followed on, and attempted to enter with them, when I was unceremoniously collared, and my ticket demanded. I apologized to the officer, and requested to be shown the box office, when he kindly informed me that there was nothing to be seen inside but the city fathers feeding on a corporation dinner. From him I soon learned that I had been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp all the morning; that there was really nothing going on in the city, and that the crowds of people with whom I had been scouring the streets hour by hour were mistaken people like myself, all seeking, like questing hounds, for some public festivities commemorative of Independence Day, but never finding them. Being a bit of a philosopher, I withdrew to my dinner in merry mood, determining to make a day of it, and have some fun out of it after all.

So in the afternoon I took a seat on the Common, and quietly enjoyed the scene around me. Thousands and thousands passed and repassed, all, I could clearly see, in hot pursuit of that imagined Independence entertainment. One would come along quick, eager, and excited, shoot like a rocket by me, and in an instant would be lost in the crowd. He was a new comer, fresh on the course, certain that there was something going on somewhere, and determined to be in at the death. A slight chuckle from the philosopher was all that could be awarded to him before on would come another. He had been longer on the scent, had become weary and watchful, and like a stag at bay, was ever stopping and looking

behind him, and then listening as if he thought, perchance, he might hear the sound of music and revelry borne on the breeze. Poor fellow, how well I knew what a longing there was in his sad heart for amusement on that bustling, noisy, racketing day, and yet all he was getting was, whiz — flash — snap, within an inch of his nose, and then the riotous enjoyment of a crowd of boys at his nervous discomfiture. Hardly did I have time to laugh right merrily at so sad a figure, before on would come a crowd of others in still more woful plight. Those were matrimonial pairs, followed by their young pledges; loving couples, just taking their first lessons in billing and cooing; stray rustics from the fore-plane and the scythe-snaith, all eager for amusement. Those had come on to the ground early, had pushed on eagerly in the beginning of the day, had become bewildered, and watchful, and hesitating, as the day wore, and now, wearied, disheartened and sad, with the full reality staring them in the face that there was nothing to be seen or heard, they were moping about until the time for their departure arrived.

Those latter disconsolate beings had one consolation, and only one that I could perceive. In the morning, when hope was in the ascendency, and all of us were expecting something great along momentarily, I observed that the booths were apparently getting along rather indifferently. Indeed, I rather pitied some of the poor souls waiting there for custom. But as the day waxed and waned, and as the hope of anything better went with it, my actors in the grand drama, one by one, began to file off to the booths to brace up their courage with a little some-

thing inspiring, until towards night almost all of those who passed me seemed to be about equally influenced by spleen and spirits; and the retailers seemed to be the only cheerful people extant.

Since that time every one who does anything special for the amusement of the million on Independence Day, I look upon as a patriot and a public benefactor. The day performances at the Museum on that occasion, for all patriotic and noble purposes, I regard as about equal to four Fourth of July orations; a panorama of most any part of our free country as about equal to two; and a gallery of art, a show of flowers, a regatta, or a pretty jet or fountain, as fully equal to one oration, with its usual accompaniment of cold fare thrown in.

But, after all, there are no enjoyments on holidays so safe, pleasing and elevating as those that are *social;* and the movements in favor of special provision for the social entertainment of the people on Independence Day, and particularly the young, are clearly movements in the right direction.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LUCKLESS WIGHT.

JONATHAN has always been supposed to have set up business on an exceedingly small capital, in the way of reverence for old usages and hoary-headed dogmas and customs. But there are few without their weaknesses, and Jonathan has his. In spite of all that can be said or done, Jonathan loves the old common law. He absolutely reverences its old musty maxims that come down to us in barbarous law Latin, and fairly dotes on its immemorial usages and its antiquated customs. Nay, he has even a lingering fondness for its very infirmities. He is told again and again of its old feudal origin; that it is made up of wise sayings and doings in a medley of courts extending from the dark ages to the time of the American revolution, held by all sorts of mortal men for magistrates; — that it is a compound of grave decisions in Courts Baron, held by fox-hunting lords, far more expert with a spear than a pen; Piepowder courts, held by dusty clerks of country fairs to settle disputes happening there; courts of chivalry, held by doughty knights-errant to settle points of etiquette in arms; whole swarms of ecclesiastical courts, held by grave and reverend clergymen in gowns; half a score of special courts, held by the king's stewards and other knights of the cup-

board to settle disputes in the king's household; prerogative courts, held by archbishops in lawn to distribute the estates of the dead; chancery courts, held by courtiers in bagwigs to do the same for the living (who might as well be dead, as far as ever getting any good from that court was concerned); courts of the universities, held by mousing bookworms to settle disputes among scholars; courts martial, held by fierce men in epaulettes and cockades to settle disputes in the army; and courts of admiralty, held by lordly old admirals to do the same for the navy; courts of request, held by lord mayors, courts for merchants, courts for miners, courts of star chamber, courts of appeal, and courts of peers;—tell Jonathan all that, and gently insinuate that not one in ten of all those magistrates knew as much of law as a Yankee boy at ten years of age, and that the common law is a compound of the whole of their determinations simmered over for ages, and he only whittles the faster and believes the more. Point him to the old fabric, crumbling with age, with its foundations laid in barbarism, built upon, age after age, by Celts, Picts, Scots, Saxons and Normans, to accommodate all sorts of people and institutions — serfs, vassals, lords, kings and cardinals,—and yet Jonathan clings to the old crazy, tumble-down mansion, and delights in nothing so much as to hammer about it, driving a nail here and stopping a leak there, shoring it up every time the wind blows, and fussing about it generally. Not a year passes without a whole batch of improvements upon it, so that now it is a sort of feudal castle, with its portcullis, moat, drawbridge, donjon-keep, and round tower, with a

modern *boudoir* clapped on in one place, a conservatory hung out in another, and a score of other little additions hanging to its sides in all directions, with kitchen ranges, gas fixtures, water works, and all sorts of modern inventions encircling its old dingy halls and antiquated stairways.

I once met, however, with a man who professed to have lost all reverence for the common law. He was a sharp-visaged, wiry-looking man, turned of fifty, who once had been a landed proprietor, but was then pursuing the less ennobling occupation of a peddler. His story embraced an account of some half a score of sharp lawsuits that he had had, in the course of which he had lost both his reverence for the law, and his property. As his experience seemed to illustrate quite clearly the practical workings of the legal compound that we have adopted, I jotted his story down as well as I could, as he gave it before a roaring fire at a country inn, on a winter evening, and here give it for general edification.

Luckless Wight, for that was his name, may be said to have inherited a most hearty reverence for the common law, for his father had held a five pound court, and his grandfather had written *quorum unis* after his name for time out of mind. But Wight's faith in the common law was destined some day to be shaken. It happened after this wise: Wight had purchased an estate, not the least of its attractions being that it was bounded north on the county road, east by land of Job Stiles and a bill in equity, south by land of Richard Johnson and a disputed line, and west by land of Peter Plight and a standing quarrel. Wight first

encountered his neighbor Plight alone on a back-wood lot. They first proceeded to words, from that to blows, and then from that they proceeded, by a very natural transition, to law.

COMMONWEALTH *v.* LUCKLESS WIGHT.

The battle being ended, both ran, with their wounds upon them, for justice. Wight carried his case before Mr. Justice Wiggs, and Plight went before Mr. Justice Rugg. Each in his complaint alleged that the other made the first assault. Each succeeded in obtaining a warrant for the other. Wight was taken into custody and tried first. And on his trial, Plight was the only witness in the case. No one but the two parties having been present at the time of the conflict, Plight, being sworn, had everything his own way, and testified glibly that Wight made a most savage and unprovoked assault on him, he, Plight, being then and there in the peace of the commonwealth; and Wight attempting to speak and give his version of the affray, was snubbed by the constable, and commanded "silence" in unutterable majesty by the court. And then how were a whole crowd of listeners edified, instructed, and improved, when the court explained how, in the ineffable wisdom of the criminal law, the question which of two disputants, like the said Wight and the said Plight, should be admitted to testify as a witness, entirely competent, and which should be struck speechless, as entirely and hopelessly incompetent, depended on their speed, the one arriving at the office of any given justice, and making his complaint first, being the privileged party. And His Honor then

having explained to the poor dispirited Wight, that he, being the accused in the said case, was taken and deemed to be no more nor less than an unmitigated perjurer, incapable of throwing any light on the assault and battery complained of, and hence totally incompetent as a witness, until the contrary might be established by the finding of the court, (viz., until his evidence could be of no use to himself or anybody else.) And how, on the other hand, the said Plight having outran him in the race for justice, and having made his complaint first, however great his ill-will towards him, and however interested in getting him convicted, is taken and deemed in law to be entirely reliable and veracious, and therefore a competent witness to all intents and purposes, until the contrary is otherwise clearly shown and proved, (viz., until it is too late to mend the matter one way or the other.)

And so Plight having testified to everything that made against Wight, and denied everything that made against himself, and Wight having been snubbed and put down, and the justice having heard all of one side of the case and none of the other, pronounced it an exceedingly clear case, and Wight was found guilty, and fined smartly.

After which, there being no further business before the court, a little man in black, with a very piping voice, hemmed in by a little railing in the corner of the court room, sprang to his feet and uttered in an authoritative manner — "O yes, O yes, all persons having anything to do before this honorable court will depart hence, this court being adjourned without day; God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." And the people did depart hence, forthwith, appar-

ently in the full belief that God would save the commonwealth, which, under the circumstances, was, to say the least, taking a very hopeful view of the subject.

COMMONWEALTH *v.* PETER PLIGHT.

Then came on before Mr. Justice Rugg the case of the Commonwealth against Peter Plight, for an assault and battery of Luckless Wight. And here Wight had everything *his* way, and Plight was snubbed and put down. And Wight told just how Plight assaulted him, and just when and where he struck him, and how he did it; and Plight attempting to reply and give his account of the matter, was rapped over the head by the constable, and frowned upon by the court, and commanded "silence" by both of them; and the judge thereupon gave Plight to understand, that in the criminal law, as in milling, "first come first serve," — that the complainant was in the eye of the law the friend and customer of the court, and in consideration of his bringing grist to that hopper was specially privileged, and *pro hac vice*, was taken and deemed to be entirely trustworthy, whereas the accused was for the time being taken and deemed to be no more nor less than a great rascal, who would incontinently lie, and that continually. And that hence the complainant was a competent witness in the case, and entitled to tell all he knew about it, while the accused, who, it was well enough known knew all about the case, was incompetent to give any testimony whatever.

The reason of the rule having thus been given, and the wisdom, equity, and righteousness of the law

having been duly vindicated, the court was clear that Plight had made a most unprovoked and criminal assault on Wight, and fined Plight accordingly.

So Wight having been formally and legally found guilty of making a most criminal and unprovoked assault on Plight, and Plight having been duly found guilty of having made a most criminal and unprovoked assault on Wight, and each having been duly found to have commenced the affray, and to have struck the first blow, and that, too, according to well-settled rules of evidence, and on the most uncontradicted of testimony, they both, with their friends and admirers, returned to their several homes very much edified.

LUCKLESS WIGHT *v.* PETER PLIGHT.

Those proceedings being ended to their mutual discomfiture, both parties rushed pell-mell into the nearest civil court to settle their civil rights and obtain damages for their wounded eyes and honors. So Wight sues Plight, and Plight sues Wight, each alleging that the other commenced the assault and struck the first blow. The suit Wight against Plight was called first. Wight there, as in the criminal prosecution, took the stand and attempted to tell the court and jury how the affray commenced, but when it was ascertained that he was no other than the veritable Wight that was claiming damages for the assault, the whole court were overwhelmed with horror, and Wight was threatened with commitment for contempt by the court, and was jeered at by the bar, and was hustled rudely from the stand by the constable, and

then both Plight and Wight are made to understand that the common law deems it the surest way to search out truth to exclude the testimony of the parties to the suit who are supposed to know all about the transaction, and wisely set them to prove their case by others, who are supposed, if they are no meddlers and mind their own business, to know nothing about it.

So Wight calls all of his friends, and as they saw nothing of the affray, they can only tell what Plight admitted about it, and then Plight calls all of his friends, and they testify what Wight had admitted about it. When all that had been done and was ended, the court charged the jury, and instructed them that the burden was on Wight to show that Plight commenced the affray, and that if they were left in doubt on that point they must find for Plight; and the jury having been left in great doubt on that point, and for a very good reason, as no one had been allowed to testify who knew anything about it, they find Plight "not guilty," and so Wight is mulct in costs.

PETER PLIGHT *v.* LUCKLESS WIGHT.

Then Peter Plight against Luckless Wight is called, and there the burden is on Plight to satisfy the jury that Wight commenced the assault; and his witnesses throw no light on it, and the Judge charges that if they are left in doubt of Wight's guilt, then he must be acquitted; so the jury find Wight too "not guilty" of the assault, and so both are acquitted of it, and go home with their black eyes, sadly perplexed as to where they got them.

Now when Luckless Wight had seen how he, Wight, had been found guilty of commencing the assault on Plight before one tribunal, and how Plight had been found guilty of commencing the assault on him, Wight, before another tribunal, and how each of them had been entirely acquitted and exhonerated of all charge of having commenced any such assault before another tribunal, and had seen how formally and methodically and scientifically it had all been done, he was fain to confess that the ways of law as well as of Providence are strangely mysterious. But like all other mysteries it only baffled Wight to lead him on.

RICHARD JOHNSON *v.* LUCKLESS WIGHT.

It never rains but it pours; and so thought Luckless Wight when he had returned from court, discomfited and forlorn, and found a very polite, yet still a very importunate note, from the justices of the County Court, addressed to him "greeting," wherein he was very coolly, yet very decidedly, requested to appear before them and answer to the suit of one Richard Johnson, who demanded one rod more or less of his, Wight's, land. That missive needed no very learned interpreter. Johnson had long before laid claim to a hand's breath and better, of Wight's land, for an indefinite extent, alleging that a former owner of Wight's estate, one Jonathan Slow, had years before moved the division fence between their lands over on to his, Johnson's, land, so as to take in one rod, at least, of his land. Now Jonathan Slow, full of years, had long since slept

with his fathers, and his two sons had sold their patrimony and departed. So Wight lost no time in seeking them out, and taking their testimony; and they, nothing loth, testified that they were born and bred on the estate, and knew the division line well, and that there had not been any such removal, and how they knew it and all about it, so that Wight was quite elated, and saw in his mind's eye the crafty Johnson ignominiously beaten, and returning from court crestfallen and discomfited, and himself triumphant, the idol and admiration of the crowd.

Afterwards when the friends of Wight were perplexed with doubt about the issue of the case, because Johnson represented that one Edward Bunker had seen the whole thing when it was done, and knew all about it, and intimated as much as that he himself was not far off at the time, Wight expounded the law to them; how Bunker had since that time been convicted of burglary, and was then tight and strong in prison, and so was counted infamous and unworthy of belief; and how Richard Johnson, being a party to the suit, was counted, for that reason, infamous also, and unworthy of belief, and so neither of them could testify; Wight's friends were perplexed no longer, but were straightway moved with wonder at the singular moral effect of litigation in thus bringing the convict and the suitor at once upon a level.

Shortly after came on the trial of Johnson against Wight. Johnson's lawyer opened his side of the case, and called for his witness Mr. Edward Bunker. And how was poor Wight amazed when forth stepped the identical Bunker, looking very pale and very conscious that everybody was staring at him, and took

the stand: and how was Wight tempted to ejaculate "we have you there," when his lawyer objected to Bunker as a witness on the ground that he had been convicted of felony; and how was Mr. Wight elated when the court nodded assent to that; and then how was he as suddenly depressed, when Bunker produced a pardon from the Governor; and Johnson's lawyer having rubbed his hands, and said he *believed* that that little instrument restored Mr. Bunker, and made his testimony competent, the court nodded assent to *that*, and ordered him sworn.

And how were all lovers of truth and justice edified and improved while Mr. Bunker testified to everything that made for Johnson, and was quite oblivious and forgetful on all points that made for Wight, and recollected all about the fence having been removed, and made a clear case for Johnson, and left no case at all for Wight, and retired from the stand very red in his face, and very much excited.

Then came Wight's turn. He having offered the depositions of the Slows, Johnson objected, and Wight demanding why, Johnson replied they were interested and Wight demanding how, Johnson replied that Jonathan Slow sold the estate to Higgins, warranting the title, and Higgins sold to Brown, and Brown to Wight, and so said Jonathan's heirs were liable to Wight for any failure of title, and the court nodded to Johnson, and said clearly the Slows were interested and therefore incompetent witnesses: and Wight's lawyer read from the deposition to show that the Slows testified under the belief that they were *not* interested; and further, that the land in dispute was of no value; but the court ruled all that out

as irrelevant, and laid down the law on a solid basis, that an interest of one penny in the event of a suit as effectually disqualified a witness, as an interest of millions, and that, too, though he might not know or believe that he *was* interested.

The testimony of the Slows being excluded, and there being no further testimony, and the court having instructed the jury that if they believed Bunker, then Johnson had made out his case, and that they must believe Bunker unless there was some substantial reason for disbelieving him, and that the fact that he had been convicted of an infamous crime, was no reason at all for disbelieving him, the jury deliberated, and considering themselves bound *legally* to believe what they *did not* believe, returned a verdict for Johnson, and found that the division fence *had been moved.*

STATE *v.* BUNKER.

Now when Wight was disheartened, and would have returned home cast down, he was comforted exceedingly by his attorney, when he informed him, Wight, that he had lost nothing, but that he had his claim over against the Slows for all his damages, on their father's warranty of the title, and that by bringing his suit against them he shut out their testimony, and left him to prove his case as Johnson did his by Bunker.

So Wight sues the Slows and lays his damages at two hundred dollars. While that suit is pending, the Slows having taken counsel, complain of Bunker for perjury, alleging that he swore falsely in testifying

that the division fence had been moved, and get him indicted, and on the trial, Bunker is not allowed to tell the jury *anything* about the fact whether the fence *had* been moved, and both the Slows, though acknowledged to be deeply interested in getting him convicted and thus shutting out his testimony in Wight's suit against them, are allowed to tell the jury *all* they know about it, and no further testimony being produced, the court having instructed the jury that if they believed the testimony of the Slows, then the fence had not been moved, and so Bunker had sworn falsely, and that they must believe the Slows unless they found some substantial reason for disbelieving them, and that the fact that they were interested in the event of the suit was not of itself any reason in law for throwing out their testimony, the jury found Bunker guilty, and so found that the division fence had *not* been moved, and Bunker was once more sentenced to prison.

LUCKLESS WIGHT *v.* SLOW *et al.*

Then came on the case of Wight against the Slows, and Bunker having been convicted and sentenced, the court ruled out his testimony, and the Slows being parties to the suit, their testimony was excluded, and thus the only three witnesses who by general consent knew anything about it, being declared incompetent to testify in the case, Wight was driven to the wall, and was obliged amid much merriment to become nonsuit, and retire ingloriously from the field without striking a blow, and besides had to pay the Slows their costs.

Now when Luckless Wight had taken this his second lesson in the rules of evidence, and had seen how before one tribunal it had been found that the division fence *had* been moved, and how before another tribunal it had been found that it had *not* been moved, and how before a third it was impossible to find out anything about it; and how at each trial there were three witnesses who professed to know all the facts about it, and how on the first trial Bunker was admitted to tell the jury all he knew about it, and both the Slows were not allowed to tell the jury *anything* that *they* knew about it, (being found interested to the value of a pistareen, though they did not know it;) and how on the second trial of the same fact, Bunker was not allowed to tell *anything* that *he* knew about it, and the Slows (though admitted to be deeply interested in the event of the suit, and very conscious of it, too,) were allowed to tell *all they* knew about it; and how on the third trial neither of the three were allowed to tell anything that they knew about it. Luckless Wight was lost in astonishment. He even felt his idolatry for the blind goddess giving way, and a lingering suspicion creeping into his mind that that bandage was not all right, and that Madam was inclined to administer Justice a little *too blind* sometimes.

STILES *v.* WIGHT.

When our fellow traveller, the unfortunate Luckless Wight, had thus far brought his narrative of legal mishaps to a close, he sat puffing away at an old tobacco pipe, mute, and apparently moody, for some

time. It was a blustering night without, and as the rain drummed against the windows and the wind sighed around the house and rushed down the chimney, some half dozen of us had gathered the closer around the fire, and listened the more attentively. The speaker had evidently enlisted the attention and sympathies of our circle not a little. One of the number, a very seedy-looking gentleman, with a quick and restless eye, and an interrogative turn to his nose, had shifted his position with a sudden jerk, like a puppet in a play, at every turn in the narrative, and had come in with an earnest "well," so inquiringly whenever Wight seemed to flag in his story, that he evidently was taking our friend over a longer road than he was intending. The pause seemed to add to the frequency and violence of our inquisitive companion's contractions, till, after several ineffectual attempts of his to awaken Wight's attention by administering gentle stirs to the fire, and getting off, now and then, little inquisitive coughs, he ventured to come to the point, and so addressed him with the inquiry, "Well, Mr. Wight, what became of the bill in equity?" Wight, being thus appealed to, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, returned it safely to his vest pocket, and continued his narrative.

As I have before intimated, I am not able to give the narrative in Mr. Wight's own words. Indeed, he was often quite digressive. Seeing us remark his careful mode of disposing of his pipe, Wight took up his story at that point. It seems that he had gone home from his last defeat quite chop-fallen, yet very stubborn, and resolved on having justice, cost what it might; had taken his accustomed pipe, returned it to

its familiar depository, and had thrown himself on a couch for a little repose, when on a sudden he awoke with a fearful burning sensation in his left side. Wight recollected that there was a contagious and fatal disorder then prevalent, and that that was the premonitory symptom, and Wight's heart died within him. Instantly all his misdeeds passed in review before him, like a seven-mile mirror, but not half so attractive, and Wight shuddered, particularly when along came in solemn files, all bound in red tape and nicely labelled, the papers in "Stiles and Wight in equity." As Stiles and he were brethren and disciples in the same fold, Wight's heart smote him for continuing the strife; so Wight, though no papist, made a solemn vow, that if his life was spared, he would yield to Stiles all he claimed, which was about half of his, Wight's estate. Wight having done that, groaned audibly and called for help; and help arriving, it is soon discovered that Wight's pipe had set his pocket on fire, which being speedily extinguished, Wight is pronounced out of danger. True, however, to his vow, made *in extremis*, Wight lost no time in waiting on his brother Stiles, and freely offering to yield to him all in dispute, and both lost no time in going to the conveyancers to have the papers drawn.

Now when Wight and Stiles had explained to Mr. Square the terms of the compromise, and that Stiles was to have one-half of the Wight estate, and Wight had seen how minutely he entered into the matter, and how clearly he understood it, and how many papers he handled over to get the right one, and how many books he examined, and how cautious he was in dotting his i's and crossing his t's, and how he drew

red lines through all the blank spaces, so that no naughty man could interpolate, and how he tied up his papers with red tape, and confined their ends with wax and affixed Wight's seal, and took Wight's acknowledgment, and looked sharp at him, too, when he did take it, as though he would know whether it was his "free act" or whether he was only shamming, Wight was filled with admiration for the little conveyancer, and felt grieved that he had not known him sooner. So Wight placed implicit reliance in Mr. Square, and signed any and all papers that he told him to sign, and Mr. Stiles having signed any and all papers that he told *him* to sign, both parties went home with their pockets very full of papers and very happy.

Very soon, however, it got noised abroad that Luckless Wight had conveyed his whole estate to Job Stiles; and that coming to the ear of Luckless Wight, he becomes very wroth, and contradicts it very indignantly, and very emphatically, but all to no purpose, for the Paul Pry of Twinkleton had inspected the record and knew all about it; and so the dispute running high, Luckless examines for himself, and turns pale with affiright when he finds that it is even so. No time is lost in conveying that intelligence to Mr. Square, who derides the whole story as "fabulous, entirely fabulous;" and the bottles of red ink, and the box of red tape, and the stick of wax, and the little taper to melt it with, and the huge shears with jaws distended like a grim mastiff, all concur, and seem to be joining Mr. Square in full chorus, and saying very audibly and very decidedly, "fabulous, entirely fabulous!" Yet so it was, and Mr. Square

having inspected the deed for nineteen successive times, and refused each time to believe his own eyes, broke completely down on the twentieth, and admitted that for once he had fallen into an error, had taken the boundaries from the wrong deed, and conveyed to Stiles the whole estate of Wight, when he intended to convey him only *one half*.

So Mr. Square makes haste to call on Mr. Stiles, and in the most bland and conciliatory manner acquaints him with the trifling error that he has fallen into, and requests Mr. Stiles to allow him to correct it. Now, Mr. Stiles was a man of few words, and many lawsuits; so when Mr. Stiles had heard Mr. Square through, and had apparently feebly comprehended the fact that the individual addressing him was a reality, Stiles took a general survey of the heavens, and then a particular one of a little bantam weather-cock on his barn, and having apparently settled the great point that was laboring in his mind, expressed the opinion that there was a storm brewing, and that he, Mr. Square, had better make haste home and attend to his own business or he might catch it, and so wished him a very good morning. Mr. Stiles was clearly right in his opinion, for a storm was brewing, and did break over Twinkleton in no time after Mr. Square had reported progress.

The whole town declared for Wight. The little conveyancer was elevated to the post of a first-rate hero forthwith, and delegations of citizens were for days and days constantly arriving at his dusty little office to gain reliable intelligence about it, and departing from it richly laden with food for gossip; while the children flattened their noses against his windows,

vainly trying to catch a glimpse of his tape and scissors. Wight against Stiles was tried, and decided over and over again, and always with one result. At the corners of the streets, in the village bar-room, by the wayside, and at the sewing-circle, whenever and wherever Wight and Stiles came up, victory declared for Wight. It was a clear case of mistake. Mr. Square said so, and he was above suspicion. Besides, in a suit to correct this mistake, Wight and Stiles would be not only both interested in the event of the suit, but would also both be parties to it, so on both these grounds would clearly be incompetent witnesses. All that was as clear as day to everybody, for they had all been profoundly impressed with those two truths in the great cases of Plight and Wight, Wight and Plight, and Johnson and Wight. So having settled that neither Wight nor Stiles could testify in this case, and that *Mr. Square* could, and that he knew all about it, and no one would dare to doubt his word, Wight was declared victor by acclamation, and all that remained was for the court to record the verdict.

LUCKLESS WIGHT *v.* STILES.

So Wight rushes in hot haste to law. But how is he startled when he finds that all his previous lessons in the rules of evidence fail him here; and that whereas in his previous suit, the court absolutely forbade his telling the court and jury anything that he knew about the case, one way or the other, now the court absolutely forbade his coming into court at all with his case, unless he would first sit down and tell

the court fully and particularly, not only all he *knew* about the case, but all he *believed* about it; and then again, how is Luckless astounded when he learns that Stiles, yes, the veritable Stiles, who is striving to cheat him out of his land, is not only privileged to come into court, and tell all he *knows* and all he *believes* about the case, but is absolutely commanded to do so. So Wight brings his bill in equity, alleging the terms of the compromise to be one-half of his estate; that he and Stiles so understood it, and so stated it to Mr. Square, yet that the latter, by mistake, wrote the conveyance for the whole estate; and praying that the said Stiles answer the same, all and singular, under oath. And said Stiles did answer the same, all and singular, and made clean work of it too, and everything that Luckless had sworn to, Stiles denied, and so they joined issue. Then came on the trial, and Mr. Square being sworn, corroborated everything that Wight said, and flatly contradicted all that Stiles said, and Wight once more seemed to mere mortals to be getting on quite swimmingly. But how was Luckless Wight, and all of Luckless Wight's friends, astounded, when, the case being ended, the court summed up, and having found that all that Wight had alleged in *his bill*, Stiles had denied in *his answer*, laid down the law as undeniable, that in equity, nothing short of the testimony of two witnesses is deemed sufficient to establish any fact alleged by the complainant, and denied by the respondent; and as in this case there was only one witness to control the testimony of Stiles, so it was clear that Wight had not made out that there had been any mistake in the matter, and Wight's bill was dismissed, and he was mulct in costs.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Now, when that result was made known at Twinkleton, there arose great commotion in the church of which Wight and Stiles were bright and shining lights, and on Wight's complaint being made, they forthwith meet in solemn conclave, and then and there have Stiles before them, and proceed to retry the question whether or not Wight had by mistake conveyed to Stiles more than he intended to do, and whether Stiles in good conscience ought to reconvey it. But there arose among them a great controversy, one party declaring for the rule prevailing in criminal tribunals, excluding the testimony of accused parties and so hoping to exclude the testimony of Stiles: and another party declaring for the rule prevailing in civil cases, excluding the testimony of interested parties, and so hoping to exclude the testimony of both Wight and Stiles.

Another party, headed by the tallow chandler, repudiated the doctrines of both of those parties, and declared for admitting the testimony of any and every one that could throw any light on the question; and most of the members being mere mortal men, and no lawyers, and quite devoid of science in the matter, and wholly unsophisticated, took sides with the tallow chandler, and declared for light, and so light being let on in all directions, Stiles told his story, and that was put in one scale, and Wight told his story, and that was put in another scale, and then Mr. Square told his story, and that being all on one side, and that being Wight's side, was put in Wight's scale, and so Wight's scale came down with a bounce, and Stiles's

scale kicked the beam, and Stiles was found guilty. So the church found that there was a mistake, and that Stiles ought to have corrected it.

Mr. Wight having paused there and taken out his pipe, our seedy friend, who had been silently expanding under the genial influence of the ecclesiastical trial, came together again with a snap like a double-bladed knife, and said, "Well, did it end there?" "No," says Wight, applying a coal of fire to his pipe, and taking a whiff or two to make sure that it was alight, "the court proceeded to eject me from my home because Stiles claimed it rightfully, and the church proceeded to expel him from church, because he claimed it wrongfully." "But," said our inquisitive friend, "had n't you an action over against Mr. Square for damage, for not doing his work properly?" "Well," says Wight, "yes, I might have had an action against him, but in that case neither Mr. Square nor I could have testified, and Stiles would have been the only witness, and he would have been against me, so I thought it best to let him alone. I believe, however, there was a small crop of slander suits grew out of the transaction."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MONT DE PIETE.

A WEEK or two ago, happening to be in New York with a few hours to spare, I fulfilled a long neglected engagement and called on my friend Mr. Bender. I had long been promising myself the pleasure to see and study his mode of employing his leisure hours and spare capital in loaning to the needy. It was a cold, blustering day in the early part of March. I found him in a plain but commodious building, on a narrow street near Broadway. When I arrived, there were several handcart-men, with their carts in front of the premises; some taking away, and some delivering goods, of one kind and another. On entering the hall, I observed a dozen or more of men, women and children, on either side of the door, seated on benches, apparently waiting to be served. A very civil official stepped forward, and having learned my business, conducted me to the proprietor at once. The ceremony of salutation over, I took my seat in the office, to await my friend's disengagement. While waiting, my attention was drawn to an aged woman, who presented to one of the clerks on my right, a small but very well-executed painting of a full-rigged ship in a storm. "My son," said she, "is at sea and will return soon. I expect him now every day. I desire, very much, to get some money on this until he

returns. It is a great favorite of his, and I know he will redeem it." The clerk inspected the picture, marked something on a card and passed it to another clerk, who after a time gave her a card and some money, and she went away, apparently very much less burdened with sorrow than when she came. After her, came a woman with a bundle of summer clothes. She looked sad and anxious, as though laboring under some affliction; but when her little bundle had been examined and passed along, and it had finally ended in her being presented with some money and a ticket, I could discover a gleam of sad joy illuminate her careworn countenance, as though some darling hopes were now about to be realized.

By that time my friend had joined me and was explaining what I had seen. "That young woman with the clothing," said he, "has a sick child. The little earnings of herself and husband have been just barely sufficient to meet the wants of the family, under ordinary circumstances. She has now made up a bundle of clothing that she will not want for several months, and on that I have loaned her sufficient to supply many little wants for her sick child." "That clerk," said he, "to whom she presented the articles in the first instance, is my appraiser. He has now arrived at such skill in the business, that any given lot of articles will sell on an average, at auction, within one mill on a dollar of his estimate." "I lend," said he, "to two-thirds the amount of his appraisement, where the owner desires it. When he has appraised the articles offered by any given person, he puts the name of the person and the name of each article, with its value, on a card,

and passes it to the next clerk. The latter records in his book, the name of the owner, (with the maiden name of the owner's mother,) the name of each article, its appraised value, the number of the package, and the amount loaned on the same. A card is then given the owner, inscribed with all of those facts, (except the mother's name.) That fact is reserved as a secret, to detect any impostor who may purloin the ticket. The ticket also contains the terms of the loan, viz., that it is at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month, that the goods may be redeemed at any time; but that if not redeemed within one year, they are to be sold at auction, and that the surplus, after paying loan, interest and expenses, will be kept one year for the owner. If not claimed in that time, it reverts to the lender, to be used in charity."

Just then, on the opposite side of the office, a ticket was presented to a clerk by two persons, apparently husband and wife, for the purpose of redeeming something of theirs then on pledge. The clerk having observed the number, announced it to some one above through a speaking tube, and soon after it was sent down and landed at his side by machinery. "Loan four dollars," said the clerk; "interest for two months, twelve cents; whole, four dollars and twelve cents." While the man was engaged paying the money, the woman, I observed, hurriedly opened the bundle, and with tears in her eyes touched each piece, as she handled them over, to her lips. The articles were, a little velvet cap, an embroidered jacket, a very diminutive pair of pants, and a pair of little boots. All at once I saw a hurried action of hers, as if of alarm. A quick word was said to the man, and

then the little cap, the jacket, and the little pants, one by one, were handled over quick and inquiringly. Her hands were run nervously into pocket after pocket. It was clear something was missing. At length the shoes were thought of, search was made in them, and out of one of them were drawn two cunning little stockings. The mother, (for it was now certain those were remembrances of a once darling boy, now no more,) having kissed the little truants again and again, tied them up carefully, and both departed, conversing in a low tone, and looking pleased and happy, as though a great load was now off their minds. After them came a young woman, with a ticket, and redeemed some jewelry. Among other things, I observed a plain gold ring and a pencil-case. "That woman," said my friend, "has carried her husband twice before this through rheumatic attacks, that incapacitated him for work, by pledging her jewelry. Each succeeding time she has brought a greater number of pieces; so that we are convinced that they now take care to put any little sum that they can spare into something that can be of service in case of necessity."

Mr. Bender, knowing that my time was limited, then rose and led the way to the hall above. There, I observed was an office that embraced the greater part of the whole room, and that on its walls were compartments, in which were tools and implements of all kinds. "What you have seen below," said he, "is my *Mont de Piete*, or Bank of Charity, after the mode of the banks of that name so universally in use all over Continental Europe. My object is to make my loans to the poor at such a rate that my

money will yield me the legal rate of interest, and no more, after paying all expenses. I have found that one and one-half per cent. per month now yields me something more than legal interest; and soon I hope to see my way clear to abate it one-third. No charge, in any case, is made for storage or any other expense on the article pledged, unless it is abandoned and has to be sold. I am satisfied that it is one of the best of charities.

"You would be astonished," continued he, "to see how the needy prize such an accommodation, and how true they are to their engagements. It is very seldom that anything deposited by the really poor is abandoned. Most of the abandonments are by persons who are spendthrifts, and who would seldom get such accommodations were their real characters known. The little keepsakes of the poor are as dear to them as the family portraits of the more opulent classes.

"This room," said Mr. Bender, "I call my 'Industrial Loan Office.' These compartments around the room are filled each with tools fitted to some one particular calling."

While he was speaking, an aged but intelligent-looking man applied for the loan of a woodsaw, woodhorse and axe; and soon after, a pale, sickly-looking woman applied for the loan of a sewing machine. Mr. B. seemed to be well acquainted with both of them, and told me in an undertone that the man had seen better days, but was now poor, and dependent on jobbing of any and every kind for a living. "He is industrious," said Mr. B., "and always ready to work, and does a job offer, requiring tools, he comes here,

obtains the tools, and does the job. Sometimes he comes for one tool, sometimes for another. To-day you see it is a wood-sawyer's implements; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be a handcart, or a box of carpenter's tools."

"And how about the woman?" said I; for her pale face had interested me in her behalf.

"That woman," said he, "represents a class. She, as you will readily suppose, is a needle-woman. She works in private families, and generally with her own needle. But it often happens that a certain piece of work is suited to a machine; then she applies here, and I loan her the particular machine her work requires. There are thousands in this city, like her, who are not able to own a machine, and if they were, no one machine would be suited to the various wants of their work. I am their capitalist, and loan them the tools with which they may earn their living, as the ship owner loans his ship to the merchant, or the railroad company loans his cars to the producer. I endeavor, in order to make it a permanent business, to make it remunerative, and thus far it has proved so."

While he had been thus explaining, a man, apparently in middle life, came in, and addressing the clerk, said that he had obtained the job to set some glass that had just been broken by accident in a neighboring building; and soon after he went out with a full equipment of tools, putty and glass to do the job.

"That man," said Mr. B., "is a day laborer for a painter, who employs him during the busy season. This season of the year finds him out of employ, and without tools of his own or the means to get either stock or tools to do even the most insignificant of

jobs. Now, however, with the facilities I afford, he picks up little jobs in one way and another, to eke out quite a living for himself and his family. Yesterday he had a pot of paint and a brush. To-morrow, perhaps, he will want a little varnish. In that way hundreds get employment who would otherwise be idle."

Mr. B. was going on to give me further details of his doings, but my time for departure had arrived, and I bade him farewell; not, however, until I had expressed to him my conviction that the work he was engaged in was one of the worthiest that could engage the attention of man.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BEST TEMPERANCE AGENT.

THE best temperance movement is that now agitated in England, to reduce the duties on wines. An agent of the government has lately returned from a visit to the wine-producing districts on the continent, and reports favorably. He found the inhabitants of those districts using wine freely and yet temperately, as a beverage. He saw no traces of intemperance, such as is general in England. The truth is, the creation of the vine was no blunder, as many very sage people seem to suppose, but one of the best gifts of God to man. The inhabitants of wine-producing countries are always temperate. All history affirms that Spain, which furnishes so much wine for export, has a population proverbially temperate. So has France, which makes annually nine hundred millions of gallons of wine; and so has that whole belt of country devoted to the culture of the vine, beginning in upper Italy and extending through Austria to Hungary. Indeed, the use of wines seldom leads to intemperance anywhere. It does not in this country, nor in England. Nor does the use of wines naturally foster an appetite, as many suppose, for distilled liquors. The properties of the former are so different from the latter, that persons who have a relish for the one seldom care much for the other. In a word, to

those who believe that the world was made a trifle more skilfully than they could have made it themselves, it ought to be argument enough for the free introduction of wines, that their production from the grape is as simple and natural as flour from the wheat, that they were as evidently made for the free use of man as the grain was, and that all history attests that those who have enjoyed the use of wines the most freely, have been the most temperate.

I look upon Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati — the pioneer in this country in the cultivation of the vine — as at the head of the temperance movement. The success of the vine-growers in the West is the most encouraging of all that is now doing for the promotion of temperance. What is wanted in this country more than anything else now, is pure wines, and cheap. A strong petition should go into Congress for an act repealing all duties on wines. If Congress would do that, and go one step farther and declare all who adulterated wines no better than poisoners and murderers, and order them hanged, the whole thing would be complete. We can be as temperate as are the Spanish, French, Italians or Germans, only tempt us away from the still with something as attractive as they have. Intemperance is now fed from too many rills of habit and interest, to be impeded for any great length of time with all your dams and mud embankments in the shape of laws and lectures, while, like any other current, it may be quietly diverted from its course into other and better, and perhaps into fertilizing channels. Rely upon it, the creation of the vine was no blunder, and that the best agency to employ against the still is the *press*.

CHAPTER XL.

PHILANTHROPY.

In the course of a quiet ramble around the Mall, a few evenings since, I encountered Colonel Lander, from the South, whose hospitalities I had enjoyed some years before, and whom I immediately recognized and saluted. In a few moments we were pursuing our promenade together, discussing the few personal topics that laid between us. Very soon the Colonel fell to canvassing the merits of our famous city, and fairly amazed me by declaring that, when I accosted him, he was revolving in his mind whether he should turn aside and fire a church, or rob a dwelling-house. At first I thought the Colonel must have lost his wits; but remembering him to have been quite a wag, when I last knew him, I put a good face on it, and replied: "Well, Colonel, what is in the wind now? Some tart criticism on our peculiar institutions, I will warrant."

"You shall see," said the Colonel. "You must know that I have just spent my first day in Boston. I sallied forth this morning determined to make a day of it among the Courts. After threading a dozen, more or less, of your most perplexingly crooked streets, and inquiring at as many corners, I was at last shown the Court House, a building that I had passed several times before, each time supposing it to be a substantial specimen of your famous cotton mills,

and each time really fancying — the illusion was so complete — that I could hear the peculiar buzz of the spinning jenny.

"I followed a stream of people into a small room, about the size of an ordinary country kitchen, packed almost to suffocation with human beings. At first I supposed it was some popular outbreak. A very civil official, however, who was employed packing the men closer, so as to admit another individual, soon informed me that the little man pinned up against the wall was a judge; that the functionary on a stool before him was the clerk; that the mob of well-dressed gentlemen standing in solid mass around them were attorneys; that the balance in the rear were witnesses and suitors; and that the whole was no caucus or popular commotion at all, but a court of law, for the trial and determination of civil suits under one hundred dollars. The announcement was calculated to make me catch my breath, but that was out of the question there, so I withdrew into the passage way, and took a long breath there at my leisure.

"Admonished by my ill success so far, I concluded to wait in the passage-way and observe. Soon I perceived that a mysterious little tap on a certain door seemed to command admittance, so I gave the sign, and it was followed with a 'click' within, and then I was admitted. I was ushered into what I took at first to be a small, but well-patronized bar-room. Very soon, however, I was undeceived; for what I took to be a 'bar' turned out to be a 'bench,' and the little pen in front, which I took to be filled with jolly customers, was crowded in fact with six respectable attorneys; while all the rest of the crowd I soon

learned were mere culprits. It was a hard place to live in, but quite an improvement on the civil courts; so I took courage and accosted a very civil official that I found near me, and ventured to expostulate with him for taking rogues into such an unwholesome atmosphere. 'Oh, bless your soul!' said the official, 'these are no rogues at all — mere street smokers, uncollared-dog-owners, and such like persons, of no account any way. Treat genuine rogues in this way! — no, I guess not! Just look into our Municipal Court and prisons, if you want to see that we know what is due to gentlemen. Let me tell you,' said the official, looking very stern and speaking very decided, and emphasizing all the time with a very huge key, 'let me tell you, that there is not so clever a place for rogues who are rogues, as this very city, — mind that!'—and the official walked away, looking over his shoulder at me, with the air of a man who had vanquished his adversary.

"By this time my curiosity was getting aroused. So, mounting to the Criminal Court, and there finding a noted rogue on trial, and ceilings lofty, and ventilation cared for, and everything quite genteel, I began to speculate on the probable aspect of the Jail and State Prison; for, thought I, if to be merely suspected of great crimes entitles one to so much better accommodations than ordinary citizens have, what must they do for those rogues whose guilt is once thoroughly established?

"So off I hastened for the New Jail; and how was I delighted as I walked around and around it, and admired its architectural elegance. And then how isolated and airy its position, and how like to that of

a baronial castle, the lodge; and what ideas of the noble and the massive you get as you ascend those immense granite steps, and enter those ponderous doors; and how are you enraptured as you are admitted into the grand vestibule of the prison, so broad and lofty, almost rivalling the dome of St. Peter's; and then how soft and summer-like the air, and how spacious and even elegant the cells, and how commodious and beautiful everything about it! 'Fine accommodations, these,' said I to the official. 'Yes,' said he, 'we don't give in to anybody hereabouts, for genteel quarters.'

"It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The thought had struck me, that the way of the transgressor, instead of being hard, was getting decidedly easy and quite agreeable withal. I rushed out into the open air, determined to take the first train away, to avoid all chance of accident, but, alas! I was too late. Tell me, what shall I do? for I feel that I am not safe here a moment, among such a good people."

Poor Lander! I saw how it was, immediately. He was a mere novice in the science of philanthropy. To save the Colonel from all risk I took him home with me, and am happy to announce that I succeeded in getting him off betimes the next morning, with his honor, I believe, untarnished.

N. B. Betty persists in saying that there is one spoon missing; but when was there ever known a house where one spoon was not missing?

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. BLOT'S ACCOUNT CURRENT.

Conversing the other day with my friend Ben Blot, the retired accountant, I was amused to see how Blot brought the lore of the counting-room into use in his vocabulary. As we made our way along the mall, bowing to the right and left, I remarked to Blot that he seemed to be on marvellously good terms with our fellow pedestrians. "Yes," said Blot, "I manage to keep something to my credit with the most of them."

Then, pursuing the subject, Blot explained to me his theory of life. "I find," said Blot, "that there is no such thing as laying up anything in the way of happiness, without keeping yourself busy. And even then you may do a losing business, and get short, if you are not careful what you busy yourself about.

"You may carry all that you do into one or the other of two accounts. All of your kind acts to others, from the bestowment of a nod to a guinea, goes to your credit, and you may draw for it at sight —that is, at sight of your beneficiary. On the other hand, all of your unkind acts to others, from a kick at your cat, to an unkind word to your neighbor, you may be sure to find posted against you, and that your victim will check out any little gladness of heart you may have on hand as often as he meets you."

Just then I happened to meet and nod to the widow Starch and her child, who were hurrying along the mall with their basket of clean linen for delivery. "Yes," said Blot, "that is right; small consignments to weak houses pay better than larger ones do to your first-class concerns. I have a good deal out in weak hands. I have pats on half the children's heads that frequent the mall, out on call, with their fond and grateful mothers; I contrive to keep a handsome balance to my credit, with all the invalids in my neighborhood, on an orange apiece, or so, quarterly; while as to mere nods, and smiles, and pretty speeches, I have any quantity of them invested about town at extravagant rates of interest. Do you observe the polish on those boots," said Blot, making a dead halt and leaning over at a fearful angle, apparently to take an admiring look at them himself — "do you observe that polish?" I admitted that I did. "Well," said Blot, "that extra finish all came from 'Blackball, how is your rheumatism?' paid down to him with his quarter's bill yesterday."

Blot was in high spirits, and running on very glib about his small loans in the way of patronage, condolence, and the like, and the fat dividends he was getting from one and another, when all at once the stream of eloquence was interrupted with "Ugh!" said with such a distressed tone that I looked up, expecting to find nothing short of the cramp or gout twinging him somewhere. And from his woe-begone expression, I had no doubt it was that, or something worse, until Blot found breath to make his dismal explanation.

"That man," said Blot, turning and pointing to a hungry-looking individual, who was hurrying along

the mall, dragging a little starveling boy after him, "that man is one of my worst creditors. Indeed, I doubt whether any bankrupt ever had his equal. I never meet him, or any one of his ten children, without their making a run upon me, and emptying my coffers completely. The way I run up the score with him was this: Tom Jot, for that is his name, is a brother knight of the quill, in indigent circumstances, who has seen better days. Some years ago, Jot, according to his own story, was on the eve of concluding an advantageous contract, to take charge of the books of one of our first-class commission houses, when an unlucky laugh of mine at Jot's professional abilities, as he says, broke off the negotiation and doomed him to the life of penury he leads. There is just enough truth mingled with his story to make it an account that can never be balanced. Since that time," continued Blot, "whenever I walk one way, Jot is sure to walk the other. Many is the time I have turned into State street of a morning, happy as a lord, cast my eye up at the clock, and finding that I had five minutes to spare sauntered along bowing and smiling and feeling just light-hearted enough to laugh right out at the worst joke that ever was perpetrated, when round the corner comes Jot, slap, taking all the sunshine out of me, and leaving me to whistle to keep up my spirits for hours afterwards."

Poor Blot, I soon found that it was all over with him for that day, so wishing him a very good morning, I left him to seek solace in the weary wastes of the Public Garden, there to contemplate the vestiges of creation, and recover his spirits at his leisure.

CHAPTER XLII.

MUSIC.

Music, unfortunately, is yet a luxury in America, and, it would seem, a pretty expensive one, too. It ought not to be so. Nature has diffused it like water. Everything about us is filled with it. There can be no doubt that the love of melody, and capacity for making it, so universal in the human heart, was implanted for a wise end. I have no idea that the best estate of society can exist without it. There is nothing that soothes, attunes and elevates the soul like it. It is a companion for the lonely; cheers the sad and weary; consoles the afflicted; and lights up with joy the family and social circle. It tends to elevate us by inspiring lofty sentiments, and awakening tender and gentle emotions. But all of this is too well appreciated by us all to need repetition.

A few only among us enjoy access to much good music. What is wanted is a more generous diffusion of music among all classes of our people, the same as in Germany, Tuscany, and other countries of Europe, from whence all our best singers come. There, all classes enjoy the advantages of music. There, the streets, of an evening, are vocal with glees, catches, and parts of operas, executed by the poorer classes, and yet in a style equal, often, to our best drawing-room exhibitions. There, their tea gardens and caffas

are enlivened with the best of instrumental music; and everywhere, access to it is within the reach of the humblest among them. To that universal diffusion of music among them is to be ascribed much of the gentleness, grace, taste and sensibility that characterize the people of those countries. I have no doubt it has much to do, also, with keeping them the temperate people that they are. It gives them an agreeable excitement, and fills up pleasantly their leisure hours, so that resort to the wine-cup is not needed.

Within a few years the *practice* (not the *study*) of music has been introduced into our schools. So far, it is all well. What is better, those that can afford to study it, are giving a good deal of attention to it. There is, however, a large class that it seldom reaches; and it is a class, too, that needs its elevating influences the most.

We have good music in our churches, but then the expense of a seat in a church is not a little formidable to a poor man, however much he may esteem the privilege. Then our concert music is graduated on an intensely inflated scale. Had our taste for music been cultivated as it ought, along with our literary taste, we should not witness the strange disparity that we now do between an effort of Mr. Webster's or Mr. Choate's before a lyceum, and an effort of a songstress before a musical society, the first obtaining twenty-five dollars and the last twenty-five hundred. It is not because our taste in literature is not as good, and even better than it is in music, but because the first is generously diffused, while the last is an exotic —a luxury.

I do not see why we should be so generous in providing common schools to teach our children reading, writing, and arithmetic, and do so little, comparatively, towards teaching them music. I doubt whether any given city could do a better or wiser act, than to establish an ACADEMY OF MUSIC,—one that should be open day and evening, for *free* education in music, with space for *free* concerts from time to time by the beneficiaries of the institution. It would reach a class that are not in our schools, and benefit a large class that now seldom obtain access to music at all. For one thing, it would furnish them an agreeable resort for their leisure hours, and thus keep them out of the streets, or away from other and worse places of resort.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TO THE SOUTH—GREETING.

We desire to say that in providing for us at the North the materials for that entertaining book, Uncle Tom's Cabin, you have laid us under infinite obligations. We have been in a state of beatitude ever since its appearance. No one who has not enjoyed the opportunity to sigh over the sins of others and to rebuke them sharply, can possibly conceive of the rare felicity of such a privilege. You have given us that most delightful enjoyment, and we thank you for it; and with hearts full of gratitude for that favor we feel like doing you a similar good turn. We have no faults that are of any moment to *us;* but if your philanthropy is like ours, of the genuine far-sighted kind, that can spy a mote afar off, we have the vanity to believe that we can put you in the way of a little Uncle Tomism, that, duly served up with your tea and toast, will gladden your hearts exceedingly.

We allude to *our peculiar institution, the sea-service.* We pride ourselves on our Jack-Tarism. We felicitate ourselves on having in that institution a worthy offset to yours. We desire to be modest, especially when our own merits are in question; but in comparing our institution with yours, we think we may safely put on some airs, though your merits are undoubtedly

astonishingly great. Star differeth from star in glory. It was not given us to have the privilege to cultivate your field. But we fancy that the field we were given to cultivate, we have improved to the very best advantage. For all the purposes of Uncle-Tomism we pride ourselves in the belief that we have in our sea-service materials to gladden the hearts of far-sighted and alien philanthropists, second only to your far-famed peculiar institution.

And we tender you those materials with the greatest delight. They are and can be of no use to us whatever. But in your hands we see no reason why they may not be made to minister to your comfort and happiness, besides edifying and improving the world generally.

If you adopt our suggestion, and a romance of Jack Tar's forecastle is resolved upon, you can rely upon us to forward you any amount of materials of the most tender, pathetic, touching, striking, harrowing, and stirring kind. Our supply in every department of Uncle-Tomism for such a work is positively inexhaustible.

We desire to say in the beginning that there is a mine of wealth in our Jack and his associates and surroundings, for any outside and distant people like yourselves. Jack himself is always and everywhere a character. Take him when and where you will, at sea or on shore, in prosperity or in adversity, with his pocket full of bank bills, pursued by land sharks, or on a foreign shore, penniless and in prison, he is a marked man, individual, characteristic, unique, the focus of every eye, from the time he heaves in sight until he is hull down. He is admirably fitted for your use by

the peculiarity of his rig and the marked character of his gait, trim, and dialect. He is a harp of a thousand strings, and you may play any tune on him that you desire. He is just the man for a first-class hero, as much above your Uncle Toms as a diamond with thirty-nine distinct faces is above a piece of good honest window-glass. Like the sea he traverses, he is at times a little rough and boisterous, but always deep and clear, and full of the savory salt of human kindness. He is gallant and fearless in danger, modest in pretension, as full of generous impulses as old Ocean is full of currents, and may be turned into as many shapes, and shown in as many colors, by the changing scenes of your romance, as any bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

You will find in the mere matter of accommodation for our hero on board, we can beat the world in originality, economy, entire republican simplicity and Uncle-Tomism. Indeed, Jack's forecastle is modelled on your negro cabins, barring their light, air, tables and table ware, beds and bedding, chairs and stools. With those exceptions, they are precisely alike. Then as to their food, we have the vanity to believe that for genuine Uncle-Tomism, their salt junk, day in and day out, morning, noon and night, is far more romantic and poetic, and better adapted to enrich a work of the kind, than anything to be found in your hoe-cake and bacon, with Aunt Chloe thrown in.

But the point on which we excel, and which we think must cast Uncle-Tomism into the shade, irretrievably, is our personal treatment of Jack Tar on the voyage. That is our strong point, and if duly pressed, must give us the victory in all Olympian

contests in Uncle-Tomism. In that particular, we take pride in saying that our peculiar institution is already enlisting the attention of British philanthropists to such an extent that we do not despair of soon running neck and neck with yours over that famous course. In mere deportment towards Jack, your Uncle-Tomism sinks into profound inferiority. It is nowhere. We beg leave to commend to your attention the high-toned Uncle-Tomism of the quarter deck towards Jack. We beg to offer for your attention the vocabulary in which Jack is addressed. It is calculated to supply a chapter rich in classic lore, and to give unexampled *eclat* to any work.

But our chief reliance is on the lash, the handspike, and revolver. The history of our merchant service in those particulars, is full of rich and rare incidents in Uncle-Tomism. There we can safely challenge the world. We can show a record there, calculated to make any and every one, who has prided himself on the superiority of the South in Uncle-Tomism, tremble with fear. If there is any delight in looking on the sins of others, any joy in believing yourselves better than your neighbors, any love for rebuking them, then we think we can safely promise you incidents in that regard that shall give you happiness, full, complete, and unalloyed. Indeed, our materials are rich beyond description, and positively unexhaustable. There is nothing that can be fairly rated under the head of genuine Uncle-Tomism, belonging to the sea-service, that you may in your wildest imagination require, that we cannot furnish on the instant. As to all the minor details of the work, — Jack's privations and sufferings, his disasters and shipwrecks, his

sufferings by frauds in port and frauds at sea, frauds by captains and frauds by consuls, his sufferings by land-sharks and sea-sharks,—the materials may be ordered by the ton; but we cannot promise despatch, as those materials will come under the head of heavy freight and must go by water. As to the higher grades of Uncle-Tomism, kicks, cuffs, floggings and beatings, these can be ordered by the hundred gross, our stock being such as to warrant us in saying that we can furnish such in assorted packages suited to any and every contingency. As the plot thickens, and it becomes necessary to dispose of your principal characters, we can furnish you Jack Tars by the hundred or thousand, as desired, for models in the disabled and dying scenes to meet any conceivable want. It gives us great pleasure to be able to assure you that your work need not be deformed by any record of judicial punishments. Whatever atrocities the officers may have practised on the seamen, that you may have to record, history will not call upon you to shock your readers with any vile judicial punishments. We can recommend that portion of Jack-Tarism as being highly Uncle-Tomish. Indeed, as something comic will naturally be required to break the monotony and regularity of the work, a trial at law of a few master mariners for throwing seamen overboard, or blowing their eyes out, might be made highly amusing and edifying.

As for the other *dramatis personæ* of the work, we can furnish them in abundance, of unexceptionable character. The officers, owners, and all others in authority over Jack, we shall be willing to warrant of

pure northern origin, and of the highest character for philanthropy and Uncle-Tomism.

In tending you these valuable materials, from which so much may be made in fame and fortune, we beg that you will have no scruples whatever in accepting them, since they are of no account with us, the whole subject having a horrible nearness and contiguity that divests it of all interest. Hoping that you will do our Jack-Tarism justice, and that you will derive from it as much enjoyment and self-complacency as we have from your Uncle-Tomism, we subscribe ourselves,

Yours, at command.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MODEL INSTITUTION.

For many years I was in the habit of witnessing on our national birthday, a procession of children, dressed with taste, with shining happy faces, bearing banners with charming little devices and mottoes. It was always decidedly the loveliest spectacle of the day. Sometimes I was told that they were "Mr. Barnard's children," and sometimes they were spoken of as the "Warren Street Chapel children," but who they were, or whence they came, or where they went, nobody seemed to know. For years it was all a mystery, except that they came from a chapel somewhere at the South end, and were regarded as indispensable on all occasions of public celebration, as a rallying point for the young. Whenever the culture that belongs to the drawing-room was wanted, such as an occasion of celebrating the birthday of Washington at Faneuil Hall, or May Day, or Christmas, the aid of the Chapel pupils was invoked as a necessity. While that mystery was yet unsolved, happening one day in company to allude to it, a gentleman present very kindly offered to take me behind the scenes if I would allow him to do it in his own way; to which I readily assented, and it was agreed that we should set out on our explorations the following Monday evening.

Accordingly, at the time appointed, I take with me a friend from the Andover Institution, who had expressed an interest in the subject, and under conduct of our guide we are conducted to the chapel. We find it a two-story edifice of unambitious exterior, placed in from the street a few rods, with the passway lined on either side with flower-beds and fountains, and on one side with a green-house. My companion whispers me his suspicions, based on the flowers, that all is not right, but, nevertheless, we follow on, enter, and descend to the basement story, where we find a well-lighted room, filled with adults apparently studying for dear life. "These," says our guide, "are our subsoil arrangements. The pupils here are adults, who, having missed the opportunities of acquiring the simplest elements of education, such as reading and writing, are now attempting to make up for it by evening study. From two to four evenings a week, during the winter, these rooms are open to all such who choose to come." By that time I find leisure to look around, and observe that the walls are hung with engravings of more or less merit, and that at one end of the room, or rather suite of rooms, there stands a piano. My attention is drawn first to the apparent eagerness with which each pupil seems to be prosecuting his study, as if he were fully conscious of its importance. Near me I observe a young man of twenty-five or more years, who has just succeeded for the first time in writing his name. His teacher, in the kindest manner, is encouraging him with commendation of it as a work of art, and our hero himself, highly elated, is leaning back at a moderate angle, with head slightly inclined to one side, apparently

surveying his autograph with much the same emotions of complacency that Fulton may be supposed to have surveyed the successful working of his first steam engine. Our guide informs us, in a whisper, that the matter of reading and writing their names is with so many the whole end and aim of their ambition, that it is found expedient to crowd in as much other learning as possible, before the pupil is allowed to reach that finishing touch in popular education. We hear a little music in the short recess, see a great deal of honest pains-taking endeavor, and leave with an exalted idea of the wisdom and policy of the evening school undertaking; first, however, arranging to return the following evening, to further prosecute our inquiries.

At the appointed time on the succeeding evening we are there, quite eager for further knowledge. Again we are led to the basement, but on our way our ears are saluted with sounds of music, and my Andover friend expresses the idea that if he were not in a church, he should conclude at once that there is dancing going on in the building; but as it is a church, we dismiss the idea as preposterous, and press on.

Another scene in those basement rooms now greets our eyes. Around them are scattered, here and there, little rough-looking, ragged boys and girls, some learning to read, some to write, but more undergoing a still more primary mode of culture. For instance, near the door where I enter, one of the teachers is trying to fit a little squalid boy to a second-hand but tidy-looking jacket; further on I encounter a little group of girls, engaged in mending their own aprons and other articles of apparel that seem sadly

to need such attentions; and in a corner of the room, a shaggy little rogue, greatly to his disgust, but much to the improvement of his personal appearance, is undergoing a little tonsorial operation. "These," said our friend, "belong to our ragged school, and come from the highways and by-ways, wherever we can pick them up." Then, in a lower voice, he imparted to us the intelligence that the Chapel possessed, in the music above, an unfailing attraction to toll them there. "When all other inducements fail," said he, "we promise them an hour's indulgence in the room above with the music, and it is sure to bring them here." Just then I espy a group of the boys around a print on the wall, and one boy on a chair expounding it. I step along and find it to be quite a spirited engraving of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The boys seem delighted with that and with a print of "John Pound, the Cobbler Schoolmaster," that hangs near by, and insist on hearing more about them from a grave personage in glasses, whom I afterwards find to be the pastor.

After spending a few minutes more among the "roots," as our cicerone facetiously terms this part of their institution, he takes us back to the floor above, and throwing open a door, discloses to us a suite of rooms handsomely decorated and ornamented, then being improved for a dancing school. The pupils are on the floor, moving in harmony with the music. My Andover friend looks amazed, but soon recollects himself, begs to be excused, and withdraws, to walk no more with us in such dangerous paths. "Here," said my guide, "you see the strongest of all our secular forces employed at the Chapel." Just then

the doors fly open, and in hurries the ragged-school, pell-mell, the teachers doing their best to steady them, but evidently to little purpose. In an instant every spare inch of floor room about the music is occupied by these new-comers, some sitting, some kneeling, and all crowded in upon each other, the great point seeming to be to get the nearest possible to the music. After the first outbreak is over, all is so still with them, that with eyes riveted on the violin and pianist, the whole group might have been photographed without danger of a single blur, from foot to eye. "This course of instruction," continued my informant, "constitutes one of our prizes, like a bishopric in the church, a title of 'honorable' in the state, or an order of knighthood in courtly circles. All of our pupils, those ragged ones among the number, no sooner find place in the Chapel, than they are looking forward to the prize of the dancing school."

By this time I find leisure to look about me and observe the pupils. They are neatly and tidily but poorly clad, their outward appearance denoting humble life, while their demeanor is that of the best classes in the social scale. After arranging for another visit on the Saturday afternoon following, I take leave, not, however, without taking a last look at the little ragged-school, with eyes fixed and mouths open, apparently entranced by the music and dancing.

Saturday afternoon finds me once more at the chapel, but this time without my companion from Andover. He had been almost tempted to turn back when he saw the flowers, they were so ominous of evil; but when the doors were thrown open upon a dancing throng, and that, too, to the sound of the viol,

all his hopes of good in that quarter were dashed, and he fled from under the roof as from the house of pestilence.

I am first led into a suite of rooms occupied by a sewing school, where I find some scores of young misses and maidens, taking lessons in cutting, basting, and sewing the ordinary clothing suited to their own wants. Some of them are very small and are trying their hands on patchwork, and others, smaller and more childish still, are engaged dressing their dolls. In an opposite set of rooms, I find a singing school, composed of pupils belonging to the Chapel, and stop to listen to several specimens of their vocalization, quite pleasing and gratifying. From there, I am shown into the library, where I find the librarian busily employed delivering books. I am then shown a cabinet of minerals, and another of shells, and led through a very creditable green-house, and suffered to depart, after promising to attend service there on the following day, being the Sabbath.

The Chapel has been growing on me all the week, and now I set off early to see it culminate on the Sabbath. I begin in the basement, there finding an infant school, and proceeding up, find the whole of the two lower stories alive with Sabbath school scholars. At length, the time for services having nearly arrived, I take my place in the vestibule and see the children pass up to the Chapel. The demeanor of the pupils is gentle and respectful. I am particularly pleased to see the cheerful and unembarrassed intercourse between the pupils and their teachers and pastor. It is seldom that one passes the pastor without trying to catch his eye as he stands convers-

ing at the foot of the stairway, and several are called up, and a time appointed when he will call and give an invalid parent, brother or sister a drive into the country. While I am thinking in how many of those cases, the poor invalid, but for him, would miss not only a ride then, but ever, my guide whispers in my ear that the pastor in that way manages to give more than one ride to the sick for each day in the year.

Soon after I ascend to the Chapel, and find it capable of seating between five and six hundred worshippers, and on this occasion it is quite full, and that, too, mostly of children. On the right of the pulpit I notice with pleasure a very fair copy of Murello's Joseph with the infant Jesus holding a rod of lilies. On the left, is a picture of Christ standing beside the Cross. In other parts of the house are statues, and paintings of more or less merit, while on the pulpit are flowers, and a very rare specimen of coral.

The services are short and simple, in which allusion is made to the coral, and some statements are made about some of the most wonderful of the coral reefs. The music is by a choir of children, and very creditable. After the services I linger to thank my kind friend for his politeness, and to express my pleasure and satisfaction at what I have seen and heard, when I am requested to suspend my judgment for a period, am told that other things are in store for me, and it ends by my being invited to be present on the Thursday evening following, which was Christmas.

Accordingly on Christmas Eve I present myself at the Chapel, and find it crowded with an eager and excited company of children, and the altar and space

allotted to the choir entirely hung with presents. And on inquiry I find that these are mostly presents from child to child, and from teachers to pupils, so arranged that no child is entirely forgotten. The ceremony of distributing appears to be quite exhilarating, and hundreds of eyes shine brightly, and hundreds of faces are wreathed in smiles, some with presents in hand, and others with presents in expectancy.

After that, all descend to the room below, where some dance, some sing, some engage in games and plays, while the elder portion of the company superintend the amusements of the younger portion. At an early hour the festivities end, and all retire, the deportment of the pupils and all engaged, from beginning to end, resembling that of the most cultivated classes.

During the evening my guide, philosopher and friend, has let me into many of the secrets of the Chapel, such as, that the festivities that I have just witnessed occur often at the Chapel, say on New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, May Day, on the occasion of closing the singing school, dancing school, evening schools, &c., and that they are found to aid wonderfully in producing harmony and attachment between the pupils, teachers and pastor, and to attach them all to the Chapel and all that concerns it. He had a fund of illustrative anecdotes, recounting how pupils had grown up there from the most humble positions to be teachers, and even trustees of the institution;— how they had remembered it while away prosecuting prosperous enterprises in foreign lands, and sent home their benefactions; how its pupils, taken

directly from the street, were now filling important trusts in mercantile, and even in professional life; how all this has been going on for over twenty years, with an average of over one thousand young people connected with the Chapel yearly, and that in all that time instances have been very rare indeed, of one of the Chapel children or graduates falling into vice or crime; how all this has been accomplished at an annual outlay of less than five thousand dollars a year; and I leave quite convinced that there is good in a great many things besides sage counsel and Sunday sermons.

CHAPTER XLV.

FAMILY HOLIDAYS.

In all my recollections of ————, where I spent most of my early years, Captain Handy and his household fill the first place, and yet the Captain was far from being a magnate there. He neither belonged to one of the first families, of which each village is sure to have an indefinite number, nor lived in the "large square house" that is always the centre of attraction; nor was he that famous magistrate without whom no village is complete, the 'Squire; nor could he ever at any time have been mistaken for "His Reverence," the village pastor, or for that other man of literary renown, the village pedagogue; nor had he ever filled any of those high and mighty offices of temporal power, such as one of the board of selectmen, overseer of the poor, or town representative. Indeed, he was no potentate at all, but plain Captain Handy, whose only insignia of office, so far as I can remember, was a fiery red sign, with "Ætna Insurance Company," emblazoned thereon, surmounted with clasped hands as a sign and significance of the strength of the company he represented.

The earliest of those recollections are connected with a first pair of boots, and a game of base-ball on the green in front of the Captain's house. I remember that it was early in the spring, that the ground was

still crisp and hard, that the playing was spirited, the sides well matched, that my new boots were kept going pretty lively, and that there were sundry and divers casualties during the heat of the games, numerous hard hits with the ball, a great many rushings in to catch it when it was coming down after a rousing hit, with sad and discouraging discomfitures, in which sundry boys came out limping and quite the worse for wear. I particularly remember the *finale*, when our side was declared victors, and the mustering of us all into the Captain's house, and the marshalling us around a very bountifully spread table, and how the Captain came out with a set speech, much to our chagrin, we being then and there quite ready to "begin," and how he proposed the health of his son Harry, and told us all and singular that Harry was then and there just ten years old, no more and no less, and how the laugh went round when the Captain touched upon the early days of the youngster, how he dropped in upon them quite unceremoniously, without as much as saying "by your leave," and how there was great giggling in corners among the servants, and hushing among certain spinster aunts in muslin caps, and wonderment among the boys, until the Captain's speech being ended, and the Captain having drank Harry's health, and the boys one and all having given three cheers for Harry, and three more for the Captain, word was given to "fall to," when the more active duties of the day once more commenced, and servants were called upon to bestir themselves, and dishes were emptied in a trice, and cakes disappeared as if spirited away by magic, and boys who had lost credit on the field for spirit and endurance recovered it, and one and

all sustained themselves wonderfully at the table and won fresh laurels there.

In due time, however, the fever and heat of the onset being over, and all, even the most determined and untiring, having withdrawn from the table, and there being no further inquiry for buns, and pancakes being flat in the market, and all kinds of condiments a drug, word was passed to clear the hall for blind-man's-buff. There was then hurrying to and fro, such as is often seen when there has been an unexpected irruption into a colony of miserly ants who have large treasures in store.

In the effort to be serviceable, little boys were seen hurrying away with high-backed rocking-chairs, and straight-backed easy chairs; there were looking-glasses to be hoisted up, and tables to be gallanted off, the fire to be raked up, and the mantle shelf swept of ornaments, and everything put in snug trim, to stand a raking fire fore and aft. At a given signal the Captain is seized and blinded by a mob of children, among whom his own act as leaders; and when he has turned round three times, and clapped his hands, the play begins. And then the crowding in corners, and the skipping under his arms, and the gentle twitch at his coat, and the giggling behind him only to scamper away when he faces about, till the Captain is put to his wits' end to know what to do. And then when fortune does favor him, and the sprite has neither eluded him by dodging under his arm, nor by slipping through his fingers, the standing on tiptoe to make him mistake the child, and the calling the wrong name, or giving a feigned laugh to lead him into a wrong guess, sets the whole room in a roar, and unalloyed happiness commands the hour.

But then such cricketing on Robert's, — his eldest son's — birthday,—the sixth day of October. For weeks and weeks before, the boys are in training for the great event. The Captain is a great admirer of the game, and a bit of a martinet in the matter, and everything must be according to the latest and most approved rules. Nothing can be done until the grounds have been measured and the wickets have been placed, twenty-two yards apart and no more. Then the stumps must be put twenty-seven inches out of the ground, the bails eight inches long, the bat thirty-eight inches long and four and a quarter wide, and the ball must weigh not less than five ounces; and then there was the bowling crease, on a line with the stumps, six feet eight inches in length, and the pop-pin crease, four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it, both of which the Captain measured with the same exactness that he would have done the engineering for the corner-stone of a cathedral. Then there was the placing of the players, of the out-party; the "Bowler" immediately in rear of the wicket, "Point" about four yards in front and to the right of the striker, "Short slip" behind the wicket keeper, "Long slip" between "Point" and "Short Slip;" then there was "Long stop," some distance behind the wicket keeper, then "Long Field On," on the right, and "Long Field Off," on the left of the "Bowler," a good distance off, for hard hits, and "Cover Point," placed to the off side to stop balls missed by "Point."

When all these ceremonies were arranged and the rules of the game read by the Captain in a grave and emphatic manner to the contestants, the bat was thrown in the air —"face up" or "face down," called

by one or the other side — and then, innings being declared, away all speed to their places, the umpire calls "play," the bowler, with one foot on the ground behind the bowling crease, delivers the ball at the opposite wicket, and then the contest begins. There is then hot haste for one while, the bowler bowling, the umpire crying "no ball" when it is not bowled but thrown or jerked, and "wide ball" when it is out of distance to be played to, and "out," if either of the bails be bowled off, or if a stump be bowled out of the ground, or if the striker, when striking, have both his feet over the poppin crease, or if he hit down his own wicket, or if while running, his wicket be struck down with the ball, before his bat [in hand] or some part of his person is within the poppin crease, or if his ball is caught before touching the ground. And then, when each of the in-party has had his day, and been "bowled out," or "caught out," or "put out" in some way, the out-party have their "innings," there is then great rejoicing, and more hot haste in speeding to places. The umpire calls "play," when both parties must be ready, and then is there more calling, bowling, batting, and rushing to and fro, until the in-party are once more all "out," the score is called, and victory has declared for one side or the other.

After which comes a jolly game among the Captain's melons, apples, and pears, and then home to repair damages and recount the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the day.

Then there was Nettie's birthday in June, that was celebrated in a grove, near by, where we have all sorts of merry sports, with games and dancing on the green; and Fanny's in September, when the Handys

keep open house, and young and old from the neighborhood flock in upon them, and the Captain appears with his viol in best of tune; and there are little private tea-drinkings in out-of-the-way rooms, of which the neighbors' wives have notice, and great pitchers of cider steaming on the hearth in the kitchen, of which the neighboring husbands and fathers are cognizant, and there are pyramids of heads at the doors, and dusky faces peering in at the windows, and lively dancing going on in the parlor, and frolicking games being played in the sitting-room, and great jollity and gladness everywhere.

But of all the birthday celebrations, that of George Handy, the second son, is the most stirring and enlivening. After a little toying with "quoits," and "drive," and "trap ball," and "single wicket," and "crusoe," the whole ends with a game of foot-ball, by the whole strength of the company. The sides being chosen, and goals, viz. — two sticks on one side and two sticks on the other side opposite each other and about eighty yards apart, — the player who holds the ball advances to about midway between the goals, and delivers it by kicking it as far as he can, and then the play begins. From that time till the game is ended, there is running, and chasing, and racing; the ball is kicked this way and then that way; there is bellowing, and shouting, and snatching, and elbowing, and thrusting, and pushing and squabbling. Now there is a most determined rush on the one side, driving the ball snug in upon the opposite goal, and a most dogged and desperate stand made at that goal to stop it and prevent its being driven through. Then come shouts of defiance on the one side, and shouts of exultation on the other,

as the ball nears the goal and seems about to be driven through; then comes the desperate encounter, the whole body of the charging party being met in solid phalanx by the other side; then is there a hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot fight for the ball, the tall forms of the leaders swaying to and fro like the masts of some tall admiral, rocking in a heavy swell. The sides seem all mixed up, and lookers-on who have taken sides cannot distinguish which is which; at length there is a shout as of victory, the ball is once more in the air, there is another rush, another meeting, another recoil; and so it goes on, gallant leaders rushing in all sound, and coming out quite damaged, sturdy lads, who pride themselves on their endurance, going in briskly and coming out limping and quite chop-fallen, brave adversaries who have been quite the terror of the other party, getting laid up in ordinary, — till, after an hour of rushing, kicking, and vociferating, the young blades who went into the brush for the first time that day, having all been counted out, and many a brave spirit that had never quailed before, having ignominiously dropped off the stronger side, a desperate push is made to drive the ball through their opponents' goal, and thus end the game. So at it they go, driving the ball in upon them, meeting and foiling all their endeavors to stay its progress, until after a dozen gallant charges, through the goal it goes, they give a rousing cheer, and the game is won. In that way a fondness for rural sports is fostered in ———— until the festive days of the Handys quite eclipse all the other holidays in the year; and their periodic return is cast with all the form and accuracy of the rise of the tide or the happening of an eclipse.

But those days are not to last. The stern decrees of fortune call me away to wander far and long. At length, after years of absence I find myself once more in the old village; but how changed, sadly changed! All the old land-marks are gone. The church where I worshipped, the school-house where I conned Webster, and "parsed" the subtle lines of Pope, the old book-store, into whose windows I used to gaze with admiring wonder to feast my eyes on books artfully displayed with open page at some cut of marvellous richness, are gone, and the place that knew them knows them no more.

I try to find some well-remembered name among the signboards around me, but all is strange, outlandish and unfamiliar, until my eye lights on the well-remembered sign of the worthy Captain, and sure enough, it is still surmounted by the name of "Handy."

The old playground, the Handys, and all the rush and tumult of the old games come to mind, and I hasten to revisit it. When I reach the grounds I find them as of old; and how is my heart gladdened when I see there a crowd of boys engaged in the old game of cricket; but how am I still more delighted when I find my venerable mentor and friend, the veritable Captain Handy of my youth, his locks whitened with the snows of fourscore winters, still engaged in the favorite sports, surrounded by his grandchildren, real sprouts from the old ancestral tree. And then how gratifying to see the old mansion still standing, where I had so often helped to celebrate happy events in his family; and to hear him recount the blessings of his lot, — how all his children had been spared to him, and had settled around him, and were hemming

in his house with cottages and rendering his old hearthstone more jocund than ever with birthday festivities and wedding celebrations, until his last days seemed better than his first.

The sun is going down on hill and plain. With one of the Handys by my side I go through the well-remembered streets, visit the well-remembered spots, but find few of the old names on the doors, and fewer still of the old landmarks standing unimpaired. Scattered, — all scattered! Some have left the village for other lands, some have been pushed from their stools by younger and more stirring aspirants, and more still have fallen asleep to wake no more. The Handys alone seem to remain to tell of ancient times and ancient cheer.

And I leave, reflecting whether it can be only chance that has so kept this family together in health and unity, or whether there may not be, after all, a saving virtue in family holidays.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

It is said that the honey bee has kept but a few miles in advance of civilization since the first pioneer crossed the Alleghanies. If that is so, it is a striking circumstance, tending to show that even the bees instinctively connect the growth and abundance of flowers with the homes of civilized life. However that may be, it is certainly true that the cultivation of flowers, like painting and sculpture, is a product of civilization, and has grown up step by step with our progress in knowledge and in the arts. Where the ancients had a hundred plants, we now have thousands. At the time of the revival of learning, there were only about fifteen hundred plants known to botanists, where there are more than fifty thousand at the present time.

And well may a taste for horticulture go hand in hand with advancing civilization. What is there in all the world better adapted to woo us on to higher thoughts and more worthy aims? It is no flight of fancy to ascribe, as is so often done, language to flowers. Where would you so soon go to learn taste, grace and gentleness, as to the tender plants of the garden. The rudest nature would hardly be rude to delicate flowers.

And then how natural for us, when we see them

surrounding the dwelling-house, or climbing on its walls, or peering through its casements, to associate them with taste, elegance and grace within. Whenever we see them thus domesticated, however humble the dwelling, we can never regard it with disdain; or class it with its fellow opposite, inhabited by no such smiling tenants.

And then plants seem so domestic, so a part of the family, so like to children, have so many little wants, demand so much care, and then repay in a way so peculiarly their own, with budding promises and blushing smiles. How many of the sick and lonely have they cheered and solaced in their weary hours of confinement. To how many have they been as dear companions and chosen friends. There is hardly anything that will light up a sick room like them, or lend such a charm to the otherwise rude and dreary.

Of all still-life they probably twine themselves the most closely around the human heart, and awaken the strongest attachments. I remember once, many years ago, of taking the stage, with several others, at Concord, for the White Mountains. With us I observed a young girl, — and what first attracted my attention was a flower pot in her lap, containing a most sickly looking plant. My first impulse was to seize it and throw it out of the window as worthless, and then duly apologize and present her with another on the way that was worth preserving. But as she travelled on and on with her sickly companion, and seemed to be ever regarding it with fond attention, I began to look upon the little invalid with compassionate interest, and before the day was spent, had fully resolved to use my best endeavors to draw from

the damsel its secret history. It was not long before I found an opportunity to do so, and found that she had been absent from her home a long way off, for a year or two, employed in one of the mills at Lowell, and that the little plant, during all that time, had been her constant friend and companion. For all that time it had had a place on her loom, and been her pride and pet, and now, a month or two of vacation having been allotted her, she was bearing it affectionately to her home beyond the mountains, to share in the congratulations of her friends, and to recuperate among the hills and valleys of bleak and sterile Coos.

It is natural for the human heart to love the green things of earth, and to yearn for communion with nature in some form or other; and the more highly cultivated the community, the more that desire centres in and is satisfied with the higher exhibitions of her wonders, as seen in her daisies and her lilies, her heliotropes and her camellias. But city life offers so many obstacles to the gratification of such tastes, that it was early found necessary to establish public gardens in and near great cities to supply that public want. We see that in the accounts that come down to us from ancient times, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis; of the gardens of Paradise of the Persians; of the wonderful gardens of Alcinoüs; of the botanical gardens of the Greeks, centuries before the Christian era; of the gardens of the Romans; of the numerous public gardens established in various parts of his empire, by the great Charlemagne, until, in the fourteenth century, we find the whole subject of floriculture assuming the character of a science, and

the great cities and universities of Europe from time to time turning their attention to the founding of botanical gardens, until now there is hardly any of the most considerable of either, without one of more or less extent and importance.

The most celebrated are the Imperial Austrian at Schonbrun, the Royal Prussian at Berlin, that of the Grand Duke of Baden, the Royal Hanoveren, the Royal Garden at Kew, and the Apothecaries Garden at Chelsea, near London, the Garden of Plants at Paris, the Royal Garden at Madrid, the Garden of the University at Copenhagen, and that of Alexis Rasunowski, near Moscow.

In America, though cities abound, and large, exceeding large ones are destined to abound more and more, we have no public gardens answering to those so common in the old world. And as yet there have been no movements in that direction. Such ought not to be the case. No city should be without its public garden, where the people may go daily and refresh both heart and body with the sight and smell of flowers. The Garden of Plants in Paris is situated in the heart of Paris, and embraces an area of great extent, scores of acres, but when it was founded, years ago, it was in the suburbs. Land enough and cheap enough, too, could easily be obtained for public gardens, for all our principal cities, if the people would only consider, that what is now the suburbs of any given city, ten, twenty, or fifty years hence, will be perhaps its very heart and centre. It is impossible to estimate the value and importance of one such garden. Probably there is not included in any one single space of the same size in the whole

world, so much that is calculated to amuse, to interest and to instruct, as is to be found in that Paris Garden of Plants. It is a grand effort to give to the poor stived-up denizens of Paris, some of the ennobling elements of country life. And who will say that it is not money as worthily and as well spent as could be done in any other one way? Such gardens, in great cities, are a public necessity. They are to the mind and heart, what pure air and water are to the body. There is no teacher like nature. And to expect that thousands and millions of people can live all their lives shut up together, among the works of man's hands only, without growing barbarous, is entirely preposterous. We can better spare whole oceans of precept, that is cast among us so lavishly, than to miss those loving lessons of wisdom, that come so naturally from hill and plain and grassy mead, and from every plant and flower.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HINTS ABOUT DWELLING-HOUSES.

It is worth considering whether some system cannot be hit upon, better than that now in use, for letting the cheaper class of tenements — those, say, occupied mostly by out-door laborers; some system better for both landlord and tenant. As now practised, nine-tenths of all the low-priced tenements are let by the week or month. The tenant has no interest in the tenement beyond the then present day and hour. He has only to make the most of it while he has it, and quit when he likes. If it is less trouble to move than to be a little careful of the premises, and drive a nail here and there when it is needed, then things are left to go to waste; and when worst comes to worst, the tenant moves. Connected with that utter want of interest in the tenement, as now let, is one great hardship to landlords, and to tenants and their families. — During the eight busy months of the year, say from April to November, inclusive, the out-door laborer manages to pay his rent from month to month, or week to week, quite comfortably; but during the four other months, he either is unable to pay it, or he ekes it out of earnings, every mill of which is absolutely needed to supply the other wants of his family.

What is wanted is some general custom or law as

to renting such tenements as shall give the tenant a clear interest in preserving the tenement while in it; and also, relieve him from the burden of paying rent during those four most trying months to out-door laborers — December, January, February and March. One mode of accomplishing those two desirable ends would be to adopt the system of having one day in the year for renting such tenements, say the first day of April, and then to let them for not less than one year, according to some agreed form of written lease. Then, in case the tenant was to pay his rent in monthly payments, divide the rent payable into eight payments, one-eighth payable on the first day of each of the succeeding eight months, — say, one-eighth of the whole year's rent on the first day of May,— another eighth on the first day of June, and so on until the first day of December, when the tenant's rent would be paid for the whole year. If the tenant were to pay his rent weekly, the whole year's rent would be divided into thirty-five payments; and one thirty-fifth of the year's rent paid weekly, until about the first day of December, the whole year's rent would be paid. In other words, arrange the payments so that at the end of the busy season, the tenant should have secured to himself a home for the next four months, rent free.

Under such a system, tenants would select their tenements with more care; they would feel interested in assuring themselves that the tenement they were hiring was one that would serve their purpose for the year they were entering upon, and then every weekly payment would, by the payment that they were making towards the rent for the winter months,

give them a distinct and clear interest in remaining in the tenement, and watching over and preserving it.

There is wisdom most assuredly in annual rent days, when all lettings begin and terminate. It begets stability. Under such a system, families learn to consider themselves established for a year. They learn to look the whole year in the face from one given point. They know that until another year comes round, they can have no good choice in selecting another tenement. They are led into cultivating numerous virtues, by the very thought that they are settled for a fixed period of time. It leads them to be more careful of the tenement and all about it, more circumspect and kind and thoughtful among their neighbors, and more prudent every way.

As it now is, where almost every tenement is held under a tenancy at will, there is no feeling of permanency anywhere. The great body of the laboring classes are getting every day more and more unstable; fixed to no place, and bound by no ties to any particular dwelling, they flit from house to house and room to room, until they have no neighbors, no friends, no employers, and no home.

And together with those considerations about the letting of tenements, comes the modelling of our dwellings for rich and poor.

There is one thing in connection with all our buildings, public and private, that is a great and fatal error. We have never learned to estimate at its full value, the advantages every way, of good, generous, wide, airy and light halls and passage-ways. Ordinarily a room should be small. But the entrance

to your house, the stairs, and the passage-ways to your several rooms, suits of rooms, and chambers, should be broad and well lighted. Space and light count there in the matter of elegance, convenience and health, vastly more than in any other part of the edifice. In those respects all our edifices fall far below those in the old world.

Together with broad and well-lighted halls and stairways, go hand in hand that other and different mode of arranging the edifice for the use of tenants. Our mode is the perpendicular: twenty feet front of earth, and sixty feet skyward,—a system under which an industrious housewife may reasonably be expected to mount daily more stairs than it would take to make the trip to the top of Bunker Hill Monument; and at the end of each year may pride herself on having taken enough of such exercise to have worn out any common mortal. The French system, by which society is lodged in horizontal strata, one layer above the other,—those who can best afford that luxury being on the second floor, and the less and less able farther and farther up, each family having their entire suit of rooms on the same floor, and generally on the same side of the edifice,—is far more philosophical as to health, ease, comfort, and every thing. All that is wanted to make that style of modelling houses and of living, more general and more popular among us, is wide and airy halls, and broad and well-lighted stairways.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN ALIBI.

SEVERAL years ago I happened to be detained over night at S——, the shire town of one of our inland counties. It was during the session of the court; and in the evening I found myself, with a half-dozen lawyers, drawn up around a good, generous, old-fashioned wood fire, in the landlord's best room. The night was cold, the house old, and the room large and dreary. The topic of the day was a sharply contested case then on trial, where the evidence adduced, on the one side and the other, was flatly contradictory.

One of the gentlemen, whom they addressed as Judge, and who, I was told, was the leader of the bar in that county, was inclined to ascribe all the mischances of life to falsehood. Did a ship go down at sea, he insisted that, ten to one, her copper bolts were all head and no body, or her number-one cordage all old junk. Did a merchant fail, or a factory go under, or an insurance company or bank get into difficulty, he traced it all to falsehood somewhere, either in the capital, in the business itself, or in the parties that conducted it. He would allow of no exceptions. "I tell you what it is," said he, emphasizing as well as a man could whose feet were well braced against the jambs some distance higher than his head, "all the trouble in this world comes from half the people we

meet counting falsehood just as good as truth, if not a little better, especially if it goes current for the minute. But let me tell you," added he, "that real facts, real truths, are the most impregnable things in all creation. They are fortified on every side. Each fact, or, what is the same thing, each truth, is consistent with each and every other truth that ever did or ever will exist. There can be no real disagreement between two truths, when they are understood in all their bearings; they must agree. All the facts that have transpired in the world have so followed each other, and been piled one upon another, and beside and around each other, like bricks in a wall, or sands in a glass, that they mutually link into each other, and cohere together, and support each other, so that there is no place in all the world for falsehood. To attempt to put a falsehood into the world, and bid it stand and pass current, is like insisting on putting gas into a vessel that is full already of solid substance. A falsehood," said he, "so far from being assisted in any case by a fact, is always damaged by it. They are sworn foes. If you attempt to crowd a falsehood in among facts, it is sure to be ground to powder. If facts are called upon to speak, they are sure to cry out against it. And then," said he, "it has been said that one lie needs another to back it. But that is all deception. You never can strengthen one lie by another. The more of them there is put together, the weaker they become."

There was quite a general approbation of the sentiments expressed by the judge, though some of the younger members of our party seemed to think that they had heard of cases where falsehood had been

completely triumphant. That position, however, was controverted, and many instances mentioned by one and another around the fire, of falsehood being foiled, until a tall, spare man, of ancient look and mien, who had hitherto contented himself with nodding approval as any of the sentiments uttered met his assent, withdrew the pipe from his mouth which he had been most industriously smoking, and said, "Gentlemen, your conversation reminds me of something that happened to me in my young days, and if you have no objection, I should like to tell it."

You may imagine that a half-dozen men, penned up in a lonely old room in a dreary inn, on a long winter evening, without aught to cheer them but a mug of cider simmering on the hearth, and their own conversation, were not in a condition to decline a story, and hence we all insisted on his giving us his narrative.

The old gentleman appeared pleased with the unanimous expression of our desire to hear him, and having first carefully knocked the ashes from his pipe, and then having taken a long and loving pull at the mug of cider, by way of prelude, told the following story:

"The circumstances that I am about to relate," said he, "happened soon after I commenced practice, when I first settled in B——. One morning, quite early, two young men, of genteel exterior, called on me, and stated that a friend of theirs had, the night previous, been arrested for burglary, and desired to retain me in the case. They assured me that he was entirely innocent of the charge, and stated to me such facts as made it plain that the young man had been arrested under a mistake. I espoused his cause with

alacrity. As the citizens of B—— had then for some time been annoyed with frequent cases of burglary, and as this was one of daring, it made some stir, and both my client and myself concurred in opinion that our defence should be kept a profound secret, and be sprung on them to heighten the eclat of victory. The court was in session, and a few days sufficed to bring the case to indictment and trial. The government put on two witnesses, inmates of the house, who testified that about the middle of the night they heard some one in the house that they occupied; that they immediately suspected robbers, arose and hastily drew on their clothes, and rushed down stairs; that the burglar sprang out of the window into the street, and that they sprang after him; that he ran down one street and into another, they pursuing, losing sight of him only for a moment, whilst turning the corner of a street, and that they overtook and seized him in Grand street; and that the defendant was the robber.

"It then came our turn to reply. We produced two witnesses, who testified that on the night in question the defendant and themselves were passing the evening with one M——, at his room on Parker street; that they left in company with the defendant late in the night, and were returning home; that when passing down Parker street, and near Grand street, they heard the cry of 'stop thief,' and heard persons running; that very soon a man passed the foot of Parker street, running, and that they, supposing him to be the thief, followed in pursuit; that they, the witnesses, being faster runners than the defendant, outran him; that they followed on until

they lost sight of the man pursued; and that they heard no more of the defendant until they found him in custody. M——, their entertainer, corroborated their story, as to their spending the evening with him. The government witnesses had fixed the time of the robbery at one o'clock in the night; that they had heard the clock strike one while they were preparing to make a descent upon the robbers. Our first witness had testified unexpectedly, but quite luckily, as I supposed, that the Parker street church clock struck one while they were passing the church, and but a few minutes before they heard the outcry. His companion testified to the same; and the third witness, their entertainer, to put it out of all question that the defendant and his comrades could not have been engaged in the robbery, corroborated them very exactly on that point, by saying that after they left his room he sat down by the window, and heard the Parker street church clock strike very distinctly; that he recollected it perfectly from the circumstance that he usually kept good hours, and was annoyed to find that his friends had staid so late.

"I had observed," continued our narrator, "while putting in the testimony of our first witness, some whispering between the officers of the court and the government attorney. As the case progressed I became annoyed more and more by the nonchalance and apparent indifference with which the district attorney cross-examined my witnesses on material points, and I began to suspect that he was stupid, and a bore besides, he put so many out-of-the-way questions that had apparently no pertinency to the case. At length there was a stir in the court house;

there was more whispering to the attorney; there was smiling and winking among the officers of the court and members of the bar, as the district attorney, quite facetiously, if not derisively, requested M—— to state again about the clock striking one. I began to feel quite angry that so meritorious a case should be so trifled with.

"At length the case on our side was closed, and the district attorney called witnesses in reply. The first examined was a little weazen-faced old man, of nearly threescore, whom he addressed as Mr. Sexton. He had not proceeded far with his examination before the court house and all within seemed to be whirling round and round. I could hardly see the paper I was writing on. He was stating to the court and jury that he was the sexton of the Parker street church; that on the night in question the clock was undergoing some repairs, and that the hammer had been removed, and that for several days before and after that time, the clock was not in condition to, and did not strike the hours. And while he was testifying, there was a very perceptible smile to be seen spreading from face to face around the court room, until, when he had concluded, the audience were indulging in a most ungracious chuckle at our expense. By the time he had finished his testimony, however, I had recovered my equanimity, and had determined to face it out manfully, and was planning my mode of tactics, when he called to the stand another witness, whom he addressed as Mrs. Striker, and whose name I at once recognized as that of the landlady of our witness who had done the honors of the evening to his friends. In that stage of

the case there was certainly something peculiarly discouraging to see another witness brought to the stand, but to have that one from our witness's own house, and that a woman, the most implacable of all persons on the stand, was enough to destroy all hopes; but when I considered that it was, besides, his landlady, it served to cap the climax. I threw down my pen, crossed my legs, and prepared for utter and hopeless defeat. Her testimony negatived every thing that he had said. She had looked at her watch when his friends had left, to see what hours her new lodger kept, and had found it a few minutes after twelve. Wherever they had ventured on a fact, the landlady met and refuted it; until our 'alibi' was sneered at by the attorney, and jeered by the crowd, and sly speeches made about it by the bar; and the court clinched the whole by saying, 'Do you think it is worth while to argue this case, gentlemen?' giving a sly look to the jury, and an inquiring look to me. I did *not* think it was worth while to argue it, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. Since then," said he, "I have always borne a spite against that word 'alibi,' and have never had any faith in the saving grace of falsehood since. But," added he, "my client and his witnesses could never understand why they had not a good case, as there were only two witnesses testifying that the defendant was the burglar, and we had two witnesses denying it; and the burden of proof was, besides, on them."

"Yes," said the judge, "there it is. There lies all the difficulty. No genuine rogue can be made to understand that there is any inherent weakness in

falsehood. He insists on placing oath against oath, word against word, and witness against witness; and he can never be made to understand why a lie, well told by a grave, sincere-looking witness, is not as good as the truth."

Our fire was getting low; the wind was whistling around the old inn, shaking its shrunken sashes, and rattling its worm-eaten blinds; our cider was gone; and most of us were getting drowsy. So one after another called for slippers and a light, and slunk away to their slumbers, to dream of truth and falsehood, and the dangers of an "alibi."

CHAPTER XLIX.

TIME.

In the employment of our time and powers we should take counsel of nature. Observe the earth that we inhabit: it indulges in no hours of idleness, nor has it any routine or repetition. Every day it makes one entire revolution on its axis, to give us day and night, heat and cold, sunshine and shadow. At the same time it is moving on in its course around the sun, thus introducing more variety into those days and nights, so that no two moments of time from year's end to year's end can by any chance be exactly alike. From the rising of the sun until its going down, no ray of light ever falls on any object twice alike. Every living thing in nature is constantly changing. The little plant is not stationary a moment: now it is drinking in the dew, now it is opening its buds and smiling a welcome to the sun, and anon it is closing them again as the shades of night come on.

The human constitution demands that same variety of employment. What is labor to one faculty is rest to the others. It was not intended that any part of our waking moments should be spent in listlessness and idleness. There is nothing useful or beneficial in either. We are so wonderfully made, that the use of one faculty gives rest and recreation

to another. There is recreation in mere change of place or position. There is recuperative power even in change of the surrounding objects that meet the eye. There is rest in changing from sitting to standing, from riding to walking, from laboring with the hands to other and different labor. There is rest and recreation to the mind, from change of study, as from history to science, or from change of books, as from travels to romance. Play may be made work, and work may be made play. By judicious diversity of employing one's hours, healthy recuperation may be going on all the time.

It is by observing that law of nature that some men have accomplished so much. Plato was as much distinguished in his day as a gymnast, and for his wonderful development of manly beauty and strength, as he has been since as a philosopher and scholar. The way our own Franklin and Choate achieved so much, was by resting one faculty by using another. By so diversifying one's employments, during the day, devoting some part to sleep, some to devotion, some to labor, some to study, and some to amusements, all of them become recreations. They each help to restore the wasted energies of the other faculties. They all help to adjust anew the human mechanism to its true balance. When each faculty is thus cultivated in unison with all the others, there is harmony of body and mind. The whole man grows in health and strength. He has a well-developed physical system, and he has what is called a well-balanced mind. Both mind and body then grow together and in proportion, and when the climax is past, they wane and fail together. It is

that unison and harmony of development that gives health and happiness.

Those men who think that every moment spent on anything but their one favorite object is thrown away, have no conception whatever of the philosophy of human life. Those, too, who look on music and dancing, riding and walking, rural sports and social enjoyments, as frivolities, have left unlearned one of the greatest of lessons. That recuperation of body and mind that comes from enlivening recreations, is a thousand times more profitable than that which comes from inertia and dulness. The man who gives himself up to one unvarying pursuit, and will think of nothing else, and do nothing else, will wear himself out, both bodily and mentally, much sooner than one who taxes about alike all his powers each day. There is health and happiness both, in imitating nature. We were not made to recuperate by idleness.

We are apt to speak of time as short. But it is not so. A day is a long period. It has more than eighty-six thousand seconds in it, eighty-six thousand throbs of the heart. Each of those moments is individual and peculiar. No two of them are entirely alike. Man is created with a thousand different and diverse powers to conform to nature. A year of those days has an infinity of time for work and improvement. No man, probably, ever improved one tithe of the blessing that God has placed within his reach. Threescore and ten of such years, improved even in a slight degree, have been found by such men as Aristotle, and Cicero, and Bacon, and Napoleon, more than was needed to achieve immortality.

Health is a boon above all price, and that can only be maintained by cultivating all your powers, mental and physical. A cheerful, contented spirit, is better than riches and honors, and that, too, is the child of faculties all in active, harmonious use. Wisdom, true wisdom, can come in no other way. You might as well expect the Atlantic cable to stand erect on one end at your bidding, as to expect wisdom from one who cultivates but one of his powers, and everlastingly delves on one thing.

CHAPTER L.

THE OLD STAGE TAVERNS.

We may find a useful lesson in the history and fate of that once innumerable army of veterans in the tippling service, the old stage taverns. For centuries they held almost regal sway in all our cities, towns and villages. They were great centres of influence. There, the worthy citizens daily congregated to see the stage-coach come in, to take leave of friends bound away, to welcome others that were to arrive, to see who were passengers on the road, and to get the latest news. And then, when evening came, beside the nice fire congregated all the old cronies of the village, to discuss the politics and news, and to drown the troubles of life with generous potations of the landlord's flip. To the terrible ordeal of that assembly, too, the concerns of every body in town were liable to be brought; and in that same assembly were daily concocted those mighty schemes of government by which village dynasties successively rose and fell.

There was something in the mode of travel in those days, with the stage-coach rattling along from village to village, the bearer of all sorts of news and of packages of all descriptions; waking up the echoes, with its tramping steeds and sounding horn, rousing every body on the way to action,—some to run for

their newspapers, and some for their parcels; this one for a letter, and that one to welcome a friend; and all to see the stage come in, that was peculiarly enlivening and inspiring. Then there was the thirsty driver encased in a huge pea-coat, and enveloped in a maze of comforters, and when well mellow one of the best of fellows, civil, obliging, ready to accommodate you on the box and to impart to you all sorts of mysterious information about places and persons on the way, that seemed preparing you for what was to come. And then when the whole village had been roused, and you had whirled past the grocer's, and brought him and all his customers to the door, and rattled past the blacksmith's, and had brought him and all his squad of cyclops to a stand, and had duly summoned the maid to the gate, and her mistress to the window, and every loiterer about town to the inn door, — and the coach had been rounded up before the house in handsome style, and you had been met and recognized by Boniface himself, and had had the steps of your coach let down by his own hands, and had felt the cheering influence of his hearty welcome, and the genial temperature of his bar, enlivened with a rousing fire, — and then had seen him take position in rear of a whole platoon of great big-bellied decanters, charged to the brim with tempting liquors, and had observed his beseeching and expectant look, as much as to say, "Is it possible that you can be intending to accept all these hospitalities and yet not patronize my bar?" there was clearly no escape. The roaring fire, the jolly landlord, the dozens of crook-necked squashes that hung dangling from the ceiling, the score or two of circus riders displayed on the walls,

the driver, with his big pockets and husky cough, the big burly decanters, and the thick-bottomed tumblers, and whole files of villagers, — all seemed to have their eyes upon you, and to be uttering as audibly as they could utter, "Shame, shame!" until you are fain to give in, step to the bar and call on for yourself, if not for the whole crowd. And the more noble and grateful the traveller, the less likely was he to withstand the temptation.

Travelling then seemed to be in its very nature convivial. Life on the road was then, staging it from bar-room to bar-room, and from one form of dissipation to another. Taverns were then known and estimated not so much by their table and upholstery, as by their bar and their toddy. Every village then had its stage tavern, that was to all the neighborhood around the sun and centre of their little universe, around which the people, one and all, revolved, without one question that it was as necessary as the revolving seasons, and as immutable as the fixed stars.

Near a half a century ago, and more than a quarter of a century before those ancient strongholds of tippling fell to rise no more, there went out a decree from all New England that those old fountains of intemperance should be dried up. And for many long years there was a constant roar of wordy artillery against them; substantives, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, and interjections, were discharged at them in one continual volley. And then the press was called into the service, and that opened its batteries upon them in right good earnest, plying them incessantly with hot shot in every form known

to that service,—Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil,—but all to no purpose. The old stage taverns, strongly entrenched in the customs, habits, and business wants and ways of the people, gave no more heed to the war around them, than if pelted by so many snow-flakes. The stage whirled through the village as before, the landlord's fire burned bright, the weary, lonely, and shivering traveller was warmed into gratitude by the genial welcome. Boniface, his bar and decanters, still lived and flourished, and temperance taverns waxed and waned.

But anon, while those old breastworks of intemperance, so ably garrisoned, seem to stand secure and strong, occupying the most commanding positions in all our villages, other leaders are to make war upon them. Watt and Stephenson, those twin authors of the locomotive, are plotting their ruin. The stream that could not be arrested is about to be diverted into a new channel. There is a burly reformer abroad, who avoids the old ruts, and cries, ha! ha! to the old stage taverns and their smoky fumes, and old cronies, and vile compounds, as it tears past. It makes no parade of its principles, it presides at no conventions, it calls for no pledges, it drafts no stringent laws, it hurls at the old taverns no dreadful anathemas, and yet in a few short years they are all gone. They die and make no sign.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They are gone, and forever."

Reforms are brought about by action and not by precept. Our course through life is seldom perceptibly affected by anything but the customs and habits, practical and material causes around us. When we see a moving train on the wrong track we do not shout to it, nor club it, but we change the switch. The old habits of a people are like the eternal rivers. They both have their origin far back. Those habits, if pernicious, are only perversions of good principles and sentiments of the human heart, ordained of God, and eternal. And those rivers may flow on in shallow and impure beds, and become putrid and deadly, yet are their waters sweet and unfailing at the fountain. No human hand can be laid on either at the source to bid it cease. There is but one safe and sure course. Those pure principles, and those sweet waters must be diverted into other and more healthful channels.

CHAPTER LI.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THE Scriptures, one would suppose, had now been before the world long enough for it to settle quite definitely their exact meaning. If we exclude the long period of time when they were to be had in manuscript only, and reckon from the time when the discovery of the art of printing, and the Reformation opened wide the sacred volume, the Christian world has now had them for study for full three hundred years.

Taking the Scriptures to be the word of God, and embracing his revealed will and laws, how happens it that there is so little comparatively settled, as to the precise doctrines and interpretation of the Bible? How can it be accounted for that so many different doctrines are drawn from its pages, and many of them so utterly repugnant to each other?

Is it because the sacred Scriptures actually teach different and repugnant doctrines? No one who claims that the Bible is of any authority, will say that; much less will it be said by any one who believes it to be the word of God.

Is it because the Scriptures are carelessly written? No sect drawing its doctrines from the Bible, dare say that, nor would it be true if it were said.

Is it because we do not read it in the original?

Certainly not, for the Jews differed in the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, and were cut up into sects, — Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, Caraites, and Rabbinists, — varying as essentially in doctrine then, as we do now.

Whence comes, then, all the diversity of sentiment and of doctrine? What led to it in the beginning? What is sustaining and perpetuating it? Is there any reason for such conflicting opinions? Is there any advantage in having God's word misconstrued and misapplied? Is there any harm in it? Is there any hope that the various sects will grow wiser and better, and at last harmonize? Is there anything that can be done to aid in coming to a right and also to an agreed interpretation? Is there anything encouraging in the past, the present, or the signs of the future? All these are questions that we ought to consider, and, if possible, answer.

Most of that diversity of opinion and doctrine is of very ancient origin, when the Christian world was filled with traditions. Most of it had its origin in times anterior to the discovery of the art of printing, when the Scriptures were to be had only in manuscript, and then only by permission of the clergy; when princes and nobles, much less the common people, could neither read nor write, and all the learning was locked up in monasteries. The distinguishing doctrines of most of the different sects of the present day are to be found in the writings of the various theologians in the early ages of the church, when the great mass of the people were sunk in ignorance, and when the clergy were only one degree above them in learning and intelligence.

The great body of the Scriptures can hardly be counted as having any essential bearing on doctrinal points. A large number of the books of the Old Testament are historical only; and the greater part of the other books are devoted to history, legislation, hymns of praise, and devotional exercises.

If all those passages of Scripture on which the different sects of Christians divide, were collected into one volume, they would hardly make so large a volume for interpretation, as would the laws passed at any single session of a modern legislative body.

The statute laws of the single State of Massachusetts embrace more than ten times as much reading matter as all the passages of Scripture having any doctrinal bearing whatever. And, what is striking, when we consider the number and diverse views of the different sects of Christians in the world, as to the true interpretation of the Scriptures, is the fact, that there is very little diversity of opinion as to the exact meaning of each and every one of those statutes. One could hardly point to a statute of ten years standing, that has not a perfectly well understood signification.

When will this diversity end?—when will Christians understand the Bible alike? Judging from the past, never; for every age now gives birth to more and more sects, and reconciles and unites no old ones. Nor does the history of the various sects of religionists in the world afford any hopes to the inquirer after truth. Sects never progress. There is never any permanent improvement in a religious sect. Of all the sects in the world, there never has been an instance of one of them passing on, step by step, to a

more reasonable, pure, and holy code of faith and morals. They may languish, and, languishing, die, and another sect spring up in their place, but the old root can give life to nothing higher and better than itself. Individuals may and often do rise above the tenets of their sect, but the sect itself remains unchanged for the better forever.

The exact character of man as an inquirer after religious truth may be inferred from the fact that it has seldom happened in the history of the world that any learned man, who was educated in a certain religious faith, has ever totally renounced it and avowed himself a believer in another and totally different religious doctrine. Instances enough have occurred of learned men passing from one to another shade of creed in the same religion—as to pass from a Catholic to a Protestant, or from an Episcopalian to a Baptist. But seldom, if ever, has it been that a learned man has pursued his inquiries after religious truth to such an extent that it has entirely conquered the preconceived notions of his youth and of education. For example, in the whole history of China, with its innumerable standing population, no theologian or scholar of all those three thousand millions of Buddhists that have existed there for the last three hundred years, has ever found by searching that the Mohammedan or the Christian religion had claims superior to that of Buddhism. The same may be said of the Mohammedan world. No one of their sages has ever discovered any beauty or loveliness in the Christian or Buddhist religions, over their own. And the Christian world has been equally true to its early teachings. Though split into a thousand

fragments, each sect is Christian notwithstanding. Of the full one thousand millions of the Christian world that have lived and died since the art of printing set before them the various dogmas of the religious world, no one of all that multitude has ever yet turned entirely Turk, Hindoo, or Buddhist, theologically and religiously. At least, I know of no such instances of entire change, and if others do, I will engage to find for every one such, ten well-authenticated miracles.

Guided and informed by past experience, is there any hope of our ever arriving at a common and agreed interpretation of the Scriptures, through the teachings of religious sects? On the other hand, is it not perfectly certain that, unless there is a movement outside of all sectarian organizations, full, strong and complete, the present state of things is always to remain, leaving the Bible as it now is practically supposed to be, all things to all men, supporting all sorts of creeds, and lending countenance to a hundred different and repugnant shades of doctrine, — a book of riddles, a myth, a problem, a plaything for theologians, — everything and anything, save a clear, safe, sure interpreter of God to man?

If there is any truth in history, — if there is any consistency in man, — if the human mind of to-day is of the same type and mould as that of the past, a common and agreed interpretation, reasonable, sensible and true, of the sacred Scriptures, will never be reached through any one or any number of religious sects. The thing is utterly impossible. It is only to be reached when they have crumbled to dust.

The hopeful thing in the world now is the increase

of religious sects. Instead of being an object of apprehension, they should be looked upon as harbingers of good. They tend to weaken party attachments. They are links in the great chain that is one day to bind the world in one great religious brotherhood. The number of persons in the Christian world who are unwilling to subscribe to creeds, and to be bound by the dogmas of any particular religious sect, is increasing steadily every day. Sectarianism in a very large part of Christendom is losing the strong hold it once had. People now interpret the Scriptures for themselves. A large body of the people now are ripe for an interpretation of the Scriptures, without any saving clause that it shall at all events be favorable to their views. The day may be distant, and perhaps far distant, when there will be a general crumbling of sects, when Christians will see eye to eye; but it is sure to come, and it will not come by the strengthening of any one sect, but by the weakening of all.

There is one practical question connected with this gradual dissolving of the religious world into individual elements, and it is this. Is there any specific thing that can be usefully done? Can anything be done to aid the individual mind and yet leave it free,—anything that promises more good than harm,—anything that will not tend to sectarianism?

There is one hint that may be worth considering. The Scriptures contain the will of our Heavenly Father. They contain his laws and ordinances. To a certain extent, then, the Scriptures are legal instruments. The same rules should govern in con-

struing the Scriptures, as in construing laws, wills, and legal instruments generally. The same habits of mind and of investigation that would be best fitted to find the true interpretation of the one would be equally desirable for the other.

Judicial investigations beget habits eminently calculated to expel from the mind all considerations of times, place, sect, party, or creed. While in almost all other situations in life, the honor, fame and advancement of the individual rests almost solely on his adherence to his sect or party, the judicial officer is conscious, every step that he takes, that his path to honor and a fair name as an inheritance to his children, lies in giving no place to any such considerations. While from the nature of things the politician can only rise to eminence by adherence to his party, and the bishop gain his mitre by supporting the tenets of his sect, the judge must stand or fall by the singleness of purpose with which he judges righteously, irrespective of rank, age, sex, sect or condition.

It is in view of that training of the judicial mind, that, in selecting interpreters of the word of God, it must be clear that a bench of judges of all men would be less likely than any other class of persons to be swayed by their previously conceived opinions. I do not mean that because a man has been elevated to the judicial office, and inherited the name of judge, that that would of itself give him any title over other men to construe the Scriptures, — I mean a bench of men who have grown old in judicial duties, and whose title has been earned on the bench.

Let us suppose that by the liberality of a single individual, or by bequest, or by voluntary subscription, a fund was raised sufficient to defray the expenses of a full and thorough examination of the sacred Scriptures by a bench of judges composed of the Chief Justices of the highest courts of each of the several States of the Union; and suppose that they should not only construe the several passages of Scripture separately on which theologians divide, but should, likewise, find on the several great mooted points what is the doctrine of the Bible in its wholeness, — would it not have a salutary effect? would it not have a tendency towards a better state of things? I think that any one can see that such an inquiry, properly set on foot and conducted, could not fail to have a salutary influence on every form of error. If it did nothing more than to introduce a sound mode of examining and construing the word of God, sanctioned by long experience in courts of law as the best to elicit truth, it would alone be of incalculable value. Let but the same principles be applied to the Bible, that are in daily use in courts of law in construing statutes, wills, and legal instruments, generally, and nineteen-twentieths of all the present supposed conflicts would entirely fade away.

CHAPTER LII.

LEISURE HOURS AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Too little is thought or done about our hours of leisure. They constitute a large part—one third, if not one half of our waking moments. They have much to do with our health and happiness. They determine in a great measure our success in life, and our habits, disposition and character.

There has been the weak spot in our social economy. We have left that whole eventful period of time, unthought of, and uncared for. The people through their representitives have been careful to furnish any and every desirable facility for business, but none for recreation. Private benevolence has never turned its attention to doing anything for those leisure hours. Those have been left to be filled any way and every way, by any body and every body. The result we all know.

We all know that however indifferent the public may have been about providing employment for those leisure hours, private individuals have seen the want, and turned it to money account. Whoever explores the streets, lanes and alleys of any given city, would be likely to come to the conclusion, before long, that a great duty has been left unfulfilled. They will be convinced that if legislators, theologians, moralists, and philanthropists can-

not be made to understand man in his wholeness, there is a very large class of philosophers who establish bar-rooms, and found saloons, and manage billiard-rooms, and get up fancy clubs and mock societies, who think they do, and manage to coin money by it. In all our large cities, those who live by catering to the wants of the people during their unemployed moments, particularly after working hours, by providing for them a comfortable room to lounge in, and something to amuse themselves with if they feel like it, constitute a large per cent. of the whole population.

To satisfy any one that a want no sooner arises than it is filled, in some way, I need call attention to only one fact that must have attracted before this the notice of the most unobservant. I allude to the number of saloons of one kind and another that invariably line the approaches to the station house of any one of our great lines of railroads. Those places, doubtless, are passed unheeded by the thousands and thousands of business men, who always hasten to and from the cars. But how is it with the individuals of that other large class who visit our cities for temporary purposes only, and who are called upon to wait hours and hours for the train to leave that is to return them to their homes. With no friend or acquaintance in the city, shelterless and alone, with no business to employ their time, who can say that those saloons, in the absence of all other and better accommodations, are not a necessity?

A public library, one that is for use and not for show, one that is open day and evening, and where the citizen or stranger can enter and feel as much at

home as he would in any ordinary book-store, where he can visit the shelves, select his book, and read and consult without let or hindrance, is one of the best and most conservative institutions that belong to civilized life. There is no village, town or city, that can afford to do without one or more. There is a host of good influences clustering about them.

As an educational institution, the public library is invaluable. But its chief worth lies outside of that. Love of books, and especially of those that are illustrated, is a natural sentiment. We see it exemplified in children every day. We feel it all through life. We love to handle them. We love to look them over and read them. And no one is ever too old to look for the pictures. I would sooner trust to a well selected and well managed public library to dry up the streams of impurity in any given place, than in any other one thing.

The library is a home institution. Wherever we find it, it inspires home feelings and begets home sentiments. It has an atmosphere of domestic life about it. We enter it with the same feelings that we do a lady's parlor. We expect to meet there all ages and both sexes. We associate with it not only the taste, grace, refinement, and gentleness of the drawing-room, but sentiments of respect and veneration for the worthies whose works are around us.

There are but few persons, young or old, in any given village in the country where all can read and enjoy books, who would not sooner spend their leisure hours in a comfortable library room, surrounded by neighbors and friends and books, than in any of the

most enticing places of resort provided by private enterprise. It is not true of mankind generally that they prefer the evil rather than the good. On the other hand, where libraries and galleries of art, and places of innocent and healthy recreation are open to the public, the great mass of the people flock to them, enjoy them, and are profited by them. On the continent of Europe, where free libraries, galleries of art, gardens and other public places abound, and where all the people, high and low, meet, the humbler classes are far more temperate and far better bred than are the same classes in either England or America.

In this country, no considerable village should be without its public library. As for cities, there should be one in every ward. We could better dispense with one half of our schools, than do without them.

AMBITION.

A BABBLING brook from mountain side
Came leaping down in tuneful tide,
Singing gayly on its way,
"I will be famous in my day."

As flowing onward, clear and bright,
Sparkling in the pale moonlight,
The stars looked down with gladsome eyes,
To see reflected there their own sweet skies.

The brook flowed on, and in its course
From hill and stream oft gathered force,
Till deep and wide its bosom bore
Whitened sails from every shore;

Then turned to heaven in boastful pride,
To mark its deep and swelling tide;
The stars looked down, with steady beam,
But no image found in its dismal stream.

'T is thus with man — in earliest youth
His heart 's a rill that mirrors truth,
But fed by fame, oft swells awide,
Till no image dwells in its turbid tide.

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