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Daniel
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MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

COLLECTED BY
HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR
HORATIO S. WHITE

III
THE LECTURER
Lectures, Addresses, and Miscellaneous Papers



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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Daniel Willard Fiske was born in Ellisburgh, N. Y., November 11, 1831, and died in Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 17, 1904. He was educated at Cazenovia Seminary and at Hamilton College, but left the latter institution before graduation to go abroad and study the Scandinavian languages. He passed two years in Copenhagen and at the University of Upsala, Sweden, and returned to New York in 1852, taking a place in the Astor Library, where he remained until 1859. He was General Secretary of the American Geographical Society, 1859-60. In 1857 the *American Chess Monthly* was founded, which he edited in conjunction with Paul Morphy, 1857-60; and compiled the "Book of the First American Chess Congress," held in New York, 1857. He had been connected with the United States Legation, Copenhagen, 1850-1851; and became Attaché to the United States Legation, Vienna, 1861-62, under Motley. In 1863-65 he was connected with the *Syracuse Daily Journal*. Later he was in the book business in Syracuse, and in 1867 was on the staff of the *Hartford Courant*. At times he had been clerk in the Syracuse Post Office. In 1868 he travelled

abroad, visiting Egypt and Palestine, when he received a call to be Professor of North-European languages, and Librarian, at Cornell University. He was an ardent member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. Iceland he visited in 1879. In 1880 he married Miss Jennie McGraw, who died in 1881. In 1883 he resigned his offices at Cornell and took up his permanent residence in Florence, Italy. Mr. Fiske's miscellaneous writings were numerous and varied, and reprints of the more important have been selected for publication in the present series. His valuable book collections, which were presented to the Cornell University Library, related to Dante, to Petrarch, to Icelandic History and Literature, and to the Rhæto-Romanic language. Besides the great collections which have enriched Cornell University, that institution has also received from his estate a fund for the uses and purposes of the Library, of more than half a million dollars.

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INTRODUCTION

The thirteenth section of the will of Willard Fiske runs as follows:

"I hereby appoint the said Horatio S. White to be my literary Executor, with power and authority to distribute, print, return, or make such disposal of my correspondence and private papers, literary memoranda, etc., as may seem to him judicious and advisable."

Professor Fiske's remarkable work on "Chess in Iceland" was in the press at the time of his death in 1904, and appeared soon after. A few years later his literary executor published a work entitled "Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," Longmans, Green and Co., New York and London, 1912, a collection of reprints of tales and sketches composed by Mr. Fiske almost entirely in 1857-60, while managing the *Chess Monthly*.

The first volume of the present series, entitled "The Editor," and published in the spring of 1920, contains selections from his editorial service during the years 1863-65 while he was connected with the *Syracuse Journal*. Those selections were intended to reveal his editorial ideals—his desire to communi-

cate exact and interesting information, to broaden the intellectual horizon of his readers by intelligent discussion of foreign affairs, and to enhance civic pride by appreciative descriptions of local landscapes, and by scholarly examinations of the history of a region, the Colonial reminiscences of which reached back to Jesuit days. Mr. Fiske's articles, and the notes which he collected, were characterized by great intelligence and acumen, and possessed much educational and scientific value. The selections were important and varied, serious but not ponderous in their presentation, with the elements of the humorous and the extraordinary not overlooked. That publication, apart from its illustrations of Mr. Fiske's journalistic activity, may also serve the purpose of affording incidentally a partial glimpse of a standard American newspaper half a century ago.

His journalistic experience began at an early date. During the years when as a mere youth he travelled and studied in Europe, and in the course of many ensuing sojourns abroad from Iceland to Egypt, he wrote for various American periodicals engaging descriptions of his peregrinations in the countries which he visited.

Mr. Fiske was a joyous traveller, an eager pedestrian, a lover of nature in her visible forms, and a devotee to the human and historical elements in the landscape. Readers of the first volume in this

series will recall many attractive illustrations of these traits in the descriptions of the natural beauty and the associations of the past which were revealed in the environment of Syracuse.

The second volume, which was published in the fall of 1920, gives many additional illustrations, in both prose and poetry, of those traits which appeared in the first, including not only the formative period when is visible the influence of Bayard Taylor's enthusiastic "Views Afoot," then fresh from the press, but also the later and instructive reflections of the matured observer. And in most of Mr. Fiske's work, here as well as elsewhere, may be detected one predominant quality, the accumulation and dissemination of useful and entertaining information, communicated in no pedantic fashion, but with a modest and sincere desire to add agreeably to the intellectual enlightenment of mankind.

The selections included embraced a number of his contributions to the home press, with an occasional family letter, describing his experiences in Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria in 1850-52, and 1862-63; a journey to Egypt and Palestine in 1867-68; accounts of his triumphal tour of Iceland in the summer of 1879, by Charles Dudley Warner and Provost W. H. Carpenter; excerpts from *Mímir*, a charming and compact little handbook on Iceland, which he wrote and published in Copenhagen in 1903; and some beautiful descriptions of the dis-

tant island which appear in a choice volume of poems addressed and dedicated to his wife, exquisitely printed in a private edition (Florence) 1887, of less than a score of copies.

The present volume, which is to be followed by a biography of Mr. Fiske, with a supplementary volume containing a variety of illustrative material, comprises a number of miscellaneous lectures, addresses, and other papers, covering a wide range of subjects. If, among these, that domain is not represented in which Mr. Fiske was a master,—the librarian's field, bibliography, and the science of book collecting,—the omission may be supplied by the forthcoming biography, and by a reference to the introductions of the catalogues of Mr. Fiske's great book collections, and to the memorial papers of the Bibliographical Society of America.¹

From these sources many appropriate utterances might be gleaned, which, to avoid undue repetition, have not been here incorporated.

Of the nine selections before us, the first five might be considered to be essentially academic, namely, the lecture on Swedish student life, the notes on Cornell University, the summaries of German history, the account of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, and the series of talks on journalism which formed a

¹ Volume Twelve, Numbers 3-4, July-October, 1918. "Willard Fiske Memorial." The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

course for student instruction. The last four selections, on Chess, on Civil Service Reform, on the Egyptian Alphabet and on Iceland, reveal once more the eclectic scope of Mr. Fiske's interests and sympathies. Short explanatory introductions accompany each of these selections.

In the final biography an effort will be made to outline consecutively and coherently Mr. Fiske's life and activities, illustrations of which are found in his miscellaneous published writings, in his voluminous correspondence, and in the three volumes of these memorials.

HORATIO S. WHITE.

St. Augustine,
April, 1922.

I

SWEDISH STUDENT LIFE

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

SWEDISH STUDENT LIFE

THIS lecture was written about 1877, and, as may be inferred from internal evidence in the manuscript, was delivered before various audiences, notably at Cornell University, and at Prof. Fiske's Alma Mater, Hamilton. It is not only a delightful picture of the pleasant conditions surrounding foreign student life, but is a valuable delineation of the educational features of a Scandinavian University, resembling in many details the organization of European Universities in general.

Certain racy passages in criticism of some aspects of college life which Prof. Fiske had bracketed in his manuscript, although not so timely now, appeared too entertaining to be excised.

If an austere critic might deprecate the occasional over-convivial tendencies of lads left to their untrammelled devices, he may be assured that beneath the froth and foam there runs a strong cur-

rent of steady intellectual progress. Some account will be given in the biography of the occupations which filled young Fiske's laborious days in Scandinavia. One performance might here be noted, the delivery at Upsala of a series of talks in Swedish on prominent English and American novelists, poets, and historians. The printed announcement enumerates over thirty writers; and his Swedish manuscript includes additional names.

The influence of Prof. Fiske's foreign training appeared in his attitude toward the policies of Cornell University in its formative period, a chapter in its history which will be illustrated in the next section of this volume.

It was in 1901 that Prof. Fiske was able to join in the public celebration at Upsala of his academic jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the ancient and honorable Swedish University.

[Ed.]

SWEDISH STUDENT LIFE

IN my younger days I was exceedingly young, and I am afraid that age has not mended me in that respect,—that the gathering years find me only too orthodox in my acceptance of the Ciceronian creed, with even more of the *aliquid adolescentis* in my nature than the Tusculan philosopher would approve; and that could I fulfil the desire of the Spartan Chilon to witness the termination of a long existence, I should still to the end retain my fondness for the sunny atmosphere, all aglow with the brightest hopes and softened by the fondest fancies, which surrounds the university student of either hemisphere. For the collegiate period is the golden gate of life and the passage through it is none the less charming, the recollections of it are none the less grateful, that it often opens upon a long after-existence of hopes unfulfilled and fancies unrealized. Not that it is all sunshine, for not many youths complete the four years' voyage without encountering occasional days of cloud and storm; but as in regard to a few favored geographical localities, the sunshine may be said to predominate as in few other stages of man's journey; not that the memories of it

either are all pleasant, for they are too frequently enshadowed by the remembrance of lost opportunities and by that "saddest" reflection of what might have been. Many of my own reminiscences, though I may not record them, are of such a character. For I was a lamentably erratic youth, and when I climbed up and down yonder hill, as many of you are now doing, I had an extraordinary and exasperating way of doing those things which I ought not to have done and of leaving undone those things which I ought to have done. Instead of sticking to my Greek and Latin, my mathematics and orations—that quadrivium of my day—I strayed away over all sorts of fields of illegitimate study, until at last, partly through the influence of Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," the fascination of which none of you of the present generation can fully understand, partly through the influence of certain writings of our present honored minister to Italy,¹ my wandering intellect settled down upon the Scandinavian language and literature, to which I devoted myself with irrepressible assiduity. My ardor at length reached such a pitch that one June morning I sailed adventurously away to the north of Europe, seeking what knowledge I might devour.

My first stopping-place was the University of Copenhagen, where I found myself, in the earliest

¹George P. Marsh, whose residence in Florence, the Villa Forini, Mr. Fiske afterwards occupied for a few years. [Ed.]

days of my sojourn, afloat in an ocean of marvel. Coming from one of our own collegiate institutions, I was amazed at the size and extent of a European establishment of learning. The venerable history of the university which stretched back for a period ante-dating the Columbian discovery of America, the four faculties, the number of the professorships, the throngs of students, the library of two hundred thousand volumes, the two observatories, the botanical garden, the extensive museums of natural history, of archeology and of the fine arts, the University gymnasium, the University riding-school, the University hospital,—all these were new and strange and astounding. I found, however, that the great Danish institution, like that of Berlin, is, so to speak, swallowed up in the busy life of a metropolis. The students are lost among the mass of the inhabitants, and student-life either develops itself in cliques, or merges itself in the social life of the city. As I did not matriculate, I attended but two or three courses of lectures, and those very irregularly. My time was occupied with lessons in Icelandic, and my associates were chiefly the score or more of students from distant Iceland, who were then always to be found at this University. But, spite of the narrowness of my circle of acquaintances, I was enabled to witness one picture of the student-life of Copenhagen, which still remains imaged in my memory. Not long after my arrival

the most eminent member of the philosophical faculty died. That was Hans Christian Oersted, one of the famous physical investigators of our age, —the man who shares with Franklin and Morse the honor of the invention of the magnetic telegraph. His funeral was a public one. All night and all day detachments of students, with blazing torches and drawn swords, stood guard over his body lying in state in the spacious Protestant Cathedral of the Danish capital, the walls of which were hung with black, forming a wonderful background to those masterpieces of modern sculpture, the twelve Apostles of Thorvaldsen. The next evening the burial took place, and equally impressive were the thousand torches, which, in the hands of students, flickered in long procession through the narrow streets, and the solemn hymns, which resounded from a thousand throats, in the thronged and torch-lit cemetery.

In the far North winter leaps almost at a bound into the lap of summer, and just in the midst of this fleeting spring I left Copenhagen, crossed the Sound, and began a journey, with knapsack and staff, through the southern provinces of Sweden—a green and sunny land of pleasant farms and quiet hamlets. Nine miles back from the coast I passed through the seat of Sweden's second university, the charming little town of Lund, nestling in the shadow of a great stone cathedral. The center of university

life in this place is a grove of majestic oaks, of such reverend age that they could hardly have been young even in the days of the Druids, around which are clustered the more noteworthy edifices of the university. Here are the library, the aula or lecture building and the gallery of art. And here too, hard by the library, stands the building which was then of more interest to me than all the others, the building of the Student-Union of Lund, erected with moneys raised, during a series of years, by the general association of the undergraduates. It is a large château-like building, having a tower at each of its four angles. Under its ample roof are a spacious hall for meetings, a ball-room, three or four reception parlors, a refectory, furnishing excellent meals at cheap rates, a billiard-room, a reading-room filled with scores of periodicals in all languages, a circulating library, smoking-rooms, conversation-rooms and divers other apartments, all constructed, managed, and maintained, in a land far poorer than our own, by a body of students scarcely greater in number¹ than that which frequents several of our institutions of learning. The place itself impresses the traveller as one of the cosiest of university towns, half city, half village. In the low brick dwellings which line its streets many generations of academic youth have lived and studied. In its

¹ At this time Lund University had about 500 students and 25 professors. [Ed.]

youngest years Lund played a great part in the task of Christianizing and civilizing the North; in its later years it has produced the North's most illustrious poet, Esaias Tegnér, whose bronze statue stands between the University Aula and the Cathedral—a happy site for the memorial of a man who was both a bishop and a scholar.

From Lund I went to the University of Upsal—more musical does its name sound in the vernacular, Upsala—the larger and older of the two Swedish institutions for higher education, situated some 50 miles north of Stockholm, in the same latitude as the southernmost point of Greenland, but of course possessing a much milder climate. Upsala University was founded in 1477—almost exactly 300 years before the political birth of our republic. Five months ago it celebrated its 400th anniversary, the ceremonies being attended by delegates from all the great universities of the old world, by the Northern kings and princes, and by a crowd of scholars, divines, and statesmen. 1600 students welcomed the royal party with a torchlight procession. On the long rolls of its members are inscribed such names as those of Linnæus, prince of naturalists, Swedenborg, prince of mystics, and Berzelius, prince of chemists. Nor is the university town itself unworthy of such an institution. It was the capital of a kingdom in the very earliest days of Teutonic history. Here, if anywhere, lived and ruled the men

Odin, and Thor and Frey, who, afterwards elevated to the dignity of gods, still compel our involuntary worship, whenever we pronounce the names of the days of the week. Their lofty sepulchral mounds, three short miles from the present city, attest the glory of the old divine dynasty and the reality of the old mythology. Upsala's cathedral, too, the temple of a later religion, built after the model of Notre Dame of Paris, served, down to within two centuries, as the burial place of the Swedish monarchs, and its venerable walls enclose the remains of more than one monarch of the mind whose dominion extended far beyond the Scandinavian peninsula. The University is one of the wealthiest in the old world, having been liberally endowed by the great Gustavus Adolphus with crown lands lying in every part of Sweden, and with various spoils of the Thirty Years War. It boasts of more than 60 endowed professorships, 400 stipendia or scholarships, of many fellowships, and of 40 travelling bachelorships.

It possesses the customary four faculties, of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy. Every faculty has its Dean, and the Rector of the University is chosen yearly from each faculty in turn. The Rector is the virtual head of the institution. For although there is a chancellor, who is generally some prince or distinguished statesman, and a pro-chancellor, who is usually the archbishop of Upsala,

these dignitaries are like certain non-resident professors whose names adorn the catalogues of certain American colleges, ornamental rather than effective members of the academic body-politic. The real title of the Rector is Rector Magnificus, and in speaking formally to him he is addressed as Your Magnificence. The whole corps of instructors, numbering upwards of one hundred, is divided into professors, extraordinary professors, tutors and masters of exercises. Under the last head are included the teachers of elocution, gymnastics, music, fencing and dancing. In addition to these there is quite a throng of other officials, such as librarians, amanuenses and curators of cabinets, not to mention the University beadles or servants, who are clad in livery and are altogether imposing in bearing and gorgeous in appearance. The government of the University town, which has a population of 15,000, is shared between the ordinary municipal authorities and the academic consistory, all ordinances relating to city affairs being signed jointly by the Rector and the Mayor. The University also elects one member of the Swedish parliament. The public edifices of the institution are scattered over the town, some of them, like the so-called Carolina Rediviva, the observatory, the chemical laboratory and the botanical museum, being commodious buildings, although there is nothing of the opulent and venerable splendor of English Oxford and Cam-

bridge. The Carolina Rediviva, as its name indicates, was originally constructed by one of the Swedish Charleses, was subsequently destroyed by fire, and then rebuilt in its present location, on a slight elevation close to the castle and looking down the main street. It contains the great hall of the University, in which the principal academic solemnities take place, and the University Library of a quarter of a million of volumes. Most of you will remember, in passing, that conspicuous among the treasures of this Library is the famed *codex argenteus*, or silver codex, bound in solid silver and written in silver letters on purple vellum, containing the principal existing fragments of Bishop Ulfilas's translation of the Bible into Gothic—the most venerable and the most valuable monument of our Teutonic speech.

The students are divided into "nations," as in the medieval universities, each nation composed of men from the same province—a feature which has the advantage of making those who are neighbors at home also intimates at the University, and of continuing through the academic career the friendships begun in boyhood.¹ Nearly every one of the 13 nations has its own hall, generally a building surrounded by a garden, and containing a large room for assemblies and suppers, a circulating library, a

¹ Similar clubs exist in German Universities, and, more recently, in American institutions. [Ed.]

reading-room and a gymnasium, and sometimes a billiard-room. The principal officers of the Nation are two Curators, elected for terms of two or three years from among the older undergraduate members and occupying suites of rooms in the Nation's hall, and an Inspector, elected for life, always a professor and an old member of the Nation. The Inspector is the medium of communication between the Nation and the Academic Consistory, and what little of that loathsome business, which we call discipline—let us devoutly trust that in another world it has a fairer name—whatever of discipline there is in this Swedish University is chiefly exercised through the Inspectors and Curators. Thus if a complaint of a grave character be lodged at the Rector's office against a student, the matter is referred to the Inspector of the student's Nation, who turns it over to the Curators, by whom the difficulty is ultimately arranged. The undergraduates, therefore, in large part, manage their own affairs without the kind intervention of any faculty.

Upon entering the University, the candidate for admission passes a severe examination, which varies somewhat for the faculty to which he proposes to attach himself. For a year, that is two semesters, the new-comers bear the title of *recentiores*, and then become *juniores* or juniors—the truly dignified cognomen of sophomore being unknown—and after two or three terms more they are styled *seniores*,

or seniors. These designations, however, belong rather to the Nation than to the University and are little used by the students themselves. At any time that he pleases, usually after five or six terms' residence, the undergraduate may pass a second examination, which makes him a candidate for a degree, and he writes after his name *candidatus theologiæ*, *candidatus jûris*, *candidatus medicinæ* or *candidatus philosophiæ*, according to the name of the faculty under which he is studying. The candidate now remains such until he is ready to take his Doctor's degree, which is usually a year or two later. He is then specially and individually examined by every member of his Faculty, and undergoes a final examination by the assembled board. He must, moreover, write, publish and defend a thesis. This defending of the thesis or disputation is a peculiar procedure, medieval in its forms, called *ventilatio*, or ventilation. The thesis is first printed, at the candidate's expense, the title-page stating that it will be publicly defended, by the gracious permission of the illustrious faculty, on such a day and at such a place. A professor, selected and invited by the student, presides at the ceremony, and if the candidate be a nobleman, the cathedral or desk is draped with scarlet cloth. The student at the appointed time delivers a discourse expounding his thesis. Two opponents then rise among the audience and attack it, whereupon the author, or, as he

is technically called, the respondent, answers their criticisms, and, if he do this triumphantly, the Professor or Præses declares the thesis sustained. The two opponents are generally personal friends of the respondent, chosen by himself, and the whole proceeding is thus a mere ceremony and nothing else; but any auditor has the right to play the rôle of a real opponent, and if the student's thesis were a very feeble one, such an opponent would be sure to show himself. The candidate may proceed to his doctor's degree at any time, but the General Promotion, which corresponds to our Commencement—save that it lacks the orations,—those gentle breezes of mellifluous wind,—comes only once in three years. The names of the new Doctors are then formally proclaimed. At this promotion there are two particular honors. The student who has obtained the greatest number of highest grade certificates in his examinations, is styled *primus*, and the possessor of the second largest number is styled *ultimus*. Candidates for the degree frequently wait as long as ten years, before taking it, in the hope of earning one of these distinctions. In my time, in fact, there was one member of the University, born in the last century and matriculated in 1811, who had “gone in,” as we say, for *Primus* at several successive Promotions, and had constantly failed. When, at last, a new and advanced generation of candidates had grown up around him, and he had

no longer a hope of carrying off the coveted honor, he had grown so habituated to student life that he could not readily abandon it. And so he lived on, a gray-haired man, melancholy, eccentric, still keeping his name on the books of the University and of his Nation, and attending now and then a lecture, but usually remaining housed with the tomes in the quarters which he had occupied for more than a third of a century. A few years ago I know that he had been promoted to a sphere, where examinations, let us hope, are even more blissful affairs than here below, and where everybody who chooses can be like St. Thomas Aquinas, a Doctor Angelicus.

When the candidate is advanced to the doctorate he receives from the Rector or Chancellor a key and a book—the book symbolical of knowledge, and the key, of that wisdom which unlocks the treasures of knowledge—and is entitled to wear through life, embroidered upon the collar of his coat, a harp entwined with wreaths of laurel and bay, and to be addressed as Doctor or Magister. Among the privileges of his doctorate are the right to wear a sword, to be presented at court, and to rank, in all public ceremonies, with the nobility. Many students, however, do not proceed to the doctorate, and not a few do not even go as far as to become candidates. For them there are special examinations, and those who pass them are generally men who are going into the lower ranks of the civil service or into business.

For in the Swedish civil service every official, from the prime minister down to the postmaster of the pettiest hamlet, must have passed a certain time at the University and undergone certain examinations. The Tweeds and Belknaps, and other eminent politicians of our happy and glorious Republic, would stand a poor show for a chance at the public larder in monarchical Sweden.

And now for the student-life proper. It must not be forgotten that the students at the Northern Universities, as at the great European schools in general, form the real aristocracy of the on-coming generation. They are soon to rule the land, to sit in its parliament, to hold the high places in the church and at the bar, to carry on the administrative service of the nation, to edit its newspapers, to occupy the chairs of its learned institutions and to take the lead in its literature and among its scientific investigations. This aristocracy is, in its beginnings, if I may say so, a democratic one, for it excludes no one by reason of his poverty or humble origin. But it is nevertheless an aristocracy, and its members perfectly well understand this. They know that to maintain their place in it, to uphold its rank and to perpetuate its power, they must possess a special training—that education is to them what birth is to the hereditary nobility, or wealth to the moneyed aristocracy. They never lose sight of this fact, however much they may, at times, devote them-

selves to pleasure. If, in the cases of some, who come from years of severe mental drill and strict physical discipline at a gymnasium, the freedom of the university produces a reaction and leads to a few months of idleness, these instances, here as at the universities of Germany, are exceptional. You must bear in mind, therefore, that under the scenes of jollity and merriment which I may sketch, there is a steadily flowing current of study and work.

Among so many youths I soon felt myself at home, although I was not without my little troubles and vexations. Throughout my stay I constantly mourned over two deficiencies of my own, the lack of thorough training in my preparatory years, and my ignorance of music. I found men, scarcely older than myself, quoting Latin authors with an ease and an appreciation which overawed me, and debating questions of philosophy and history with a mature knowledge which I could only envy. The sole attainments in which I was at all superior to my fellows, were the English language and literature and American affairs; and to these I too frequently suffered myself, in an egotistic way, to turn the tide of conversation, when I was completely satiated with talk about Hegel and Kant and the ego, and nihilism, and subjectivity and objectivity, and all the rest of it, which seemed to my uninstructed ears only the meaningless jargon of metaphysics. Secondly, my unfamiliarity with music deprived me of

half the pleasure of my associations. So acutely did I feel this, that I mentally resolved, whenever I should found my university, to admit no individual who did not pass a musical entrance examination with a plump 100. And during the years I have passed on yonder hill, I have more than once felt a pang of pity for our own undergraduates, many of whom, I make no doubt, are immersed in an unmelodious ignorance as profound as my own; and I have often sighed at the thought of the good times which they might enjoy at so cheap a rate. For of all the accomplishments, none is so easily acquired by the young as music, and none is such an inexhaustible well-spring of delight.

During my first two semesters I was the only foreigner at Upsala; in addition to this I was the one solitary American, who, for more than thirty years, had been regularly matriculated. It was perhaps natural that I should be an object of popular interest and curiosity, of the same kind as a savage Modoc, bending under the honors of a freshman, would excite among us. I speedily became the best known man in town. Ladies and children, with that naïve inquisitiveness which seems to be an attribute alike of beauty and of youth, would stop and gaze at me on the street and exclaim to each other: "There goes the American!" very much as we stop and exclaim at the passing by of some noted politician or other malefactor. This annoyed me some-

what in the beginning, but I soon grew accustomed to it, and towards the end of my second term it entirely ceased.

The students attached to the universities of Sweden all wear, during their residence, a cap like our navy caps in shape, but made of white velvet, surrounded by a rim of black velvet and bearing in front a cockade of the national colors. This is worn, whether the student be actually at the university, or sojourning temporarily elsewhere, and is never laid aside except it be to attend some social assemblage, where a fashionable hat is absolutely indispensable. As a badge, its striking appearance renders it easily recognizable at a long distance; its assumption is entirely a voluntary matter on the part of the students, and has in no wise been counselled or commanded by the authorities of the University; it is therefore willingly and universally worn, and its adoption by any other class of the community would be fiercely resented. The gowns of Oxford and Cambridge are unknown in the North or in Germany, but, even without his cap, you may in general easily distinguish a Scandinavian student, as you can tell a German *Bursch*, by a certain jauntiness of attire and a certain independence of bearing.

For your true *studiosus* abhors the commonplace garments of the Philistine world, and feels a contempt for their wearer. The former sentiment

sometimes leads him almost to the confines of that style of dress known among us as "loud"; the latter occasionally carries him pretty near the borders of insolence. He is too apt, perhaps, to treat with little ceremony townsmen and others who are not graduates, or who are not in some official way connected with the University. Happily the strong line of demarcation drawn by the student mind between the academic community and the Philistine commonalty of mankind, does not lead in the North to such violent outbreaks as have marked, at different times, the town and gown antipathies of Oxford and other schools. The Upsalienses feel that they hold the town in too thorough subjection to need to combat it. Nor do the tradespeople and lessees of rooms, who derive a large part of their livelihood from the money expended by 1,600 students, choose to bite their own noses off by abuse, either in word or act, of the University or its members. If the people of Upsala do not contribute anything to the income of the institution, they may at least lay claim to the merit of according it a decent treatment. In this Swedish University-town, moreover, the inhabitants have a wonderful habit of minding their own business, a praiseworthy trait in all classes and in all climates, but not one altogether prevalent in every seat of a university. In this Swedish University-town, if a learned professor conceived the idea of standing upon his head for an

hour at high noon in the center of the main street, and carried his idea into execution, no good Mrs. A. regarded it as a religious duty to go and tell Mrs. B., nor did Mrs. B. consider her chances for heaven lost if she failed to straightway communicate the details of the atrocious event to Mrs. C. In this Swedish University-town, if a student incurred a debt to his washerwoman, old Miss Smith and old Miss Jones were not made supremely unhappy because they lacked the privilege of proclaiming the terrible and heart-rending circumstances from the housetops. In this Swedish University-town, if a person chose to eat chicken salad at breakfast, to dine at midnight, to wash down his lunch with a potation of mare's milk, to write with his left hand instead of his right, or to sleep with one eye open—none of these monstrous eccentricities sent a thrill of excitement through the community. A quarter of a century ago, at any rate, the demon of gossip and the arch fiend of sensation had not yet taken up their residence in Upsala. Professor and student did, within the limits of the law, what seemed good to them, and there were no foolish towns-people to feel scandalized at actions they were incapable of comprehending; there were no busy-tongued graduates of either sex to wonder at what in no wise concerned them; there were no petty village editors to write ungrammatical comments on matters of which they were egregiously ignorant.

Our daily course of life flowed along in general with tolerable regularity and simplicity. Prices were cheap, and we could afford some luxuries still lacking in our cis-atlantic civilization. Our rooms, usually rented in a furnished state, were scattered through the private houses of the town, the very cheerful, cleanly, quiet and moral dormitories of our college system being not yet a feature of the continental universities. We had some three apartments, an ante-room with closets, a study and a bedroom. The wealthier, of course, occupied more pretentious suites. It was very rare that two persons inhabited the same set of rooms, unless they were very near relatives, and the word "chum" has consequently no equivalent in the student dialect of Upsala. Every day, in the early morning, a man or boy, who served several individuals living in the same building or neighborhood, made his appearance, built our fires in those tall porcelain stoves common to that climate, and brushed our boots and clothes. Later came our landlady, or a servant from a restaurant, with a cup of coffee and a roll. Lectures began at eight, and at twelve or one we dined, a party of us, at one of the eating-houses, having our private room and paying so much a week for our dinner. In the afternoon there were more lectures; and two or three times a week, in the evening from five to seven or from seven to half-past eight or nine, many of us had recitations or other

exercises under private tutors, after which we supped wherever it pleased us. I may be permitted to mention here that the unjust and injurious habit of "treating"—a product of our own soil—was never practiced, but each member of a company in an eating-house ordered, consumed and paid for what he wanted. To offer to settle anybody's bill but your own would have been deemed an insult, unless you were giving a ceremonious entertainment for which formal invitations had been issued.

The duello, which plays so noteworthy a part in the student life of various German universities, has never been introduced into Scandinavia, although the art of fencing receives considerable attention. Another essential element of university life, south of the Baltic—beer—is not looked upon as of the same vital importance north of that sea. Partial abstinence from this drink is nevertheless made up for by the Swedish student's devotion to punch, of which the basis is the rice-distilled arrack, an exceedingly strong and deceptive liquor, imported in large quantities into Sweden from the East Indies. Many of the undergraduates have their favorite recipes for brewing this punch, generally varying as to the number of bottles or as to the kind of wine to be added to the arrack. Some students acquire special renown for their skill in concocting bowls of punch—a branch of practical chemistry which it is hardly necessary as yet to introduce into insti-

tutions on this side of the ocean. I very well remember how famous, over all the University, was the punch brewed by a young nobleman of my time, who is at this present the ambassador of his Swedish and Norwegian Majesty at the court of Vienna. Notwithstanding all this there is little of what we should style drunkenness, the student being almost always wise enough to stop at the stage of exhilaration, and very infrequently getting into that obfuscated condition distinguished as "dead drunk." I have many times seen men so excited that their speeches and songs flowed with unusual glibness from their tongues. I have occasionally seen some, who had overstepped the boundaries of that region to which Tennyson alludes as the "maudlin moral"; but I never, during my year at Upsala, saw one so intoxicated as to be sick. They rarely do very foolish things under the influence of wine, however many they may say. The only exception to this statement which I can now recall, was when a company of forty or fifty students, after passing a night of unwonted hilarity, celebrating the accession of one of their number to his property, marched at four o'clock one early spring morning up the high street of the town to the Carolina Rediviva, behind which is a grove of drooping birches. Each student here selected his tree, mounted into it with more or less difficulty, and all proceeded to arouse the neighborhood by imitating

the sound of crowing cocks. After a quarter of an hour of this exquisite musical exercise everyone's enthusiasm seemed somehow to die away, and each looked as if he preferred to remain roosted all day on his elevated perch, rather than undergo the dangers of an attempted descent. This ornithological incident was the sole instance of a publicly scandalous event—of anything approaching in character the arduous and refined sports of a gate night—which came under my cognizance while in the North. You will hear, perhaps, with emotions of sorrowful surprise, that not a single member of a single faculty manifested the slightest interest in the affair, cared an iota about its occurrence or recurrence, or dreamed of moving the appointment of an investigating committee. Not a policeman interfered, and no university official threatened anybody with expulsion. This leads me to say that, after I had become accustomed to the great size and broad development of a European university, my next object of wonder was the relations existing between the students and the professors. At my American college the students had been habituated to look upon the members of the faculty as in some way their mortal foes, conferring upon them nicknames often of a vulgar character, speaking of them frequently with a disrespect which evinced a noted dislike, looking upon it as a virtue to deceive them, and passing them with a "good morning" which

really signified something far less polite than the expression used. Abroad, I found a condition of things totally different. There, the relations of professor and student are relations of the strictest courtesy. There, no coarse names were given to the members of the faculties; no evasive statements were made to them, no disrespect was shown towards them, no unpleasant remarks were uttered about them. The undergraduates regarded the professors as the heads of a community to which they themselves belonged, and were proud of belonging, and treated them as such. On the other hand, there was little exercise of discipline, no espionage, no investigation of petty offences, no restraint of any kind practiced by the academic consistory or the faculties. In my last year, in consequence of being a foreigner, I stood upon terms of intimacy with a few of the professors, to which the native student rarely attains until after several terms' residence. But I never heard a solitary professor speak an ill-humored or a depreciatory word of a student; I never knew one to proffer advice unless asked for it; I never beheld one so bursting with the obligations of duty that he felt it necessary, in order to avoid an explosion, to eject an admonition at some unlucky undergraduate.

The student regards it as one of the essential functions attached to his membership of the university, to make a formal call upon every professor

in his faculty at least once or twice a semester, each professor having his proper hours of reception in the morning once or twice a week, which hours are always indicated in the catalogue or calendar. These calls are not only formal but truly formidable affairs, for a white cravat, white vest, dress coat and kid gloves form indispensable parts of the costume which custom requires. The dwellings of the Rector and other members of the faculties, especially of those having families, are the frequent scenes of dinner parties, lunches and evening entertainments, to which the older students are liberally invited. There may have been in Upsala invitations of another sort, sometimes sent to a student, to meet the academic consistory as a body, and undergo a remorseless shower of relevant and irrelevant questions as to his private conduct,—but I never had the honor to receive any of them. There may have been such agreeable incidents in a man's university career as expulsion and suspensions and probations,—but I never heard of them. There may have been parents in that far-off land, who sent their sons to the University, expecting the professors to play the part of nursery-maids to their callow offspring, and to watch over them with the tender solicitude of an elderly aunt,—but I never saw them. There may have been students who had not outgrown the taste for such juvenile, schoolboyish pranks as rushes, snow-balling, interrupting and disturbing each

other's meetings, carrying off street-signs and stealing gates, or who had acquired, in some semi-civilized, backwoods region, a fondness for such boorish, bearish and clownish gambols as smashing street lamps, blowing tin horns, hurling pails of water down staircases, and filling the air with savage yells at the hour of midnight,—but it was my misfortune never to meet them. All this may seem to you a gilded picture of a golden Utopia. I do not choose to discuss here whether the realization of such a Utopia be possible among us. I only know that it exists elsewhere.

But this is a divergence from my theme, which you will pardon. The Nation, as I have said, forms the most marked division of the students. It is to the Upsala man, in some degree, what his college is to the Oxonian. Upon matriculation he is obliged to attach himself to that Nation which bears the name of the province from which he comes, unless his father, while at the University, happened to be a member of another, in which case he may make his choice between the two. Noblemen and foreigners, however, may select any one of the nations, and availing myself of this privilege, I became a member of the Dalecarlian Nation, partly because it was the largest, partly because my earliest acquaintances belonged to it. I afterwards found that the sole American students who had preceded me, two in the last century during the teaching

of Linnæus, and one about 1820, had all been attached to that body. The Nation is so like what we call a Greek-Letter Society that no member of one ever enters the hall of another, except on the first of May, when it is the custom for these bodies to visit each others' buildings in procession. The Nation's hall is open to its members daily, while general gatherings, at which literary essays are often read, occur about once a month accompanied by a *sexa* in the principal room. This *sexa* is a cold collation, which, as its name proves, used to be given in more primitive times at six o'clock in the evening, but which now comes an hour or two later. It is just before a *sexa* that new members are introduced. In my case, after the *sexa* and some speeches, a great chair was brought from the Library into the supper hall; the Inspector, a dignified professor, seated himself in it, four student members mounted the chair upon their shoulders, and we all followed it in procession around the long supper table, singing the Nation's song. Then the bearers stopped at the head of the table, a glass of wine was handed to the Inspector, and in a little address he proposed the Nation's health. As a foreign-born member, the same honors, despite the shock thus given to my modesty, were done to me, the members singing, as they marched, the Marseillaise, the only Republican song with which they were familiar, out of compliment to free America,

and I in very broken Swedish toasting the University from my embarrassing elevation.

Two spots in the vicinity of Upsala are places of frequent resort. The first of these is the ancient mounds of Old Upsala, huge barrows where lie buried, as I have hinted, the demigods of the mythic eld of Scandinavia, Odin, Frey and Thor. They are three miles away from the present town. Hard by them dwells a family famed for its brewing of mead—the drink alike of the Scandinavian and of the Homeric heroes—and it is customary for parties to flock thither of a spring or autumn afternoon and quaff the mild, honeyed beverage from drinking-horns made in imitation of those which are occasionally exhumed from the old northern burial-places. At the first visit which the late King Oscar I paid to Upsala after his accession to the throne, the court drove out one morning to inspect the old barrows. The affair got wind, and the Nations made their arrangements accordingly. The students were requested to betake themselves quietly and early to Old Upsala, where, concealed in and around a church at the base of the tumuli, they awaited the arrival of the royal party. The King ascended the loftiest mound. Suddenly the students, to the number of several hundred, poured out of their hiding-places, clambered up the steep sides of the mound, surrounded the astonished sovereign, greeted him with music and cheers, and proffered

him a foaming horn of mead. The King took the matter good humoredly, tasted the mead, thanked the members of the University for their odd salutation, and subsequently sent to the student corps a magnificent drinking-horn of silver as a memorial of the event.

The other place, which, on days of festival, is visited by throngs of students, is a large square meadow, called Lugnet or Repose, entirely surrounded by a thick green forest and used at some seasons as a place of exercise for the troops of the district. Here are held the summer saturnalia of the University, when all the undergraduate bodies march in procession through the streets and along the winding and wooded way which leads to the meadow. These midsummer cavalcades are motley to the last degree, the Nations vying with each other both in the splendor of their vestments and in the ludicrous ingenuity of their devices. The political events of the year, the leading incidents of history, the finest episodes of literature are all remorselessly satirized. I have no doubt that had we been there seven or eight years ago we should have seen Bismarck, in the garb of a witch at work brewing a storm, Napoleon the Third shaking his fist in the Emperor William's face, the latter monarch very likely engaged in devouring a stout German sausage held in one hand, while he tried with the other to support steadily on his head, all unaccustomed to

its burden, the great imperial crown of Charlemagne. We should have seen Uncle Sam and John Bull occupied with arrangements for the Geneva Conference, the former bearing a basket several times as large as himself, in which he designed to carry off the millions paid in liquidation of his indirect claims, the latter proffering his unruly and exacting offspring the choice between a handful of copper coin and a rawhide. Between these masquerading notabilities would come a group of characters from Shakespeare or Schiller, Hamlet haranguing his courtiers, or Wallenstein communing with his astrologer; and then a troop of crusaders or a band of banditti; and then an allegory, where monarchy, represented as a tottering dotard, would be contrasted with young republicanism in the bloodstained and petroleum-stained blouse of a communist. So it would move on—this student carnival train—a strange mixture of sham kings and knights and statesmen and mountebanks—a long cortège of anachronisms and anomalies, the nineteenth century jostling the thirteenth, aristocracy cheek by jowl with democracy. And yet in all these displays there is little calculated to shock good taste, or to give personal offence to the spectators. They are devised and carried out with great system and unwearied care. Every student is assigned his place and tries his best to fulfil the duties of the post. Everybody does not insist upon

being first, as I have noticed sometimes is done in localities which I need not name. The choice of directors or managers once made, every other person submits, with entire good grace, to their order. No Nation, or class, or society refuses to participate in any public affair, or organizes a separate performance of its own, because it didn't get its share of offices. And let me state here that over and above all the Nations is the organization known as the Student Corps, the governing board of which is formed of delegates from the Nations. This general organization enables the whole body of students to work together more effectively, to raise money more easily, to give any proper needed aid and protection to its members, and to focus, so to speak, the combined strength of the undergraduate element upon any desired point. A trifling tax of two or three dollars is annually levied upon every student—a tax which no one ever dreams of declining to pay—and this, from so many members, places at the yearly disposal of the delegates quite a respectable sum. The student corps of Upsala now owns and controls (the figures two years ago) a building fund of nearly 800,000 Swedish dollars, and a music fund, a hospital fund, a scholarship fund and a reserve fund of several thousand dollars each. Such an organization as this—an organization overriding, for the common good, all class feeling, all clique feeling, all society feeling,—is the

great want, the one utterly indispensable desideratum of American college life. Without it, and without thorough and universal loyalty to it when once established, there can be, in this country, no student life of the highest and best character. The members of our universities must learn to comprehend the power, the influence and the resources of concentrated numbers. But while I am thus moralizing our processions are marching on towards the meadow of repose. Once there, tents, gay with the flags of the various nations, are pitched, over the central pavilion floating the great banner of the corps. The emerald-bordered plain looks half like a camp of gipsies, half like a travesty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The merriment, the songs, the speeches, the dancing, and the laughter are continued all the afternoon, and far into the mild evening, which in this latitude and at this season is one unending twilight.

Still another festival is that kept on the birthday of Gustavus Adolphus, in Odin's Grove, a small park lying in the center of the town, close to a group of University buildings. It always takes place in the evening under the clear cold sky of a Northern December. The main allée of the grove is lined with large iron tripods, in which piles of faggots blaze, while the students with torches encircle the obelisk, erected at the head of the avenue, in honor of the renowned champion of Protestantism, and

chant those national songs which recount the exploits of the Swedish Gustavuses and Charleses, telling how the old monarchs fought and died, how:

“King Charles the hero young, he stood in mist and
smoke,
He drew his trusty sword, and into battle broke.”

after which they march away to the huge bust of Gustavus Vasa, which stands up by the castle, and go through similar ceremonies. It is all very delightful and picturesque, unless you chance to freeze to death.

The other student recreations are as various as the ingenuity of youth can devise. Chief among them, as what I have previously said will lead you to suppose, is vocal music. To the European student this art is indeed the art of arts. No entertainment, no public or private gathering, is complete without it. At Upsala the University maintained a professor of music; the student corps maintained a musical director; and each of the larger Nations had a salaried music master. In forming a Nation or any body of students into procession, the musical leaders would be heard shouting “base here,” “soprani here”—and the procession would go marching on, singing in parts. There was no student who could not read notes at sight, few who could not sing. Each Nation had its selected quartette, as each class with us has its selected boat

crew, while the student corps has its first, second and third quartette, as we have our first and second nines at baseball. It was not uncommon for an undergraduate to acquire a national reputation as a song writer. A series of famous humorous trios, depicting the phases of student life and called *Gluntarne*, was composed by a man who took his degree just before me, and who is now a distinguished clergyman. As a consequence of this universal devotion to song, there are probably, in an equal population, nowhere in the world so many well-trained voices as at Upsala. This is the testimony of such connoisseurs as Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson;—testimony confirmed by the fact that the highest prize for vocal music, at the Paris Exposition of 1867, was gained, against hundreds of professional competitors from all parts of the continent, by the first and second quartettes of Upsala.

At the risk of your charging me with egotism, I will relate a little musical incident which occurred during my first year. In 1838 Mr. Hughes, our chargé d'affaires at Stockholm, gave a dinner on Washington's birthday, to which, among other guests, he invited Archbishop Wallin, the primate of Sweden. The archbishop was then one of the foremost of Swedish poets and wrote a song for the occasion, commencing:

“Swede, grasp your glass in your hand,
And clink it with the American,
For the father of his fatherland.”

This song, which is a pretty piece of verse, save that its author commits the historical blunder of making Washington fight the battle of Saratoga, has been set to an admirable melody. One insufferably frigid winter evening, I was sitting in my sitting-room, utterly and unpatriotically unmindful of the fact that the date was the birthday of Washington, when I heard strains of music out of doors. Imagining them to proceed from some Nation, which had just held a meeting, and was marching to the central market-place to disband for the night—a custom then prevalent—I stepped out on the little balcony in front of my hallway, the better to see and hear the performance. To my surprise I saw, assembled in the yard below, some sixty of my acquaintances, members of various nations. In the center of the group were planted two or three torches, casting their light upon the sheets of music in the hands of a double quartette of singers, who were executing this song of Wallin's, while the remainder of the students present clustered about them, and united in the chorus. I felt as if I had been nominated for Senator of the United States, and with fervid patriotism resolved to do my duty without fear or favor. Shall I venture to tell you

what that duty turned out to be? It was to accompany the party to an eating-house, where we toasted so long and so frequently the memory of the Father of my country, that I lost my earliest lecture next morning, and all, as Artemus Ward might say, on account of a person with whom I never had even a speaking acquaintance.

Many of my fellow students were sound republicans, especially around a punch-bowl. It was not long after the stirring days of '48. The students of Germany had taken part in the exciting scenes of those revolutionary times, and an echo of their somewhat sentimental enthusiasm had reached their Scandinavian brethren. On the very evening of my arrival at Upsala, some undergraduates, whose acquaintance I had previously made in Stockholm, met me at the boat, and invited an American traveller who accompanied me and myself to a supper. After the refectio there were several ardent speeches in eulogy of universal freedom and the rights of man—women at that date were regarded as human beings and their rights were treated as identical with those of other human beings—and these speeches were followed by a toast to republicanism and the august republic beyond the seas. We rose to drink it, and the whole party, except my American friend and myself, as they removed their glasses from their lips, threw them over their shoulders and they fell with a crash on the floor. This,

as I afterwards learned, was a student method of showing especial honor to a toast, the idea at the bottom of the custom, if so foolish a practice can be said to be based upon anything so solid as an idea, being that the glass was henceforth too sacred to be used for any ordinary purpose. I became, at last, rather tired of this republican rhodomontade, which was sure to break out at every entertainment at which I chanced to be present. With a view of ridding myself of it, I ventured finally to say to a large party, after listening to a series of flaming discourses of the usual sort, that my republicanism probably differed from theirs in two particulars: in the first place it was less zealous, because even my limited reading of history taught me that there had been more than one republic as despotic as the worst of monarchies, and not a few monarchies as republican as the best of republics; in the second place, it was likely to be more lasting, since I should pretty surely be obliged to spend the greater part of my days in a republic, while they would soon leave the university to fill comfortable offices in the service of a monarchy, which their position would bind them to support. I pictured one of them in the gown of a bishop, grown sleek and fat from the emoluments of his see, rising in the house of bishops to propose an abolition of the existing order of things; and another, dressed in the elegant uniform of an aide-de-camp to His Majesty the King, possessing the

right of entrée to the palace, and with his quarter's respectable salary in his pocket, proclaiming in the streets of Stockholm his belief in the uselessness of kings. I was by no means looked upon, after this, as a red republican.

The world-wide fondness of youth for practical jokes was occasionally manifest, at this hyperborean university, although it never assumed a phase so degradingly low and barbarous as the hazing practices of our American colleges. At one time, as I remember, a call was issued for a meeting, to be held at a public hall, for the double purpose of listening to an address on anthropology and of forming an anthropological club. The call indulged in a little lofty language, reminding those to whom it was addressed that "the noblest study of mankind is man," and enumerating a long list of celebrated German, French, and English scholars, who were devoting their lives and labors to the investigation of their own species. It was signed by a score of persons known among the students as devotees of natural history, and by two or three others who did not enjoy the same reputation. The latter were the only ones in the secret and had constituted themselves a committee of arrangements. I paid little heed to the document, for I did not cherish a very profound interest in the primeval monkey, but I was privately urged by a friend to be present at the meeting. I went and found the hall well filled,

more than half the audience, probably, having come in the belief that the call was genuine. A medical student of good standing was chosen chairman, whereupon another student—the real author of the jest, and a fellow of most nimble wit—gravely ascended the cathedra, unrolled an appalling mass of manuscript, and proceeded to read a long essay proposing a new classification of the human race. With considerable skill and many learned citations he sketched, in an introductory way, the anomalies of the various existing classifications and then expounded his own, which he felt sure was destined to receive the sanction of the scientific world. His first step was to divide the genus homo into two great subgenera, that which wears shirt collars and that which does not; and these genera he distributed into species, characterized by the principal use which is made of the mouth. There were the smiling species, the sighing species, the pouting species, the croaking species, the palavering species, the preaching species, the beer-drinking species, the tobacco-chewing species, the sausage-consuming species, the frog-eating species, the missionary-eating species and so on. From this point his address was full of laughable hits, especially when, after the manner of a phrenological lecturer, he undertook to indicate types of his different species among his audience. At the end he again eulogized this all-important branch of science, and closed by announcing that an

association would soon be formed which would pursue its researches on the basis of his classification.

Another incident of somewhat the same character occurred when a number of students, incensed at some action taken by the keeper of a café, resolved to show their resentment in a marked manner. According to agreement they all dropped into his establishment one after another, in the early part of an evening, and called for such things only as are usually furnished gratis to the frequenters of a café. First entered a group and took seats round a table, each one asking the waiter for a glass of water, which each proceeded to sip at his leisure; next followed five or six more, who demanded matches, with which they lighted cigars taken from their pockets; then several who happened to want nothing but tooth-picks; then others who simply desired to read the newspapers; then a number who merely wished pen and ink to make some memoranda in their note-books; and then another cluster who requested the use of a chessboard. And thus they continued to sit, for two or three hours, chatting on indifferent topics, as easy in their manner and as unconscious of the exasperated face of the proprietor and the puzzled countenances of the waiters, as if every one were spending a considerable sum. Meanwhile people who really wished to patronize the café were constantly opening the doors, noticing

the chairs all occupied and passing on to another establishment.

There was sometimes an impromptu escapade of another kind. Going down one noon from the Library, I encountered a friend, who proposed that we should walk some miles away from town, to see the house once inhabited by Linnæus, several rooms of which are still religiously kept as he left them. It was mid-winter, but as the day was bright and I had never visited the spot, I readily consented. We first went to dinner, and at the restaurant met half-a-dozen others who declared their intention of accompanying us. We started, well wrapped up, walked at a brisk pace, saw the relics of the immortal naturalist, and then went to a little postal inn, in the vicinity, for supper, intending to take our way home in the early evening. But when we called for our bill, it was discovered that the party was in the midst of a severe financial crisis, its entire funds not being sufficient to meet the demands of the landlord. A multitude of absurd methods of escape from our dilemma were proposed, one being, I recollect, that we should leave one of our number as a hostage in the hands of the landlord, to be afterwards redeemed at our convenience, and another that we should represent two of our party to be the two royal princes then known to be pursuing their studies at the University, and inform him that

the King would call in the morning and settle our bill. But none of these propositions proved feasible, and we accordingly dispatched a messenger to town for money and some other necessities, and resolved to pass the night at the inn. The weather was still so pleasant the next day that it was agreed to pursue our journey as far as the Mora Stones, a sort of runic Stonehenge, on the site of which the early monarchs of Svealand or northern Sweden used to be crowned, and then on to the ancient village of Sigtuna, on Lake Mälär, where some interesting ruins existed. The result of it all was that we finally crossed the lake on the ice and continued our walk to the silver mines of Sala, nearly a hundred miles away from the University. It was keenly cold, but with our furs and the vigorous exercise of walking, we succeeded in keeping tolerably free from frost-bites, until the last twenty-four hours, when a change in the weather brought on a bitterly intense northern storm. The experience of that final stage I shall not soon forget. At an early hour the quips, the jests and the laughter which had accompanied the preceding stages, wholly ceased. With as much ardor as we could evoke we endeavored to keep up the heroic struggle against the violent wind, the driving snow and what, if the English language permitted, I might call the more than zeroic cold. But our conversation and songs sank into sighs and murmurs, our sighs and mur-

murs deepened into complaints and groans, and I am afraid that our complaints and groans now and then degenerated into something like execrations. But these expletives could hardly have afforded an evil example, since the storm howled so clamorously that the loudest oath would not have been audible to the most delicate pietistic ear. After stopping to thaw ourselves out at each successive inn, and then setting out to undergo the process of congelation once more, we finally entered Upsala, as night fell, far sadder and wiser than when we started, our bodies benumbed and our tongues speechless, and each man the sworn foe of winter pedestrianism. We ought to have perished that wretched day, but didn't.

But I should altogether weary you, were I to portray in detail all the incidents of student life, or to enumerate each of its sources of amusement. Otherwise I should like to tell you, how in our evening assemblies we debated with the ardor and assurance of youth, every subject of human interest, from the subtlest and sublimest problems of infinitude down to the merits of the last style of necktie; how, whenever the regular company was absent from the excellent little city theatre, we took possession of the building and gave amateur dramatic entertainments under the leadership of one of our number, a son of a distinguished actor, and himself now the most conspicuous ornament of the Swedish stage; how we serenaded the princes when

they arrived to attend lectures, and subsequently accepted, with a humble feeling of loyalty and a proud appreciation of royalty, the invitations to the suppers which they gave; how on the King's birthday we rowed up and down the Fyris river in boats gaily decorated with many-colored Chinese lanterns; how each year we cheered and greeted the new Rector; how we walked or rode or drove to the iron mines of Dannemora, the largest and deepest in the world, and how, in the summer vacations, we took long tramps to the picturesque valleys of Dalecarlia or the broad forest districts of the North.

I should be glad to notice, moreover, some of the minor whims and caprices in which the student world indulged. As among all youth, there was a craving for novelty, and one fashion or craze succeeded another with fitful celerity. At one time the turning-lathe furnished the orthodox means of whirling away leisure. Every man, who could afford it, placed a lathe in his ante-room; every one who could not, paid some turner by the hour for the privilege of working in his shop. The number of long pipe-stems, of lilac and cherry, of chessmen and other objects, in wood and ivory, produced in a few weeks and distributed to friends, would have filled Noah's Ark. In my second winter some Laplander passed through the town on snowshoes, and thenceforward for a month or more, large crowds

made Lapps of themselves by sliding down the castle hill with strips of wood ten feet long fastened to their shoes. One of the princes took it into his head to practice riding in the riding-school in the afternoon, and straightway everybody followed his example, until the half-dozen horses owned by the University were nearly worn out by the sudden increase in the number of those taking lessons in equitation. For a while salad suppers were all the rage. A party would agree to meet at a restaurant, each member bringing some ingredient for a salad. Sometimes it turned out that nearly every person would make his appearance with a head of lettuce or cabbage, while at another time vast quantities of oil or mustard would be brought, with little or nothing in the way of more solid constituents. Almost all the students smoked; some took snuff, but nobody practiced the gentlemanly and high-toned American habit of chewing. Cigars were dear, and the enthusiasm and inventive fancies of the smoker were lavished on pipes. We ran, in the course of a twelvemonth, through all the fashions, meerschaum, briar wood and Austrian clay, and not a few had large collections of bowls and stems arranged with ingenious pomp on the walls of their apartments. Much time was expended on the gathering of various curiosities. Rooms were adorned with cabinets of natural history, of coins, of seals, of pottery, of arms, and other objects, archeological or grotesque.

Many were great buyers of books, and I recall at least a dozen libraries among the undergraduates, varying in size from 1,000 to 5,000 volumes.

At length came the final days of my student-life in the North. I had participated in the last *sexa* of my Nation; I had eaten unnumbered farewell dinners; I had been through an interminable round of leave-taking; but upon all this followed a festival the most peculiar, and, in many respects, the most splendid in which it has ever been my lot to take part. The students of both the Swedish Universities, those of the Danish University of Copenhagen, and those of the Norwegian University of Christiania, all met, for a week's social intercourse, at the capital of Norway. Two such general assemblages had taken place previously, one at Copenhagen and one at Upsala, and they have since occurred at regular intervals of three years. It had been expected that the members of the Finnish University of Helsingfors, at which the Swedish language is the predominant tongue, would be present at the gathering, but at the last moment, the Russian government, dreading the contagion of Scandinavianism, forbade them to leave the country. Considerable indignation was felt at this illiberal injunction, but it was not allowed seriously to interfere with the felicities of the occasion. The student-corps of my own university engaged for the trip the steamer *Berzelius*, at that date the largest

passenger vessel which floated on the waters of the Baltic, and took the route around the Swedish coast and through the Danish Sound. I had originally reached Stockholm by nearly the same course, and therefore determined, with two or three friends, to take a different way, to cross Sweden by the interior lakes and the canals which unite them, to follow up the western coast as far as Frederikshald, the scene of the mysterious death of Charles the Twelfth, and to go thence by a small steamer to Christiania. We were joined by a goodly number of graduates as we journeyed on, and finally sailed up the beautiful Christiania fjord on a lovely June morning—a large and merry company. The *Berzelius* was momentarily expected and the group of white caps on our deck was saluted with cheers from the shore, as we drew up at the landing-place. We had no sooner disembarked than we were met by members of the local committee, who placed in our hands a pamphlet containing the programme of the festivities, and a list of the expected participants, with the residence assigned to each. I found myself quartered upon Professor Munch, at that time the most distinguished member of the Christiania academical body, and the chief historical writer of Norway. Soon afterwards the *Berzelius* came, and with it a Danish steamer laden with the students of Copenhagen and Lund. I have not time to recount all the events of that golden week, nor

can I trust my memory to revive, in their due order, the incidents which marked the long series of entertainments. The days were so full of delight, the spectacles which I witnessed were so varied, that it all survives in my recollection as a confused panorama of enjoyment, and I can only attempt to sketch for you a few isolated pictures. We first assembled in the quadrangle, which is enclosed on three flanks by the more notable University edifices, productions of the genius of Schinkel, the Prussian architect, the University park known as the Student's Grove stretching away from the fourth side. Here, the members of each university grouped around the banner of their corps, we listened to addresses of welcome from the representatives of the Christiania corps, from the Rector of the University, from the Mayor of the City and from the Norwegian Minister of Education. Then the festivities began. On two or three evenings we attended special representations at the National Theater, and between the acts the assembled student choirs sang the national songs of the Northern Kingdoms. You can readily conceive how these melodies sounded and resounded, when executed by such a multitude of cultivated voices. On another evening the city of Christiania gave us a gala entertainment in the Students' Grove—the flashing splendor of which is stored away in the same corner of my memory which garners the recollections of the illumination

of Heidelberg Castle and the lurid glow of Paris at the Fête Napoleon. Temporary gas-pipes were conducted into the trees, and the whole foliage was aglow with light, while arches and festoons of burners were thrown across the walks and around the fountains. Here, dancing, or strolling, or listening to the bands of music, was all the fashion of the capital, aldermen and burghers mingling with students and professors. In the midst of the festival I saw a procession of Norwegian students parading the grounds, bearing on their shoulders a tall and rather venerable person, clad in the long garment of dressed sheep-skin worn by the peasants of the mountainous interior. He proved to be one of the few survivors of the Convention which, in 1814, decreed the independence and formed the Constitution of Norway, and with all the three nationalities present was the lion of the evening. On still another day the Christiania students treated their guests to an excursion down the fjord, in which quite a fleet of steamboats participated. We landed at the base of a mountain, up which a road had been constructed for the occasion at no inconsiderable expense. The climb was a wearisome one, for the day was warm and the path steep; but in Norway there were no cultivated and refined followers of a cultivated and refined Murphy, but we discovered, as we jogged on, that our hosts had caused kegs of beer to be placed at every half-mile, while, on

finishing the ascent, it seemed as if the whole contents of a brewery-establishment must have been dragged up the rugged acclivity and piled together at the top. At the summit we admired the fine view, which embraces the entire length of the fjord, no small expanse of ocean, and several ranges of lofty mountains. After the usual songs and speeches, we strayed off in troops to botanize or geologize, or to enjoy ourselves in less scientific ways. Another excursion was to the Royal View at Klevstuen, some thirty miles from the city. Here, on a mountain-side, from the summit of a stupendous precipice descending sheer many hundreds of feet, we overlooked the province of Ringerike, ninety miles wide, with its majestic belt of snow-clad peaks and its long, winding fjords indenting the coast. Since a portion of the tide of English summer travel has set towards Norway, this view has become familiar and is regarded by tourists as one of the grandest in Europe. But it was then less celebrated, and it burst upon one of the party at least with a glory so awful and so unexpected that it made a lasting impression upon his mind. The culminating event of the student-meeting, however, was a breakfast given by the Viceroy of Norway as the representative of the King. It took place at three in the afternoon at a small, sea-side seat—a gem of modern castellated architecture—built by the then reigning King and known as Oscarshall. We went out at

noon, some by boats and some by carriages, ranged for an hour or two at will through the castle, even the private apartments being thrown open to us, and then collected around a multitude of tables, bountifully supplied and admirably served, in the castle gardens. At the end of the courses, the Viceroy welcomed us in the name of the King, and, in his name, too, proposed a toast to the student-brotherhoods of Scandinavia. We responded to this with great fervor, as we did to all the toasts in those enthusiastic days. We did royal justice to the royal repast, too. 3,000 students, with the well developed appetites of youth, made sad havoc of the edible and potable stores. I remember looking with a feeling of guilt at the fragments of viands and wreck of bottles, lest the resources of the sister kingdoms should be unduly taxed to replenish the King's larder and the King's wine-cellar.

And thus it went on day after day. The University in its corporate capacity gave us a grand ball, at which the dancing was lively and protracted. But the private entertainments were far more numerous than the public ones. The dwellings of professors and citizens and the rooms of students were always hospitably open. I perfectly well recall how I accepted for one day invitations to two dinners, at both of which, with youthful ardor, and no doubt with youthful appetite, I managed to be present, but was afterwards shocked to learn that

I had been expected at a third. By day we feasted and sang and paraded the streets with unfainting and unfailing vivacity. At night we serenaded with our bands, our corps-choirs and our Nation quartettes in turn, every man of note in the capital. I don't, after this lapse of time, remember distinctly ever going to bed, during that period, but have a vivid impression, that upon my subsequent arrival at Copenhagen, it took a week of nearly continuous sleep to restore my physical machinery to its normal condition.

But it was not all mere amusement after all. The speeches, especially those of the different professors, authors and statesmen, contained a good deal of solid meat, while the library and museums of the University were placed at the service of those who felt themselves inclined to alternate play and work. It must be borne in mind also that these assemblies then possessed, as they still possess, no slight political significance. It was the students of the Universities who first took steps, by means of these social congresses, to bring nearer together the Northern nations, which are of the same race, and which speak languages so nearly allied that the educated classes at least readily understand each other. Their leadership has since been followed by other portions of these communities, and conventions of Scandinavian naturalists, Scandinavian physicians, and Scandinavian economists are now of annual

occurrence. But it is to the students, perhaps, that the world primarily owes it that the Danish Belts and the plains of southern Sweden have not witnessed in the middle of the nineteenth century those sanguinary struggles which disgraced the preceding ages.

An episode which followed on the heels of the Christiania meeting may possibly deserve narration. I went back as far as Copenhagen in the *Berzelius*. We stopped at Gottenburg, the chief seat of Swedish commerce on the North Sea, where the municipality proffered us a banquet in the city-hall. A Russian frigate happened to be in the harbor, and when the hour arrived for the festivities, some of its officers were calling upon a Swedish merchant, who held the position of Russian consul. As he excused himself to his guests by telling them that he had been invited to the municipal banquet, they expressed a desire to accompany him. He endeavored to make them comprehend that students often cherished peculiar political notions, that the feeling caused by the forcible separation of Finland from Sweden in 1809, had been newly revived by the refusal of the Russian government to permit the journey of the Helsingfors students, and that their presence might lead to some little unpleasantness. But with true sailor audacity they insisted upon their request, and the poor consul reluctantly yielded. The appearance of the Russian uniforms

in the hall was the signal for an outbreak which might have led to deplorable results. Every Swedish student instantly sprang to his feet, but the tumult was quelled, with admirable tact, by the president of the Upsala student corps, one of the coolest heads I ever knew, who shouted in a clear, ringing voice, "To your seats, we are the guests of the city of Gottenburg, and that city has the right, enjoyed by every Swede, of inviting to its table whom it pleases." The students sat down, and he then turned towards the mayor and said in German—a language which the Russians were sure to understand—"Our hosts possess in free Sweden, as I have said, the privilege of inviting to their entertainments, such guests as they please, just as we Swedish students, Heaven be thanked, possess the right of attending whatever festivities we choose. But neither our kind hosts, nor you, my fellow-students, will refuse to drink the toast which I am about to propose. We have drunk already to three of the Scandinavian lands, and there is a fourth, well deserving, not only a toast, but our most heartfelt sympathy. It is a land in which the greatest living master¹ of our language is threatened with exile because he writes those national hymns which we all admire. It is a land in which the students of a Swedish university are threatened with imprisonment because they wish to attend a meeting of their brother-students. It is

¹ Probably Runeberg. [Ed.]

a land settled by our fathers, torn from us by a wicked war and ruthless diplomacy, but which is still ours by its culture, its traditions and by every right. You, Mr. Mayor, you, gentlemen, and you, students of the Universities of Upsala and Lund, will join with me in drinking to the speedy liberation of Finland and to its speedy reunion with its only legitimate mother, our own native land." This settled the matter. The toast was drunk with a loud *vivat* and the Russian lieutenants left the room, without saying good-bye.

These occurrences in Norway were nearly the last of my experiences in the North. A few weeks still in Denmark and a few more in the south of Sweden, and my three years of student life in Scandinavia came to a regretted end. Oh, those days now long past! As I indite these rough reminiscences, as I present them now, it all comes crowding back upon me once more. The delighted listening to professors thoroughly filled with their themes, the pleasant hours in the great library, the strolls in the museums, the visits to the conservatories, the saunterings among the shrines and sepulchres of the dusky cathedral, the walks to the ancient mounds, the affable intercourse between teacher and student, the genial gatherings at my Nation, the all-pervading atmosphere of culture, the festival scenes at Christiania, the zealous coterie of Icelanders at Copenhagen, the brief promenades under the stately oaks of Lund, the

discussions, the songs, the suppers, the speeches, the excursions, the unrestrained jollity, the unbounded enthusiasm, the friendships always fervid, the hopes always high, the future always glowing—it all formed a weird and wonderful world, a world to be enjoyed but once, when life is young and hearts are warm.

II

CORNELLIANA

CORNELLIANA

PROFESSOR FISKE was one of the earliest appointments to the staff of Cornell University, his tenure as Professor of North European Languages and as Librarian beginning in 1868, the year of the opening of Cornell. Many of the official publications of the University bear the mark of his guiding hand, and his practical experience in an editor's chair gave a certain form and finish to his various contributions to the local press and to outside publications which could not fail to be of benefit to the institution. In the first years Cornell was forced to work out experimentally many questions of organization, and to initiate some departures from the beaten path. Her sectarian competitors were not always friendly to the new-comer, and inevitable misrepresentations or misconceptions required correction. Prof. Fiske's ready pen was ever available, both at home and abroad. His acquaintance with foreign institutions often colored his views, and perhaps occasionally biased his judgment; but his criticisms were penetrating and not infrequently too well-founded. A number of these may be noted in the preceding paper on Swedish Student Life.

The following selections present a few illustrations of his miscellaneous contributions. In his scheme for University organization, reprinted, with Prof. Fiske's notes, from an exceedingly rare pamphlet, one discovers suggestions some of which were embodied long afterward in the practice of other institutions. One must not forget that the field at present occupied by graduate study in this country was in 1870 almost entirely unoccupied. [Ed.]

MANUAL LABOR AT CORNELL

THE manual labor system, in connection with a high school of learning, has never before had so full and fair a trial as it is now undergoing at the Cornell University in this State. Owing to the want of means, and to the various obstacles which always present themselves during the earlier stages of every undertaking, the scheme, even at Ithaca, has not yet been so completely developed as its promoters intend. Still, it has been in progress for a year, and it is natural that the public should evince a desire to learn the result of this twelve months' experience. The question to be solved was this—can a young man earn a sufficient sum, while pursuing the curriculum of a higher education, to defray or to nearly defray his necessary expenses? No problem of greater importance to the poorer classes of this country and of other countries has ever been submitted to the stern arithmetic of practice. It is too early to say that its solution is already complete, but the following interesting personal incidents, gathered from the annals of the Cornell University, during the academic year just closed, would seem to indicate what the character of the final

solution is destined to be. It ought to be premised that the rate paid for labor has been fifteen cents and upward an hour—the sum being determined by the quality of the work and the amount of skill and experience possessed by the student. This promise, however, applies only to the University, those finding work outside of its walls in the village of Ithaca having, of course, made satisfactory private arrangements with their employers. The instances which we proceed to note are known to the whole body of those frequenting the new University, and there appears to be no impropriety in publishing them to a wider circle. We proceed to cite them:

A student of this state has been employed in sweeping halls, building fires and in doing other work in connection with one of the University buildings. He has more than supported himself at the minimum rate per hour, but he has contented himself with the humblest fare, having had only three warm meals during the year—an abstinence which peculiar circumstances in his case seemed to warrant. In spite of his severe physical labor he has carried on five studies—involving an attendance upon twenty class exercises or lectures each week—and at the recent Commencement took the highest prize for scholarship in the Course in Science, which is the most numerous attended of all the courses.

A Western New York student has partially supported himself by acting as waiter at the University

commons. He pursued four studies, and in the term examinations his average standing in these studies proved to be unexcelled by any member of the University.

A student from Pennsylvania—a carpenter by trade—has earned over \$45.00, besides attending all his University exercises with extreme punctuality and maintaining the highest standing in all his classes. He has been employed by the carpenter in charge of the University edifices now building. Another carpenter—a New Yorker—having been permitted to fit up a workshop in a room belonging to the University, has earned about the same sum in making wardrobes, bookcases and other articles of furniture. He is an exceedingly good workman, and has passed all his examinations with credit. Two or three other carpenters and cabinet-makers have found ready employment in Ithaca shops, and have done nearly as well. A student from New Jersey possessing considerable knowledge of printing and owning a small press, has done such an amount of work for the University and other parties as to earn, during the last month of the closing term no less a sum than \$70.00. His average, however, has been about \$50.00. Two or three other printers have been engaged in Ithaca offices during the afternoons, when no exercises take place in the University, and during the whole day on Saturdays. Their earnings as compositors have exceeded \$40.00 a month.

Two students—one of them from Massachusetts—have succeeded in paying all their expenses by practicing their trade as painters—their standing, like that of most of the manual labor students, is good in all their studies.

Two students, coming direct from Bedford, England, the one a carpenter and the other a photographer, have not only succeeded in nearly completing with their own hands a cottage of five rooms upon ground assigned them by the University, but have earned a considerable sum besides. One of them is a remarkably good classical scholar; the other took the second prize in German.

Some ten or twelve students have been regularly employed upon the farm of the institution. They have taken care of 200 acres of land,—ploughing and tilling more than 40 acres,—of a dairy of ten cows, and two pairs of horses and a horticultural garden and two orchards. By boarding in clubs they have all paid their way. There are no better scholars in the University than some of these, and one was a recipient of a fifty-dollar scholarship prize.

These are only isolated cases and do not represent the variety of trades and professions practised, while studying at Ithaca. One student has compiled and put to press an excellent directory of the village, which will undoubtedly furnish him means for a residence of several Trimesters. Several have

been employed as masons and plasterers during the afternoons, either by the University authorities or by outsiders. Others have been engaged as private tutors in Ithaca families, or have opened classes in elementary branches not taught by the University, such as Greek and Latin grammar, penmanship, music, fencing, and common English studies. Some have acted as book-agents, have canvassed Ithaca in the hours not devoted to study, and have made longer business excursions to other towns on Saturdays and during vacations. Some, possessing special acquirements, have been engaged as assistants to professors in the laboratories, library, and museums. Several students, not being skilled artisans, were formed into a labor corps and set to work in grading the University grounds, in building roads, paths and causeways, in picking up stone, and in removing rubbish. These have earned sums varying according to the number of hours which they have found it practicable to give to such labor. About a third of the whole number of students have been engaged in some practical occupation and have thus contributed towards the expenses of their education.

As the town of Ithaca increases in size, and as the plans and means of the University are developed, a larger body of young men will be able to obtain employment and results still more striking than any given above will be attained. The University work-

shops, when completed, will employ a considerable number of students. The *University Press*, now about to go into operation, will be able, during the coming year, to furnish work to ten or twelve skillful compositors. The various edifices which the University will be obliged to construct, will, it is hoped, be built in part by student-labor.

The result of the whole experiment thus far has been well summed up by President White in the *University Register* for 1868-69. His conclusion is to the effect that *skilled labor* can generally support a young man at the University; and that even *unskilled labor*, when accompanied by rigid economy, an earnest will, and large powers of physical endurance, can do much towards defraying the cost of a collegiate education. The Cornell University would, therefore, seem to be specially adapted to those youths who have already spent one, two, or more years in acquiring a knowledge of some particular trade or profession. Such would find little difficulty in pursuing there a systematic and thorough course in University instruction.¹

¹ In recent years the records of every educational institution in the land will reveal similar statistics of education won by industrious nights and laborious days. A report in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* last year gave an encouraging account of the large number of students in Cambridge who were self-supporting without at the same time foregoing scholastic and social and athletic opportunities and distinctions. [Ed.]

REPORT

of the Librarian of the Cornell University, 1868-69

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY,

THE Librarian of the University reports that he assumed the duties of his office on the 15th of last December. With the aid of several members of the Student labor corps, he was able, during the subsequent vacation of two weeks, to remove the greater portion of the books from the Cornell Library Building to the rooms temporarily set apart for the Library in the South University, to carefully compare them with the various invoices, to insert distinguishing book-marks in the collections formerly belonging to Professors Anthon and Bopp, and finally to arrange the whole in accordance with the Brunet system of classification. Since that time a slip catalogue has been commenced.

The Library numbers nearly twenty-four thousand volumes. In many subjects, such, for instance, as agricultural, technological and chemical science, classical and general philology and ancient history, it is particularly full; in others, as in jurisprudence, political science and American history, it is very meagre. A portion of its volumes, to the number of

nearly two thousand five hundred, constituting the great series of Patent Publications presented by the Government of Great Britain, are stored in London awaiting the action of the Trustees in reference to their binding. The Librarian recommends that a small sum—say three or four hundred dollars a year—be devoted to this purpose, selecting first the more useful volumes.

The most valuable gift which the Library has received, during the last few months, is that of more than two thousand volumes from Professor Goldwin Smith, comprising a collection in English and general history and literature, and adding to a department, the wants of which had been greatly felt. The more important gifts, other than this, have been received from the French Government, through the kind influence of M. Michel Chevalier, from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, from the Honorable Hiram Sibley of Rochester. A list of all the benefactors of the Library, since the middle of December, is appended to this Report.

The North Library room has been fitted up as a reading-room and is largely used by the members of the University, the accommodations being in fact insufficient for those who frequent it. About ninety periodicals, embracing the leading critical, scientific, agricultural and mechanical journals of this country and Europe, have been ordered, and many of them are already regularly received. The works

most frequently consulted are those forming the department of encyclopedias, biographical dictionaries, and gazetteers; next in order come the books in English literature and upon English history; and finally the works in science. The number of volumes used daily averages one hundred and ten.

Five students are employed to take charge of the Library and Reading-room, which are kept open all week days from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Each of these assistants works from one to four or more hours a day at fifteen cents an hour—the total yearly sum thus paid out being about six hundred dollars.

WILLARD FISKE,

Librarian.

Ithaca, June 30th, 1869.

COMMUNICATION About the Library

THE following draft of a communication about the Library, which was found among Mr. Fiske's papers, possesses a special interest because of the plea for an adequate endowment for that important institution which it contains. That plea certainly was not addressed to an unsympathetic spirit. If in the new library building which Mr. Sage gave several years later, the inscription on the dedication tablet which he composed contained the phrase that the purpose of Jennie McGraw to found a great library for Cornell University had been defeated, that defeat was certainly not brought about by his own splendid gift, nor by the noble endowment which he added to that gift. Nor was that defeat made permanent by the subsequent generous addition to that endowment by Mr. Fiske, together with his valuable book collections. Nor did the varied results of the suit which deprived the University of the anticipated legacy from Jennie McGraw Fiske prove much else than a series of disguised blessings. If that defeat was occasioned by the agency of any one person, it must primarily be laid at the door of

that legal adviser of the University who knew of the defect in the charter which was to cause the loss, but failed to cure it in season. And perhaps, should not the board of trustees bear its share of the responsibility, on account of its action in reducing the regular and legitimate appropriations for the Library, after Mr. Fiske's bequest was received? May the hope be realized that those appropriations will soon be restored and increased, so that the grievous word may be interpreted to signify *deferred* rather than *defeated*! And it may be well to recall the more hopeful phrase of Mr. Sage's at the laying of the cornerstone in 1889: "Jennie McGraw, that pure and noble woman whose purposes, thus far thwarted and defeated, yet begin to bear the fruit which she tried to plant." Meanwhile, let this frank utterance, which, if painful to some, should be justified by the words of the text: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend,"—let this brief preface be concluded by the citation of a fine and fitting passage from Mr. Sage's address upon the occasion of the opening of the Library Building in 1891: "When we consider that a library is to a college or university like a boiler to a steam engine, powder to artillery, commissary department to an army, stomach and lungs to the human frame, the very source of vital power and energy, an ever present deposit of the best thoughts of the best men for the use of the learned and of those beginning to learn, we can understand

why additions to such reservoirs of power are hailed with joy by every lover of moral and intellectual progress." [Ed.]

*University Library,
Ithaca, March, 1877.*

TO THE HONOURABLE HENRY W. SAGE,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY,

Dear Sir:

The question of permitting students of the Institution to withdraw books from the University Library was carefully and anxiously considered in the early days of the University, as well as the state of things in this respect at Harvard and Yale, and the usages prevailing at other University libraries both in this country and abroad. The authorities of the University were, of course, as desirous as any persons could be, to so manage the Library as to make it of the greatest possible benefit under the circumstances to the greatest possible number. It was finally decided that the withdrawal of books by students was undesirable, and the experience of the past nine years has occasioned no change of view in regard to this subject. To alter the rule then adopted would not only considerably increase the expense of managing the Library, but would at once materially diminish its utility, and

would be especially unwise and illiberal, so far as the undergraduates are concerned.

The peculiar methods of teaching at the University necessitate immediate access on the part of the students to a very large number of works. Even with the books kept constantly in the Library, many students are frequently obliged to wait for some time before they can consult the works to which they have been referred. If the books so greatly and immediately needed by so many students at the same time, could be withdrawn from the Library by two or three persons, of course the rest of the class would be shut out altogether from their use.

To make this plainer, a case may be cited which has occurred within a few days, but which differs in no respect from others which are constantly happening. One of the Professors gave out three subjects for essays to the members of the Senior class, and requested them to consult a list of some thirty works. Several of these were at the time withdrawn by professors, and thus the students were deprived of the use of nearly one-third of the books wanted. If the Library rules had permitted it, the remainder of the books on the list would have been speedily transferred to the rooms of half-a-dozen students down town. In that case what would the other forty students of the Professor's class have done? It is understood that every member of the Faculty is convinced of the wisdom of the existing regulations.

At Harvard and Yale the situation of affairs is very different. In those institutions the lecture system does not prevail to the same extent as at Cornell. Very large society libraries exist of which the students avail themselves, instead of using the College libraries. The college libraries themselves have funds—amounting to many thousands of dollars a year—with which to purchase duplicates, to repair bindings, and to replace lost works. Harvard and Yale students, too, unlike those of this University, are many of them able to purchase their own books of reference, and, in fact, do so. This is certainly not the case with us. To no class of students therefore would a change in the Library rules be so unjust and oppressive as to those who are struggling to obtain an education with small means.

No University library in the country is really so accessible to every student as that of Cornell University. It is open during the whole day throughout the year, that is, for nearly or quite twice the time during which the Harvard and Yale libraries are accessible. And no University library is so largely and so freely used by the students. In none are the wants of the undergraduates so carefully considered.

I cannot neglect this occasion to say that, in another respect, the present situation of the University Library is really deplorable. I refer to the

meagreness of its annual appropriations. In past years so urgent has been the need felt for works of a scientific and technical character that comparatively few purchases of books in history, literature, and philology have been made. In the classics, for instance, the library contains scarcely a volume published since the death of Professor Anthon, during which period classical philology and criticism have entered upon a totally new era. The same is true of American history. There is absolutely nothing of later date than several years before the death of President Sparks. The same thing may be said of comparative philology. There is little beyond the books collected by Professor Bopp, and everybody knows how many valuable, almost indispensable works have been issued since that date. Nor, on the other hand, are the scientific departments at all correspondingly full. With a large Civil Engineering school attached to the University, a very few shelves suffice to contain all the books on Civil Engineering belonging to the Library. So great is the deficiency in this respect, that the Professor in charge of the Department has felt obliged to take up a contribution among his students for the purchase of books. In the matter of periodicals and serials the state of things is equally bad. In the present condition of the University's finances the annual periodical bill may seem large, but the truth is that I have felt forced to refrain from continuing

many sets, and in order to complete these the University will probably be obliged, at some future period, to expend many thousands of dollars. The binding, likewise, is far in arrears, only so much having been done as was absolutely necessary to save books from ruin, and this will some day necessitate another large expenditure. In a general way, too, the Library is rapidly losing its relative rank among the college libraries of the country, and, within two or three years, will be outstripped by Amherst, Michigan, Princeton, and other institutions.

In a state of affairs like this it seems to me that a serious effort ought to be made to procure, if not a permanent endowment for the Library, at least the sum needed to properly catalogue it, to bind its unbound books, and to purchase a portion of the thousands of volumes so much wanted in its various departments.

Personally, although I have keenly felt how small have been the appropriations compared with the Library's needs, I have, from the beginning, endeavoured to exercise the strictest possible economy. I did not ask for skilled assistants at the outset such as other libraries of equal size have. I never asked for a corps of cataloguers, such as other libraries have. I never asked for money to print catalogues and finding lists, such as other libraries furnish to their readers. I never asked for a good many appliances such as are deemed essential by most other

libraries. In order to satisfy, as far as was possible, the demand of other professors, I have almost entirely abstained from purchases of books relating to my department, a course which has given rise to frequent complaints on the part of my assistant professors. For some years I presented several periodicals, and not a few books to the Library, and in multitudes of instances I have myself paid for things needed in the course of our work rather than apply to the Executive Committee, or the Business Office. On an average, during the past eight years, pretty nearly a hundred dollars of my annual salary must have gone in this direction. My time, even in vacations, has been given tolerably continuously to the Library. My longest absence from Ithaca occurred in the past summer. It was almost a month—twice as long as in any previous year. But I regret neither the time nor the money. I only wish that the efficiency of the Library might be still further increased, and that its noticeable deficiencies might be supplied.¹

¹ George Ticknor, who was appointed professor of modern languages at Harvard in 1817, writing from Göttingen under date of May 20, 1816, animadverts against the parsimonious administration of the college library at Cambridge, and the meagre facilities at Harvard, "with twenty professors and less than twenty thousand volumes, while Göttingen "has forty professors and more than 200,000 volumes to instruct them." C/o. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Sept., 1897, p. 6, etc. [Ed.]

RELIGION AT CORNELL

THE facilities for religious instruction and religious worship afforded at Cornell University have never been fully stated, and the institution has been too frequently characterized as strongly anti-christian in its tendencies. The following facts are a true presentment of the actual state of the case:

1. More than thirty sermons are annually preached by distinguished divines before the students, a special fund of \$30,000, known as the Dean Sage Fund, existing for this purpose. Within the last two years the most eminent American clergymen of all the orthodox denominations, including bishops of the Episcopal and Methodist churches, have served as University Preachers. The character of the religious instruction there given may be judged by the fact that among those who have thus officiated have been the Reverend Doctors Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Duryea, Bellows, Condit, Taylor, Tiffany, Twichell, Ormiston, Peabody, Ex-Presidents Hill and Hopkins, President Porter and Bishops Clark and Andrews.

2. The University Christian Association is an

organization which includes a large number of students and to which a properly furnished hall in the University Buildings has been assigned by the University authorities. This Association holds services on Sunday afternoons and a Bible Class every Tuesday evening, in which several members of the Faculty usually participate.

3. The University chapel stands in the center of the campus and was built at an expense of \$30,000. It seats six hundred persons. Here the University sermons are preached. By the courtesy of the University authorities, services are also held here twice every Sunday throughout the year, and on all festival days, by St. Paul's Church, an organization of which Professor Babcock is rector. Several professors and students attend these services regularly.

4. The clergymen of Ithaca deserve great praise for the interest they have taken in the religious welfare of the students. In this connection may be especially mentioned the Rev. Mr. Tyler of the Congregational Church, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins of the Unitarian Church, and the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The services in these churches are very largely attended by students, and the ministers declare that the students are a source of great strength to their church.

CERTAIN REGULATIONS PROPOSED FOR THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY, 1870

OF THE UNIVERSITY

FIRST. The Academic Senate shall be composed of the President of the University and the Deans of the Colleges. It shall exercise general authority over every department of the University, both as to matters of instruction and matters of discipline; shall decide all questions submitted to it by the Colleges; and shall arrange, each Term, the Programme of University Exercises.

[A Senate so composed and chosen would be a federal body, fairly and equitably representing all departments and interests of the University, and yet sufficiently compact to ensure the facile transaction of business. The present unwieldy general faculty possesses neither of these advantages. All the great Universities of Europe have found it necessary to limit the number of the supreme governing body, and this Academic Senate would correspond to the Council of the Senate in Cambridge, to the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford, to the *Senatus Academicus* of the Scotch, Prussian and Scandinavian Universities, to the Select or Lesser Senate of the South German Universities and to the *Conseil académique* of the French Colleges—none of which embrace more than a small minority of the Professors.]

SECOND. Regular meetings of the Academic Senate shall be held at least as often as once a

month,* and extraordinary meetings may be summoned by the President. In the absence of the President the Deans of the Colleges shall preside over the deliberations of the Senate by turns—each Dean presiding during one term.†

[* With the discipline of the University exercised principally through the Colleges, as hereinafter proposed, the meetings of the Academic Senate need not necessarily be so frequent as are those of the existing Faculty.]

[† This rotation of the *pro tempore* chairmanship of the Faculty would be proper in order to preserve the equality of the Colleges in the Academic Senate.]

THIRD. A general meeting of all the College Faculties—which shall be clothed for the occasion with the powers of the Academic Senate—may be summoned, at any time, by the President.* In such General Meeting each Professor shall cast two votes and each Assistant Professor one vote.†

[* This body would resemble, in a certain measure, the Senate of Cambridge, the Congregation of Oxford, the Greater Senate or *General-Concil* of the German Universities and the *Corpus Academicum* of other continental schools. It is easy to imagine occasions which would render it advisable to summon a general conference of the whole body of instructors, but the experience of other Universities proves that in practice such occasions are comparatively rare—so much more efficient is a smaller governing body.]

[† The justice of the last clause will be apparent to every one. From the very nature of the case, the professorships will, in general, be filled with men of greater age and experience than those who occupy the positions of Assistant-Professors. This fact should have its due weight in such an assembly.]

OF THE COLLEGES

FIRST. The University shall be divided into nine Colleges, as follows:—1. *The College of Agri-*

culture; 2. The College of Chemistry and Physics; 3. The College of History and Political Science; 4. The College of Languages; 5. The College of Literature and Philosophy; 6. The College of Mathematics and Engineering; 7. The College of the Mechanic Arts; 8. The College of Military Science; 9. The College of Natural Science.

[Any arrangement by which an institution of learning is divided into departments, in accordance with the subjects taught therein, must be more or less arbitrary in its character, and must be based rather upon convenience than upon any strictly scientific classification. Men like Bacon and Leibnitz have failed in their attempts to form a classification of the sciences at once logical in its lines of demarcation and applicable to practical purposes. The same difficulties they encountered would have to be met here. It is probable, therefore, that the division suggested is as practicable as any, and it may be easily extended or abridged. Thus, in adding a Law Faculty to the University, it would only be necessary to create a "College of Law" or "College of Jurisprudence," which would take its place beside the existing Colleges; and, on the other hand, any two Colleges might, if it seemed advisable, be merged into one.]

SECOND. The Faculty of each College shall elect its own Dean,* and shall determine its times of meeting.†

[* The position of Dean would, of course, involve considerable responsibility, but the labor would hardly be more onerous than that which now devolves upon several of the Professors. In the existing Faculty much of the work falls upon six or seven individual members, who are among the most likely to be selected as Deans of Colleges, and these, under a more perfect system, would probably find their work rather diminished than increased. If the office of Dean were made annual, as it perhaps would be, the care and responsibilities would be distributed, in a series of years, among several persons.]

[† If the meetings of each Faculty were fortnightly—and in certain Colleges they might be even less frequent—such Pro-

fessors as belonged to two Colleges would be obliged to attend one Faculty meeting a week, as now. But a rule permitting each Professor to be an active member of but one College Faculty would be still better, and would materially limit the amount of his labor in matters of discipline. Every Professor might still be an honorary member—for purposes of instruction—of as many Faculties as should be deemed advisable, just as at Oxford a fellow of one College is often the honorary fellow in another.]

THIRD. Each College shall (A) exercise control, within the limits of the subjects which it teaches, over the methods of instruction and examination; and shall (B) exercise all necessary discipline over the Students attached to it, except in those cases which it may deem proper to refer to the Academic Senate, or which it may be required, by a University statute, so to refer.

[This gives to every College Faculty a twofold character. It has two attributes—instruction and discipline. In this respect it is precisely like the Colleges of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin, like University College, King's College and the other Colleges attached to the University of London, and, to a certain extent, like the separate Faculties of some of the Universities of Continental Europe. Many analogous cases are to be found in our country, as, for instance, those of the Medical and Legal Faculties in several of our Colleges, which both give instruction to their students and exercise discipline over them, while they are themselves only departments of the same College.]

OF THE STUDENTS

FIRST.* Every Student shall be required, immediately after matriculation, to attach himself,

[* Discipline has always been largely maintained, in the case of large bodies of students, through separate and partially distinct sub-organizations of the University. In the thronged high schools of the Middle Ages—as is still the case to-day

for purposes of government only, to some College,† and to retain his connection therewith during his residence at the University.

in certain countries—the government of the institution was carried on through the medium of the “Nations;” in many continental Universities, each of the four or more Faculties exercises control, to a considerable extent independently of any others, over the students attached to it; in England discipline is maintained through the almost isolated Colleges; and finally, in some of our largest American institutions the same object is less fully and fairly attained by means of several organizations within the University, such as an Academic Department, a Law School, a Medical School, a Divinity School, a Scientific School, a School of Mines, etc., etc. Indeed, there are few or no important instances in which University discipline has been maintained otherwise than by some such subdivision of the task.]

[† The system at present in vogue is, in a high degree, unjust to the student. It is not possible for a University Faculty to be sufficiently well acquainted with the character, habits, circumstances and motives of action of several hundred students, to adjudicate with equity in all the cases brought before it. A College Faculty, on the other hand, having under it a much smaller number of students, with all of whom it would be in frequent intercourse, during many terms, would be infinitely less liable to error.]

SECOND. The Student shall be permitted to attach himself to such College as he may select; * but the whole number of Students in any one College shall never exceed one-fifth of the whole number of

[* As this distribution of the students among the different Colleges is “for purposes of government only,” it by no means follows that a student must attach himself to a College which teaches what he chiefly desires to study, although in many or most cases this would probably be the governing motive of his choice. St. John’s at Cambridge is famous for its mathematical instruction, of which it makes a specialty, but not a few of its students devote themselves rather to the classics, or to other sciences than mathematics. In the same way, the student of any one Faculty in a German, Dutch or Scandinavian University may attend lectures in any other Faculty.]

Students in the University,† except by a special ordinance of the Academic Senate.

[† The final clause of this section is necessary to prevent a large aggregation of students in any one College, thus defeating one of the chief purposes in transferring the more immediate control of the students from the University Faculty to the College Faculties.]

THIRD. All communications or applications from any Student, and all charges against any Student, shall be addressed to the Dean of his College.

[An instructor feeling himself obliged to enter a complaint against a student, would communicate the matter to the Dean of the student's College, and the Faculty of the College would proceed to an investigation very much as is done now by the University Faculty. But deviations from good conduct would be less frequent than at present, since the comparatively small number of students under its government would enable every College to keep a very perfect record of the progress and behavior of each of its members.]

OF THE DEGREES

FIRST.* Every Student who shall pass a final examination in any three Colleges, receiving certificates thereof, shall be considered a Candidate for

[* The chief importance of this provision consists in the circumstance that its adoption would involve the abandonment of the course and class system. Of all educational absurdities, the most absurd is that which has grown up in our American Colleges of manufacturing everybody into Bachelors of Arts in a space of just four years—no more and no less. Through this mould, precisely four years long, every class of mind is run, and all are supposed to come out modeled into exactly the same scholarly consistency. The listless and the attentive, the idle and the diligent, the men of parts and the men of no parts are all cast into this mysterious crucible, the furnace is heated for four years to a minute, the contents are poured out, and lo, so many *Baccalauræi Artium!*]

a Degree.† After a subsequent residence of at least one term in the University ‡ he shall be ad-

[† The plan of requiring the candidate for a degree to pass a satisfactory examination in a certain number of Departments or Colleges is the one adopted at the University of Virginia, where it has stood the test of an experience of forty years, producing the best results. It does not differ from the custom of the Universities of Northern Europe, which obliges the student to obtain examination certificates from a certain number of Departments before applying for his degree. One of its fruits in Sweden, for instance, is the fact that the proportion of academically educated persons is, in that country, considerably greater than in any other. It is evident that if the final College examinations are full and thorough in their character, every student who creditably passes them, in as many as three different Colleges, would be fairly entitled to be considered a candidate for a Degree. Each College would determine for itself—subject to the approval of the Academic Senate—the quantity for which it would grant its certificate. Thus the College of Languages might decide to bestow it upon a student who should pass an examination either in two ancient languages; in two modern languages; or in one ancient and one modern language. The minimum required would of course be stated. For a greater amount of work, a graded system, akin to the English “Pass and Class,” might be adopted. In that case the student might obtain not only a “First Class” and a “Double First,” but also a “Treble First,” which would occur upon his graduating with the highest honors in all three of the necessary Colleges or Schools. In the case of special students, confining their studies principally to one college, the Degree might be granted “by a special grace” of the Academic Senate, on the application of the College.]

[‡ A period of candidacy between the final College Examinations on the one hand, and the subsequent Thesis or final General Examination and the Degree on the other, finds its parallel in many of the transatlantic Universities. At several of the continental schools a student becomes a *Medicinæ Candidatus*, for example, and after further studies a *Medicinæ Doctor*. Our own Colleges have long fought to encourage post-graduate studies at the College; but their efforts have never resulted in marked success. The plan proposed would effectually solve the much-vexed problem and lead to the results sought to be attained. The candidate, during his term or two of residence after the accomplished examinations at the Colleges, would employ his time in attending such lectures in

mitted to his Degree upon either § submitting to the Academic Senate an acceptable Thesis || (which shall be published ¶), or upon undergoing a satis-

other Colleges as he might have hitherto neglected; in researches in the Library or other Collections; in composing his Thesis, or in preparation for the General Examination of the Senate.]

[§ In the British Universities the degree at last depends upon a final examination; in many of the principal continental Universities it is largely conditioned upon a satisfactory Thesis. The plan suggested here is simply to adopt, at the choice of the student, either of these methods—both of which have the sanction of time and success.]

[|| A Thesis, as a demonstration of scholarship, is, of course, far more complete than a "Commencement Speech." In any institution largely devoted to the exact and physical sciences its adoption as one of the conditions of graduation is almost unavoidable. For how is it possible, under the prevalent school-exhibition system of "Commencement" exercises, for a graduate, whose chief work has been bestowed upon mathematics or chemistry, to show what a University career has really done for him? "Spouting" mathematical signs and chemical symbols would certainly be ungrateful labor! If the total abolition of the usual "Commencement"—it has recently been partially abolished in some of our leading Colleges—be impossible, then it might be confined to those graduates who should choose to pass the General Examination rather than produce and print a Thesis. Of the large classes of the University, but very few can appear upon the "Commencement" stage; every one can write and publish a Thesis. Oratory is the shell and learning the meat, but our ordinary "Commencement" is established upon the contrary idea. It is often defended by the assertion that ours, as a republic, is a land of speech, but it is far more a land of the press, and the printed thesis represents that side of the question.]

[¶ The expense of publishing a Thesis would not exceed the present "Commencement" expenses of the graduate. The published Thesis, moreover, would be, to the recipient of a degree, a much more permanent and satisfactory memorial of his University career than even his diploma. By its distribution among his friends he would secure a larger and better audience than could possibly be drawn together to listen to a "Commencement Speech." The adoption of the Thesis, too, as the final act of the student, must build up, in a few years, a University literature of no little interest.]

factory General Examination before the Examiners of the Senate.

SECOND. Each College shall hold, twice a year, a final examination for Students desirous of becoming Candidates for Degrees.

[This would afford the student a more frequent opportunity of "going up" for his degree. If he failed at the first trial, he would be obliged to wait only six months before undertaking a second. The result of the establishment of this rule would probably be to make the average length of a University career greater than at present, say four years and a half instead of four years—a consummation devoutly to be wished. It would, at the same time, enable a student of unusual abilities, or remarkably excellent preparation, to acquire his degree in as brief a space as three years and a half.]

THIRD. The Academic Senate shall appoint semi-annually [A] three or more Examiners of Theses, whose duty it shall be to examine and accept or reject the Thesis submitted by Candidates for Degrees; and [B] three or more General Examiners, whose duty it shall be to examine such Candidates as may select the method of graduation by General Examination.

[The Theses of course would not be published until after acceptance by the Examiners. It will be seen that the double method of graduation would greatly lighten the labors of these two committees. If at any time the number of students graduating by Thesis should greatly exceed those graduating by Examination, the number of the Examiners of Theses might be proportionately increased.]

III

GERMAN MEDIEVAL HISTORY

GERMAN MEDIEVAL HISTORY

UNIVERSITY instruction during the '70's was commonly far below present standards. It was largely a matter of text-book recitation, with little supplementary lecturing. Professor Ephraim Emerton of Harvard, himself a pioneer in modern methods of historical study, has this to say about the academic teaching of history, in his recent volume of essays entitled "Learning and Living." "A short generation ago the teaching of History in our colleges was done mainly by men who had some other department as their specialty but were put at this work because it was believed that any scholarly minded gentleman who had read enough books was capable of teaching History. It is not so very long since the professorship of History at Oxford was given as the reward of a successful literary career without regard to the training of the candidate in the methods of historical investigation or teaching. Now all this has pretty well disappeared. Special chairs of History have been established in all colleges of repute, and men are called to them who have served an apprenticeship in the art of historical

inquiry or who have made a successful record as teachers.”

President White's courses in general history at Cornell University formed a noteworthy exception. They contained no mere record of political events, but presented, rather, a comprehensive outline of the development of civilization from age to age; and to follow them intelligently, a liberal range of reading was essential. At that time the curriculum embraced but few special historical courses. American history, save for an occasional course by a non-resident lecturer, was an unopened chapter. At Harvard a young graduate, Henry Cabot Lodge, was introducing as instructor that field of study, since so brilliantly represented there by Channing and Hart and Turner. In English history, Cornell students had the advantage of Goldwin Smith's succinct and incisive analyses. In European history Pres. White's courses were supplemented by some rather general outlines, although Roman history was well handled. Prof. Fiske's courses in German history were merely a background for a survey of the development of the German people. The following brief selections from his rough manuscript notes are here included, not because of their inherent importance or value, but rather as an indication of the pedagogical difficulties at a time when the ordinary historical textbooks in English were few and inadequate. Doubtless Prof. Fiske's sources were chiefly

German authorities which he judiciously utilized. The short account of the Norsemen is suggestive, incidentally, of his lifelong predilection for Scandinavian matters.

[Ed.]

CHARLEMAGNE

CHARLEMAGNE not only confirmed the gift of a temporal state which his father Pepin had conferred upon the Popes, and which is known as the Patrimony of St. Peter, but he actually protected Leo III against an insurrection of the Romans. Gratitude may therefore have influenced the Pontiff in bringing about the picturesque Christmas coronation scene, which, however, in spite of what the chroniclers say, was without doubt pre-arranged. The immediate reorganization of the new Emperor's household upon the Byzantine model proves this. The revival of a title which had once been so great, and which had so long lain dormant, was a sufficiently romantic event. It has several parallels in history, one of the most noted of which has occurred in our own day, and will instantly recur to your mind. Half a century had sufficed to weaken the memory of the first Napoleon's bloody wars, his terrible conscriptions, his selfish despotism and his restless, often aimless ambition. Only the fame of his battles, his undoubted qualities as an organizer, the splendor of his court, the greatness of his name, remained vivid in the minds of the

French when, in 1851, the imperial title was again revived—again, because in the case of Napoleon the first it was only a revival—in the person of one of his relatives. In the same way three centuries had blotted out in Western Europe all impressions of the cruelty, the effeminacy, the vices of the later emperors, but the people still remembered how great had been the empire of the Cæsars, how vast the public works which it had created, how bright the halo which surrounded the ancient rulers of civilization.

Some such general feeling among a few enlightened persons of that epoch may have been one of the moving causes of this event, and something of the same enthusiasm which, in a far more enlightened age, contributed to the revival of imperialism in France, doubtless greeted the restoration of the long unused name of Cæsar by Charlemagne. Tradition and romance are powerful elements in even the most civilized society, as the stories of the partisans of the Stuarts in Britain, the efforts of the Italians to recover their ancient capital, and the present popular movement in Germany to reestablish the imperial dignity all testify. Beyond this romantic sentiment there were possibly one or two ideas of statesmanship feebly developed in the coronation of Charlemagne. First, it appears to have been thought by the Papacy that a Western Empire was necessary to counterbalance the Empire of

the East, which, decadent as it was at home, was still putting forth its claim to the possession of Italy, where its exarchs and duces still held sway as late as the eighth century; and the Empire would, moreover, hold in check the Lombard monarchs of Northern Italy, who had long been troublesome neighbors to the Roman bishops.

Secondly, there may have existed, both in the minds of Charlemagne and Leo, or of their advisers, more or less feeble conceptions of a dual state, in which there should be two semi-independent parts, an ecclesiastical, with the Pope at its head, and a secular, with the Emperor as its executive, while each should serve, in need, as the defender of the other. Supporting this last idea are the powers bestowed on the Bishops by Charlemagne—whose ecclesiastical foundations originated those famous nuisances, the Prince Bishops of Germany—the division of Charlemagne's diet into two *curiæ* or houses, one ecclesiastical and the other civil, and the double character of his *missi dominici*, one of whom was always a priest and the other a layman. To Charlemagne must be ascribed many of the myriad evils which later ages have felt from the close union of church and state, and the participation of the priesthood in the civil government.

The new Empire by no mean agreed, in its boundaries, with its prototype. It did not include Britain, it included only a small portion of Spain, it

included none of the regions of the Lower Danube—the scene of Trajan's triumph—and can hardly be said to have included Southern Italy. On the other hand it had gained in France, where its sway was undisputed, and it had gained in Germany, over the whole of which its mandates were obeyed. It was indeed vast, nor were its elements so discordant. The Germanic race had overrun all Western Europe and had left some traces everywhere—enough at least to give no little similarity to the most distant regions. On the customs of this race the government of Charlemagne was necessarily based. He eliminated, however, the popular element. The yeomen, *die Freien*, no longer sat in the national assemblies. The power of the *Herzoge* or dukes, once only leaders in time of war, had been for a century or two increasing. The Emperor abolished these *Herzoge*, and transferred both their power and that of the people to his own officers or *Getreue*, who under the titles of *Grafen* or Counts ruled, in his name, over the *Gaue*, a venerable division which was still retained. Each *Graf* in his *Gau* was the source of justice, the imposer of taxes, the chief of the military. The *Grafen* were of two kinds, the ordinary Counts of the interior, and the *Markgrafen* or boundary Counts—whose name in later times has been Anglicised into margraves—who protected the outskirts of the Empire, and upon whom, because their districts were less civilized, extraordinary at-

tributes were conferred. These *Grafen* were to a certain extent checked, it is true, by the *Missi Regii*, or *Missi Dominici*, the royal commissioners, who inspected their governments at frequent intervals. This government by Counts was not a bad one in theory, combined as it was with annual inspections, frequent reports and the right of appeal, if the central point of the monarchy could always have been a Charlemagne, and if the times had been a period of less dense ignorance. But under the Emperor's feeble successors it only served to aid in developing the feudal system and in creating a powerful local aristocracy, which was afterwards to give Europe ages of dissension. The legislation of the Empire, what there was of it, was embodied in the diet, which met sometimes at one place and sometimes at another, but most frequently at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Emperor was often his own legislator, and it is not easy to determine the exact origin of what may be called the code of Charlemagne, the famous *Capitularies*, out of which none of the historians have yet been able to shape a systematic body of law.

The efforts of Charlemagne and his court to redeem his dominion from the state of dark ignorance into which it had fallen have scarcely been overestimated by those who have treated of the subject. Both Guizot and Hallam agree in making the seventh century the Nadir of the human mind and

in dating the revival of learning from Charlemagne. The latter says that: "In France the barbarism of the later Merovingian period was so complete that, before the reign of Charlemagne, all liberal studies had come to an end. Nor was Italy in a much better state, though he called two or three scholars from thence to his literary councils." Charlemagne attached schools to the cathedrals and convents and even to the palaces which he founded, the influence of which soon began to be felt. He summoned around him whatever was best, in fact the most that was even good, of the erudition of his time—an erudition which was necessarily mostly clerical. The chief figure in these attempts to revive, with the glories of the Augustan title, a faint shadow of the glories of Augustan letters, was Alcuin, sometimes styled Albin, the ablest and possibly the most learned man of the eighth century. He was an Englishman, born in 735 at York, where a school—a green spot in the wilderness of those days—had grown up in connection with the cathedral, of which school he ultimately became the head. On a visit to Italy he met Charlemagne at Parma and was called by him to his court in 782, and it was undoubtedly owing to his zeal for learning that the Emperor either established or restored the schools of Paris, Soissons, Tours, Corbie, and Lyons in France, of St. Gallen, Reichenau and Hirsau in South Germany, and of Trier, Paderborn, Osna-

brück, and Fulda in North Germany. He retired to the school of Tours—the city which contained the renowned abbey of St. Martin—from which, until his death in 904, he corresponded with Charlemagne. He understood Latin, Greek and some Hebrew, and left behind him some writings on logic, elementary treatises on philosophy, philology, mathematics and elocution, together with poems and letters.

The next in prominence of the learned men who labored under Charlemagne was Eginhard or Einhard, a German, born about the first year of the reign of the monarch, to whose court he found his way at an early age, and who profited in his youth by the teachings of Alcuin. He became Charlemagne's secretary, and superintendent of the buildings which the sovereign erected. At the death of the Emperor he retired to a villa which he had built in the Odenwald—between Frankfort and Heidelberg—where he afterwards founded a Benedictine Monastery, into which, after an agreement with his wife that they should look upon each other as brother and sister, he himself retired, and where he died in 839. Eginhard is an especially important character on account of his *Vita Caroli Magni*, perhaps the most admirable biography of the middle ages. To it we owe the chief portion of our knowledge of the great ruler, of his personal appearance, his manners and mode of life, his character, and the

details of his reign. Eginhard also wrote a history of the Kings of the Franks. (Mention the story of Eginhard and Emma.)

Another ornament of Charlemagne's learned circle was Paulus Diaconus, whose vulgar name was Paul Warnefried, born in Italy of a Lombard family in 750. For some time he resided in Pavia at the court of the Lombard kings, whence he withdrew to the renowned monastery of Monte Cassino, between Rome and Naples, the mother convent of the Benedictines. Thence he appears about 783 to have been called by Charlemagne, for whom he compiled a collection of homilies. This and his *Historia Romana* were for centuries famous books, translated into many languages, abridged, increased, continued and otherwise transformed after the manner of those days. Their author died in the year 797 at his beloved *Monte Cassino*, where he was engaged in writing the history of the Lombard kings. If we traverse the ten centuries which elapsed between the downfall of the Western Empire and the discovery of America, we shall hardly find, among all the rulers of that thousand years, a personage so noteworthy as this *Carolus Magnus*, the only monarch, as Gibbon remarks, to whose name the title of *great* has become indissolubly joined. (Note Alfred.) He had the vices of his age. (Story of wives.) He was sprung from a still rude people, from that vast Germanic family which had overturned Rome and which

had no new god to set up in the place of the old one which it had destroyed. He was superstitious in his reverence for the church, and did much to fasten the chains of ecclesiasticism upon the social and civil life of the Middle Ages,—chains which the world has not even yet thrown off. But, as the reverse of the picture, we must acknowledge that he possessed many valuable traits. He had a respect for commerce, and some notion of the extent to which it might, under proper laws, be developed. He revered learning, and did his best to disperse the clouds of ignorance which, in his day, hung so gloomily over Europe. He was an able warrior—not a brilliant soldier, not a great commander—but a warrior who won his victories for the benefit of his realm. He was in advance of his age—as what great man is not?—and much of his work was undone by his successors. But he gave to the West an impulse, which, without him, it would have taken a century or two to acquire.

THE NORMANS

IT is said that once, when Charlemagne was upon one of the frequent journeys which his own inclination, the exercise of justice, or the necessities of war led him to undertake to the various portions of his empire, he chanced to halt in a city of Gaul, just as some barks laden with strangers entered the port. Some courtiers took the new-comers to be Jewish or African merchants; some thought them Britons; but the monarch knew them from the light build of their craft. They were not peaceful merchants, he said, but cruel enemies. They were pursued by the troops of Charlemagne, but, taking to the water, easily escaped. The German monarch watched them from the window and began to weep. Upon being asked the cause of his tears, he replied that he wept for the fate of those who were to come after him, and for the woes they were to suffer from the race of these bold sailors who had just disappeared. This anecdote is the monkish invention of a later age, but if Charlemagne had been gifted with prescience he would probably have made the remark attributed to him. The adventurous strangers, alike the bravest of soldiers and the most skillful of navi-

gators, were Northmen, a name applied in common to the people of Sweden, Denmark, Norway and the remote island of Iceland, all of whom spoke the same tongue, worshipped the same gods, and rejoiced in the same ancestry. The long narrow fiords of Norway, the bays of Sweden, the islands of Denmark, the sloping valleys of Iceland, were filled with a race which made its name on the water. Soon these life-long sailors discovered that it was easier to obtain their living by raiding upon their wealthier, more advanced and less hardy southern neighbors, than to earn it by tilling the unproductive soil. They therefore ennobled piracy into a profession. Young men entered upon it as, in our times, they take up a legitimate business. The love of adventure, the desire for travel, the necessity of earning a livelihood, all combined to make them Vikings. These Vikings became a terror to all Europe. Along every shore their dragons, or serpent ships, so styled from the fact that their prows were often carved into the form of a dragon's head, while their sterns represented the coiled-up tail of this fabulous monster, whose oak-ribbed body frequently accommodated one or two hundred men, were feared alike by the peaceful inhabitants of the convent and the war-like dweller in the castle. For the sturdy northerners were still pagans and had none of the superstitious respect for the priest which characterized that abject age; they were freemen

and had no regard for those titles of nobility which depended on birth and not on worth. They were brave to the last verge of desperation. One of them, Ragnor Lodbrog, thrown into a barrel filled with live serpents, jeered at his persecutors, and sang a death-song which ended with the strophe: "the hours of my life are passing away, but smiling will I die." Death in bed, a straw death, as they contemptuously called it, was their dread as old age approached. To avoid it they would plunge into the thickest of the combat, or if every other resource failed them, would scar their breast deeply with their swords and thus bleed out their life. Such were the men who during two or three centuries were the scourge of European waters. No spot within many miles of the coast, no town situated upon a river with sufficient water to float the lightest of barks, was safe from their irruptions. In France they sailed boldly up the Seine and ravaged Paris. In Spain they sailed up the Guadalquivir and sacked Seville. In Portugal they sailed boldly up the Tagus and attacked Lisbon. In England they sailed boldly up the Thames and fell upon London itself. So great was the fear which their depredations inspired that the Church added a new petition to the Litany, of preservation from the fury of the Normans. They established several petty kingdoms on the British Isles, and finally gave monarchs to all England. They wrested from the feeble French kings one of

the fairest and largest of French provinces, and gave to it their name. They landed in great strength on the shores of the Eastern colonies in Greenland and discovered the coast of America five hundred years before the birth of Columbus. They landed in great strength on the shores of the Eastern Baltic and under Rurik, one of their number, founded just a thousand years ago the Russian monarchy. Under the title of Varangians they upheld in Byzantium the sinking power of the eastern Emperors, upheld it with a boldness incomprehensible to the effeminate Greek of the lower Empire and with a loyalty marvellous in the treacherous court of the descendants of Constantine.

These great Danish seakings whose sails were long the terror of both coasts of the British Channel, after many fierce and doubtful struggles, yielded at last to the genius of Alfred.

I have dwelt upon their story because in the ordinary histories you will not find proper weight given to their exploits, for the Icelandic sagas which narrate them are just coming to be known and estimated at their true value.

But it was the later Carlovingians in France who felt their most powerful blows, rather than those of Germany. On the Frisian and Bavarian and Saxon coasts, they had encountered a foe akin to themselves, almost as used to the sea, almost as gallant, and almost as fond of freedom as themselves. But

the shores of Gaul, whose inhabitants then, as in our own time, never fully felt at home upon the waves, became one of their chief hunting-grounds. They ravaged, generation after generation, the north and west of France, and their raids finally culminated in that cession of Normandy to one of their Vikings, which was to have so vast an influence upon both French and English history.

GERMANY IN THE NINTH CENTURY

IF a man who had travelled through the few states which formed our Union at the beginning of the nineteenth century could have been suddenly retrograded, or retroducted, through the space of a thousand years, to the Germany of the ninth century, he would have witnessed not a few striking coincidences in the two lands. He would have seen in America a brisk life of development, springing partly from religious, partly from political influences. He would have noticed around him the rawness of a nation in the first stages of its independent existence. He would have observed that the large towns were confined to the seacoast and the great rivers. He would have found, in the interior, poor roads, wide forests, many cleared spaces, many farms with rude buildings, a few hamlets just rising into villages, a few villages just growing into towns. He would have discovered that the cultivators of the soil, even at a long distance from the frontier, lived in constant dread of the inroads of a savage foe, who burned their cabins, destroyed their crops, and carried their wives and children into captivity. The counterpart of all this he would have witnessed in

Germany. The valleys of the Rhine and the Danube still preserved something of the traditionary culture of Rome. There were all the important towns built on Roman foundations. There was all the culture—such as it was—which the country possessed. In the old Latin colonies—in Worms and Mainz and Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle and Ratisbon, and a few other cities—were the cathedrals and the imperial residences. They were almost the only seats of commerce and of civilization. But as soon as the traveller abandoned the banks of these two streams, he left the center of enlightenment behind him. In the interior he found only here and there a hamlet, just growing up around a church, a monastery, a fort or the stone tower of a count or baron. The roads were ill-made and ill-defined and the traveller rode and drove—in so far as he drove at all—wherever he could pick his way. The successor of Henry the Fowler once, when driving, was stopped by a sturdy peasant youth who declared that the vehicle should not cross his father's meadow. The Emperor, struck by his boldness, took him into his service and subsequently made him his most noted general. The houses of the people were roughly built of timber and plaster, with thatched roofs and without glass windows. In 895 such a house was worth only as much as eight swine, the commonest and cheapest of domestic animals. In these the husbandman lived his laborious life, far from a market,

producing himself what he ate and drank and wore, now seeing the results of his toil destroyed by a wild troop of dark-faced, short-statured Hungarians, or by the bitter contests of two neighboring feudal barons, now obliged to leave his unploughed fields or ungathered crops to follow some military commander into the thick of a civil or foreign war. His hard existence had its occasional hours of enjoyment—a wild boar hunt, an evening of story-telling or a drinking-bout in which he quaffed enormous flagons of mead, distilled from fermented honey, or of beer, which had been since the days of Tacitus the national beverage, and for which he had hardly yet learned to substitute occasionally the wine whose culture had been introduced upon the Rhine by Cæsar and improved by Charlemagne. Henry the Fowler is reported to have modified this life by the erection of fortified towns in the interior of the land; and some historic writers have therefore given him the title of *der Städtebauer*; but it seems more likely that he enclosed with walls places which at the beginning of his reign had already assumed a certain importance. However that may be, through the better government and the greater security which he gave to Germany the municipalities received a powerful impulse, and commenced to increase in size and influence with wonderful rapidity. Another *Völkerwanderung* may almost be said to have taken place—a wandering from the farmhouse to the town.

It is a process which is to be seen in nearly every civilized land—this feeding of the cities by the country—but it went on in Germany in the ninth and tenth centuries with unusual activity. In the multitude of a city's population there was strength—strength to defend the citizens against the pretensions of emperor and lord as well as against the incursions of Slave and Magyar and Northman. Therefore multitudes of farmers became burghers, and the foundations of the freedom-loving cities of Germany were laid by men fresh from the strife against nature.

The German language was yet uncultivated. Even the spoken language differed greatly in different parts, and a Lotharingian hardly looked upon a Saxon as his countryman. Latin was the only written speech. It was the language of the Court and of all official transactions; it was the language of the clergy, and was used in the service of the church, a circumstance which served materially to retard the development of the vernacular; it was the language of justice, of the annalists and in part of commerce. Both the state and the church looked to Rome, the former because its traditions led it to consider the Empire as the continuation of the Roman Empire; the latter, because Rome was the center of ecclesiastical power. These two circumstances tended to maintain the Latin. The schools, judged by our standards, were on a very low level.

The scanty courses included, indeed, the *trivium*, that is, grammar, logic and rhetoric, and the *quadrivium*, that is, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy; but these sciences, as we understand them, were hardly taught at all. The arithmetic of the day included such problems as this, which we still hear as a riddle in an English dress: "How shall a man carry a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage over a river, taking only one at a time?" The logic taught attained the height of such a syllogism as this:—"Every idea is an idea of something; nothing is an idea; therefore the idea of nothing is an idea of something; therefore nothing is something." The only German literature consisted of songs and ballads and legendary stories, which were transmitted orally, some of which, as we shall see, were committed to writing two or three centuries later. The Germans of the Middle Ages were fond of stories, and the priests sometimes found it hard work to make headway against their love of superstitious tales, and put forth great efforts to substitute for the popular songs and narratives the legends of the church.

An important institution of that period was the monastery. It was a great instrument for the promotion of civilization. It was built sometimes by the Emperor, sometimes by the duke or count, and sometimes as an offshoot from an older religious establishment. It comprised within itself many in-

stitutions which we are accustomed to look upon as entirely diverse in their purpose and object. It took the place of our modern hotel, and served as a hostelry for travellers. It filled the position of our modern school, and was the sole place where an education could be obtained. It was a hospital, for the monks were the only leeches. It was an asylum, a place for the persecuted and the homeless. Its fields and vineyards were cultivated with a skill greatly superior to that practised by the boor, and to the monkish gardeners is owing the introduction of many vegetables, fruits and flowers now common in every German garden. The monastery was to a large extent an aristocratic institution. It was often built by noblemen; it often looked for protection to the neighboring chief; the nobility were the only class which could remunerate the monk for either his spiritual or secular services. It was chiefly the children of the nobility who were educated at the conventual schools. The learning of the monk placed him nearer the knight in the social scale of that age. But, notwithstanding its aristocratic character and connections, the monastery was of vast benefit to the lower order of the state. In sickness the tiller of the soil looked to the convent for medicine and care; in trouble he went thither for counsel; in want he went thither for alms. From the convent garden he obtained supplies of rare seeds and instruction in new methods of treating his land.

He got his corn ground at the convent mill and his horses shod at the convent farriery. The monk often served as a mediator between him and the gentry. It was only through the monastery, too, that a member of the inferior classes, if a spark of ambition ever flashed in his soul, could hope to rise above his station. The military profession was in the hands of the feudal nobility, and birth was an indispensable condition in its pursuit; commerce was not yet so far developed that it formed a path either to ease or to influence; but the education which a convent afforded opened an avenue to the civil offices of the courts—which, however, were yet few—and the son of a peasant, through the monastery, might even become a pope. These were the best days of monasticism. The religious fervor was still strong, and the life of the monk was still pure, even if it was raw and rough. The monasteries did not yet possess the riches which afterwards led to indolence and indifference and immorality, and an Italian bishop, who, near the end of the ninth century, visited St. Gallen, one of the most noted of them, was astounded at the poverty of the muniment-room and the abstemiousness of the brothers. Nor had that long quarrel between the Popes and the Emperors yet begun, which was subsequently destined to fill these ecclesiastical houses with the spirit of turbulence, and force the priest to become a traitor either to his church or to his country.

GERMANY AND ITALY

WE have already considered the events which took place under the first Saxon monarch, Henry the Fowler. Today we have before us the reigns of the other four monarchs of that house, namely, Otto the Great, Otto the Second, Otto the Third and Henry the Holy. The chief incidents of the first Otto's life may be summarized as follows:—Born in 912—came to the throne in 936—carried on a successful war against Harold Blue-tooth of Denmark—erected new bishoprics in Northeastern Germany—subdued Bohemia—marched into Central France to assist the king of that country against his rebellious subjects—entered Italy at the request of Queen Adelheid in 951—defeated the Magyars in their last expedition into Germany on the field of Lechfeld near Augsburg in 955—crossed the Alps a second time, was crowned King of Italy at Milan and in 962 Roman Emperor at Rome by the Pope—made his third visit to Italy in 966—attacked the possessions of the Eastern Roman empire in Southern Italy—brought about the marriage of his son and heir with Theophano, a Byzantine princess—returned to Memleben (in Thuringia)

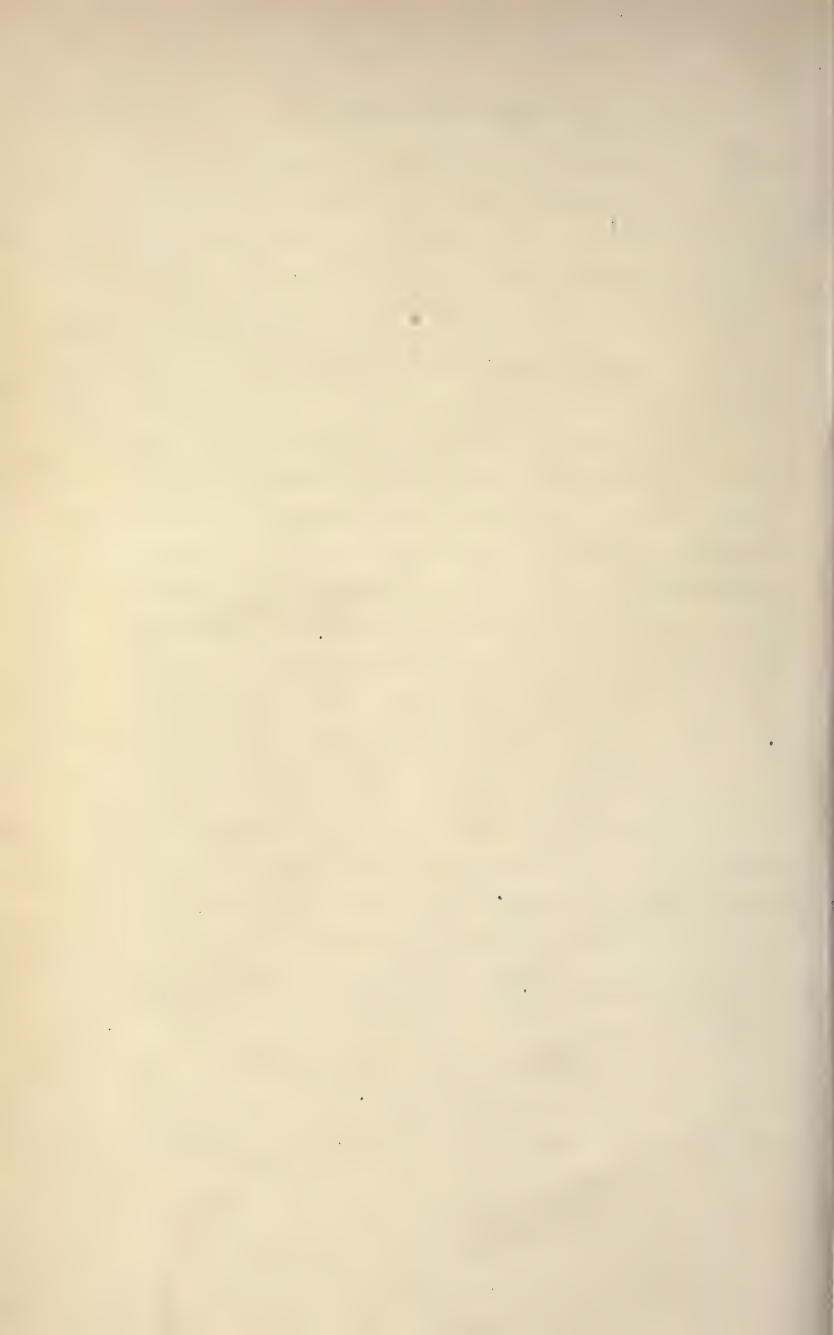
where his great father Henry the Fowler had died, and where he himself ceased to exist in 973. In looking back to the time of the Ottos—*die Ottonen*—as the Germans style that remote period, the feature of their reigns which most strikes us is the connection of Germany with Italy. We find Emperor after Emperor running back and forth between the shores of the Rhine and the shores of the Tiber. The same monarch is crowned both at Aachen and at Rome, and two Saxon sovereigns breathe their last in what seems to be a foreign realm. Armies are constantly crossing and recrossing the Alps. German troops are waging wars in the extreme South of Italy. Popes are rising and falling by the favor of the Emperor. Some of the Roman pontiffs are selected from the list of German prelates; others of Italian birth pay visits of ceremony to the court of the Emperor in the heart of Germany. Cisalpine and transalpine affairs appear indeed to be inextricably confounded, and it is sometimes difficult to say whether we are perusing the history of Germany or the history of Italy. This intervention of the Empire in Italian events lasted for centuries, but in the days of the Ottos it was not only a novelty, but the pretensions of the Emperors then assumed the shape which they were thereafter to retain. When Otto the Great ascended the throne, three reigns had passed without any active and actual effort upon the part of the

rulers of Germany to revive the claims of the early Carlovingian monarchs to the sovereignty of Italy. But that these claims had not been entirely surrendered is evinced by the fact that Henry the Fowler had contemplated a march across the Alps. But the Slave and the Dane in the north, the Magyar in the East and the turbulent dukes in the interior had given him and his immediate predecessors so much to do in the other quarters of the compass that they had never ventured to turn their faces to the South. The effort to maintain these old Carlovingian claims was, however, henceforth to cost Germany mountains of treasure and seas of blood. So long was the struggle carried on that one is almost led to imagine that the Germans of those centuries were actuated by a motive which lay deeper than the ordinary actions of men—that they had perhaps inherited in their very blood, by some subtle process of transmission, the old, fierce hatred of the Goth for the Latin. But the real influences underlying the efforts to incorporate Italy into the Empire are to be sought in these three causes;—first, the Carlovingian traditions; second, the ambitious patriotism of the ruling classes; third, the growing assumptions of the church. Charlemagne had restored the title of Roman Emperor, but what was a Roman empire without Rome? The eager desire of the German sovereigns was to make their sovereignty the recognized head of western Europe,

and what could contribute so much to this end as the possession of the ancient peninsular home of civilization? The religious princes were every day becoming more wealthy and more powerful, and how could they be kept in check except by a direct control of the dominant see, that of St. Peter? It was, then, the halo which surrounded Charlemagne and the halo which surrounded Rome, that, shining through the centuries, dazzled the eyes of the German. Misled by these lights, he shaped for himself an ideal empire, embracing both sides of the Alps, including alike old Italy and new Germany, and this ideal he was constantly striving to realize. It is after all a question whether the real empire would have been so great, had the ideal one not been unceasingly present in the minds of the Emperors and their advisers. Costly as the relations with Italy were, they often acted as a safety-valve without which the internal dissensions must have been even more violent. And there were other compensations. By the contact of the two lands not a little of the civilization still lingering in the one was transferred across the mountains to the other. German architecture was thus benefited. German schools were thus benefited, and we find several classic authors added under the Ottos to the scanty curriculum of monastic education. The habit of continual warfare against the Papal see, lasting through so long a period, may also be considered as preparing the

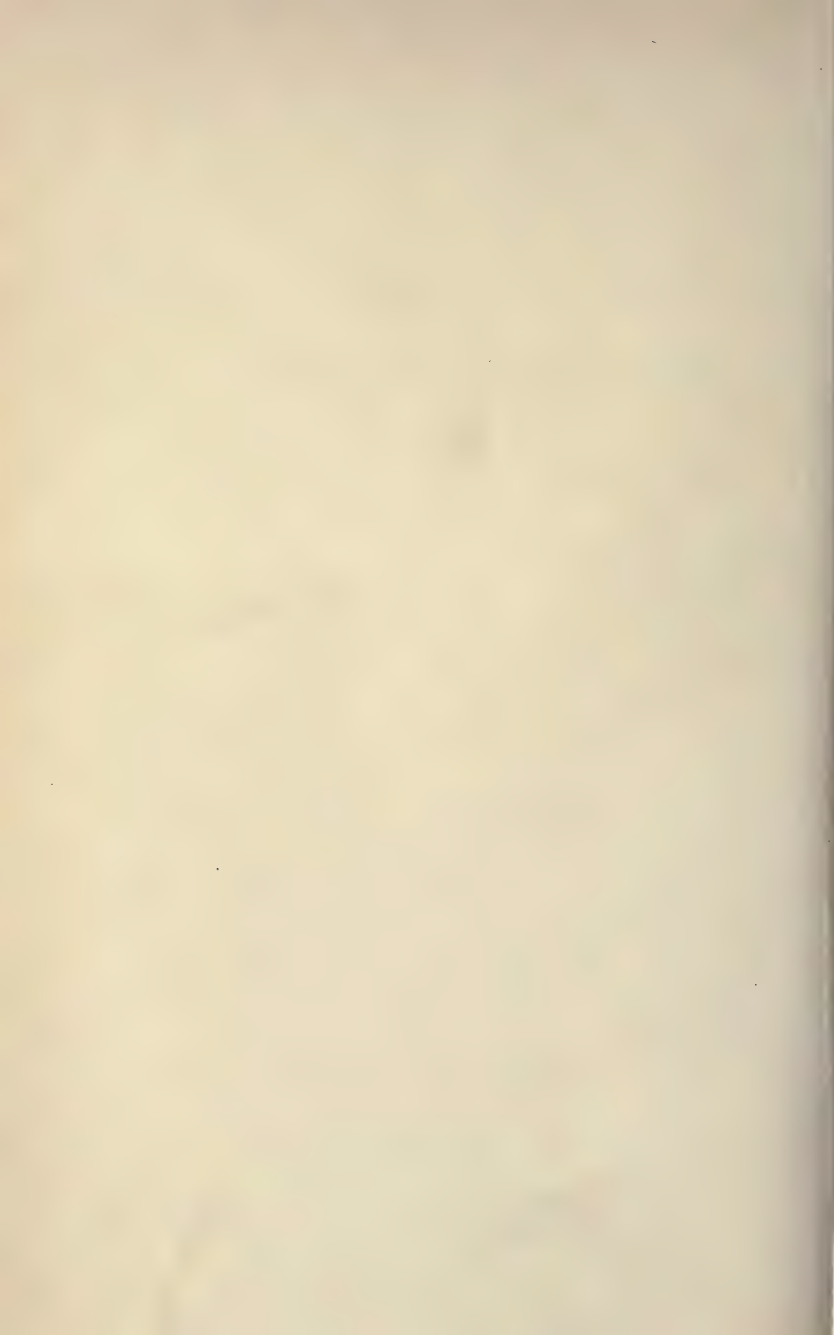
German mind for a still bolder antagonistic step, and to have made Germany the land of the Reformation, the cradle of Protestantism. With Otto the Great, as I have said, the contest began. The method of its beginning is almost as notable as any legend of that legend-loving and legend-producing age. The widowed Queen Adelheid was the imprisoned beauty, the enchanted princess, of the tale, Berengar the wicked ogre, the guardian dragon, and Otto the chivalric deliverer. Or if we draw our comparison from the Bible, which furnished so much material to the medieval storyteller, we might consider Adelheid as the Eve and Italy as the apple which tempted Otto. Under Otto the Great, then, the first scenes of this vast historical drama were enacted. Nine centuries later, within the memory of the youngest of us, the theatre of the world has witnessed its final close. The curtain dropped upon the last act when, in 1866, Austria was forced to cede Venetia to Victor Emmanuel. Henceforth it is little likely that either Saxon or Franconian or Suiabian or Hapsburg will ever again battle for the control of any portion of the Italian soil.¹

¹ But, half a century later, the battle was unsuccessfully renewed. [Ed.]



IV

THE PSI Upsilon FRATERNITY



THE PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY

PROFESSOR FISKE was an ardent and devoted member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. In 1895, nearly half a century after his own initiation, he printed privately an admirable history of the Society, which had been first read by him at the Psi Upsilon Convention of 1876, and again, with some versions, at the jubilee of the Fraternity in 1883. He was also an associate editor of the Fraternity Catalogue. His enthusiastic and continuous labors in behalf of that Brotherhood will be described in the biography which is to follow the present volume.

The ensuing pages contain selections from his history of the Fraternity, and an additional account of its activities which is based upon an address at a Psi U. dinner held in Boston during the winter of 1895-96, certain portions of which were expanded later by him; and additions have been made from his numerous communications on fraternity matters.

The scattered passages which follow are mainly extracts from a Fraternity Monthly entitled "The Diamond" and published at Cornell, beginning in 1878, to which he was a lavish contributor.

A dozen specimens of Fraternity songs of his composition, some of which were set to music by his brother, William O. Fiske, a talented organist of Syracuse, conclude this section. Many of these may be heard today in the numerous Psi Upsilon Chapter-houses which have been established, in realization of his hopes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

[Ed.]

THE STORY OF THE PSI UPSILON

IT is not always easy to ascertain with accuracy the causes of even recent historical events, so slender and so entangled are the threads which bind together human motives and actions; but it may be safely assumed that the existing Greek-letter societies of the American colleges have their origin in two principal sources. The remoter starting-point was the academic association known as the Phi Beta Kappa, which, something more than a hundred years ago, sprang into existence—this is not the occasion to narrate how or wherefore—at William and Mary College in Virginia, and was thence transplanted to many other American institutions of learning. At the end of the first quarter of this century the Phi Beta Kappa had begun to lose its hold upon the undergraduate mind—possibly because it had ceased to possess the attractive element of mystery, possibly because the college faculties had asserted jurisdiction over its transactions, and had elected to make access to its privileges dependent rather upon scholastic rank than upon good-fellowship. Its decline brought with it the establishment of other student-societies, which imitated

the Phi Beta Kappa in deriving their names from the Greek alphabet—from the initial letters of the words of a recondite Greek motto. The other impulse which had its share in giving birth to these sodalities was the public excitement that prevailed throughout the country, during the decade and a half which stretched from 1820 to 1835, in regard to the right or wrong of freemasonry. The student-world usually reflects the opinions, and is more or less affected by the actions, of the greater world lying beyond the college walls. The two are like the microcosm and macrocosm of the German poet—a miniature lesser life within the larger. The politics of the time referred to turned upon the question of secret societies; and the opponents of freemasonry organized anti-secret societies over all the land. In the midst of so much public discussion it naturally occurred to college students that they, too, ought to have their “secret” associations, and they accordingly proceeded to establish them; and these were ultimately followed by “anti-secret” societies as well.

But to whatever motive their origin be ascribed, it is certain that many of the older and more respectable undergraduate Greek-letter societies had their birth at Union College. They could hardly have arisen from better soil. In consequence of the character and wide reputation of its president, the eminent Eliphalet Nott, Union College, fifty years

ago, was perhaps the foremost higher educational institution in America, outside of New England, and it even preceded its venerable New England rivals in adopting some of the more meritorious modern educational methods. It attracted to its halls, as the many famous names in its triennial catalogue evince, a remarkable body of young men, coming from all quarters of the country. Among these youths—representing a geographical area so extensive—had been formed, before 1830, three or four Greek-letter societies; but it was not until 1833 that the best and, in many respects, the most successful of them all was founded. At that date, and particularly in the beginning of the academic year 1833-34, the arbitrary action of the Greek-letter societies already existent, especially in reference to the literary associations or “halls,” as they were styled, had aroused a great deal of indignant sentiment in college circles, and notably in the two lower classes. Seven independent and spirited members of those classes resolved to counteract the tendencies of the old secret societies by the formation of a new one, which should be broader and more liberal in its constitution and action. This resolution grew directly out of a literary-society and class contest, in which these seven had stood shoulder to shoulder until their efforts ended in victory. After this successful struggle they jointly subscribed a formal agreement, pledging themselves to unite in

an association which should be conducted for the common weal. This "Pledge," as it was subsequently termed, was long preserved—a precious bit of tawny paper—in the archives of the new organization, and was wisely and reverently copied, by the Hon. Alexander Hamilton Rice, into the capitular records of the Theta, where its text may still be read. It bears the date of November 24, 1833, the anniversary of which is now known in the chapters as "Psi Upsilon Day." The Seven gathered in various preliminary conclaves, at which the details of organization were diligently discussed, and finally, before the winter wore away, the Psi Upsilon Fraternity became an existent reality. The names of the Seven Fathers—memorable forever in the annals of Psi Upsilon—were SAMUEL GOODALE, STERLING GOODALE HADLEY, EDWARD MARTINDALE, and GEORGE WASHINGTON TUTTLE of the sophomore class; and ROBERT BARNARD, CHARLES WASHINGTON HARVEY, and MERWIN HENRY STEWART of the freshman class. Two of these were from Massachusetts; the rest were residents of the State of New York. All but one graduated with the classes of 1836 and 1837, and that one afterward attained scholastic honors. Five are still living. All accounts concur in regard to their sterling character. President Van Rensselaer says:—"I became a member in 1835, when most of the Founders

were seniors. I remember them as a capital set of fellows, quite above the average. They had shown a remarkable judgment in selecting their *sodales*, and the consequences was that the society took a high stand from the start. The honor of the Fraternity was a high point with them." These Seven men have since filled many notable positions, and have all lived blameless and irreproachable lives. Goodale has given all the years of manhood and old age to arduous missionary duties in the remote West as a devoted Episcopal clergyman, is a canon of the cathedral of his diocese, a doctor of divinity, and has been professor and legislative chaplain; Hadley, for a considerable period a judge in central New York, is universally honored by the bench and the bar of the state; Martindale is still a distinguished member of the legal profession in New York city, where, until lately, Tuttle was an equally respected merchant; Barnard, at the close of a brief but brilliant career as an advocate in this state, died at Los Angeles, California; Harvey is a physician of marked repute in Buffalo; and Stewart, having occupied a post as teacher in the South, died just as he was about to enter the ministry.

The inceptive meetings were held in West College, situated in the town of Schenectady, and occupied at that period by the two lower classes, the two upper ones dwelling on the hill, where the present edifices of Union University stand. Many of us

have seen, perhaps without knowing it, the venerable cradle of the Psi Upsilon. It is a stately building of stone, still devoted to educational purposes, though no longer belonging to the university. It stands, surrounded by trees, close to the Central Railroad, on its west side. It was not until the early part of 1834—according to the Theta records in the month of June—that the Diamond Badge was first publicly worn; but in the meantime the newborn organization, the secret of its existence carefully guarded, was strengthening its position in the literary society to which its members belonged, and otherwise preparing for a fair start in life. Its career, during the first year or two, was by no means smooth. Its rivals, the older Greek-letter societies, strange to say, did not welcome it with open arms, nor strew its pathway with flowers. They formed a coalition to exclude all Psi Upsilon from the Phi Beta Kappa. This act of persecution was so unjust that President Nott at length informed the active members of the Phi Beta Kappa that, unless the coalition was dissolved, the faculty would itself nominate the members of that honorary association. This menace was soon afterward carried into effect, and made the Fraternity in every way the peer of its opponents.

The social position of the "Psis," as they were at first popularly denominated, was good from the outset, partly from the fact that they early gained

the favor of the wife of Professor (afterward Bishop) Alonzo Potter, the daughter of President Nott—to whose appreciative influence, it is said, the membership of her son, the late Hon. Clarkson Nott Potter, is to be partly attributed. In regard to the internal character and practices of the Brotherhood in the days of its infancy not much is known; but it so happens that we have one picture of an initiation which took place in the autumn of 1834. American collegiate life, it must be remembered, was at that time a crude form of existence—a life of bare walls and hard benches and scanty fare. No luxurious chapter-halls yet existed; no sumptuous banquets were eaten at the end of each term, or each year; coal and steam and gas and electricity, and many other sources of modern comfort, had not yet penetrated, in a concrete form, to the educational centers of America, however ably they might be treated as themes of abstract study in the laboratory and lecture-room; the polite arts were little understood, and the softening influence of music was almost unknown in the undergraduate world. “I had the honor,” writes one of the earliest members, “to be the first freshman elected into the Fraternity after its organization. The Hon. Joseph W. Gott, a sophomore, and myself were initiated at the same time into the Theta. Under cover of a moonless night, stealthily, and in solemn silence, my guide led me rapidly across the campus,

skirting the borders of the dark and gloomy Erie Canal, until we reached the classic purlieus then known as 'Frog Alley.' Here we stopped before an ancient edifice of wood, over the hospitable entrance of which hung a large red, three-cornered lantern, in which a tallow candle feebly flickered, making visible that pleasing word 'Oysters.' At the door my guide gave the rap afterward so well known, and we were ushered into an outer room, where Gott and myself were held in durance vile until such time as the 'hall of mystery' should be prepared for the sacred rites. Our feelings were harrowed beyond measure by the awful suspense which we were thus forced to endure. But the moment came. We entered the room which had been arranged for the ceremony. Our surroundings were, to say the least, queer. We were short of chairs, and a second triangular lantern served as a seat for two of us. We speedily found ourselves standing up to attest our faith in the Brotherhood, and to vow fidelity to its precepts. I was altogether horrified at the terrible oaths we were obliged to take. They reminded me of some of the forms of papal malediction. In leaving the room, I told Gott that I could never reconcile myself to the task of aiding in imposing upon others such useless requirements, or of repeating such an idle formulary. From that night we two had a common aim, and happily succeeded in revising our ritual, and in stripping it of its disfiguring

excrescences. After the initiation we partook of cakes and ale, but spirituous liquors, too, of whatever kind, were soon banished from our meetings."

The venerable man whose language is here quoted, is, of all personages, the one whose name deserves to be as familiar as a household word to every son of Psi Upsilon, and to be handed down, as a kindly tradition, through the unending future of the Fraternity. A description of him, by an intimate friend, as he was in those days, when the young organization was fighting its way into existence, is not without interest:—"I reserve for special mention," writes one of his classmates, "'Bill' Taylor, now the Hon. William Taylor, with whom devotion to the Lozenge with the Clasped Hands was a passion and a pride. Psi Upsilon was his friend, his mistress, his guide, and his comforter. He liked it better than anything else except tobacco; he took the two in equal doses, and his doses were very large. 'Bill' was sage in counsel, astute in policy, and vigorous in action, a true and trusty friend to his friends, while his enemies could likewise depend upon him—'over the left'—though there was nothing malicious or vindictive about him. By his enemies I mean the enemies of Psi Upsilon. His motherly care over our beneficent institution did not permit him to distinguish between her enemies and his. He treated them on the principle of the officer who, on being asked how he could let his men shoot

down their foes, said, 'Why it was their own fault; they had no business to be there.' Mr. Taylor's devotion to his first love has continued all through his life, and I believe that he is still just as ready as ever to pack up his satchel and travel off to any place where he may be of service to the old cause." The life of William Taylor is, in fact, intertwined with the history of the Fraternity. To him, as we have seen, the Psi Upsilon, at its very outset, was largely indebted for the simple beauty of its ritual; he was connected with the foundation of more than one chapter; his name constantly occurs in the records of conventions, from the first one, held two score of years ago, to the one which occurred only a few years since with the Lambda; and he yet retains, to repeat his own words, "an unwavering affection for the Fraternity, after a membership of more than forty years." . . .

In looking back over the fifty years which have elapsed since the Seven Fathers affixed their signatures to the Pledge, which was to give rise to an organization so extended and in its sphere so powerful, we are struck by the long series of favoring events which had tended to foster the growth of Psi Upsilon. The Founders undoubtedly builded better than they knew. The time and the place were unexpectedly favorable to their undertaking; the class of 1838 at Union chanced to comprise men of extraordinary maturity and strength of character,

destined to give the nascent society a sudden and vigorous development; and the earliest chapters fell, at their genesis, almost accidentally into the hands of persons peculiarly fitted to lay their foundations deeply and firmly. But the rise and extension of Psi-Upsilonism were not wholly fortuitous. The just principles early recognized and adopted, the wise regulations so speedily established, the warm feeling of brotherhood so strenuously inculcated, the rigidity with which, at least in the first years, the mandates of the constitution in regard to literary exercises were enforced, the independence of action allowed to the individual chapters, the caution generally exhibited in extending the Fraternity's territory—all these things have largely contributed to the proper development of the Psi Upsilon, and have shaped its character aright. The limitation of the organization, for a long period, to the oldest colleges of New England and New York afforded time for a healthy consolidation and a cohesive growth, after which a gradual enlargement of the bounds could safely take place. To this cause may be ascribed the fact that the Psi Upsilon has but one inactive chapter. A wholesome force, too, has been the earnest and enduring devotion of a few men,—the chivalric knights of our order, and hereafter the heroes of its legendary age—of whom some have been mentioned by name, who did not permit the closing gates of college life to shut out from their

hearts the love and the memory of Psi Upsilon, but who have continued to haunt the old halls and to lay upon the old altars the kindly and grateful offering of an affection mellowed and ripened by life's varied experience.

It is impossible not to think that another important factor of our prosperity has been the Songs of the Fraternity. In their spirit and tone, and in their general literary excellence, they certainly compare most favorably with any student-songs in the world, even with those sung by the *Corps* and *Burschenschaften* of Germany, and by the Nations of the Scandinavian universities. In this connection one name especially will at once recur to the minds of all those whose membership lies within the last thirty years—the name of “Psi U. Finch,” who now occupies so worthily a seat on New York’s highest judicial bench—the Hon. Francis Miles Finch of the Beta. He has written more than one lyric which has enjoyed a singular popularity in the outer world; but his Psi Upsilon songs are at least equally graceful, equally fervid, and equally well adapted to their purpose. One of them possibly the most pleasing lay, in any literature, inspired by Virginia’s care-soothing weed, has passed beyond the confines of the Fraternity, and, by right of universal use, has become the common property of the students of America. Nor is Judge Finch the sole minstrel of the Psi Upsilon. The songs of Professor

Calvin Sears Harrington, of the Xi, are productions of exceptional merit. It is difficult to conceive anything more inspiring than his "Diamond Song," or more happily imagined than his "Dear Old Shrine." The names of Saxe and De Mille and Alger and Boyesen—names which have won popular recognition in the world of letters—ought not to be omitted in the enumeration of our song-writers, and a score of others might fittingly find places in such a roll of honor.¹

It is evidently impossible, in a brief and hastily written historical sketch, to make even a passing mention of the many members of the Psi Upsilon whose post-collegiate careers have shed luster upon the Fraternity. In politics, in literature, in theology, their names abundantly occur. Without traversing the whole past, it may be noted, in an illustrative way, that just before the publication of the catalogue of 1879 the Governors of three states were Psi Upsilon; that at a nominating convention of one of the political parties in Massachusetts, the two most prominent candidates for the office of chief magistrate of the commonwealth were both Psi Upsilon! that in a gubernatorial contest held, at the same date, in adjoining Connecticut, one of the nominees was likewise a Psi Upsilon; that in the Forty-third Congress then in session seven Psi

¹The name of Professor Fiske himself might most appropriately be here included. [Ed.]

Upsilons occupied seats either in the Senate or House of Representatives, while another Psi Upsilon sat in the Cabinet; that in the legal world, to cite only a single state, upwards of half a dozen places on the bench of New York's Supreme Court were filled by Psi Upsilons, while three Psi Upsilons served contemporaneously, in three adjoining localities, as district attorney of New York, district attorney of Brooklyn, and United States district attorney for the metropolis.¹ At that time, too, the heads of three out of the five or six principal universities of the country were Psi Upsilons, and one of the New York colleges had just elected its third successive Psi Upsilon president. Five of the most prominent professors at Harvard were Psi Upsilons; a score of Psi Upsilons were to be found in the corps of instructors at Yale; and six of the chairs at Amherst, ten of those at Michigan, and nine of those at Cornell, were occupied by Psi Upsilons. Similar statistics, if collected to-day, would be even more striking. Men like Marsh and the younger Agassiz, Watson and Packard in science, like Saxe and Whipple and Warner and Stedman and Tourgee in polite letters, like Bishops Littlejohn and Perry and Spaulding and Whittaker and Brown, like James Strong and John Cotton Smith, Morgan

¹ Among the many later additions to this list may be mentioned the two Psi Upsilon Presidents—Arthur and Taft. [Ed.]

Dix and DeKoven and Newman in theology—are only types of the multitude of widely-known scientists and authors and divines who, as undergraduates, have worn the Diamond Badge. To turn to another department of learning, it is worthy of remark that old states like Rhode Island and Connecticut, and new states like California and Minnesota, have alike found their ablest historians among members of the Fraternity, while three writers could with difficulty be named who have thrown more light on obscure details of our national history than George Henry Moore of New York, Henry Martyn Dexter of Boston, and James Hammond Trumbull of Hartford, the first-named a member of the Delta, and the last two sons of the Beta.

Such, brothers of Psi Upsilon, are the annals, rudely recounted, of our cherished Brotherhood. They do not relate to the past alone, for they augur to us a propitious future—a future more glorious than the past, as a June noon is more glorious than a January twilight. Half a century of time now lies behind us; we are celebrating our first jubilee. As we round this outlying point in the voyage of our fraternal existence, let us more than ever remember that the best of human institutions can be made better. Let us remember that the universities of America are rapidly rising in character, in learning, in influence. Let us see to it that American stu-

dent-life keeps pace with this swift progress, and that, of all the features of American student-life, the Psi Upsilon shall continue to be the brightest and the highest.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE SYSTEM

IN these later years the Psi Upsilon has been the earliest to devise and to avail itself of a novel feature in our university life, destined, as it would seem, to prove hereafter a prominent factor in the higher educational system of this country. Structures, commonly known as chapter-houses, have succeeded, in very many of the Psi Upsilon colleges, the Chapter-halls of the Fraternity's younger years. These are increasing so rapidly and on such an expanding scale, in connection with all the Greek-letter associations, as to puzzle and daze our worthy professional educators, particularly, perhaps, such as were not attached, in their undergraduate period, to any of these brotherhoods. In 1875 some of those graduates who assisted in housing the newly-formed Psi Upsilon Chapter of Cornell in one of the most attractive mansions then standing in the university town, were obliged to sacrifice a long-held opinion that the German university method, which provides no distinct and special student-habitations, was the wisest attainable scheme for the United States. They then began to understand that the strong feeling for a home—the *home-*

ness, if it be permitted to coin a word—which is much more marked in the Anglo-Saxon than in the other branches of the Teutonic family, demanded a different system. Whether as students or professors, they had long ceased to admire the American dormitory—which has so frequently been compared to a barrack, and which can, in no wise, be considered a home; while it seemed idle to dream of transplanting, in this age and into this land, the costly palaces, relics of a monastic period, which make the English twin university-towns so beautiful. Today, after the lapse of only a score of years, it appears not unreasonable to hope that, while the twentieth century is still young, these chapter-houses will have supplanted in all our higher institutions—except, possibly, the two wealthiest ones of New England, the old-time dormitories. These barrack-dormitories date from those crude days when even our most important universities were little more than high-schools for boys; in these newer generations they can hardly be looked upon as fitting homes—academically, socially, hygienically or morally—for America's undergraduate youth. The student himself feels no special or abiding interest in the dormitory, for it is, in no sense his; the university feels no special interest in it except as a producer of income. The dormitory usually consumes funds which, properly ordered, might have been devoted to legitimate university purposes; the chapter-house is

constructed with moneys which would rarely have gone to swell the university's endowment. In regard to this point it may not be improper to cite the case of a recently-erected dormitory—in its architectural features possibly the most splendid of its class—the expense of which was many hundreds of thousands of dollars; the revenue derived from it by the university is reported to be little more than two per-cent on its cost; the same sum, if given in the form, for instance, of a library-fund—and the institution in question is sorely in need of such a fund—would have yielded at least four per-cent. The administration of the dormitory is too often a difficult and wearisome task, piling an additional and unnecessary burden upon the weighted shoulders of the academic authorities; the chapter-house manages itself, society pride inhibiting excesses, upholding order and maintaining cleanliness. The dormitory is a hotel, in which the guest must usually purchase his own furniture, having no table, no very satisfactory service, no drawing-room, no spacious entrance-hall, and few of the comforts and conveniences of a modern hotel; the chapter-house comprises, besides studies and sleeping-rooms and baths, also reception-rooms and chapter-hall, reading room and library, and in the case of those more recently built, kitchen and dining-hall. In most of the chapter-houses, as they now are, as well as in the dormitories the so-styled “chumming” custom

—likewise a relic of the school-boy age—still prevails; but in their proper development it will not be long before each member of the chapter will possess his own study and sleeping-chamber, enabling him to “sport his oak,” as in the Oxford college, whenever his desire for a studious seclusion may make it necessary.

It is worthy of remark that in an important department of one of the two New-England institutions referred to above—the Sheffield Scientific School—the dormitory has never existed, and is never likely to exist; the result is that society-houses, of considerable cost and of corresponding comfort, have practically demonstrated the needlessness of the old system. The dormitory has probably reached its highest possible development; the chapter-house is still in its infancy, but at Cornell University—as an instance—more than thirty Greek-letter organizations are in possession of houses, while new ones, there and elsewhere, are annually building. In Cornell forty per-cent of the male students find in these chapter-houses pleasant and healthy homes; the statistics of occupancy at Michigan University are about the same, but are still more striking at several educational establishments having smaller numbers of undergraduates. It is certain that, before another period of two decades has passed away, the percentage will have doubled. The widely felt necessity of a change of system in the mode of hous-

ing university-students is plainly proved by the large sums raised, from voluntary contributions, by the Greek-letter chapters; it is already not uncommon to find chapter-houses, costing—let us say—fifty thousand dollars and designed to accommodate often not more than thirty undergraduates, while, for the same sum, one of the rude and unwholesome old-style dormitories could be erected, into which might be crowded more than double that number. If it be asked, in connection with this new and better status of university-life, what is to be done with those undergraduates not attached to the existing Greek-letter societies, it may be asked in return what is done with the undergraduates of Harvard and Yale who do not dwell in dormitories, or what is done with the so-called unattached students of Oxford and Cambridge?

It is a matter to rejoice over that Psi Upsilon—first in so many things—has largely taken the lead in this new phase of student life, and has enabled us to witness scenes, which, in some degree, carry us back to the old aulæ at Oxford—to the days when Walter de Merton and William of Wykeham and Waynflete were preparing to raise, on the banks of the Isis, the noble piles which have made their names memorable. But the American Greek-letter guild enjoys, as it is destined in its future growth to enjoy still more completely, various advantages over the English college. In

the first place, the American undergraduate, by reason of his society ties, is more warmly attached to his chapter-house than even the English undergraduate to his college; in the second place, the chapter-house is wholly independent of the university, and the university of it—the latter a most weighty consideration when we reflect that, in the construction and control of hostelries and tenement houses for student use, the university, in this more enlightened age, goes beyond the limits of its proper academic sphere, and thereby enfeebles the exercise of its proper educational functions; in the third place, the Greek-letter system forms a most useful link uniting the undergraduates and graduates of the various American higher institutions of learning, while no similar connection binds together the great British schools; Trinity College, Dublin, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Oxford, for instance, have nothing in common but their name.

THE PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY

THE Psi U. may almost be said to occupy a place by itself among the Greek-letter sodalities of our collegiate schools. Its growth has been steady but conservative—so that its dormant Chapters number but two. The special literature which it has created considerably exceeds in extent—and I venture to say in character—that which clusters about the story of any of its sisters. It was the earliest to publish a list of its members, and its general catalogues, unequalled in fullness and accuracy, are real monuments of American research and industry. It was the earliest to publish its songs, and the tenth and latest edition of its song-book is not inferior to any collection of student-lays known in the academic world abroad, while it is marked by a higher poetic and musical merit than any which has originated on this side the ocean—including, as it does, inimitable lyrics by Saxe, Stedman, Finch, Harrington, Boies, De Mille, Alger, Tourgee, Boyesen and Bayard Taylor. It was the earliest to summon a convention of its chapters, and these annual gatherings, addressed by Psi Us eminent in the Republic's councils, in the world of letters and

in academical life, have now been held uninterruptedly for more than half a century. I learn from comparative statistics, compiled by our indefatigable Bro. Jacobs of Detroit and by others, that in the number of positions filled by Psi Us in the presidencies and faculties of our colleges, in our legislative halls, in our diplomatic service, in gubernatorial chairs, on the benches of our courts, in the Episcopal sees of the American church, the Fraternity boasts a notable preponderance over all similar organizations. In this connection I need not refer here to the signal example of one loyal and zealous Psi U., the solitary member, during his undergraduate days, of a private collegiate society, who afterwards ever sat in the chair of the Nation's chief magistrate; nor to the fact that when the present chief magistrate undertakes to appoint a high commission on Venezuelan affairs, he chooses two-fifths of its members from the Psi U. brotherhood. I am astonished, as I look backward through the sixty-three years of Psi U. history—the government of the chapters and of the confederation resting almost wholly in the hands of undergraduates—to note how well it has maintained its organization and administration, how successfully it has edited and issued its numerous publications, how strong has been its hold on the affections of those members who have passed beyond the portals of

their college halls, how numerous have been its graduates who have attained distinction, and how quick has been its instinct in seizing upon every proper line of development.

SOCIETY CAPS

THE *Corps*, the *Verbindungen* and the *Burschenschaften* of the German universities—bodies which correspond more or less nearly to the Greek-letter societies of American institutions—all wear caps peculiar to themselves. They are generally small and set jauntily on the head, and, from their gay and bright appearance, are readily recognized by the German academic and philistine publics. These Teutonic student-associations generally bear the Latinized names of the provinces from which the majority of their members come, and their colors are the colors of those provinces. Their caps are composed of these colors. For instance, the caps of the “*Guestphalia*” (composed of students from Westphalia) at the Universities of Bonn, Heidelberg and Leipsic, are green, white, and black; those of the “*Teutonia*,” at Berlin and elsewhere, are green, red, and gold. These associations at different institutions affiliate with each other, after the manner of the various Chapters of the Psi Upsilon. At the Swedish universities of Upsal and Lund the members of the “*Nations*” wear a cap not unlike our navy cap, the main part of which is

white velvet, with a rim of black velvet, and having in front a cockade of the national colors. At Christiania, the members of the National Norwegian University wear a picturesque-looking cap of black cloth, with a long pendant silk tassel. These caps are familiar to the people of Scandinavia, and are noticed at once by foreigners visiting any Scandinavian city. The trencher cap, so inseparably connected with the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, is well known even in this country, where efforts have been made to introduce it at several colleges. It has been suggested that a Psi U. cap should be worn by all active members, to be made of the shape of our navy cap, the body of Garnet and the rim of Gold. Such a cap would be as bright and pretty as any of the foreign student-caps. The subject might very properly be brought before the General Convention, but any action taken upon it should be unanimous. It would not answer to have such a badge worn by a part of the Chapters and not by all. Nor would it be advisable to adopt such a cap and then lay it aside after a year or two. It must be worn long enough to make it traditional. Failure in such a matter would be far worse than inaction.

THE FRATERNITY'S DEVELOPMENT

REPORTS from the undergraduate membership of our academical Brotherhood continue the tale of uninterrupted progress in every active chapter. It is a story of unbroken fidelity to Psi Upsilon, and of undiminished faith in its future; of a steady and healthy enlargement of the capitular roll, and of a consequent noteworthy increase in the number of those who yearly avow their allegiance to the Lozenge with the Clasped Hands; of deservedly won scholastic and athletic honors; of General Conventions of the Fraternity continually growing in interest and importance; of chapter lists and General Catalogues and songs of the Fraternity, more and more complete and accurate with each new issue; of larger and more commodious chapter-houses—solving at last, in a purely American way, the old and difficult problem of how to house the undergraduate members of an American university; of enhanced book-collections, and archives annually richer in Psi Upsilon history, biography, and portraiture; and of the beginnings of chapter endowments—funds for the reading room,¹ for the li-

¹ Prof. Fiske left to the Cornell Chapter a liberal legacy for this purpose. [Ed.]

brary, for academic prizes and the like—attesting both the zeal and generosity of those brothers who have entered upon the broader and severer duties of manhood, but who still recall with affection their Psi Upsilon youth. For the Psi Upsilon consists no longer, as in its earlier years, solely of limited and scattered bodies of undergraduates, with a few hundred graduates who had yet to make their mark in the world. It is now, in greater part, composed of a vast corporation of cultivated men, who adorn the bench and make themselves heard in the senate-hall; who represent the country abroad in the most eminent diplomatic positions, and have filled the very highest official place of trust at home; who powerfully influence the religious world from a thousand pulpits and from a score of episcopal seats; whose learning has gained them innumerable chairs in the institutions in which they once studied, and whose wit and wisdom have won them laurels in every province of the literary domain.

THE SONGS OF PSI UPSILON

THE example set by the Psi Chapter at Michigan University is certainly one to be imitated. If all the later Chapters were to submit themselves to such regular, systematic training, under a skilled professional musician, as has been enjoyed by the Psi Upsilon undergraduates at Ann Arbor, the Fraternity, within a year's space, would attain an unrivalled reputation for musical ability. The expense, divided among ten or a dozen persons, would not be great, and the result would be of vast benefit both to individuals and the Chapters. The songs are certainly worthy of such an effort. As a collection of student lyrics they are assuredly not equalled on this side of the Atlantic. Every year they increase in number; and the indications are that the song literature of the Fraternity is about to enter upon an even higher stage of development. It will not be long before the Psi Upsilon will possess a body of songs written to original music—not merely adaptations of Psi Upsilon words to well known melodies, like the majority included in the present Song Book. It is not too much to hope that we shall sometime listen to Psi Upsilon duets and

Psi Upsilon trios, original both to music and words, treating the theme of student-life and Fraternity incidents, as clearly as do the famous *Gluntarne* of the Swedish universities.

Efficient chorus training is perhaps what is first needed. A carefully drilled chorus which shall execute the songs, without any instrumental accompaniment—as student songs are sung the world over—is something which every Chapter can easily have; good solo and quartette singing will come later, but chorus singing will always be, as it ought to be, the chief musical feature of a Chapter. No Chapter has a right to say, “It is no use for us to take all this trouble, we have few or no good voices,” because an instructor of real ability will often discover voices where none are thought to exist, or, at any rate, will speedily develop the material in hand in such a way that, before the individuals themselves are aware of it, they will become a vocally effective chorus. Nor need this musical practice consume much time. Two hours a week will soon produce remarkable results. But great care should be taken in selecting an instructor. One thoroughly in sympathy with student singing, who appreciates student songs and comprehends their spirit and object, who will not go to work too ambitiously, and who possesses the qualities of energy, patience and judgment should, if possible, be found. Outside training, which is paid for, is usually better than any

practice, gratis or otherwise, under a member of the Chapter, both because it is professional and because it is likely to be attended to more diligently. The trainer should be shown the Song Book, and told that the foremost object of the instruction sought is to sing fairly well the twenty or thirty best productions in the volume. Even without instruction, however, much might be done by the older active members of a Chapter who sing. They should take especial pains to induce others to practice. New members should be made to sing from the start.

An exceedingly valuable book in a Chapter library is the latest edition of the German "Commers-Buch," containing nearly or quite a thousand German student songs with music—a volume sold at a very low price. Even those who do not understand German can easily learn to sing many of these songs, and they will furnish abundant music for new Fraternity or Chapter songs. Another desirable book is William Howitt's "Student Life in Germany." This volume, although it does not relate to the student-life of Germany as it now is, is a work of intense interest to an undergraduate, and contains many of the older German university lyrics in excellent translations and with music. Of course every Chapter owns the "Carmina Collegensia," which is indispensable, although the American colleges will some day furnish material for a far better collection. Each active member of the Psi Upsi-

lon, in using these works and the Fraternity's own collection, and in acquiring something of a musical culture, should bear in mind that he is not only preparing himself to give enjoyment to the graduates of his own Fraternity and to other friends; that he is not only putting himself into a position to shed honor upon the organization to which he belongs, but that he is creating for himself a source of perennial pleasure.

PSI UPSILON MINSTRELSY

THE "Songs of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity," edited, in its tenth edition, by that admirable musical adept, Professor Karl Pomeroy Harrington, of the University of North Carolina, forms a corpus of student-verse, portions of which are quite equal to the best compositions in the famous "Commersbuch" of the German Universities, while its contents in general excel any similar compilation in the academical literature of America and England. "The Diamond Song"—words and music by Calvin Sears Harrington (Wesleyan, 1852)—may almost be styled the supreme work of its class; and the same author's "Dear Old Shrine"—yearly sung on a thousand occasions—is inferior only to "The Diamond Song," and has a sentiment and pathos all its own. Nearly equal excellence characterizes the "Song of Psi Upsilon" by the inventive novelist, James De Mille (Brown, 1854), whose untimely death was a real loss to the American literature of romance. The Psi Upsilon songs of the poets, Stedman, Boyesen, Saxe and Alger, rank with their finest lyrics; while the single song of Charles Alfred Boies (Yale, 1860), "Brothers, the Day is Ended," is the

solitary memorial of a true poet, cut off by a fell disease almost immediately after graduation. The half dozen lays of James Kittredge Lombard (Yale, 1854), and especially his "Jolly Psi U.," bear all the signal marks of genius; and those of Francis William Hilliard (Harvard, 1852), Henry Elijah Parker (Dartmouth, 1841), and Charles Frederick Johnson (Yale, 1855), are spirited and graceful. One song, the tribute of a non-Psi Upsilon, Bayard Taylor, exhibits that poet's usual facility and felicity. The late Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, a subtle and judicious critic, speaks of the collection of Fraternity hymnology as "all these songs, full of the heartiest lyrical feeling and most beautiful spontaneity of expression—that sort of rousing rhythm that makes a song a song," and makes the broad statement that in no other similar books of songs has he found so much genuine poetry.

But no group of these Psi Upsilon lyrics—taken as the production of a single pen—can be compared to those written by Francis Miles Finch (Yale, 1849). Of these the "Psi Upsilon Smoking Song" has been more than once cited as "the most pleasing lay in any literature, inspired by Virginia's care-soothing weed." The story of its composition was long ago told in an American journal:—"During one of the author's last years at Yale, it chanced that the members of his college society were sitting in their chapter-room, engaged in smoking, chatting

and singing student-songs. In an interval of comparative silence, a member suddenly cried out, 'We've lots of drinking-songs; why don't somebody write a smoking-song!' Mr. Finch, whose facility of versification has always been remarkable, at once withdrew into a quiet corner, and in a few minutes produced the first three stanzas of the 'Smoking Song,' written to the melody of what was then a great favorite—Charles Fenno Hoffman's 'Sparkling and Bright.' These were at once sung with great delight. The song has since been adapted to a more appropriate air, which originated at the University of Virginia—nobody seems to know exactly when or how. Judge Finch's "Anthem" was among the earliest of his songs (1848); his "Old Men's Song" dates from 1879, and his "Brothers' Love" is still more recent. In truth no Psi Upsilon song-writer has filled so large a place, for nearly half a century, in the social life of the fraternity as "Psi U Finch."

Outside of the Psi Upsilon chapters, Judge Finch is more widely known by his "Nathan Hale" and "The Blue and the Gray"—lyrical compositions perfect in every requirement demanded of the patriotic minstrel; and his "Storm, the King," originally made public, like "The Blue and the Gray," in the pages of the *Atlantic*, is one of the most striking of the productions belonging to the school of Poe. The political effect of "The Blue and the Gray" in

both sections of the Union—then so recently opposed to each other on the field of battle—it is not easy to overestimate.

The broad, intellectual culture, the discriminating taste, the literary facility and the pure, terse English displayed in Judge Finch's verse, also made themselves manifest in the judicial decisions to which his name is attached; nor does their remarkable style detract from the legal ability and equitable judgment, which they so abundantly evince. The opinion, alike of the bench and the bar, has accorded them a unique place in the body of New York jurisprudence.

His literary career, considering the high quality of his work, has run on in a singularly unobtrusive way—devoid of any of that *réclame* which is too often deemed essential, in this advertising age, even in the domain of letters. His life as a laborious advocate in what was long only a pleasant country village, was succeeded by a decade and a half of almost equally absorbing activity in connection with the State's highest tribunal. Only once—except in the composition of his few poetical pieces—did he ever devote his energies to any task beyond the limits of his profession and office. In political struggles he has never engaged; but he gave much of his time and thought to the inception and organization of Cornell University. Next to the self-sacrificing devotion of another Psi Upsilon, Andrew Dickson White (Yale, 1853), that institution, which in a

single generation, was founded, grew up and took its place among the foremost of American Universities, owes its greatest debt to the keen and far-seeing judgment and the watchful zeal, in its earliest years, of Francis Miles Finch, now the honored head of its faculty of law.

These poetical pieces of the Fraternity, like the student-songs of Germany, Holland and Scandinavia—the lands *par excellence* of the academic lay—are intended to be generally sung by male choruses without instrumental accompaniment, and are properly executed in this way by many of the chapters. With some slight attention to vocal musical culture on the part of the undergraduates, the songs of the Fraternity, when thus rendered chorally, or occasionally, in the case of unusually skilled vocalists, as solo lyrics or by quartettes, have all the rhythmical melody and verbal charm which serves to place them beside the famous student-choruses of the North-European schools—of which those of the universities of Upsal and Christiania especially are unequalled. The reason why instrumentation rather mars than adds to the effect is not far to seek. The instrument is really an intrusion. The sentiment of the words in the case of student-songs—especially in the surroundings amid which they are most sung—forms their special and predominant feature; and this is more forcibly brought out by the unassisted “swing and swell,” combined with what may perhaps

be styled the enthusiastic resonance, of youthful voices. The student-song differs from the ballad, and some other forms of lyrical verse, in this respect. But whatever be the method, the Psi Upsilon, owing to the superiority of its songs, ought always to remain the singing fraternity of the American colleges.

MEINE BRAUT

Air:—"Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen?"

- 1—Ich werd' dich immer lieben;
So lang ich lieben kann;
So lang mein Auge schauet,
Schau' ich dich liebend an.
Drum sing' ich lieb, drum sing' ich laut,
Psi Upsilon ist meine Braut.
Ich werd' dich immer lieben,
So lang ich lieben kann.
- 2—Ich werd' dich immer lieben,
Durch all mein' Lebenszeit;
Ich bin mit dir verbunden,
Mit dir in Freud' und Leid.
So lang der klare Himmel blaut,
Psi Upsilon ist meine Braut.
Ich werd' dich immer lieben,
Durch all mein' Lebenszeit.
- 3—Ich werd' dich immer lieben,
In Finsterniss und Licht;
Und immer strahlt mir Friede
Aus deinem Angesicht;
Und bis mein Todesmorgen graut,
Psi Upsilon ist meine Braut.
Ich werd' dich immer lieben,
In Finsterniss und Licht.

MEINE BRAUT

Translated by Elizabeth Fiske Locke

Air:—"Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen?"

- 1—O, I will love thee ever,
While love remains to me;
While sight my eye retaineth,
With love I look on thee.
So sing I loud, and sing with pride,
Psi Upsilon shall be my bride.
O, I will love thee ever,
While love remains to me.
- 2—O, I will love thee ever,
So long as life endure;
With thee in joy and sorrow,
I'm leagued in union sure.
While lasts the clear, blue heaven above,
Psi Upsilon, my bride, I'll love.
O, I will love thee ever,
So long as life endure.
- 3—O, I will love thee ever,
In darkness and in light;
Peace always beams upon me
From out thy presence bright.
And till the day of death draws near,
Psi U. shall be my bride most dear.
O, I will love thee ever,
In darkness and in light.

PSI UPSILON NATIONAL SONG

Air:—Finnish National Hymn.

- 1—Our land, our land, our Fatherland,
O word of precious worth!
There's not a height by breezes fanned,
There's not a dale, there's not a strand,
More loved than these which gave us birth,
Than our dear father earth.
- 2—We love our Mississippi wide
And our Niagara's roar,
Our great Atlantic's swelling tide,
Our brooklets on the mountain side,
The lakes that kiss their wooded shore—
All, all our hearts adore.
- 3—We love our prairies' vast domain,
The wondrous wealth they yield,
Their wide, wide seas of waving grain,
The sunny slope, the sunny plain,
And ev'ry forest, fold, and field
Our nation's armies shield.
- 4—Here, here our fathers fought the fight
Which won us freedom's prize;

Here rose our proud Republic's might
Through fortunes dark, through hours of light,
Built up beneath God's smiling skies
By counsels bold and wise.

5—O land that stretchest broad and far,
So famed, so fair, so free!
The dawning sun, the rising star,
To us thy glorious symbols are,
And wide beyond thy youth we see
Thy grandeur yet to be.

6—Our land, our land, our Fatherland,
O word of precious worth!
There's not a height by breezes fanned,
There's not dale, there's not a strand,
More loved than these which gave us birth,
Than our dear father earth.

Chorus.

There's not a height by breezes fanned,
There's not a dale, there's not a strand,
More loved than these which gave us birth,
Than our dear father earth.

NOTE: The words of this song are in part a paraphrase of the Finnish National Hymn, "Vårt Land, Vårt Land, Vårt Fosterland," written by Carl Ludwig Runeberg, the recently deceased Swedish poet. The air is one to which Runeberg's fine poem is usually sung in Sweden and Finland. Both the words and the music have been published in the "Songs of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity."

OUR TRUST

Air:—"Lauriger Horatius."

- 1—|| : Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
We trust in thee forever! : ||
In summer and in winter time,
In every season, spot and clime;
Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
We trust in thee forever!
- 2—|| : Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
Sweet comrade in our pleasure! : ||
We walk, in all our smiling hours,
Through paths thy hand has strewn with
flowers;
Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
Sweet comrade in our pleasure!
- 3—|| : Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
Our comforter in sorrow! : ||
On us, when fortune deals her blows,
Thy tender grace with healing flows;
Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
Our comforter in sorrow!
- 4—|| : Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
We trust in thee forever : ||
In summer and in winter time,
In every season, spot and clime;
Psi Upsilon, Psi Upsilon,
We trust in thee forever!

THE MYSTIC LAND

Air:—"Sängerleben."

- 1—There is a land unmapped, unseen,
 Yet full of all delight;
With meadows of eternal green,
 And fountains ever bright;
By daylight bathed in summer sheen,
 In lunar glow by night,
By daylight bathed in summer sheen,
 In lunar glow by night.
- 2—There sable swans the lakelets fly,
 With ebon throat and crest;
There larks with golden pinions fly,
 Into the golden West;
Where diamond orbs bedeck a sky,
 In pearly splendors drest,
Where diamond orbs bedeck a sky,
 In pearly splendors drest.
- 3—This realm no stranger's eye hath scanned,
 No stranger's voice hath claimed;
No stranger's foot doth tread the strand,
 For love-warm friendships famed;
No stranger heart need seek this land,
 Psi-upsilonia named,
No stranger heart need seek this land,
 Psi Upsilon named.

THE MAIDEN FAIR

Air:—Mozart's "Spring Song."

- 1—I know full well a maiden,
A maiden wondrous fair;
Her brow and bosom laden
With jewels rich and rare;
Upon her forehead sparkles
The diamond's lustre true,
And in her soft eye darkles
The swart enamel's hue.
- 2—She sits in radiant splendor,
And clasps her loving hands;
Around her waist so slender,
Are pearl-embroidered bands.
A thousand lovers woo her,
And her sweet praises sing;
A thousand hearts unto her
Their precious worship bring.
- 3—And she, in equal measure,
The love of each requites;
With all embracing pleasure,
Her troth to all she plights.
May nought but good befall her
This maiden debonair!
We bless her as we call her
Psi Upsilon the fair!

THE PSI UPSILON GIRL

Music by Karl P. Harrington, Xi, '82.

- 1—Hurrah for the girl whose eye grows bright
At the flash of the lustrous diamond's light;
Whose hair is as dark as the ebon hue
Of the badge that blazons the sacred Psi U.!
- 2—Hurrah for the girl whose tender grasp
Replies to your own in a loving clasp;
Whose hand is as white as the glistening dew,
Or the pearls that encircle the badge of Psi U.!
- 3—Hurrah for the girl whose sigh, you feel,
Is as sweet and soft as the chimèd peal;
Whose sigh, you well know, is a sigh for you,
A sigh for a son of the sunny Psi U.!
- 4—Hurrah for the girl who shakes her curls
And smiles at sight of diamond and pearls;
Whose head so fair, and whose heart so true
Are filled with the love of our loved Psi U.!

THE OWL SONG

Music by W. O. Fiske.

- 1—On the fasces sits the owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Never lived so proud a fowl,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Pallas-like in voice and scowl,
 Utters he this gentle howl:
“Tu-whit, tu-whew! Psi U.! Psi U.!
O, I’m the owl of old Psi U.!
The owl of old Psi U.! of old Psi U.!
Of old Psi U.! Psi U.!”
- 2—On the fasces sits the owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Wise as monk in gown and cowl,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Free to roost, and free to prowl,
 Joying in this dulcet howl:
“Tu-whit, tu-whew! Psi U.! Psi U.!
O, I’m the owl of old Psi U.!
The owl of old Psi U.! of old Psi U.!
Of old Psi U.! Psi U.!” . . .

3—On the fasces sits the owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Be the weather fair or foul,
 Tu-whit, tu-whew!
Deaf to human groan or growl,
 Keeping up this holy howl:
“Tu-whit, tu-whew! Psi U.! Psi U.!
O, I’m the owl of old Psi U.!
The owl of old Psi U.! of old Psi U.!
 Of old Psi U.! Psi U.!” . . .

PSI U. BEER

Music by W. Orville Fiske.
[Brother of Willard Fiske.]

- 1—Had Bacchus lived with me and mine,
He would have drank no wine, no wine,
But said his prayers with conscience clear,
And tasted naught but Psi U. beer.
 Poor Bacchus!
 He did lack us;
In all Olympus far and near,
He found no drop of Psi U. beer.
- 2—Apollo, with his golden locks,
Had he been truly orthodox,
Would have stopped his chariot here,
And swigged a mug of Psi U. beer.
 Poor Apollo
 Had to follow
In his sundry courses all the year,
Without a drop of Psi U. beer!
- 3—If Jove had learned a christian creed,
He would have sent down Ganymede,
To buy him in this mundane sphere

A valiant mug of Psi U. beer.

Poor Jovey!

What a covey!

Preferred to take his nectar clear,

And never tasted Psi U. beer!

4—Come, lay aside your learned tomes,

And seize your tankard while it foams;

We need amid our toil severe,

Ein frisches Glas of Psi U. beer.

Of men or gods

We ask no odds,

If so they let us linger here,

To quaff, to quaff our Psi U. beer.

THE SENIOR'S LAST GLASS

Air:—"Reiterlied."

1—The happy years are o'er at last;
They were so fair, they went so fast,
Like mountain torrents flowing;
Among the world's cold crowd we pass—
Landlord, we'll take another glass,
Ere going, ere going!

2—O Campus, 'neath whose summer shade
So many gleesome games we've played,
Our hearts with joy aglowing!
We bid thee now a last goodbye,
Another bumper, fill it high,
Ere going, ere going!

3—Ye Halls, our memory recalls
Such pleasant hours within your walls,
When wintry winds were blowing;
With icy hearts we leave your home,
One beaker yet, and let it foam,
Ere going, ere going!

4—Farewell, O Classmates, tried and true!

No more with each new year we'll view

Our friendships warmer growing;

No more we'll mingle soul to soul!

Comrades, we'll quaff another bowl

Ere going, ere going!

5—For thee, Psi Upsilon, our queen,

For thee our love so deep, so keen,

Hath been past all men's knowing;

O saddest grief to yield thee up!

We quaff to thee this last full cup,

We're going, we're going!

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

Air:—"Araby's Daughter."

1—The days of our youth, when life's morning is
shining,

With music and laughter move joyously on;
Unceasing they flow, while our hearts, inter-
twining,

In unison beat for the Psi Upsilon.

We'll bask while we may in the roseate beaming
Diffused 'round our path by the swift-rising
sun;

Its splendor enkindles, in deed and in dreaming,
The flames of our zeal for the Psi Upsilon.

2—These hours hasten on to the days of endeavor,

To days when our life-work is fully begun;
But through manhood and age we feel that for-
ever

Our love will still cling to the Psi Upsilon.

We'll hail in the future this moment's returning,
This moment by pleasure from destiny won;
All its happy delights, in our memories burning,
Shall strengthen our faith in the Psi Upsilon.

PSI UPSILON HYMN

Music by William M. Proctor.

- 1—Diffuse, O Lord! around this shrine
Thy love eternal;
And hallow with thy grace divine
Our rites fraternal.
- 2—Let no unfaithful act or thought
Our bonds dissever;
But keep us, as thy law hath taught,
Brothers forever!
- 3—Bless every Chapter far or near,
On each bestowing
Thy bounty, which with every year
Renews its flowing.
- 4—And open, when our work is done,
Thy golden portal,
Admitting each Psi Upsilon
To life immortal!

A DIRGE

Music by Hubert P. Main.

- 1—Sweet mem'ries dwell
With those who've left this life behind them!
No more the ties that bound them bind them,
Yet did they well the tasks assigned them,
Psi Upsilon!
- 2—Their hands lie dead,
Which once the grasp fraternal gave us,
Which once stretched forth to aid or save us,
To all good works so kindly drave us,
Psi Upsilon!
- 3—Our brothers dear!
Whose hearts with ours so fondly blended,
Who all their love on us expended,
Whose voices truth and right defended,
Psi Upsilon!
- 4—No more we meet
Where flows this ceaseless tide of sorrow,
Yet, as we mourn, this hope we borrow,
To greet them on some glad to-morrow,
Psi Upsilon!

5—Our brothers still!

Though past and dead their life's endeavor,

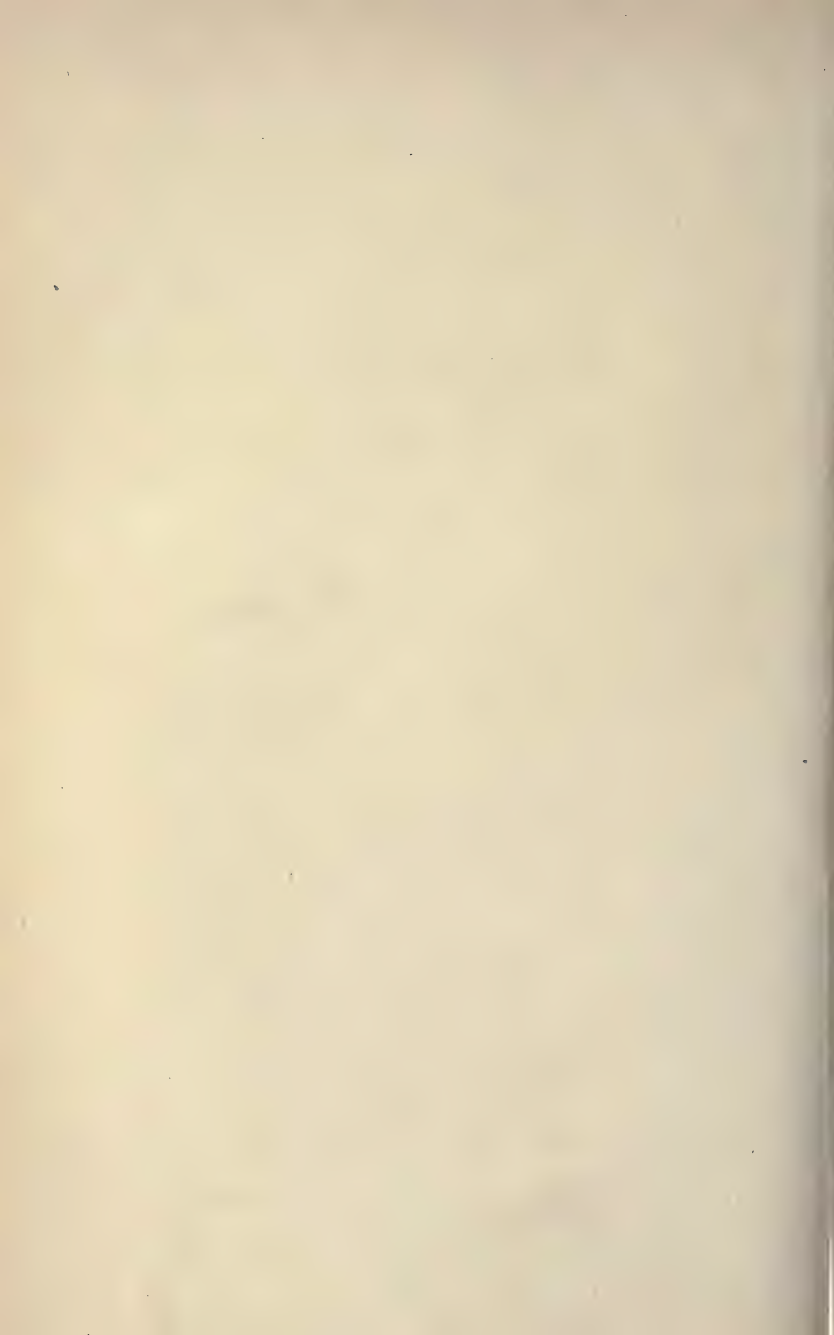
Though sepulchres our friendships sever,

Yet ours forever and forever,

 Psi Upsilon!

V

JOURNALISM



JOURNALISM

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, a pioneer in many fields, appears to have initiated the movement to make Journalism a practical collegiate subject. In 1888-90, courses in this subject were conducted by Professor Brainerd G. Smith, whose preparation had been acquired on metropolitan dailies. The experiment was considered successful, but was discontinued for administrative reasons. In 1886, Hon. Charles E. Fitch, a distinguished journalist of Central New York, had given a course of five lectures at the University on the history of Journalism in this country; and in 1880, Erastus Brooks, a New York editor of long experience, had given a short course of lectures on Journalism; but before this date, namely in 1877, Prof. Fiske had given a series of lectures on the same topic, from the very fragmentary manuscripts of which the following selections have been secured. Readers of volume I of these Memorials, "The Editor," need no reminder of the admirable equipment of Prof. Fiske for such a course.

As early as 1874, the *University Register* contained the announcement of a "Certificate of Jour-

nalism," to be given under certain conditions, and Prof. Fiske's lectures were designed to form a part of the course of instruction, which required also a knowledge of phonography and telegraphy, and some practical experience in the University printing office. One such certificate was granted in 1876.

The style of Prof. Fiske's notes is simple and colloquial, and the lectures were evidently expanded and illustrated by extemporary remarks and anecdotes. It would seem almost an injustice to him to print them in their present incomplete condition, except for the interest of the subject, and for the excellent exhibition which they afford of the practical quality of the instruction. For the rest, it may be added that Prof. Fiske's viewpoint is based largely on the journalistic conditions of nearly half a century ago.

At the time of Prof. Smith's undertaking, considerable skepticism was rife regarding the propriety or feasibility of such an enterprise. Today, for its vindication, one has merely to call attention to the seven courses in Journalism at the University of Wisconsin during the summer of 1921, to the other schools of Journalism developed in ten similar institutions, and notably to the flourishing Pulitzer School at Columbia University, founded by the well-known proprietor of the *New York World*, and registering in the fall of 1921 more than 130 students from 30 states and many foreign countries. In June, 1921, the New York State Press Association

was entertained by Ithaca and Cornell at its 68th annual convention, during the course of which a resolution was passed favoring the establishment of a School of Journalism at the University.

[Ed.]

NOTES FOR LECTURES ON JOURNALISM

BY way of introduction let me say that these talks are not lectures, but merely a series of rather desultory and even meagre practical hints. And first, the growth of American journalism may be described as one of the most remarkable episodes. Many characteristics of value favorably distinguish it from the foreign press. I say this because I intend today more particularly to touch on its unfavorable side and to show how it differs to our disadvantage from the newspaper press of Europe. Our almost universal suffrage and the comparatively good system of common schools with which we were blest at least some years back—as well as the general necessities and circumstances of a new country which made it essential for every man, in order to push himself, to know what was going on—these things secured us a large number of newspaper readers at an early day. But the difference in the number of newspaper readers of the two worlds has always been overestimated. In Germany the number of habitual readers, considered in proportion to the population, now probably exceeds ours. England is not far behind us. Attention may also be called

to the great use of periodicals in cafés abroad.

But this extended newspaper public was partly created by our political activity and by the exigencies of parties. Its result was the upgrowth of many newspapers and of newspapers characterized by superficiality. The press became general instead of special:—A newspaper treated and still treats of everything under the sun, not to speak of things above it. Not only politics and current news, but agriculture, literature, science, comicalities, etc. It is different in Europe, particularly in Germany. There, every specialty has its organ, e. g. *The Illustrated Journal of Household Work*, *The Magazine of Hair Dressing*, *The German Dyer's Journal*, *The Inn Keeper, an Organ for German Landlords*; *The Glass Furnace*, *The Upholsterer's Journal*, *The Shoemaker's Gazette*, *The Sadler's Journal*, *The Mill*, *The Milk Journal*.

Of course, in treating all possible topics, most of them must be treated with great shallowness. It is perhaps not easy to say how much this has done to create that lack of thoroughness in this country so deplored by Tom Hughes and other intelligent and friendly students of our national characteristics. But all I at present desire to say on this point is that it has impeded the development of the special journal, and I will take only two, the literary and comic, without going into science or technology. Two classes of special journals flourish, agricul-

tural and religious—the former because of its large constituency—the latter perhaps because every clergyman acts as an agent for his peculiar theological organ.

The love of sensationalism I take to be one marked fault of our press. It springs partly from rivalry, partly from what I cannot avoid considering an unnatural prominence given to the *news* part of a newspaper. Even our most intelligent writers on journalism have encouraged this abnormal eagerness for news. "A newspaper must be above all a *news*-paper," says one of them. And the saying is true within limitations and in part—but it must be something more. Sensationalism has led to what has become the often obnoxious practice known as interviewing, which is unhealthy in more than one aspect. It has given rise to the absurd and sometimes meaningless or deceptive display headlines in which some metropolitan and rural journals so delight. It has developed a socially baneful habit among newspaper men of prying into private affairs. A man's house, with us, is no longer his castle. The sensational reporter assaults it and enters it at will. I shall perhaps allude to this again when treating of local news. There is a sensationalism in matters of news, and a sensationalism in style, and to the latter I shall also allude again when treating the subject of style. The love of newsgetting has thus become almost an innate feature of the journalist's mind. He must

have news at all hazards. If there be none, he is pretty apt to invent it. In hours of need he seizes everything and a good deal is raked into the hopper which is not legitimate intelligence, but chaff not fit or proper for the public. We have all heard of the ardent German scientist who maintained that science could not attain a state of perfection, until the scientific investigator, in default of a subject, could go on the street and shoot the first satisfactory human specimen he might meet with. So our editors seem to think that newspaper life will not be perfectly blissful until they shall possess the privilege, in default of an item, of making one by shooting their next-door neighbor. We have all heard, too, of the Western editor, who busied himself, while his house was burning, in inditing a report for the next morning's issue and delayed sending it to press until he could send out a reporter to learn whether his wife and child were rescued.

Sensationalism again has introduced a new abomination in the shape of pure and simple, and often, I fear, willful exaggeration of facts. Molehills are elevated into Alps. Many editors seem to have lost the use of the positive and comparative degree of adjectives. Nothing but superlatives will answer their purpose, even on the most ordinary occasions and in relation to the most ordinary persons. Everything mentioned is the biggest or the best thing of its kind in the world. The party editor describes

every roving stump-speaker of his political faith as a Demosthenes. Tenth rate actors are declared to star at the head of their profession and are portrayed with a profusion of epithet hardly applicable to a Roscius, a Garrick, or a Booth. There really seems to be something optically delusive which makes us see bigness everywhere. The number of men in a town of the size of Ithaca, to which the epithet "our distinguished townsman" is applied by an able editor, about equals the entire number of adults in the place. In fact, about all of us are distinguished or famous, or widely-known, or most able, or always popular, as soon as we get into the newspapers. Things share the same fate. The new town-hall or court house—probably a nondescript edifice of wood or brick and stucco—is pretty sure to be the finest architectural structure in this section of the state. The last local ball, given perhaps by the United Squirt and Sputter Engine Company, was always attended by the very élite of the town and was the most recherché affair of the sort which ever took place—élite or recherché being, it may be remarked, two of the favorite epithets of the provincial reporter. But I have dwelt too long on this business of sensationalism.

The rage for office-seeking is another important bar to the elevation of our newspaper press. And here let me quote what appears to me a golden sentence by an American writer: "We cannot help

marvelling at the hallucination," he says, "which can induce able men to prefer the brief and illusory honors of political station to the substantial and lasting power within the grasp of a successful journalist." The shoemaker must stick to his last if he wishes to be a proper or a successful shoemaker. This "doubling up," so to speak, of professions will never answer. What kind of a lawyer would he be who should be continually itching to mount the pulpit? What kind of a physician would he be, who instead of attending to his pills and plasters, should be always seeking to don the ermine of a judge and sit on the bench? The journalist who accepts an office does harm to his profession, and American journalism must maintain a low tone as long as this office-seeking craze lasts.

Closely akin to this detrimental greed for office, this longing for something outside the legitimate domain of the profession, is the strong partisanship of our political press. Partly for the sake of the possible office, partly on account of the necessity of keeping the party-printing, partly perhaps from an exaggerated sense of loyalty, the average editor feels obliged to steadily stand by the party right or wrong. This evil has become so marked that even an intelligent partisan now places little confidence in the party newspapers. You can readily see how this weakens the influence of the press. It is a fault the more inexcusable because we have carried news-

getting to such an extent that our editors should have, and do have, the very best and most ample facilities for judging correctly of events and men. Perhaps you can understand this partisanship by a practical example. Those of you who have diligently perused two opposing party organs during the late contest for the Presidency (in 1876),—I mean the legislative and judicial contest which followed the November election,—must have been struck by the exactly opposite views of facts, of men and their motives, taken by two such journals. Only one of these views could have been correct, and the editor had every means, in each instance, to learn which that was. But in one, Mr. Tilden was always a villain, who wished to usurp the Presidential chair, and in the other Mr. Hayes was always an intriguer, who wanted to sneak by foul means into the same seat. In the one, the steps taken by the Republicans were always right and proper; in the other, they were always wrong and unjustifiable. This was true to two leading journals in our largest city. The case is much worse in the provincial towns. There, there is no pretence at discrimination or fairness, as there sometimes is in the cases cited. The rural editor goes it blind, as the saying is, through thick and thin, for the party and the party nominee. Even the opposite party's candidate for hogreeve is sure to be a scoundrel. We have heard a good deal of late about "independent journalism," but we have

really seen very little of it as yet. Take the *Tribune* for instance, since an example is always better than a precept. It pretends to be the independent journal, *par excellence*, of the United States. Remember that I am not speaking of its other characteristics as a newspaper. The *Tribune* espoused in the late campaign, as it had a perfect right to do, the cause of Mr. Hayes. But having done this, it seemed to speedily lose sight of its boasted "independent journalism" and was about as bitterly partisan as any other sheet.

Another trait of our journalism to which I feel bound to allude is what is known as "puffing." This is closely bound up with the question of the position properly held by advertisers in relation to the other patrons of a journal and to the general public. Too many newspaper proprietors, in the hope of immediate gain, lose sight of future and permanent profit and allow their advertiser, if I may be allowed the expression, to walk over them. Only a few journalists have learned that they must first build up a good and stable newspaper, so that they may be in a situation to resist the often outrageous demands of their advertisers and keep the portion of the paper devoted to paid announcements separate from the editorial and news departments. Advertisers must seek the journals of largest circulation. The practice of puffing has made newspaper life, especially in small towns, a sort of hand-to-mouth

existence. Newspaper men, instead of charging what is fair for advertisements, being satisfied with that, and reserving their right of judgment, live largely on the proceeds of puffs, fill their pockets with free passes and free tickets, and accept gifts of all sorts from their advertisers, whom they then and always laud. This puff system has permeated every grade of the profession from the editor-in-chief, who is bribed by the promise of an office to support the party leader, whatever he may do, to the editor or reporter who is bribed by the gift of a dish of early cucumbers to puff the wares of a corner groceryman. It has become a well-known practice with many book-publishers to send out ready made puffs of their new books, in the shape of printed slips, and these are inserted bodily, even by some large city journals, for the sake of the copy of the book which accompanies them. That this inflicts a vast injury on the cause of legitimate criticism is evident. The editor who goes to a concert or a theatre with a complimentary ticket in his pocket doesn't feel like criticizing the performance. This puffing is perhaps destined to run its course, but it must sometime end. Whenever every cucumber-dealer is intelligent enough to understand that while his wares are puffed today, those of his next door rival are equally lauded the next day, and that this sort of praise is worthless, the practice must come to an end.

Another check to the healthy growth of journalism is undoubtedly the telegraph monopoly. In this respect the system now developing in Europe is better. . . .

In talking with you the last time I endeavored to show to you some of the evils and temptations which beset the path of the American journalist, calling your attention first of all to the superficiality of our press, arising from the attempt to treat every subject under the skies, from metaphysics to murder, and that this was partly the cause and partly the consequence of our lamentable lack of special journals, treating special topics of science, art, etc. *Secondly*, to the evil of sensationalism, which prevails, as I stated, both in sensationalism of style and sensationalism of news, so to speak. *Thirdly*, to the evil of exaggeration, which leads the American editor to lose all sense of comparison and to make everything and every person which it comes within his province to portray, the biggest and the best of things and persons, to which and to whom only superlative adjectives are to be applied. *Fourthly*, to the evil influence of greed for office in the American journalist and in American journalism. *Fifthly*, to the evil of extreme partisanship, which destroys all proper judgment of public men and political events. *Sixthly*, to the evil of puffing, so inimical to just criticism. *Seventhly*, to the aggressiveness of advertisers (of which I now have

more to say) and to the evil of yielding to their improper demands. *Eighthly*, to the baneful effects upon the press of the existing telegraph monopoly, which places such powerful obstructions in the way of the establishment of new journals and then kills all resulting rivalry. *Ninthly*, I noted the effects of a job printing office upon a journal when the two establishments exist together under one ownership. Lastly, I spoke of the necessity of good and intelligent business management, and tried to show you that this is really as important to the success of a journal as good editorship, and that the one can effect nothing without the other. I intended to have added something about the absolute necessity of a good foreman—a first-class foreman in fact—who shall properly superintend the mechanical part of the work. These three things indeed are demanded in order to create a good newspaper—good editorship, good business management, good mechanical management. In other words, if your establishment lack either a good editor-in-chief, a good man of business, or a good printer, it is pretty sure either to fail completely or to fall far short of the proper standard.

THE MAKE-UP

A clear separation of subjects or divisions is necessary, and there is an equal necessity for permanence in the method adopted,—the same class of

matter to be found every day in the same place. You must bear in mind that your public does not much change from day to day. Comparatively few of your readers peruse the whole paper, but con- sider certain departments, and they wish to put their eyes on these conveniently and at once. The man inter- ested in the markets, for instance, wants and ought to find the financial matter treated every day in pretty nearly the same place. A fault of American journals is that there is too much subdivision. Too much classification is as confusing in a paper as too little, and we have carried it perhaps too far in this respect. This would not be so objectionable if our classification had any clear, and what I may call, philosophical system as the basis. But with us there is really no reason to be given why the editorials should come before or after the news, why the local news and what we call "personals" should not change places, why a news item from Georgia should either precede or follow one from China. The best arrange- ment yet adopted—I mention it only as the best, but with no intention of advising the adoption in this country, or of hoping for it, at least for some time—is that of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of which I spoke just now. Bear in mind that this journal is in quarto, the page about the size of that of the *Nation*, and that the number of pages varies from issue to issue. First page, brief table of contents. Under the first column, very latest telegrams which have

arrived at the very moment of going to press. The leading articles, 1, 2 or 3. Then the news, and lastly the advertisements. Now the arrangement of the news, the main portion of the paper, is that to which I wish to call your attention. The system adopted is simply and rigidly geographical, Europe first, then Asia, Africa, and America. Europe is subdivided into its various countries, Germany coming first. Under Italy, for instance, would come all the latest Italian news, mail and telegraphic, frequently with comments either by correspondents in Italy or by the editor, all Italian personals, literary intelligence, etc. Please remember that I do not advise exactly this arrangement for America, but certainly some useful hints can be derived from it. Instead of scattering news items helter-skelter all over the paper, they might be grouped in many instances with some little regard to locality. One reform in this connection we might make. We might learn to consider that news is news whether it be received by telegraph or by mail. The line of demarcation with us is still too marked, although some of the better journals are improving in this respect, and telegraphic items are put under their proper heading. The *Tribune* now puts telegraphic personals, for instance, with other personals. The idea that the medium through which the news comes is of any consequence is really, in itself, absurd. Mail news is frequently of more importance than telegraphic

news. Again, before closing these general remarks, let me impress upon you that most important thing of all, that the line of division between editorials and news on the one hand, and advertisements on the other, must be so plainly drawn as not to be mistaken. The public, if you are to make a permanently successful or influential journal, must be made thoroughly aware that the space, in a certain portion of your sheet, is for sale and that the rest of the journal cannot be bought.

Now for details. We will suppose a folio sheet, a small city daily. First comes the title. This ought to be a striking and applicable but easily pronounced word. If there be a wood-cut used with the title, one will have to be taken to have the words each side of it nearly the same length. This is a little matter, but in starting a newspaper these little details must be heeded. Double titles like "Courier and Enquirer," "Democrat and Chronicle" are objectionable, though they may sometimes be deemed essential, as in the case of a consolidation of two journals. Most abominable of all, however, is a fashion lately sprung up of making a compound word of the titles of two consolidated journals, as the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, with a hyphen. Such forms are contrary to usage, to the spirit of our language, and consequently to good taste. Some of the oldest newspaper names might be revived. One of the oldest is *News*, another is *Courant*, but

the favorite name in the earliest ages of newspapers in England was Mercury (Mercurium) with an adjective denoting the more special purpose of the journal,—rusticus, urbanicus, militaris, politicus, etc. The Weekly Patriot, Observator, Spy, The Freeholder, The Moderator, The Plebeian, The Protector, The Director, The Patriot, The Instructor, The Monitor, The Speculator, The Speculatist, The Craftsman, The Senator, The Touchstone, The Intelligencer, The Knight Errant, The Auditor, The Prompter, The Investigator, The Champion, The Commentator, The Remembrancer, The News Letter, The Inspector, The Critic, The Friend, The Test, The Humanist, The Visitor, The Budget, The Satchel, The Wallet, The Tablet, The Pharos, The Tempter, The Man, The Loiterer, The Idler, The Gleaner, The Focus, The Note-Book, Gossip, and so on, are some old names, most of which have ceased to be common. Curious old newspaper titles are the Tatler, Babler, Pratler, Prater, Whisperer, The Trifler, The Flying Post, The Gentleman, The Oracle, The Rehearsal, The British Apollo, The Condoler, The Medley, The Hermit, The Balm of Gilead, The Grumbler, The Fumbler, The Daily Benefactor, The Wanderer, The Reprisal, The Post-Boy, The Postman, The Patrician, The Casuist, The Tea Table, The Occasional Writer, Common Sense, Old England, The Fool, The Dreamer, The Old Maid, The Young Lady, The Rhapsodist, The Schemer, The Trimmer,

The Scrutator, The Contrast, The Bachelor, The Literary Fly, The Selector, The Leveller, etc. They were fond of fine adjectives in those days, and we find such names as The Athenian Oracle, and the Athenian Spy, The Free Thinker Extraordinary, The Delphic Oracle, The Independent Whig, The Loyal Observer, The Honest True Briton, The Universal Spectator, The Entertaining Correspondent, The Universal Masquerade, The Invisible Spy, The Parliamentary Spy, The Tory Tatler. Most quaint are some of the long titles, as Tit for Tat, The High German Doctor, Town Talk, Robin's Last Shift, The Honest Gentleman, The Postman Robbed of His Mail, Cato's Letters, The Muse Gazette, The What D'ye Call It, Wilkes and Liberty, National Intelligencer.

Among the happy names of our own time are the Tribune (except that people will pronounce it sometimes Tribune), the Nation, which originated, I think, in France, The Republic, The Day, The Age, The Press, The Advance, and so on. In establishing a journal, care should be taken not to adopt one already in use in the state.

When we have settled the title, what else comes on the first page of our folio? Opinions differ. I confess that I have very strong predilections in favor of giving it all up to the advertisements. This is the English way, adopted by the *Tribune* and abandoned; and still in use by the *Springfield Republican*.

Reasons. 1. On the whole it looks better typographically. 2. Many advertisers like it. 3. It enables you to arrange your reading-matter and your inside pages better. And here a word about advertisements. You will remember that I told you that too minute a classification of matter confuses rather than tends to clearness. In the same way, too much display type confuses the eye and rather hurts than helps the advertiser. If you look at a page of advertisements with much large type, I think that you will see this. It is like a parti-colored Persian carpet, or a brilliant patch-work bed-covering—the eye fails at first to catch the design. You will doubtless see this and understand it, but it is very difficult to make the advertiser see it. Each single advertiser wants his matter put into big type, forgetting that he is only one of many advertisers, and that all want the same amount of display. If all have it, his one advertisement is no more conspicuous than if all were in a type of moderate size. Closely connected with this is the question of the admission of woodcuts into the advertising columns. All men of much newspaper experience, so far as I know, unite in condemning them and would relegate all pictures from the daily, or the political weekly, to the illustrated journals where they belong. But advertisers are clamorous on this point. Many publishers of journals who know better, and whose taste condemns them, try to convince

themselves that they evade the question by admitting them but compelling the advertiser to pay double or quadruple the ordinary price for the space thus filled. But the question is also a pecuniary one. But I can perhaps make the rationale of this wood-cut business, so far as the pecuniary argument is concerned, clearer to you by citing a supposed case. A is a merchant of considerable capital and long standing. He can afford to have a wood-cut made, portraying perhaps his place of business. He can afford to pay the extra price asked for the space it occupies. B, C, and D are merchants just beginning business on small means in the same place. They can afford to advertise to some extent, but they cannot afford the wood-cut luxuries of A. They are quite apt, therefore, to decline to advertise under the circumstances rather than to be overshadowed by A. This is not merely a fancied case. A newspaper publisher once told me that, immediately after banishing wood-cuts from his columns, the number of his advertising patrons largely increased, many saying: "Well, now that you give the same chance to everybody, we bring you some advertisements." But as I have said, it is an impossible thing to make each advertiser—the average advertiser not being a philosopher—comprehend the real state of the case. "Put your foot on them," says a successful newspaper man. "Put your foot on them. That is the only way. They will never

listen to reason. Tell them that your rules are a good deal more inflexible than the laws of the Medes and Persians. If you begin to argue with them you are lost." Possibly you may think that I am dwelling too long on this point. But it is a question of vital importance, and full of difficulties and temptations to a new city journal. The typographical part of the journal is of far greater importance than is usually conceived. Good taste in typography has a great influence on the literary tone and character of the journal. An editor hates to put slouchily prepared matter in a good typographical dress. I have always had a theory, too, that *loudness* of type, to use a slang phrase, somehow or other induces *loudness* of style. I feel quite sure that the little *Peddlington Gazette* and the journal which Mr. Jefferson Brick edited, abounded in wood-cuts and big display type. But to return to our first page. Notice how the advertisements are set, commencing with an initial of the same size—a neat idea derived from the English newspapers.—The characters d.t.f., d & w 4 t. disfigure a page. There is no necessity for them. The bookkeeper keeps a register, and sends word to the foreman daily about what goes out.—*Dead matter*:—Many papers—a majority in fact,—are in the habit of inserting advertisements long after their time has expired. Of course this is done at a loss, and is another one of those things which show that the size of many

of our sheets might be profitably reduced. But you will say: "We must publish a sheet as large as our neighbor or rival does." Not at all, if you make a better paper; and the public is not slow to learn what a good paper is, if they can once see one. Now, in telling you all this so minutely, I wish to say again that if you become proprietors or editors of journals, I do not expect that you will be able to carry into execution these ideas. Even such strong men as Mr. Bowles, and such strong journals as the *Tribune* and the *Times*, have been obliged to withdraw from the position they once held on the question of display type. But you can at least bear them in mind and work toward the adoption of the best ideas.

OF ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements should be classified by subjects, each subject having its proper heading. It is a fault of the great London journals, and of English journals in general, that although advertisements relating to the same subject are generally grouped together, the distinguishing headings are lacking, probably because the space they would occupy is deemed too valuable. But our plan is the better. As in the case of the reading-matter, the same class of advertisements should be found from day to day in about the same place. I have spoken in strong

terms about the necessity and propriety of plainly indicating the boundary line which divides your advertising space from your news space. I should note two things here—the first is that space is really sold, both in England and with us, outside the portion of the journal reserved for paid-for announcements. But there is an essential difference in the *way* in which the matter paid for is printed in the two countries. In England every advertisement, not in the advertising columns proper, is headed by the word “advertisement,” plainly printed. With us the poorer journals insert them almost anywhere, and totally without any indication of their real character. The better class of newspapers group them together under some such head as “Business Notices” or “Publisher’s Department.” But although it is now generally understood that they are paid-for matter, yet this is not so fair and honest as the English method. Of course, in both countries, advertisements published in the news columns are charged a very much higher rate than when inserted in the usual place. The other matter to which I allude is one to which I have already referred in speaking of “puffs and puffing.” How far is the advertiser entitled to a “puff” or notice of his advertisement? This question is not so easy to decide as it may seem. In the case of a boot and shoe dealer, for instance, it is simple enough. You say to the advertiser: “My dear Sir, your boots and

shoes are really not news. That you have received an addition to your stock and have brought to town some new styles is doubtless true, but I don't consider it a piece of news which the general public is dying to learn. I have an abundance of real legitimate news, with which to fill my paper. Meanwhile, it is for your interest to inform those who need boots and shoes of the facts in the case. That, you have paid me to do, and I intend to do it—in my advertising columns. We will let the matter stop there if you please." And there the matter plainly *should* stop. But how about some other classes of advertisements? That a fine concert is to take place, that an interesting lecture is to be given, that a new school is to be opened—these are really news interesting to a large share of your patrons. The showman, the lecture-committee, the proprietor of the new school, have all advertised in your columns. Shall the matter, in these instances, end there, or shall there be a "notice" in the other division of your paper? Or what shall be done? I have found this a good rule—"Try to make yourself believe that these people have not advertised in your journal, and then write a brief news paragraph about them, just as you would have done if they had taken none of your advertising space—and then don't accept any free tickets for doing this. All the showmen and some lecturers travel around the country with prepared puffs—in which the adjectives are not

spared—which they expect you to insert as a matter of course, although they occupy generally several times the space for which they have actually paid. You see that this is the same as the practice of the publishers, which I mentioned last Friday. Both are good examples of that commingling of the most profound meanness with the most sublime impudence which forms what may be considered an almost purely indigenous American product known as *dead-headism*.

There is a third matter which I ought to consider, while treating of advertisements and advertiser. What classes of advertisements ought to be refused? Of course there is no doubt about obscene ones, or even about those verging on the obscene, such as some of the so-called "Personals" on the first page of a certain New York paper. But I would go farther, as a good many of our more reputable journals are now doing. I would draw the line this side of avowed quackery of all sorts, quack medicines, so-styled astrologers, fortune-tellers; spiritual seances, lottery-dealers, etc. It is true that you are not directly responsible for the wares you advertise, and without doubt, even in the best of newspapers, many false or misleading statements are made, and many shams proclaimed as genuine articles, in the advertising columns. But you are, in reality, so far responsible that you are bound to keep out what is confessedly noxious or harmful.

The whole subject of advertising is, as you see, one of importance and ought to be studied carefully.

Before leaving the first page of our small city daily let me suggest something which I believe to be new, but which I think to be worth noting. Among the things which ought to be inserted daily are a table of the hours of closing and of the arrival of mails, another of the arrival and departure of the trains, so often called the Traveller's Directory—and another of the concerts, lectures, conventions, etc., to be held on the day of the issue—these are useful to great numbers of people and ought to be kept carefully corrected, so as to be as accurate and trustworthy as possible. I have thought that for all these, as well as for the marriage and death notices, the first column of the first page would be a proper place. This suggestion, of course, applies only to the case supposed, that is when the entire first page is otherwise devoted to advertisements. One of the objections made to filling any page with advertisements is that advertisers insist upon having their announcements printed as near what is known as "reading matter" as possible—or at least upon the same page with it. But the tables and other matters to which I have alluded are so generally consulted that their position on the first page would doubtless tend to make that page sought for by sensible advertisers. Perhaps I did not make clear

that advertisers have less objection to being put by themselves, as it were, on the first page than on any other, because that is necessarily the portion of the paper which first catches the eye.

At the top of our second page comes naturally what is known as the editorial head or sub-head, that is, the title of the journal repeated, the date also being repeated. This should be *immediately* followed by editorial matter. Nothing of the advertising kind should intervene. All caucus and convention notices, all lists of candidates for an impending election—in fact all matter of that sort should be put in another part of the paper. Almost the only exception to this rule is when some important announcement is made in regard to a change in the journal itself, or in its policy. And even that should be printed in italics, or in some other way sure to distinguish it from editorial matter. The object of this is to leave no doubt that your editorial space is filled with your own opinions, and nobody's else. Before the editorial sub-head is sometimes placed a list of announcements for the day or week, or even a few advertisements paid for at a large price. This is not so objectionable as putting such matter as has been alluded to after the sub-head. But it is better to avoid doing either. Under the sub-head is sometimes inserted in the dailies of the large cities a news summary, giving in brief the important news of the day. This hardly seems nec-

essary in the comparatively small journal of a small city. This being omitted, the first matter under your editorial sub-head will be editorial matter and as to the shape it will take, I confess that I like best the custom of such journals as the *Tribune* and the *Springfield Republican*, in giving it the form of editorial paragraphs, that is to say, of brief editorial comments on all the important intelligence except the two or three most important items of news. Of the way these paragraphs should be written, I shall speak when we come to the subject of style. I will now only say that they should be brief and terse, should be strictly comments and not the news itself, and should not be too many in number. They are usually arranged by the foreman in the order of their length, the shortest coming first. This way of grouping minor editorials, as they may be styled, is not only much preferable typographically to the practice in vogue among many journals of scattering them over the editorial page, but is much more effective on account of its clearness. If you take the *New York Herald* or *World*, for instance, and compare their editorial page with those of the journals previously mentioned, you will perceive this at a glance. The latter newspapers mingle short and long editorial articles, paragraphs and leaders, all together tumultuously. Some of the shorter ones have side-headings, as they are called (*explain*), a typographical feature which ought always to be used

with caution. After these editorial paragraphs come the leaders (*explain*) proper,—the long editorials, of which there ought to be, except on rare occasions, at least two. In England these are printed in the best journals without any heading whatsoever—this usage being a matter of tradition simply. Our American custom of giving a title to each editorial article is on the whole better, plainly informing the reader at a glance of the topic treated. As to the type to be used in this heading, I prefer that employed by the *Tribune*—italic capitals—a style of letter too little used in the journals of this country. It is always wise to devote your two chief editorial articles to different classes of subjects; that is to say, both, if there be two, ought not to be political. But to the subjects of editorials I shall allude farther on. The editorials should end with a double or heavy dash. After the editorials proper, our difficulties as to arrangement of the second page really begin, and something may here safely be left to individual good taste. In the *Tribune* follow “Personal Notes” and then “Political Notes,” etc. Some journals here introduce a group of minor editorials under some such heading as “Topics of the Times.” This has been done in the *New York Times*, the heading being punningly suggestive. Another punning heading of this sort is used by the *Hartford Courant*—“Courant Notes.” In a smallish journal perhaps the most commendable way

is a series of brief editorial notes which shall embrace both men and things. This is convenient, first, because it avoids the use of two headings, secondly because on some days you will have few or no really important and interesting "personals," while on others the news items, upon which you find it proper or necessary to comment, will be equally few. (*Character of "personals"*.) This ends the editorial, and we come to the news. Here the arrangement is worthy of careful study and any system adopted ought to be thoroughly understood. Telegraphic dispatches were first published without any attempt at order or classification. A dozen years ago many editors of provincial dailies still deemed it impossible, for lack of time, to subject this kind of intelligence to a systematic classification. Now, it is done, or at least attempted, in every respectable newspaper. If his plan of arrangement be well in his head, the telegraphic editor finds no trouble in arranging the matter with such ease and promptitude as to scarcely delay the composition at all. As an example, one of his heads is pretty sure to be "From Washington." He writes his heading over the first dispatch from that city. This is followed by dispatches dated at other places, and then comes a second dispatch from the capital. He writes "Add Washington," makes the necessary corrections and sends it to the composing room. Care, of course, must be taken about paragraphing. A few general heads kept

standing will swallow up a good deal of your telegraphic matter. As to their character, it is here that you can apply, to a limited extent, the principle of arrangement adopted by the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*,¹ of which I spoke to you, namely the geographical. Take a New York State journal, for instance. The headings: From Washington, From New York City, From New England, From the South, From the West, From the Pacific, From the Old World (or Foreign), From the State, and From the Middle States, will include nearly the whole of your ordinary daily news by the wires. In case of a piece of intelligence of extraordinary importance, concerning which long and frequent dispatches are likely to be received, it is quite proper to give it a separate heading, as "The St. Louis Fire," for instance. But as I have said before, too much classification must be avoided. Moreover don't hesitate to put your telegraphic and other fresh news together. For instance, supposing you have a fresh letter from your Washington correspondent. Under your head, "From Washington," put your dispatch or dispatches with their date or dates, then insert a short line dash and let your letter follow with its date. In regard to dates and places under general heads, as "From the West," it is best to rewrite the beginning of your telegram, as, for instance, instead of "Indianapolis, May 10th,

¹ Now published in Munich. [Ed.]

the Indiana legislature adjourned to-day," leave out place and say: "The Indiana legislature adjourned yesterday," etc.

There are a thousand little details about the News department—its arrangement and typography—which I have not the time to consider, but which you can learn by studying the best journals and by careful reflection. The chief thing to do is to avoid extremes, making the classification neither so minute as to be confusing, nor so slight as to give a heavy look to your page. Don't use sensational headlines. They either prove that you are using too much paper or must fill up your space with big type, or else they are an insult to your readers, who are able to read and judge of the news without this distasteful display. Let the subject headings which you use be of uniform type. Italic capitals are here again the neatest—and if you feel obliged to have subsidiary or explanatory headings, put them in small caps (*explain*). Your news matter should be printed solid (*explain*), as it is styled. Indeed nothing should be leaded in your paper except editorials. Your news department is likely to run on to the third page. After it would come properly a variety of things, such as communications on general topics, miscellaneous reading matter like extracts from new books or the magazines, notices of new books, literary or any other special notes—in short, all those things which, if your paper were

an eight page quarto you would relegate to the inside pages. Here, too, would come lists of nominations in the time of a canvass, caucus notices, etc., unless placed in the first column of the first page, as I have previously suggested. The remainder of the third page would be advertisements, the first things being new advertisements perhaps, under that heading, which, if inserted more than one day, would, the next morning, be placed by the foreman under their proper head.

This brings us to the fourth and last page of our supposed sheet. It begins, like the second page, with a sub-head, usually with the date, and is directly followed by what is called *local*, that is, the news gathered in or concerning the immediate locality of the journal's issue. Here again nothing should intervene except possibly what is known as a miniature almanac or a daily meteorological statement. If it be your custom to print on Saturday a table of the religious services of the next day, put it in the very upper left-hand corner of the page and let the local head follow it, or put in on the first page as before suggested, or at the end of the local announcements, etc.

There is no department of the average American journal so badly edited, with so little care and discrimination, as the department of local news. This is perhaps natural, for the poorest talent is generally employed upon it. Anybody is commonly

considered good enough to be a writer of local intelligence. Unfledged editors generally first develop their feeble wings and first practice their timid crow in this field. Often this division of the paper almost edits itself. Often everybody edits it—neighbors and friends of the proprietor, advertisers, casual callers, circus agents, anybody, in fact, who chooses to cast an item or a paragraph into the unarranged and crude mass of town news. Much goes in that ought to be kept out; many events go unchronicled which ought to be noted. And yet a little good sense and good taste, a little systematic labor, will easily make this one of the best edited divisions of the journal. Let us look at it with care. And first as to arrangement. It is to be primarily noted that the local matter is to be printed solid, without leads. The reasons have been already stated. If you feel obliged to lead, then don't do it but reduce the size of your sheet! This principle cannot be too often impressed on you. A small neatly printed and neatly ordered journal, with the matter put into a clear and compact shape, is not only a cheaper paper to issue but a better one than a large sheet, filled with unnecessarily leaded matter, with large type, an abundance of display heads, wood-cuts, and other abominations. Make your paper just large enough for your daily wants and then, if forced to do it, publish supplements. (Looks more prosperous.) But to return to our theme. Directly under your

sub-head come the brief items which chronicle the greater mass of the local intelligence gathered for the day. These items ought to embrace nearly all of it. Put everything here which does not exceed a quarter of a column. Don't plaster your local page with short articles of 20 or 30 lines with a big head. After your brief paragraphs, if you have one or two or three local occurrences of sufficient importance to be treated at considerable length, then treat them so and put them after your collection of paragraphs, as you placed on the second page your leaders after your editorial paragraphs. So far, what we have is *town* news; now for what may be styled, for want of a better term, *vicinity* news. This ought to be classified, first either by townships in your own county, or by divisions of the county, as West Tompkins, East Tompkins, etc., then under the names of the neighboring counties. So much for the arrangement of the local. Now let us look at the matter itself. Two classes of intelligence may be regarded as *local*. First, events which occur in remote localities but which are of peculiar interest to those who reside within the territory of your home circulation. Examples enough of the former class will occur to you. Of the latter, I may cite such an event, to illustrate by our own locality, as the death in St. Louis of an old resident of Ithaca; the statement that a distinguished gentleman of Boston intends to visit Ithaca; that an Ithaca criminal has

been arrested in Montreal; that a cargo of Ithaca Calendar clocks has been lost in the China Sea; that a great accumulation of coal at Scranton is to be shipped to the Ithaca market. But it is sometimes not a little difficult to tell just when such an item belongs with your local news and when with your general news. It has become, however, a bad habit—arising from the ignorance and insufficient judgment of local editors—to admit a good deal into the local columns about which there ought to be no doubt that it should go into the department of general news. Thus, we frequently see it stated that an eclipse of the sun will occur to-morrow. This is not local news, belonging to neither of the classes which we have defined. The statement that to-morrow is Ash Wednesday has no right in the local columns, unless made local by mention of some local incident like this: “To-morrow is Ash Wednesday and will be celebrated by a morning and afternoon service at St. John’s Church.” That delusion, which I mentioned two weeks ago, that the character of news is somewhat affected by the medium through which it comes, often introduces incongruities into the local department. For example, the postmaster chances to inform the local editor that the postage to Mexico will be reduced to five cents after next week; or some coal dealer happens to state that the Pennsylvania coal companies have determined to raise the price of coal. These facts the local

editor straightway inserts as local news, but the fact that he learned them from residents of the place in no wise affects their character as general news, and they should be so classified. Again, puns and jokes are not local news. But the worst edited division of the local portion of a journal is generally that which we have called vicinity news. Certain men have been engaged in the surrounding villages to send to the office noteworthy items occurring in their neighborhood. (*Explain*; an excellent arrangement, and ought always to be done. The business manager should arrange it. A free copy of the paper may secure it. Sometimes, if the village be large enough and the number of subscribers in it considerable, a small sum may well be paid for a satisfactory gathering of its local intelligence.) But the men who act in this capacity are necessarily very frequently persons of no ability as writers, and what they communicate often comes to the office in the crudest shape, interlarded with personalities, wretched attempts at wit, and so forth. Much of it is really not news in any sense of the word. That John Jones has reshingled his barn may be of interest to himself and possibly to the men of whom he bought the shingles, if he has not yet paid for them, but one cannot conceive that it can be of the slightest importance to any other human being. What is of interest to only two individuals is hardly worth publishing. That Sam Brown has erected a new

picket fence in front of his dwelling is an event that can only interest those who walk past the spot, and they will perceive the fact of themselves without the intervention of any journalist. And so with a thousand other petty and utterly uninteresting incidents which the village chronicler desires to perpetuate in print. But what I wish to say is that the abortive attempts of these hamlet letter-writers are very frequently printed as written. They should always be carefully sifted, rewritten, and arranged in items as paragraphs—in short, edited. And as a general remark let me say that editing a newspaper involves the idea of properly editing the news just as much as that of writing leaders. It is often necessary, even in the case of general news, that it should be rewritten. To one lamentable failing of local editors I feel bound to call your special attention, and that is their practice of abusing each other. Intelligent readers feel disgust. (General principle of not alluding to rivals and local contemporaries in any department, as in the *London Times*. One can't tell that any other journal is published in London. You can especially afford to take this course if you are conducting the leading journal of the place.) Personalities between editors should always be avoided, and the best way to avoid them is to omit any mention of each other, for every allusion to a rival merely serves to advertise him. (*Washington Clarion and Trumpet*.) It is not a little singu-

lar that some of the faults and absurdities of local journalism to which I have called your attention were satirized as long ago as the days of Addison's *Spectator*. (Read extract.)

The portion of the fourth page not occupied by local news is, of course, filled with advertisements. Travellers Directory at foot of last column. I have now given you as well as I could in this hasty way, some idea of the proper method of arranging the various divisions of a small city daily. I do not say that it will in every instance be wise to follow precisely the order I have recommended. It is with newspapers, as with a Library or any other collection of things. No method will suit every case. (Brunet.) But I have tried to base my outline in general upon what are confessedly the best newspapers of the day, and especially upon the *Springfield Republican*, which in all that makes a good newspaper, careful editing, clear arrangement, a painstaking presentation of all the important occurrences of the times, excellent typography, is really hardly equalled by the metropolitan or other large city dailies. It is of course smaller, and that perhaps partly explains its admirable features, for it is far easier to make a good newspaper in a small town than to do it in New York City, and it of course can be done with far less money and far fewer pens. I would not have you understand that there are not some things in the *Springfield Republican* and other

papers like it which I would not condemn. But they are the nearest approach to a model provincial journal. On the whole I do not know that I can give a more useful piece of advice to those of you who have any idea of entering the journalistic profession, than to subscribe for a month or two to the *Republican* and to study its arrangement and its manner of printing the news as you would study a textbook.

EDITORIAL WRITING. NEWSPAPER STYLE

BEFORE considering the matter of newspaper style, I will say a word on a subject which necessarily has a great bearing upon it. I refer to the matter of impersonality in newspapers. If a man be constantly thrusting his personality upon the public, if it be known that the principal important articles in a journal be by a certain well-known person, if any one individual receives the entire blame or credit for the opinion expressed in a journal, of course not only the editor-in-chief but also his subordinates will keep this fact constantly in view and their manner of presenting things to their readers must be more or less affected by it. Horace Greeley, for instance, must have often written quite differently from the way in which he must have adopted had he been simply the editor of the *Tribune*, and known to its readers only as that and not by his name and personal history. His associates, likewise, must have been influenced by the fact that one all-overshadowing name was inseparably connected with the journal, and that the interests of the owner of that name had always to

be consulted and considered. In the case of the English papers, the situation is very different. Nobody knows who edits them. Probably not one hundred men in London outside of Printing House Square could tell to-day who is the managing man of the London *Times*. When Captain Stirling was writing those powerful articles which first gave the great London Daily its name of *The Thunderer*, it is certain that 99/100th of the literary men of England had never heard his name nor were aware of his existence.

The *Times* is thoroughly impersonal, and even in the Clubs most frequented by journalists you might enquire all day without being able to learn who wrote any particular article. It is the *Times* always which speaks and not any individual—and it, therefore, speaks with tremendous effect. Whenever the managing editor is changed, no one knows it and scarcely any reader would perceive any alteration in the sheet. One of the evils of personal journalism is that when *the* person dies, the journal is apt to feel the event. The death of Horace Greeley, for instance, has been followed by a period of disaster for that eminent journal which he edited. People had so long regarded him as *The Tribune*, that they thought a *Tribune* without him impossible. So it was, too, with regard to the New York *Times* when Mr. H. J. Raymond died. He was followed by three or four managing-editors, none of whom ap-

peared to suit the public. Not only the *London Times*, but English dailies in general, are thoroughly impersonal. The editors write in the name of their journal and conceal themselves entirely behind the editorial *we*. The system in France is more like our own, and the names at least of the chief men on a Paris daily are well known. To this one difference is, in my opinion, to be largely ascribed the difference in the journalism of the two countries. The robustness, the healthy vigor, the wide-spread moral influence, the steady political watchfulness, the unimpassioned but persistent warfare waged upon public evils—all this is found in the journalism upon one side of the English Channel and is lacking to it upon the other. The English people take the utterances of their organs of the press for what they really are—the concentrated judgment concerning public affairs of a group of observant, well-trained sincere men. In France they are often partial, always personal utterances of an Émile de Girardin, or of some other well known personality. The tendency in America is now towards the English system, and I think that this tendency must become more and more marked. No individual, however gifted, can ever be to the *New York Tribune* what Horace Greeley was, and the *Times* is fast becoming almost as impersonal as its London namesake.

In writing editorial matter, therefore, one of the first essentials is to be as impersonal as possible.

You must not obtrude yourself, as an individual, upon your readers. This is not avoided by the simple use of the editorial *we*, instead of the personal *I*. It is not at all rare to see in the provincial papers expressions like this:—"We were informed yesterday by a gentleman" etc.; "we received a call, a few days since, from a friend who communicated to us the interesting fact," etc. The editorial *we* can neither be informed by a gentleman nor called upon by one. Great care must be taken in regard to the use of this plural pronoun. It must never be employed in the sense of referring to the person of the editor or writer.

As to your editorial writings, I need not tell you to be clear, pointed, expressive, or, not to be careless, diffuse, or verbose, for such is the rule in regard to all composition. Nor need I tell you not to write without fully understanding the subject in hand. If you are not acquainted with the politics of China, don't attempt to elucidate the last ministerial change in Peking. It is better to let the public remain in blissful ignorance than to misinform it. In minor matters it is easy to avoid a blunder. With a good atlas, for instance, there will be no necessity for turning the world's geography upside down, as the highly intelligent associated press correspondents at Washington did only four or five days ago, when they communicated to the newspaper readers of America the interesting news that it was generally

believed in the diplomatic circles at our national capital that Russia would invade Turkey by way of Bosnia, this being about as lucid as if it was stated that Canada would march upon the United States by way of Texas. Such things can be easily avoided by the use of the proper books of reference, which ought to be within easy reach. On the other hand, don't put too much of your books of reference in your articles. The public, in general, doesn't care for reprints of Cyclopaedia articles. There is always a proper mean. Employ your reference library for reference, and as a source of facts. But keep a sufficiently intelligent oversight of public transactions to be always able to express intelligent opinions of your own. Editorial matter, to produce its full effect, must show a knowledge of the subject you are discussing—what the Germans call *Fachkenntniss*. It is a common saying that nobody reads editorials, but it is because the editorials are often not readable. The writers, ignorant of the subject-matter and knowing their own ignorance, attempt to make up for it by verbosity, mere wordiness, or by personalities or humor. A calm treatment of a theme, by a writer thoroughly familiar with it, will command attention now as always. Editors must do as the university lecturer does. They must still study. They must obtain the literature relating to the principal subjects before the public mind, and inform themselves. A university lecturer would in-

deed be dull who should never read what is published by other men concerning his branch or branches of knowledge. A constant perusal of some of the best journals of the world will keep you *posted*, if we can use that word, on a great variety of topics. A half-dozen weeklies might be easily selected which would, if regularly read, afford you innumerable ideas and hints on almost any topic which may arise. A few of the best dailies you will of course see daily. It is regular, systematic perusal of these journals which is necessary, so that when a man suddenly comes into notice you may know something of his previous career; so that when a book of note is published, you may know something of its author's history; so that when a scientific expedition is heard of from time to time, you may recall the previous stages of its progress. These are only examples, illustrating how you must keep the run of events in the worlds of politics, letters, science, art, and so on. I don't mean to imply by what I have said about the necessity of knowledge of the theme, that your articles are always to be essays of the solid sort—grave, dignified, learned—although there is no question that we are getting into too flippant a tone in every way. It has even gone so far that it is thought that every great New York daily must have at least one humorous article daily—an article which would be in *Punch*.

When you find that you must write a certain

amount of editorial matter for your next issue, first ask yourself these questions: What is the most important item of political news to-day, in regard to which people most need comment and explanation and an intelligent opinion? Next, what is the prominent item of news, non-political in its character? There you have subjects for two articles. If there be really nothing among the day's items which can be called very important, then ask yourself this other question: what general topic of interest or value is there about which I know so much that I can throw some light upon it? And then proceed to write on that theme. Once in a while, in regard to some notable reform, a journal does great good and obtains a high reputation by what may be styled iteration. It returns day after day to the same topic. It treats it in every possible phase. It makes its obscure points clear to the commonest understanding. It hammers away, so to speak, upon this one theme until it accomplishes its purpose. This course demands the highest and broadest knowledge of the subject treated. A man must be familiar with it through and through. In the *Tribune*, in ante-war days, the subject of slavery was like a household word. Mr. Greeley knew it in its every aspect, political, economical and moral, and was familiar with its history, almost from the days of Abraham. His colleagues, with his earnestness and enthusiasm, had necessarily caught many crumbs of

his information, and the country resounded with the blows which were struck with such weight and with such persistence. Very often editors have just such opportunities. The writer who should devote some time to the study, let us say, of the question of compulsory education, should read whatever has been written on it at home and abroad, should ascertain how the laws in regard to it have worked in England and Germany, should get at the heart of the topic, so to speak, be ready to answer all the arguments of his opponents, to show its relations to society and the individual, to the state and the church—such a man could acquire a reputation for his journal in a few months. There are other topics of equal interest and general importance. The condition of the Civil Service, our system of road-laws, our system of taxation, the power of great corporations and so on. In all statements which you make on these or other topics, be sure of your facts, and don't warp them to prove your point. This is a tendency to which young writers are particularly liable. They love to theorize and they walk over facts sometimes in a way which is appalling to witness.

As to editorial paragraphs, their composition requires what may be called a knack at it. You will find ten men who can write readable long editorial articles to one who can write clever brief editorial comments on the news. These paragraphs must be at once broad and pointed. They must give a rapid

outline of the news (not the news itself precisely, as I have before explained—that ought to be found in your news columns)—a rapid sketch of it, sufficient to make your readers understand your comment. And then the comment must be pithy. The English *Spectator* and the American *Nation*, although weeklies, are good models in this respect. Each of these journals opens with a series of paragraphs devoted to the news of the week. They are usually admirable and a perusal of them for some weeks will do more to make you comprehend what the paragraphs should be—I mean as to their style—than a dozen lectures of mine. (Read from *Spectator*.)

In a small city daily, such as we have been considering, the best way again, here, is to note down on a piece of paper lying upon your desk, as the news comes in, the items which, in your view, demand comment. The list will very likely grow to too great a length. In that case, strike out the least important subjects. In these editorial paragraphs quickness is essential. On a morning paper, for instance, the cable news generally comes in about one o'clock A. M., we will say. Your matter, probably, must be in before two or two-thirty. You must, therefore, acquire facility in this as in other newspaper business.

As to the whole matter of style, you will, of course, learn much by the perusal of good newspapers—they are really the only text-books in journalism.

Let me especially commend to you, for this purpose, two of the English weeklies—the *Spectator*, to which I have just alluded, and the *Saturday Review*. There are no better editorial articles in the world just now than those to be found in these two sheets. They are sometimes perhaps a nuance too heavy for the American daily, but it is easy to remedy this. The *Saturday Review* is remarkable as containing each week, after the editorials proper, some admirable specimens of essay writing. I should almost say, if you want to acquire an admirable editorial style, give your nights and days to the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, the *North American Review*, *Nation*, etc. But after all, a broad general culture, good scholarship, a knowledge of history and political economy, are the chief requisites for an editor. If you can write well, you will soon learn to write well editorially. In all writing a knowledge of good English is necessary. And good English is all that you ought to use. Don't employ slang. Have a conscience about this and let it speak loudly to you. The newspapers are responsible for a thousands abuses of the mother tongue. This has been a recognized evil ever since the press began to be so powerful.

In making up the news of your paper, especially telegraph items, see that only facts are stated in clear English. Don't insert any comments. In other words, see that the news is well edited. Be careful

that all dates and names of places and persons are correct. I was once in a newspaper office as the telegrams were coming in, one of the items relating to a terrible catastrophe of some sort in a place in Peru. The telegraphic editor reported that he could not make head or tail of the name of the site of the occurrence, and showed the dispatch to the Editor-in-chief. He gave up the puzzle with the remark, "Put it down in Lima. It must have been somewhere near there." Five minutes patient consultation of a map and gazetteer would have probably unravelled the knot. In the matter of telegraphic editing, a little care will give variety to your news columns and will help your readers to a quick comprehension of your news. Experience will soon teach you a thousand methods of effecting these objects. Bear in mind that a statement of fact can be expressed in many ways and don't always use the same formula. Often you can inject a word of valuable explanation, as for instance: John Smith to-day addressed an enormous crowd of people at Sheffield. If the fact be so, and the majority of your readers are not likely to know who John Smith is, insert after his name: "the M. P. who was lately expelled from the House of Commons." Learn to paragraph your news well. This is quite an art and experience is here the best teacher. Learn also to condense. This is particularly necessary in treating local news. Local reporters write as if

the whole dictionary were before them where to choose, and they generally choose by the wholesale. They live on verbiage. I have frequently seen in an account of the burning of a small dwelling enough adjectives for a first-class Fourth of July oration. "The devouring element" raged in it every few lines. "The flames ascended to heaven" in it. "The murky night was illumined" in it. "The bold and daring firemen made superhuman efforts to rescue life and property and finally only the grim and blackened walls were left standing." If a local reporter were obliged to trust his hopes of salvation to a single book—that book would be a dictionary—Webster's Unabridged. Condensation is then an indispensable virtue in editing the local news. Not that I would always give merely the bare facts in the local columns. A brief comment, especially on public matters of local character, is often important. A certain lightness of style is here allowable, but it is essential not to overstep the limits of good taste. Tact is required here in even a greater degree than on any other page of your journal. The men you write about are your neighbors; the incidents you narrate concern your personal acquaintances. You should therefore avoid giving scandal either by offensive remarks or by a too light treatment of topics which to many of your readers may seem subjects of real gravity. It is not difficult to publish all the news which is really worthy of

publication and at the same time to do so without giving offence. Good English and good taste mark the good local editor. Beyond this, the chief things are not matters of style nor of news-getting, for what your local readers want especially is fullness of news. If its presentation be clear, they will not ask for much elaboration. A careful and complete collection of news has, in this department, its effect on style, for if you have a great deal with which to fill your space, you will not be apt to indulge in too many words. And I will therefore endeavor to enumerate some of the sources of local news which are too often allowed to escape the attention of a local journal:—The leading manufacturers,—occasional articles on them, not in the character of puffs. Ascertain what they are doing—new machinery which they have really added—extensions accomplished or proposed of their business—where their wares go to. The railroads,—an hour spent in conversation in their offices, or in the vicinity of their stations, with your eyes open, will sometimes give you some interesting paragraphs. The town library,—brief lists now and then, of the important new books added are of interest, and lists of magazines which they receive. The postoffice,—amount of mail matter received and sent, days of particularly heavy mails, curious superscriptions of letters, changes in the hours of closing and opening

the mails, delays of mails, etc. Local scenery,—something fresh and new can always be written on this. Different eyes do not see it alike and there is always room for suggestion as to rendering fine bits of scenery more accessible. America and Europe,—almost every village has pretty points around it, which ought to be written up as the scenery of Europe has been written up. Even local history can be made a source of local news. What may be styled antiquarian articles, if you will permit the apparent paradox, are always fresh. The oldest inhabitant,—that very useful person—here comes into play. He can often give you reminiscences which you can put into shape. And so with early biographies, books of travel, gazetteers. Many items of interest can be extracted from early files of newspapers published in your locality. This is legitimate news, because it is new for most of your readers. The schools will generally furnish you items. The number of pupils in attendance, the increase or decrease when compared with the previous term or year, the subjects taught, the condition of the school-houses and grounds, the health of the location, the repairs needed. The cemeteries,—their situation and state, improvements needed, drainage wanted, their influence on public hygiene, old tombstones and epitaphs, new monuments, etc. I mention these because the ordinary local reporter confines

himself generally to the police courts, the streets and hotels. Street loafers, showmen, policemen, are his chief sources of information.

In the matter of vicinity news, some of it will undoubtedly be derived from sheets published in the smaller places around you. Don't be content with merely scissoring this, and editing it with a paste-pot. Try and give the items a fresh character by adding some new or later facts. Rewrite them all if possible. Condense them. Examine carefully the dates. Not much comment is needed here. Give the incidents as fully as their character requires. And give the news in such completeness that no event of importance or interest escapes you which has happened in the territory you pretend to cover.

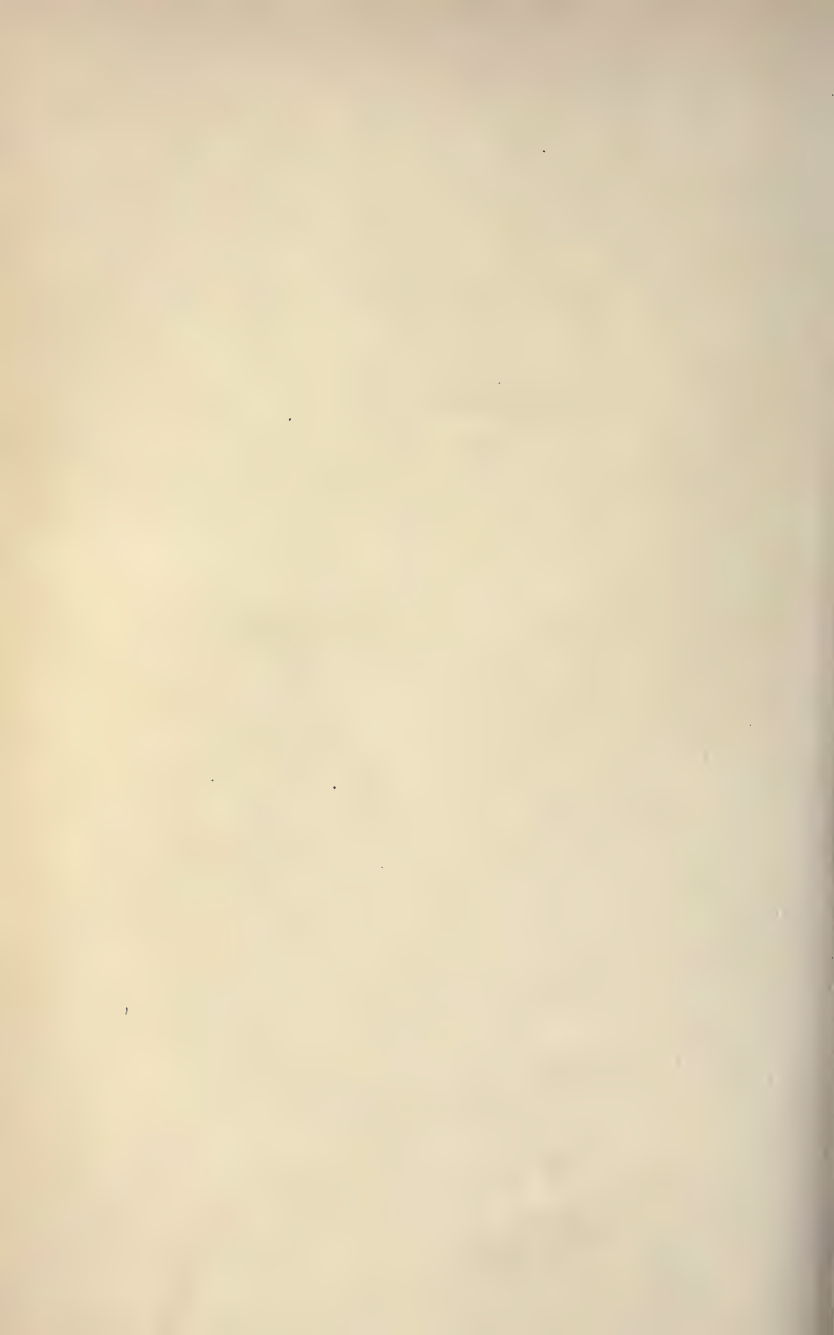
In regard to book-notices in a minor city journal where no special literary editor is employed, the best way is not to attempt them at all, but to give once a week or oftener some literary notes, including all the literary news likely to be of interest to your readers. If you glean this from the special literary weeklies, you are likely to be frequently as early as your metropolitan contemporaries. Among these literary notes put anything you have to say about any new publication, a brief notice in short. As to correspondence, whether paid or voluntary, look it over carefully, improving both its matter and its manner. Voluntary correspondence can be almost always rewritten or condensed, and still more fre-

quently perhaps altogether omitted. Never pay the slightest heed to anonymous compositions. When letters are not Washington, or New York or foreign letters of regularly employed correspondents, employ a uniform introductory line. Don't say "Eds. Gazette" which is ugly, but: "To the Editor of the Gazette."

Finally as to style. Educate yourself carefully. This is the basis of all good writing. Acquire ease and rapidity. If your thoughts run slowly, you will not do for an editor. Get rid of the idea, or rather never get it, that you must be sensational. Write without passion or flurry. Impassioned articles must be reserved for crises. If you write gunpowder articles in time of peace, what will you do when war comes? Avoid partisanship. Treat your political enemies fairly. Don't take it for granted that everything the party does is right. Avoid puffing a man, a thing or the country. Don't write orations instead of editorials. Editorials are not exactly essays, but they should never be orations or harangues.

VI

CHESSE



CHESS

A VOLUME entitled "Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," prepared for the press by the present editor (Longmans, Green and Co., New York and London, 1912), contains the bulk of Mr. Fiske's miscellaneous writings on the subject of Chess. The following selections present some extracts which appeared originally in his "Book of the First American Chess Congress," 1859, and were afterwards utilized for the above-mentioned volume, and for the Icelandic Chess Journal established by Mr. Fiske in 1901, entitled, *Í Uppnámi*.

Mr. Fiske's life-long interest in the noble game, from his joint editorship with Paul Morphy, at the age of twenty-five, of the *Chess Monthly*, to his latest labors on his final work, "Chess in Iceland," at the very close of his life, forms one of the most attractive chapters in a career replete with picturesque occupations.

[Ed.]

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF CHESS

(In Part)

CHESS, the most venerable for its antiquity, the most esteemed for its intellectual character, and the most universal in its extent of all those pastimes in which men of every age have been accustomed to seek rest from the fatigue of physical labor or the weariness of mental toil, arose in India at a very early period in the history of the world. It is distinguished from all other sports no less by its greater age than by its superior excellence; for, although an amusement, it is separated from the most abstruse of sciences only by a faint line of demarcation. The singular fascination which it has ever exercised over its votaries is a curious phenomenon in the history of mind. Men differing in character and disposition, in tastes and pursuits, in rank and religion, in climate and race, have been charmed by the study of its delightful arcana. The peasants of Persia and Iceland, the warriors of the East and the West, the scholars of Asia and Europe, the priests of the Moslem faith, and the ministers of the purer belief, the monarchs of enlightened nations and the rulers of Pagan lands, have all

found entertainment in its study and pleasure in its practice. Kings, in imminent danger of losing their heads and their thrones, have clung to their game of chess undismayed by the threatened loss of honor and of life. Statesmen, at a time when their brains were busy with projects destined to result in the overthrow of kingdoms or emancipation of nations, have found leisure to engage in chess. Generals, on the eve of important and decisive battles, as if in mockery of real and sanguinary warfare, have thrown their whole souls into the bloodless contest on the checkered field. Sages have sanctioned its use as a recreation. Learned men have devoted the earnest efforts of acute minds to the elucidation of its theory, to the elaboration of its history, and to the enlargement of its literature. The graces of poetry and the charms of eloquence have been thrown around it. Orators in their speeches, poets in their songs, dramatists in their plays, annalists in their histories, and even divines in their sermons, have not hesitated to use expressions couched in its technical language and to employ metaphors drawn from the movements of its mimic soldiery. As in the multiplicity of its combinations it sets at defiance all the discovered laws of the science of numbers, so in its adaptability to minds of unlike formation it seems to repudiate all the theories of mental philosophy. For eminent skill in the game is neither limited to any particular class of indi-

viduals nor dependent upon any peculiar intellectual qualities. Its pursuit is not confined to highly cultivated minds. . . . Tyros scarcely conversant with the moves appear to find in it an enjoyment no less keen and exciting than those great players who are familiar with all the mysteries of open games and of close games, of gambits and of counter-gambits, of openings on the king's side and of openings on the queen's side. In truth, however we look at it, at its nature, or at its history, we shall find anomalies that surprise and marvels that confound us. . . .

The date to which I have referred the origin of chess will probably astonish those persons who have only regarded it as the amusement of idle hours, and have never troubled themselves to peruse those able essays in which the best antiquaries and investigators have dissipated the cloudy obscurity that once enshrouded this subject. Those who do not know the inherent life which it possesses will wonder at its long and enduring career. They will be startled to learn that chess was played before Columbus discovered America, before Charlemagne received the Western Empire, before Romulus founded Rome, before Achilles went up to the siege of Troy, and that it is still played as widely and as zealously as ever, now that those events have been for ages a part of history. It will be difficult for them to comprehend how, amid the wreck of

nations, the destruction of races, the revolutions of time, and the lapse of centuries, this mere game has survived, when so many things of far greater importance have either passed away from the memories of men, or still exist only in the dusty pages of the chroniclers. It owes, of course, much of its tenacity of existence to the amazing inexhaustibility of its nature. Some chess writers have loved to dwell upon the unending fertility of its powers of combination. They have calculated by arithmetical rules the myriads of positions of which the pieces and pawns are susceptible. They have told us that a lifetime of many ages would hardly suffice even to count them. We know, too, that while the composers of the Orient and the Occident have displayed during long centuries an admirable subtlety and ingenuity in the fabrication of problems, yet the chess stratagems of the last quarter of a century have never been excelled in intricacy and beauty. We have witnessed, in our day, contests brilliant with skillful manœuvres unknown to the sagacious and dexterous chess artists of the eighteenth century. Within the last thirty years we have seen the invention of an opening as correct in theory and as elegant in practice as any upon the board, and of which our fathers were utterly ignorant. The world is not likely to tire of an amusement which never repeats itself, of a game which presents to-day features as novel and charms as fresh as those with

which it delighted, in the morning of history, the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus.

Sir William Jones has given it as his opinion that the beautiful simplicity and extreme perfection of the game prove it to have been the invention of a single mind. Later writers have rejected this hypothesis. In sooth, it seems incredible that any one man, by his own unaided brain, should have produced in its present symmetrical completeness a thing at once so complex in detail, yet so simple as a whole. Who could estimate the mental strength of such a being? Would he not be a commander greater than Cæsar, who first calculated the exact evolutions, the marches and counter-marches, the fierce attacks and cunning defences of the chessmen? Would he not be a philosopher greater than Bacon, who constructed a theoretical art which could approach so near the domains of science, and yet not overlie the boundaries? Would he not be an artist greater than Phidias, who should design representative images which should last through all changes while the world stood? Would he not be a benefactor greater than Howard, who should devise an amusement that should refresh the faculties while it still kept them in action, and upon which the spirit of gambling would never dare to seize? It seems to me that no such being has ever existed. It seems to me that chess grew, as music grew, as poetry grew. I believe that it sprang from rude

beginnings, and gradually threw off one imperfection after another, or added one beauty after another, until it ripened into the old *chaturanga*, which is essentially our modern game . . . Countless fables, offsprings of the ardent imagination of Asia, or the sterner fancy of Europe, and many of them as beautiful as they are untrue, are extant, which pretend to explain the origin of chess. Some of the old chroniclers, who loved to invent history, tell us that the game was the product of the fertile brain of an Indian sage, named *Sissa* or *Sassa*, and connect therewith the famous story of the grains of corn which increased through the whole sixty-four squares in geometrical ratio. True history informs us that this *Sissa* was merely a player of more than ordinary skill. Other writers ascribe the invention of the game to two brothers, *Lydus* and *Tyrhene*, who, starving in a desert, discovered this excellent means of appeasing the pangs of hunger. Others again support the claims of an imaginary Greek philosopher, styled *Xerxes*, whose object was to convince a despot that the interests of the monarch were inseparably connected with those of his people. In fact a vast deal of erudition and an immense amount of imagination have been expended on this matter. *Palamedes* and *Zenobia*, the Chinese, Egyptians, Persians, Arabians, Welsh, Irish, Jews, Scythians, and Araucanians have all had their zealous and credulous advocates. The

sober truth is, that a game, possessing all the essential features of chess, was in common use in Southern Asia some three thousand years before the commencement of our era, and that the oldest authentic books of India speak of it as a pastime which amused soldiers during a siege, and delighted princes and generals in their hours of recreation. Beyond this we know nothing. The names of its inventors, the precise time and exact locality of its first appearance, are probably problems which no study of the past, however acute and diligent, will ever be able to solve. . . .

In the Eastern World numberless writers treated of its excellence in works full of the fantastic imagery and glowing with the gorgeous verbiage of the Orient. The names of Ali Shatranji, Adali, Suli, Damiri, Sokeiker, Abul-Abbas, Ibn-Sherf-Mohammed, and a hundred others, have come down to us as those of distinguished players and writers. Even the immortal Firdausi devotes a long episode, in his Persian epic, to chess, and the great Rhazes, one of the most famous of Arabian physicians, compiled a work upon the game; and numerous treatises have found their way into the libraries of the West, whose authors are entirely unknown. So far did the people of Persia and Arabia carry their love for the sport that they ascribed to it virtues almost miraculous. It was made to embrace all sciences. It was gravely said to teach religion and law, philosophy

and astronomy, political economy and military strategy, and to be an efficacious remedy for diseases both of the mind and the body. "Chess," exclaims an enthusiastic Persian, "Chess is the nourishment of the mind, the solace of the spirit, the polisher of intelligence, the bright sun of understanding. By its practice all the faults which form the ailments of the soul are converted into their corresponding virtues." Great players bestowed their names upon openings of their own invention and died with their ambition gratified. Celebrated poets were proud to leave on record, side by side with the memorials of their inspiration as minstrels, the story of their skill in this mental sport. Courts seem to have been especially favorable to the cultivation of chess. . . . In the West, the annals of chess are no less interesting. It seems to have been known in Constantinople at least as early as the eighth century, and was generally diffused throughout Europe before the end of the eleventh. The monk, Jacobus of Cessolis, drew lessons of wisdom from its tactics in that celebrated morality, which was afterwards translated, both in prose and verse, into every European tongue, and which, in the English version of William Caxton, was the first book that issued from the English press. Conrad von Ammenhusen and Ingold of Germany, Nicholas de Saint Nicholai and Jacques le Grand of France, Innocent and Lydgate of England, Alfonso the Wise of Spain, and a multi-

tude of anonymous writers, whose manuscripts are scattered through the great bibliothecal collections of the Old World, composed moral allegories and practical disquisitions upon chess. Most of the early novelists exhibit convincing evidence of the wide popularity which it had already attained. From Boccaccio, the charming story-teller of Italy, down to the most turgid compiler of prosaic tales of chivalry and love, what may be called the light literature of the middle ages is crowded with allusions to chess. The romancers committed a thousand anachronisms and violated the whole history of the game, in order to bring the knightly sport into their pages. We owe to them and to the chroniclers, whose veracity was sometimes scarcely greater, those pretty fables concerning the origin of the game to which I have before alluded, and at which we have so often wondered and laughed. Outside of prose, the minstrels introduced it into their roundelays, and sang its delights in the bowers of maidens and the halls of nobles. Chess scenes and chess incidents are cunningly woven into the verse of Chaucer and his English successors, into the tales of the trouvères of Normandy and the troubadours of Languedoc, and into the lays of the Southern singers. Hebrew bards composed chess poems in the tongue of Isaiah. The language of ancient Rome was employed to set forth the virtues of an art which the ancient Romans never knew. The

Varangians, or body guards of the Byzantine emperors, returning to their northern homes, brought the entertaining amusement to Scandinavia, and introduced it into the flourishing republic of Iceland, whose berserkers loved its practice, and whose skalds sang its glories in Eddaic stanzas. Charlemagne, Alexius the First, William the Conqueror, Richard of the Lion Heart, and most of the rulers of men of this period, whiled away their leisure hours with the shatranj. A set of chess-men, carved by skillful hands, was thought no unworthy present from one emperor to another. Kings gave golden sets to monasteries. Popes, bishops, and holy men, some of whom were afterwards canonized, gave by their acts the sanction of the Church to the practice of the game. . . .

Such is a brief outline of the progress of chess from its infancy to the middle of the nineteenth century. It less deserves the name of a historical sketch than of a mere chronological catalogue of the more important incidents in chess annals. I publish it here in the hope that some other writer will fill up the bare and meagre frame-work which want of ability, no less than lack of space, has forced me to leave incomplete. But even in this imperfect survey, how glorious does the past of our game appear, and how richly does it promise equal splendor for the future! Experience has taught us that as a source of amusement its abundant wealth can never

be exhausted by the limited intellectual powers of man—that its treasures of delight and enjoyment are perennial. Its nature, its history, and its literature place it altogether above and beyond the domain of the gambler, and its character should never be contaminated by any comparison with the debasing games of hazard, nor with the rude and savage exhibitions of physical strength. In due time our own country will bring forth its great players and its famous writers. May they prove worthy to occupy high places in the Valhalla of chess! May they equal in their blameless lives, in their lofty mental culture, and in their correct appreciation of the character of our philosophical and gentlemanly pastime, those distinguished masters and teachers whose names adorn the pages of the past!

FRANKLIN AND CHESS

THE earliest name in the annals of American chess is that of Benjamin Franklin. Previous to his time the history of our game in this country is a Sahara of oblivion, relieved by no oasis of recorded incident or transmitted tradition. Our sturdy forefathers of the old colonial days, engaged as they were in sterner contests with the severities of nature and the passions of savages, would have disdained so mild a warfare as chess. They were too much occupied with the toils of life to find leisure for its amusements. It is yet possible that a diligent search among the family records of the Virginian cavaliers might result in some trivial trace of the game at an earlier period, but with regard to New England, the austerities of Puritan faith and practice preclude any such hope or belief. Nor can we wish it otherwise. It was fitting that so philosophic a game should find its historic starting-point in so philosophic a man as Franklin. In Europe the chess writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, understanding the contemplative character of the sport, endeavored, by the help of uncertain tradition, to trace back its origin to a Grecian philoso-

pher by the name of Xerxes, or to an Indian sage by the name of Sissa. What was fable in the Old World has become fact in the New. As far as we know, chess in America began with Benjamin Franklin.

In the year 1734 was played the first game of American chess to which we can affix a date. At that time Franklin, then twenty-eight years of age, and a resident of Philadelphia, commenced the study of the Italian language, in company with a friend, whose name it is now impossible to ascertain. The following extract from his autobiography shows the curious way in which he made his passion for the game subservient to the purposes of study:

“I had begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play at chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have the right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language.”

We fancy that the educational utility of chess was never so markedly displayed before. Amid the multifarious systems of instruction which are almost weekly proposed by our zealous legislators or ambitious pedagogues, why has not some bold doctor of the schools conceived the idea of putting the plan of Franklin into a larger practice among the youth of our seminaries and academies? With so high a name as that of its originator in its favor it could not but be popular and successful. . . .

In Paris, Franklin used to play frequently with a certain Madame de Brillon, who resided at no great distance from his dwelling at Passy, and in whose family, as he himself tells us, he spent many delightful hours. Tradition says that the lady was wont to get the better of the philosopher in these mental encounters. A pleasant allusion to their play occurs in his works in the amusing piece entitled: "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout," written the twenty-second of October, 1780.

"But what is your practise after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of a man of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours. This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, in accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and

obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. . . . If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played a while at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of Chess. . . . You know Mr. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain. . . . During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eyes over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chessboard; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner."

In the year 1783, Wolfgang von Kempelen, the ingenious inventor of the far-famed Automaton Chess-Player, arrived in Paris. He brought letters

from Vienna to Dr. Franklin. Mr. Valltravers wrote to him as follows:

“The occasion of this letter is furnished me by a very ingenious gentleman, M. Kempel, Counsellor of his Imperial Majesty’s Finances for the Kingdom of Hungary, who, on a furlough obtained for two years, is ready to set out for Paris, Brussels, and England, attended by his whole family, his lady, two sons, and two daughters; not only to satisfy his own curiosity, but also in a great measure that of the public. Endowed with a peculiar taste and genius for mechanical inventions and improvements, for which he sees no manner of encouragement in these parts, he means to impart several of his most important discoveries and experiments wherever they shall be best received and rewarded. As an amusing specimen of his skill in mechanics, and as a means at the same time of supporting his travelling charges, he intends to exhibit the figure of a Turk playing at Chess with any player; and answering, by pointing at the letters of an alphabet any questions made to him. I saw him play twice without discovering his intelligent director anywhere in or about him. If there were nothing but the organization of his arm, hand, and fingers, besides the motions of his head, that alone would entitle him to no small admiration.

“Besides his Chess-Player, M. Kempel, has amused himself with forming the figure of a child, uttering

the first articulate sounds of elocution. Of these I have heard it pronounce distinctly upwards of thirty words and phrases. There remain but five or six letters of the alphabet, the expression of which he intends to complete at Paris.

Vienna, December 24th, 1782."

The American sage too, it seems, had his bout with that memorable Mussulman who penetrated, a conqueror, into regions whither neither Abderahman nor Mohammed the Second had ever dreamed of carrying the crescent flag. No record or tradition has handed down to us the result of the encounter. But, alas for Christian courage and American prowess, we very much fear that the pagan Moslem triumphed, and thus added the subjugator of lightning to his long list of conquests. In connection with this matter the following remark by Franklin's grandson may be of interest:

"Chess was a favorite amusement with Dr. Franklin, and one of his best papers is written on that subject. He was pleased with the performance of the Automaton. In a short letter after his arriving in Paris, M. Kempel said to him: 'If I have not, immediately on my return from Versailles, renewed my request that you will be present at a representation of my Automaton Chess-Player, it was only to gain a few days, in which I might make some progress in another very interesting machine

upon which I have been employed, and which I wish you to see at the same time.' This machine was probably the speaking figure mentioned by Mr. Valltravers. The inventor's name occurs with a various orthography, as Kempelen, Kempel, Kempl, but his autograph is Kempel."

All Chess readers have stowed away in their memories the name of Hans, Count von Brühl, for many years the Representative of Saxony at the Court of London, a frequent adversary of Philidor, and one of the most ardent admirers of our game among the last century's disciples of Caissa. Franklin gave the owner of the Automaton an introductory epistle to the Count. Franklin's letter has been lost, but Brühl's pleasant reply is still preserved:

*"Sir:—*I was very much flattered with the letter I had the pleasure to receive from your Excellency by means of the ingenious M. de Kempel's arrival in this country. The favorable opinion you entertain of his talents is alone sufficient to convince me of their extent and usefulness. I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel for the honor of your remembrance. I shall, therefore, only beg leave to assure you that it will be the pride of my life to have been noticed by one of the most distinguished characters of the age, and I shall endeavor, upon all occasions, to contribute my mite of admiration to the universal applause which your eminent

qualities, as a philosopher and politician, are so well entitled to. I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Yours, etc.,

THE COUNT DE BRÜHL."

Twiss, in the first volume of his pleasant collection of "Chess Anecdotes" (p. 190), states that "Dr. Franklin and the late Sir John Pringle used frequently to play at Chess together; and towards the end of the game the physician (Pringle) discovered that the velocity of his own, as well as his adversary's pulse was considerably increased." In the *Palamède* it is said that Franklin, while in Paris, used to encounter a lady, Madame de Brion (Brillon?), who was able to give him odds. But no authority is given for this assertion.

Such are all the details which time has spared us of the Chess Life of Benjamin Franklin. Few and scattered as they are, they are still sufficient to do honor alike to the man and the game. That a person who embodied and represented better than any other the vaunted common sense of Americans, and the extreme utilitarianism of these later generations, should have loved, honored, and practiced Chess, affords one of the strongest external arguments in favor of its general use. These unconnected incidents, moreover, seem to us indicative of many more still unrecorded. Franklin lived in an age of great Chess activity, and passed many years

of his existence in the very center of that activity. The splendid career of Philidor in England and France, the large number of fine players created by his book, his example, and his practice in the capitals of both those countries, the analytical labors of the Modenese school in Italy, the influence of Stein in Holland, and the appearance of the Automaton Chess-Player, all contributed to draw the attention of the public to our intellectual sport, and form in fact the beginning and first development of that popularization of the game which has been going on in Europe, with increasing effect and extent, ever since. We know that Franklin was personally acquainted with Brühl, Maseres, Kempel, and Sir William Jones, and that he frequented the *Café de la Régence*. The method of introduction to Mrs. Howe shows that his love of Chess was a well-known fact in London. From all these circumstances we are warranted in supposing that, behind the scanty written incidents of his Chess life, there must lie a mass of interesting matter still unknown, and perhaps lost to us forever. We have not even any reliable information of his degree of skill as a player. Many are fond of citing him with Leibnitz, Rousseau, and Euler, as persons gifted with splendid talents and acute intellects who tried in vain to become adepts at the game. This manner of speech arises in a great measure from the pleasure which men take in uttering or listening to paradoxes. It

is certain that only the dimmest and most untrustworthy tradition supports their opinion. Arguing from his mental characteristics—always, as we are aware, a very doubtful method of procedure in Chess—and from the amount of his play, we should be inclined to place Franklin, not in the first rank indeed, but among the best of the second class. His cautious, circumspect, calculating mind should have made him a good defensive player.

But it is in his agreeable essay on the *Morals of Chess* that Franklin has left the most enduring monument of his love for the game. Its graceful style, its admirable exposition of the practical utility of Chess, and its well-conceived maxims of advice are apparent to every one who reads it. "The game of Chess," he asserts, "is not merely an idle amusement; several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions; for life is a kind of Chess." He then proceeds to show that by playing at Chess we may learn "foresight, circumspection, caution, and the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favorable chance, and that of persevering in the search of resources." But the chief part of the essay is devoted to some judicious and carefully-weighed rules for the guidance of the player. He especially enjoins courtesy towards an

opponent, and urges us to use no triumphing or insulting expressions when we have gained a victory, and says that by "general civility (so opposite to the unfairness before forbidden) you may happen indeed to lose the game; but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection, together with the silent approbation and the good will of the spectators." In truth, all who love the ancient pastime of which we treat, will be forever grateful to Benjamin Franklin for sanctioning its practice, not only by his influential example, but with his vigorous and powerful pen.

PAUL MORPHY

PAUL MORPHY, the foremost Chess-player of the present age, and so far as we are enabled to judge, the greatest Chess-player of any age, was born in the City of New Orleans, Louisiana, on the twenty-second day of June in the year 1837. His grandfather on the paternal side was a native of Madrid, the capital of Spain, the land in which Ruy Lopez and Xerone lived and died, and in which Leonardo de Cutri and Paoli Boi won their most glorious victories. Removing to America, the grandfather of Paul resided for some years at Charleston, South Carolina, and had five children, two sons and three daughters. The elder son, Alonzo Morphy, the father of our hero, was born in November, 1798, went to New Orleans at an early age, graduated at a French institution, known as the Collège d'Orléans, studied law under the famous Edward Livingston, was Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana from 1840 to 1846, and died in November, 1856. He was a Chess-player of respectable ability, but was greatly excelled by his brother Ernest Morphy, formerly of New Orleans, then of Moscow, Cler-

mont County, Ohio, and now of Quincy, Illinois. Judge Alonzo Morphy married a daughter of Mr. Joseph B. Le Carpentier, a gentleman of a French family, who came many years ago from St. Domingo to New Orleans, and who died in 1850. Mr. Morphy had six children, of which two sons and two daughters are now living. The elder son received the name of Edward, and is at present engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native city; the younger son was christened Paul Charles, but usually signs his name simply Paul Morphy.

During the days of Paul's childhood Judge Morphy was accustomed in the evenings and on Sundays, as a relaxation from the severe labors of his profession, to play Chess, either with his father-in-law, Mr. Le Carpentier, who was a confirmed lover of the game, or with his brother, Ernest Morphy, who, as is widely known, occupied for a long time a high rank in the New Orleans Chess Club. The boy Paul was wont to watch these friendly encounters with so much interest that his father, in 1847, when Paul was about ten years of age, explained to him the powers of the pieces and the laws of the game. In less than two years he was contending successfully on even terms with the strongest amateurs of the Crescent City. One peculiarity of Paul's play, during the infantile stage of his Chess life, while his father, his grandfather, his uncle, and his brother were his chief adversaries, used to create

considerable merriment among the fireside circle of Chess lovers with whom he was brought into contact. His Pawns seemed to him to be only so many obstacles in his path, and his first work upon commencing a game was to exchange or sacrifice them all, giving free range to his pieces, after which, with his unimpeded Queen, Rooks, Bishops, and Knights, he began a fierce onslaught upon his opponent's forces, which was often valorously maintained until it resulted in mate.

Paul fitted himself for college by several years' study in Jefferson Academy, New Orleans. Leaving this seminary he became, in December, 1850, a student of St. Joseph's College. This institution, one of the best Catholic educational establishments of the South, is situated in the pleasant village of Spring Hill, six miles west of Mobile, Alabama, and was founded by the Society of Jesus in 1830. Here Paul passed the usual four years of the undergraduate course, spending the agreeable and profitable days of student-life very much, as we may suppose, as multitudes of other youth have done since the time of the earliest university. During the periods given up to recreation, Chess was allowed by the government of the institution, and Paul occasionally indulged in his favorite amusement. Both among his fellow-pupils and the faculty he enjoyed considerable fame as by far the strongest player in college, and now and then one of the learned Professors

permitted himself to be beaten, at heavy odds, by the young disciple of Caissa. Among Paul's adversaries was Mr. Charles Amédée Maurian, of New Orleans, a younger student, with whom he had already been upon terms of intimacy in their school days at the Jefferson Academy. But it was not alone as a Chess-player that Paul made his mark at college. He was known as a close student, and won either the first or second premiums in every department during each year that he remained at Spring Hill. In the classics he took especial delight, but exhibited less of a fondness and aptitude for mathematics. During the annual vacations, which lasted from the fifteenth of October to the first of December, Paul returned home, and at these periods he used to encounter some of the leading practitioners of New Orleans. He graduated with honor in October, 1854, less than four months after he had finished his seventeenth year. His youth induced him to pass another year at college as a resident graduate, and he left New Orleans in December of the same year and remained at Spring Hill until the close of the academical term in October, 1855. In the following month he entered the Law School of the University of Louisiana, where he enjoyed the instruction of such men as Christian Roselius, Randall Hunt, Alfred Hennen and Judge Theodore McCaleb—all of them prominent ornaments of the Louisiana bar. He graduated at the

Law School in April, 1857, and was admitted to practice in the courts of his native state, so soon as he should attain the legal age of twenty-one.

In the course of the years 1849 and 1850, before entering college, Paul contested over fifty parties with Mr. Eugene Rousseau, a gentleman whose name is familiar to Chess readers in both hemispheres on account of his famous match with Mr. Charles S. Stanley in 1845, and from the fact that he played in Paris more than one hundred even games with Kieseritzky, of which the great Livonian won only a bare majority. The first meeting between the veteran devotee of the game and his youthful opponent was brought about by Mr. Ernest Morphy. Of the games played, Paul came off the conqueror in fully nine-tenths. . . .

The crowning triumph, however, of the younger years of the American master was his defeat of Löwenthal. This distinguished Hungarian player, who had long before acquired a European reputation as a gifted cultivator of the art of Chess, was, like his famous Chess-loving countryman, Grimm, driven into exile by the disastrous events which followed the heroic but unfortunate struggle of the Magyars against Austria. Coming to America, he visited New York and some of the western cities, and finally reached New Orleans in May, 1850. On the twenty-second and twenty-fifth of that month he played with Paul Morphy (at that time not yet

thirteen years of age) in the presence of Mr. Rousseau, Mr. Ernest Morphy, and a large number of the amateurs of New Orleans. The first game was a drawn one, but the second and third were won by the invincible young Philidor. Another opponent of Paul Morphy's before the Congress was Mr. James McConnell, a lawyer of New Orleans, with whom he played about thirty games, of which he won all but one. During the last year which he spent at St. Joseph's College, on the first day of March, 1855, Paul Morphy contested six parties against Judge A. B. Meek of that city, and was successful in all. On the same day he encountered Dr. Ayres, also a prominent amateur of Alabama, in two games, with a similar result. In January, 1857, he again met Judge Meek in New Orleans and won the four games played at that time. With his friend Mr. Charles A. Maurian, now undoubtedly one of the strongest players in the country, he has played a multitude of games at odds diminishing in value as Mr. Maurian's strength increased. Their contests at the odds of Rook or Knight are among the very best combats of their kind on record. The first place at which Paul Morphy ever played in public was the News Room of the Exchange at New Orleans, where his board was always surrounded by veterans of the game gazing with wonder and surprise at the almost incredible achievements of the boy before them. Astonished as they were, there

were doubtless very few among them who anticipated the more brilliant feats which he was afterwards to perform upon a grander field and against greater foemen.

In the latter part of June, 1857, the writer of this article, who was then acting as Secretary to the Committee of Management, wrote a note to Paul Morphy inviting his special attendance at the coming Congress. A reply was received early in July from Mr. Morphy declining to accede to the request, the death of his father a few months before making him reluctant to take part in such a scene of festivity as a Chess Congress. A lengthy letter was then sent to Mr. Maurian, urging him and others of Mr. Morphy's friends in New Orleans, to press the matter for the sake of Chess and the Congress. And finally, late in September, the writer had the pleasure of receiving a telegram from Mr. Morphy saying that he would leave his home the following Wednesday on his way to New York. It was with the prestige acquired by his victories over Löwenthal, Rousseau, Ernest Morphy, Ayers, Meek and McConnell, that Paul Morphy arrived in New York on the fifth of October, 1857, to participate in the first Congress of the American Chess Association. But few specimens of his skill had appeared in print. And notwithstanding his general high reputation, there were many who, from his youth and the small number of his published games, manifested much

incredulity concerning his actual Chess strength and the probability of its standing the shock of the attack which would be made against it by the first players of America. But on the evening of his arrival, all doubts were removed in the minds of those who witnessed his passage-at-arms with Mr. Stanley and Mr. Perrin at the rooms of the New York Club, and the first prize was universally conceded to him, even before the entries for the Grand Tournament had been completed. Certainty became more sure as the Congress progressed and he overthrew, either in the Tournament or in side play, one after another of those men who had long been looked up to as the magnates of the American Chess World. . . .

But the earlier pages of this volume are a sufficient witness to the gallant exploits of Paul Morphy during the sessions of the first national assembly of American Chess-players, from his entrance into the Grand Tournament to his final and complete victory over all opponents which secured him the highest prize in the gift of the Congress. His amiable character, his youth and his modesty had won the hearts of the members and visitors even before they had fully learned to admire and applaud his unrivalled excellence as a player. Half unconscious, perhaps, of his own powers in this respect, he gave no such exhibition of his command of unseen Chess-boards as those with which he has since astonished the Capi-

tals of England and France. But that his ability was only latent was evident to many who watched the progress of his single public blindfold game with Mr. Paulsen, at the close of which he announced, amidst the applause of more than two hundred excited spectators, a forced checkmate in five moves. After the Congress he remained more than a month in New York, delighting the Chess-club of that city with frequent visits and playing a number of games at the odds of Rook or Knight with various competitors. It was at this time that he addressed a courteous note to the Secretary of the club, in which he stated that he was desirous, before leaving for the South, of testing his actual strength, and with that view he ventured to proffer the odds of Pawn and Move, in a match to any of the leading members of the club. . . .

On the seventeenth of December, 1857, Mr. Morphy left New York, where he had spent nearly three months and a half, on his way to his Southern home. The evening before his departure a large number of the Chess lovers of the city gave him a farewell dinner, at which Mr. James Thompson presided. Near the close of the year he reached New Orleans, by way of the Mississippi, and met with a cordial reception from his friends and the Chess-players of that city, by whom he was serenaded soon after his arrival. In January he announced in the pages of the *Chess Monthly* that the challenge which had

been extended to the members of the New York Chess Club was now open to the acceptance of the whole American Chess community, and that he was willing to play a match with any prominent amateur in the country and would give the odds of Pawn and Move. It was never accepted. During the remainder of the winter of 1857-8 he occasionally attended the sittings of the New Orleans Club, of which he had been elected president some months previous. . . . He also made his first serious attempts at playing without sight of the boards, and on different evenings contested in the Club Rooms successively two, three, four, five, six and seven parties at once in this manner, with unvarying success. The rooms were literally crowded on every occasion with curious observers. . . .

After having won the highest honors which could be gained in the American Chess arena, Paul Morphy's friends and admirers were naturally anxious to see him arrayed against the great players of the Old World. Meanwhile, there seemed to be little chance of the immediate fulfillment of this hope, for Mr. Morphy entertained no idea of crossing the Atlantic for some years to come. But it might, perhaps, be possible, by an offer liberal enough to cover all his expenses, to induce some European amateur to attempt the journey. Accordingly a committee of the New Orleans Club, in a letter dated the fourth of February, 1858, invited Mr.

Howard Staunton of England to visit New Orleans for the purpose of playing a match with Mr. Morphy, for a sum of five thousand dollars, one half to be furnished by the amateurs of New Orleans, and the other half by Mr. Staunton or his friends. The proposed terms of the match provided that "should the English player lose the match, the sum of one thousand dollars" was "to be paid him out of the stakes in reimbursement of the expenses incurred by him." One of the reasons that induced the originators of this challenge to select Mr. Staunton, in preference to some of the great players of the Continent, was that his name was more familiar to the American Chess public. His books formed a part of a collection which is to be found in all the libraries of the Union, and were known to every amateur. He and his friends, moreover, had maintained for years his title to the Chess championship of Great Britain, and with what other nation do Americans so delight to compete as with the sons of our motherland? But Mr. Staunton, as he had a perfect right to do, declined the offer of the New Orleans committee. At the same time his reply was couched in language designed to make the world believe that only the distance between London and New Orleans prohibited his acceptance of the challenge. Mr. Morphy determined to remove this obstacle and in the last days of May left his native city, with the good wishes of

all who knew him, to encounter the English player upon English ground. He arrived in New York, where he was warmly received by the Club, on the eighth of June, and sailed the next day in the steamship *Arabia* for Liverpool, which he reached on the twenty-first.

The world that opened upon Paul Morphy, when he set foot upon the eastern continent, could hardly be called a new one. Familiar with the published games of all the living masters, he had examined their style and measured their strength with an acuteness of Chess judgment which has never been equalled, and with a memory which is rarely treacherous. The men with whom he was about to meet were no strangers to him; he had known from boyhood every peculiarity of their Chess character. The foemen before him could have inspired him with no sentiments of fear; for, aware of the strength of their blows, he felt confident that his own would be stronger. In short, whatever doubts others may have felt, Paul Morphy himself could hardly have anticipated any other result to his European tour than that which actually followed. It was the lord of a broad realm going forth, in the pride of his hereditary right, to take possession of his own, with the modesty of youth and the confidence of strength. Leaving Liverpool on the day of his arrival, he went to Birmingham, to attend, as he supposed, the annual meeting of the British Chess

Association. It had been appointed to take place at this time, but had afterwards been adjourned until August; the news of this postponement, however, had failed to reach Mr. Morphy. Having learned the facts at Birmingham, he set out for London the following morning, and went to Lowe's Hotel in Surrey Street, Strand, a house kept by a German gentleman who had held, some years back, a leading position in the Chess circles of the great metropolis. In the capital of Great Britain, Mr. Morphy found an ample field for the exercise of his great powers. No city in the world possesses so many localities devoted to the practice of the game, or numbers so many persons given to its habitual culture. . . . But the greatest of his English triumphs was to come. His old Hungarian opponent, who had encountered him seven years before, was now in London. Since the battles at New Orleans Löwenthal's strength had greatly increased. His natural talent for the game had been cultivated by several years of practice in the clubs; his powerful analytical ability had been improved by a long period of study and editorship. Of the off-hand games which he had played with Staunton he had won a considerable majority, and at a later period he was destined to wrest still more honorable laurels from the same chief in the lists of Birmingham. A match was soon arranged. . . . The re-

sult of the whole match, which came to a conclusion on the twenty-second of August, was:

Morphy, 9. Löwenthal, 3. Drawn, 2.

It is pleasant to be able to record that feelings of the utmost courtesy prevailed during the entire continuance of the match; indeed Mr. Löwenthal's whole conduct towards his young conqueror, from the day of his arrival in London to that of his departure from Europe, was characterized by extreme generosity and kindness. . . . But the avowed object of Mr. Morphy's voyage remained unaccomplished. Mr. Staunton, still promising to play, postponed the commencement of the match from time to time, until October, when he finally declined it. This is not the place to comment upon the singular conduct of the British player. His own countrymen have loudly rebuked him for the course which he saw fit to pursue, and the Chess press all over the world has manifested its approbation of the American's behavior. And after all the public has lost but little by Mr. Staunton's refusal to play. Games between players who differ so greatly in strength could have afforded neither instruction nor entertainment. . . . There were several reasons why Mr. Morphy declined entering the Tournament at the annual meeting of the British Chess Association in Birmingham. The Committee, having in-

vited his attendance, offered him, soon after his arrival in England, the sum of seventy pounds to defray, in part, his expenses. This Mr. Morphy declined. If he had taken part in the contest and had been so fortunate as to win the chief prize (sixty guineas), it might have been thought that he had magnanimously refused the money at one time, feeling certain to gain it at another. Many prominent personages in the London Chess circles were desirous, too, of seeing the Chess-editors of *The Era* and the *Illustrated News* meet in the lists, a circumstance which it was felt would be less likely to occur if the American took part in it. And finally, Mr. Morphy was advised to refrain from playing lest it should have a fatal influence upon the prospects of his match with Mr. Staunton. But he never intended to disappoint those who might feel a desire to witness some specimen of his skill, and accordingly, at noon on Thursday the twenty-sixth of August, he reached the seat of the conflict by a mid-day train, and offered to play eight games simultaneously without sight of the boards against any eight gentlemen who might be selected to oppose him. A feat like this would certainly compensate the members of the Association for any feelings of regret arising from his failure to participate in the Tournament. Before such an achievement the traditional exploits of Philidor and Labourdonnais seemed insignificant affairs, and the blindfold Chess

with which Harrwitz a few years back had astonished the amateurs of the provinces was divested of its wonderful character. On Friday at one o'clock, in the Library Hall of the Queen's College, Mr. Morphy commenced the execution of his stupendous task. . . . He won six games, lost one and drew one, terminating the remarkable contest at a quarter past six o'clock, amid the loud plaudits of the assembled spectators. . . .

On the twenty-eighth of August Mr. Morphy left Birmingham and returned to London. As Mr. Staunton had declared his inability to play the proposed match before November, the young hero determined to spend the intervening time in Paris, and accordingly departed from London on the second of September, reaching the French Capital the following day. And now a new scene opens in the life of the man whose deeds we chronicle. Behold him in that classic dwelling-place of Chess, the *Café de la Régence*, a locality made memorable by the presence of a score of great masters and by remembrances of a thousand celebrities who have played Chess, discussed philosophy, dreamed military fame, or mused upon political projects within its walls. From the days of such pre-revolutionary philosophers as Voltaire and Rousseau to the times of such poetical worthies as Musset and Méry, numbers of the rulers of the minds and masses of France have resorted to this noted *Café* for recreation and

sociality. And now can we not see them gazing with interest at the advent of this young man who was destined to revive the old glories of the place? Can we not imagine the shades of Legal and Philidor, of Bernard and Carlier, of Deschapelles and Labourdonnais, looking down with delight upon this youthful inheritor of their laurels? Does not the spirit of Franklin rejoice as he watches this representative of America—less of a sage, perhaps, but infinitely more of a Chess player than himself—revengeing the defeats which the tamer of the lightning was compelled to undergo in this very same *Café de la Régence* nearly a century ago? Nor did the past welcome him with greater joy than the present. St. Amant, Rivière and the whole crowd of the *Café's* living habitués received him with open arms. Multitudes gathered to witness his play. Old pupils and admirers of Labourdonnais returned to the forsaken paths of Chess, to see the glories of their old teacher and idol eclipsed in the contests which now took place upon the time-honored battle-fields of *Caissa*. Beyond the Chess circles, too, honors were showered upon the head of the eminent champion. Famous sculptors like Lequesne asked him to sit for his bust in marble; he received calls from princes and was invited to dine with dukes; he was flattered by poets and men of genius. And amid all this, Gallic pride, which would else have felt sore at his repeated victories, exulted in the fact that Paul

Morphy was half a Frenchman; for the language of his fireside had been, from his youngest years, that of France. Speaking the tongue with the ease and facility of a native, admiring the character of the people, and familiar with their manners and customs as still preserved in the Creole circles of New Orleans, Mr. Morphy felt himself at home among the French and enjoyed with a keen zest the pleasant society of gay and agreeable Paris. The American residents, from the Minister down, were of course proud to do honor to one who was so worthily representing his country in the Old World; while every French door was thrown open to him with a generous and hearty hospitality. . . .

On the twenty-seventh of September Mr. Morphy repeated the wonderful feat which he had before performed at Birmingham and engaged simultaneously eight strong amateurs of *La Régence*, with his back to the boards. . . . The combat lasted ten hours, during which Mr. Morphy without food or drink retained his seat. The result, Mr. Morphy winning six and drawing two games, was announced amid prolonged and reiterated plaudits. The Café was literally crowded, from the commencement of the exhibition to its close, with hundreds of French, English, and American amateurs. . . .

But the greatest victory of the chivalrous knight-errant of Chess was to come. On the evening of the fourteenth of December, Adolph Anderssen arrived

in Paris for the purpose of playing a match at Chess with Mr. Morphy. He had long been regarded as the representative of the practical department of Teutonic Chess; he had won in 1851 the victor's wreath in the great international Tournament at London; and had been during several volumes one of the editors of the famous *Schachzeitung* of Berlin. He now resides in his native town of Breslau, where he is attached to a Gymnasium or College as Professor of Mathematics, giving enough of time to his favorite recreation to enable him to maintain his strength unimpaired. Upon reaching the French capital he found his opponent confined to his bed by a severe illness. But, excited by the promise of a joust with an adversary so distinguished, Mr. Morphy soon sufficiently recovered to commence playing, and on the twentieth the match began at his rooms in the Hotel Breteuil. . . . The whole result of the encounter is thus summed up:

Morphy, 7. Anderssen, 2. Drawn, 2.

After the termination of this more formal contest, which was concluded on the twenty-eighth of December, several off-hand skirmishes were fought between the same players, Mr. Morphy winning five and Professor Anderssen one. That the great Prussian was still in the vigor of his strength, and preserved the old force and skill before which the assembled Chess-players of Europe eight years be-

fore had learned to tremble, was proved by the result of the games with Harrwitz and others at the Café de la Régence which took place just previous to the match. Mr. Morphy confesses that he met no abler antagonist or nobler gentleman in Europe than the Prussian Anderssen. . . . At length the American was obliged to leave the fascinating city where he had passed so many pleasant weeks and won so great renown. His protracted stay in Europe and the approaching departure of his brother-in-law, Mr. Sybrandt (who had lately arrived in Paris), compelled him to hasten his departure, and obliged him reluctantly to relinquish his long-cherished project of visiting Germany. His Parisian friends entertained him at a farewell banquet on the fourth of April, at which his bust was solemnly crowned with the merited laurel wreath, and on the ninth he took a final leave of the great French capital. He reached London the next day, and deep was the regret expressed by the British amateurs, when he announced that he could not prolong this second visit beyond a few days. He again performed his blindfold feat, once in the presence of the London Chess-Club, and again in the presence of the St. George's Club. . . .

During the last few days of Mr. Morphy's sojourn in England the leading Clubs of the metropolis expressed their sense of his high abilities by public dinners, and the British amateurs of all

grades hastened to testify, in various ways, their approbation of his conduct and their admiration for his skill. From such flattering demonstrations the youthful conqueror felt obliged to tear himself away, and accordingly left for America by the steamer of the thirtieth of April from Liverpool. He reached New York on the tenth of May and was received with enthusiasm, not alone by lovers of the game in which he had displayed an unsurpassed proficiency, but by American citizens in general, who rejoiced at the triumphs which he had achieved in Europe, and who felt a national pride in the eminence which his efforts had given to his country in a field of art where the Old World had hitherto met with no rivalry.

Physically, Paul Morphy is of short stature and slight build. He has the dark eyes and hair of the South, and betrays in many ways his Gallic descent. His eye is soft and expressive, and assumes an expression of brilliancy whenever he is examining an interesting position. His memory is wonderfully good, and his comprehension quick and active. His genial disposition, his unaffected modesty, and his unvarying courtesy, have endeared him to all his acquaintances. His affections are ardent and his generosity unbounded. He is a man of large general information and liberal culture, and is especially well-read in French and English literature. The most noteworthy features of his Chess charac-

ter are the strange rapidity of his combinations, his masterly knowledge of the openings and ends of games, and the wonderful faculty which he possesses of recalling games played months before. While engaged at the board he is quiet, courteous, and undemonstrative, and is neither depressed by defeat nor excited by victory.

VII

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

THIS is not the place to describe the long struggle waged in this country to rid the nation of the spoils system in public offices. Perhaps the most important period in the contest was the decade from 1871 to 1881, after the establishment of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in the first-named year, with George William Curtis as its chairman, followed by the formation of the Civil Service Reform Association in New York, 1877, developing into the National Civil Service League under the presidency of Mr. Curtis, "the high priest of the reform," as Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian of the movement, happily describes him; and by the passage of the Pendleton bill in 1881, which inaugurated the merit system. It was in 1883 that the Civil Service Law went into effect; and during all these years we find Mr. Fiske active with voice and pen in advocating the cause of this much needed reform. Here, as in other fields, appears his ability to manufacture effective propaganda for a good cause, couched often in language so caustic as to become, in some omitted passages, almost actionable!

The introductory selection is an account in the *Syracuse Journal* of a lecture by Prof. Fiske delivered during the early period of the movement. The selections which follow the same appeared to be the most available remaining among a scattered mass of miscellaneous materials; although particularly suggestive was an extended series of quotations from English publications, and from American presidents and statesmen beginning with Washington, referring to the evils of the spoils system and to proper methods for dealing with appointments.

[Ed.]

PROFESSOR FISKE'S ELMIRA LECTURE

[From the *Syracuse Journal*]

THE readers of *The Journal* have long known the cultured attainments of Prof. Willard Fiske of Cornell University, whose vigorous pen was for a time the inspiration of these columns. His extended knowledge and continued studies of the political economy of various nationalities give a force to his utterances, that could be expected from no source less familiar with this subject. In a recent lecture upon the subject of Civil Service reform, Prof. Fiske suggests a remedy for the present and future dangers which the existing American system entails. From the *Elmira Advertiser*, in which this lecture is repeated, we make a few extracts which will show in brief the main points of the argument:—

“We are told that our education is the best in the world; but that is a very sad mistake. We are told that our frauds, our ‘patronage,’ our venality, are no worse than those of other nations; but this is another sad mistake. There is no land where the civil service is nearly as bad as ours. The civil

service in foreign powers is open only to the higher classes who were educated above the masses, and there never were in it so many ignorant of all the principles which pertain to good government, principles of political economy settled by the ablest minds. In our legislative bodies for the last ten years or more there has been scarcely a single speech or a single act which has shown true statesmanship or a knowledge of the true principles of government. Finance is a problem too great for the minds of our representatives. Their work has been to commit and investigate frauds, to fritter away time on acts of previous bodies. Our foreign service has brought shame on the United States.

“It is a mistake to say that our present evils arise from the war, they arise from this miserable system of patronage. Its effects showed themselves often before 1861; and it has only naturally been growing worse and worse. England, Prussia, and China have the best civil service in the world. England received hers from China, and that of Prussia grew up within herself. They are nearly identical. England’s has been in operation only six years, and yet its results are wonderful. Before that time the offices were open only to titled gentlemen, and they were given, as ours are today, by favor. Now, if one wishes a clerkship or an appointment in the foreign or consular service, he must pass a rigid examination; and for each successive advance from

the lowest point up he must pass a harder examination. Even boys in the dock-yards are rigidly examined in the rudimentary branches. A commission is appointed, composed of the most learned men in the country, to carry on the examination. When a person from among a number competing for a position has passed the best examination, his moral character is inquired into before he is allowed to hold a position. A man keeps the position so attained until he is promoted, unless he is found to be unqualified, no matter what his political principles may be.

“Such a system is what we need. Throughout our government we would have reliable, intelligent men; our taxes would be speedily, honestly and accurately collected, thus saving money to every citizen; all public business would be carefully attended to. It would open a new profession, which would be highly honorable for a young man to enter. There are 70,000 places within the gift of the government, which is more than all the professions can offer. It would help education, as it has helped it in England. It would take an unconstitutional privilege from the hands of Congressmen. It would make 70,000 voters free. It would make the press of the country more conscientious; not partisan, as now papers too often are, seeking for the control of post-offices and the party printing. It would be more democratic (although there are many who say

it would be less democratic), for it would open public offices to all who are capable, and not to favorites alone. It would make the election of elected officers more honorable, doing away with caucuses for the division of labor and spoils. It would leave public men free to act as conscience dictates and not as their supporters, political rings, say. It would actually make politics clean, and not full of pollution to whomsoever enters it.

“There are two ways in which the necessary reform may be introduced. Elect a President who has a desire to put it in operation, and who, when he has started, will have ‘back-bone’ enough to stand by it. Another way is to introduce it as a plank in the platform of a party, as abolition was, and when the subject is thoroughly understood and appreciated by the people, vote it through and compel it upon politicians, however unwilling they may be.”

WHAT CIVIL SERVICE REFORM WILL DO

A PROPER reform of the Civil Service will effect the following results:—

1. It will cause the business of the Nation to be done by fit and trained men, who will not only do it well but do it honestly.

2. It will throw open the offices to the whole people instead of restricting them to an aristocracy of professed office-seekers. Any young American, who can excel his competitors in general knowledge, and special fitness, will be entitled to an office.

3. It will greatly advance the cause of general education, for it will hold out to the young men of the country every year many hundreds of prizes, in the shape of offices, which are to be won by their studious diligence.

4. It will take the control of the Nation's affairs out of the hands of its ignorant classes and place it in those of its educated classes.

5. It will relieve the Executive and Members of Congress from the importunities of office-seekers and office-mongers, and enable them to devote their time to the duties which they are elected and paid to discharge.

6. It will diminish official corruption; elevate the tone of politics; improve the character of our congressional and legislative bodies; lessen the feverish excitement of elections; place the right men in the right places; and revive the glories of those earlier days of the Republic when the spoils system, with its long train of abuses, was unknown.

A true civil service reform would involve periodical examinations at five or six or more accessible places in various parts of the country. These examinations should be conducted by boards of examiners, made up of men of acknowledged scientific and scholarly attainments. These examiners should hold, first, a preliminary examination, in which all candidates should prove their familiarity with the elementary branches of education; should show that they know how to write a good plain hand, arithmetic, to spell, to describe the chief geographical features of their own country, to explain the elements of English grammar. Then should follow examinations for the different grades of the civil service (to which only those who pass the preliminary examination should be admitted), involving more advanced knowledge and tests of special fitness for the duties which the candidates are expected to perform. After the final examination the candidates should be ranged in the order of their excellence, as shown by their papers, and the first vacancies in

any particular grade should be given to the candidates highest on the list of that grade.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE PLAN

It is acknowledged that this plan is not without its difficulties. But they are chiefly the difficulties which arise from its newness in this country. There is first the difficulty of obtaining proper examiners. In England these Civil Service Examiners are men like Todhunter, one of the most distinguished of living mathematicians; Carpenter, one of the most distinguished of living zoölogists; Merivale and Bryce, the historians. This class of men is far less numerous in this country than in England, and the nation has need of them in other places as well as here. Then there is an undoubted difficulty in the fact that written examinations, and the proper methods of conducting them, are not well understood among us. Abroad, by long usage, in the public institutions of learning, they have been carried to a high degree of perfection and have become familiar. Here, there are professors in our colleges who do not know how to draw up a proper series of questions upon a subject—a series which shall be concise, comprehensive, and fairly adapted to test in a brief compass the knowledge possessed by the candidate. There is, too, the difficulty aris-

ing from the extent of our territory, rendering it necessary to appoint a travelling board of examiners, or to have different boards sitting in different places.

A NEW PROFESSION

A PROPER reform of the Civil Service will make it a profession open to young men from every part of the country. The graduates of our Colleges and High Schools will then prepare themselves for entrance into it by special training, as they now prepare themselves to enter the legal, the medical, the theological, or the engineering profession. It is conceded that in the national service, after the present incapables shall give place to a body of trained and skilled clerks, two-thirds of the number now employed will do the national work better than the whole existing force. Even with this great reduction, the service will still be so large that the number of vacancies annually occurring can hardly be under three to four thousand. Three or four thousand permanent positions, affording the prospect of a life support, will thus be waiting the better class of young men who yearly leave our higher places of education. No other single profession affords fairer chances for so many young Americans.

In one respect, however, this new profession will differ from the old ones. At the bar or in the medi-

cal profession, or even in the pulpit, the young man of extraordinary talent or of extraordinary assiduity may possibly accumulate a fortune, or gain an extended reputation. In the service of the Nation he can hope to draw no such brilliant prize. At the most, he can only look forward to the position of chief of a bureau at Washington, or a collectorship in some port, or the headship of a post-office in some large city—offices which under a reformed system will yield only comparatively small incomes. On the other hand, there will be two compensating advantages which will be likely to weigh with many men just selecting their work in life. The first is the certainty of securing, by a steady devotion to duty, a reasonable competence for life. Many capable young men will prefer this certainty to the possibility of greater success in the other professions. The second compensation is the honor attaching to a position under government. Every one knows how powerful this inducement is, and how eagerly able men abroad, for instance, seek the poorly rewarded but permanent and honorable situations offered by the national service.

SOME FALLACIES IN REGARD TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE

THERE seems to be a good deal of mistiness in the public mind with regard to the proper method to pursue in order to purify our civil service and to render it efficient. Other nations have, in the past, been through trials not unlike our own, and have succeeded, often after many efforts, in freeing their administrative service from corruption and inability. Guided by the light of their experience, we may be able to clear up a good many of the obscurities which surround this subject, and to indicate a few of the fallacies which most frequently find utterance through the mouths of politicians or the columns of the press. Some of these fallacies are:

(1) *That any reform can be successful which does not interdict the member of the Civil Service from taking part in partisan acts.* It is absolutely essential that the employees of the Government should be made to understand that they are in the service of the Government and not in that of any party—that their wages are paid by the whole people, and not by any partisan fraction thereof.

Participation in party caucuses, the contribution of funds in aid of any partisan object, the acceptance of an office in any party convention or of a place upon any party committee, the editorship of a party journal—all these should be considered as sufficient causes for instant dismissal.

(2) *That any patchwork attempt to reform this or that department can be of any avail.* The general principles adopted should be applied to every branch of the national service, commencing at the lower grades and gradually, by means of proper promotions, effecting the purification of the whole service. So long as any department is at the mercy of the party leaders, we shall still suffer from the existing evils. The whole aristocracy of ignorant office-seekers must be made to feel that its time is past.

(3) *That there is any better test of the capability of these candidates than the educational one.* This test is not perfect; no one which human ingenuity can devise will be; and is the one adopted by all other leading civilized nations. But it is far better than any other which has been proposed. By keeping ignorance out of the Civil Service, we go far towards keeping corruption out. If anybody knows a better test, let him name it.

(4) *That a mere "pass" examination can secure the best men.* The theory that an examination which merely requires candidates for the civil service

to evince a certain proficiency and to come up to a certain standard of excellency, is all sufficient, was exploded years ago by John Stuart Mill in his work on "Representative Government," and the history of the effort to reform the English Service amply confirms the truth of the conclusions at which Mr. Mill arrived. Competition is an essential element in examinations for the Civil Service.

(5) *That those who have served in the Nation's Armies have any special right to position in the nation's Civil Service.* They have just as much right as any other citizen and no more. The object ought to be to admit no man into the service who is not entirely capable, and no man who has not fairly won the place by showing himself the most capable of all competing candidates. Between a more capable citizen and a less capable ex-soldier there can be no choice. The citizen must be taken. That the Nation should provide for those who have fought in its defense, is very proper, but it has no right to do this by foisting incapables upon its public service. Let them be pensioned. It is far cheaper in the end.

(6) *That just so many positions in the service and no more should be filled by individuals from one state or one section of the country.* This is the most absurd of fallacies. The best men should be secured, let them come from where they may. If more of these men come from the East than from the West, how are you to induce the candidates from

the West to qualify themselves more thoroughly while you continue to give them just such a number of offices, whether they be qualified or not? Geographical locality should have no influence in the matter. The young men of the whole country should be admitted to precisely the same competition. If fewer succeed from one state and more from another, it will simply encourage the former to prepare themselves with greater thoroughness for the next trial.

(7) *That you can "put the best men in office" without first determining by what process you are to find the best men.* It is a very simple matter to "put the best men in office" when you know who they are. But how are you to know them? Can the President designate them? He cannot possibly have a personal acquaintance with one in a thousand of those required to fill public positions, and moreover he has other functions to perform. Can he depend on his friends, or his advisers, or the party-leaders, or Congressmen, to indicate them to him? Experience has shown, with sad certainty, that he cannot. And moreover Congressmen, too, have other functions proper to them, which, if rightly performed, will leave them no time for such business. Therefore, some test applicable to all candidates for admission to the service must be agreed upon. Can he allow the people to select Collectors and Assessors, and Postmasters, and clerks, by election? Such a scheme

is impossible of execution, and would result in a service, worse, if possible, than the past one.

(8) *That candidates for office should be examined only with a view to ascertaining their fitness for the special duties to which they are to be assigned.* The Civil Services of the foremost nations of the old world are based upon the theory that if education be of any value it ought to make better men than ignorance. Their system of filling the Civil Service, in other words, is founded upon general culture. It is taken for granted, that a young man with a thorough general education can, by virtue of his training, speedily qualify himself for any special service. Why ask a candidate for a place in the Custom House to repeat the dynasties of French Kings? Why not be satisfied with learning that he understands bookkeeping and can write a good hand? Because your first object is to ascertain that he is a man of sufficiently complete mental training to adapt himself to any ordinary position and to any ordinary routine of duties.

OUR DIPLOMATIC CIVIL SERVICE

OF our ministers and consuls abroad—all appointed not for their fitness but for their service to the party or to some political potentate—not one in ten can speak the language of the country to which he is sent; not one in ten understands either international law or commercial law; not one in ten has ever had a day's experience in the business which he is called upon to perform. Does any mercantile or manufacturing firm send out utterly unskilled agents to do its business? Is not the national business at least as important as any private business? *Do we need a reform in this branch of our civil service?*

John Lothrop Motley, the historian of William of Orange, the upholder of civil and religious liberty, the honored friend of scholars and statesmen all over the world, the thorough student of diplomacy, the accomplished linguist, the true American, is removed from the Court of St. James, and Cramer is sent to the Court of Copenhagen.—*Do we need civil service reform?*

A few presidential terms back, the United States of America were represented at Berlin by a man who

was almost constantly in a state of inebriation, and who, after coming home, in a fit of mania *a potu* shot and killed his brother-in-law; at Copenhagen by a man who left that capital many thousand dollars in debt, owing even his servants their wages; and at Stockholm by a man, to whom the Swedish government, having convicted him of smuggling, one day sent his passports with a request that he should leave the kingdom within sixty hours. This was the state of our diplomatic representation at one time, and in three adjoining countries. Everybody knows that these are not solitary instances.—*Do we need civil service reform?*

Not many years ago American travellers in the East found our representative at Cairo accused of selling offices, of quarreling with his countrymen, of pandering to the vicious habits of the viceroy. They found our representative at Jerusalem imitating Solomon so far as to encumber himself with a concubine, and all the European residents of the Holy City cognizant of the fact. They found our representative at Constantinople engaged in a family row with his dragoman and secretary, a little unpleasantness which was the common talk of hotel-keepers. They found our consular representative at Athens a fugitive from the city under sadly suspicious circumstances. All this agreeable condition of things prevailed in the Eastern ports of the Mediterranean.—*Do we need civil service reform?*

Once upon a time, an honored American, who had held a Cabinet appointment, was sent to fulfill diplomatic functions at a well known European court. As soon as he had presented his credentials, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as was the custom, gave a dinner in honor of the newly arrived minister, to which the ministers of other nations, and all the high functionaries of government were invited. The American minister, ignorant of foreign usages, unfamiliar with any foreign tongue, and feeling sensibly the awkwardness of his position, declined the invitation. So the banquet took place and the guest in whose honor it was given was absent. It was Hamlet without any Hamlet, and the result was an abundance of ridicule and jest at the expense of the representative of America.—*Do we need civil service reform?*

RESULTS OF THE REFORM OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of the Tribune,

Sir:

THE method of appointment adopted and in use for the Civil Service of England is precisely the one needed in our own Public Service, and no sentiment of pseudo-patriotism, no absurd talk about "effete monarchies" or "aristocracies," or "bureaucracies," should prevent its speedy adoption on this side of the ocean. It has been carefully elaborated by the great English-speaking nation so nearly akin to ourselves, has been perfected by the experience of several years, and, in the present condition of our higher schools, is greatly preferable to the German system, which is based upon educational facilities of the most advanced character. The results of the introduction of the English mode of appointment into this country would be exactly what they have been in England. They may be briefly summed up as follows:—

1. The reformed English Civil Service has entirely superseded the patronage formerly enjoyed by

members of the British Parliament, has placed the government employees outside of all partisan influence, and has made favoritism impossible—so that Mr. Mundella, the member for Sheffield, said in his speech at the Cooper Institute four or five years ago:—"I stand before you the representative of the largest constituency in England, and I have not the power to control the appointment of the lowest excise officer."

2. It has proved itself a thoroughly democratic measure, placing the younger sons of the gentry upon precisely the same footing as the sons of the artisan class, and throwing open the national service to the whole people instead of limiting it to an office-seeking aristocracy.

3. It has established a new profession, accessible to educated young men—a profession in which there are no possible grand prizes as in the law and the church, but which offers the certainty of a fair maintenance for life.

4. It has given an enormous impulse to education in England, helping to render possible the new compulsory School Act, and has greatly improved the character of the English preparatory schools.

5. It has vastly elevated the morale and enhanced the efficiency of the public service, as will be evident to any one who compares its present state with its condition during the Crimean War.

These facts are so generally recognized in Eng-

land that even the opposition to the reformed system, kept up for a long time by the *Saturday Review* and one or two other journals, in the interest of the privileged classes, has now altogether ceased. I repeat that our own country must avail itself of the experience of England, and no reform of our public service can be permanently successful unless this be done. The most careful examination of methods of the English service will not result in the discovery of a single feature unsuited to our situation or in conflict with our institutions.

March 26, 1877.¹

W. F.

¹ Published April 8, 1877, and copied by the *Springfield Republican* and other journals. [Ed.]

PROFESSOR FISKE AND PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

FROM

RECOLLECTIONS OF GROVER CLEVELAND
By GEORGE F. PARKER, NEW YORK, 1911.

Chapter XVI

Pp. 252-256

Civil Service Reform

I

IT is well known that, from the beginning of his public career, Mr. Cleveland took a firm stand in favor of reform in the Civil Service. Although not a member of the association in Buffalo devoted to the promotion of the merit principle, he was in touch with its active spirits. It was natural that training and ideas as well as common sense should make him friendly to any such movement. His relation to politics before his nomination as Governor in 1882 was local, but he aligned himself with the issue at the earliest opportunity.

It has generally been assumed that this alignment was first suggested by the Civil Service Reform

Association, and I have before me the original inquiry of this body bearing date October 20, 1882, signed by George William Curtis, John Jay, Everett P. Wheeler, and William Potts, as its committee, in which the opinions of the association were emphasized in a neatly engrossed letter of seven pages. Mr. Cleveland replied from Buffalo, under date of October 28, only a few days before the election, repeating the arguments set forth in his letter of acceptance issued three weeks earlier.

II

Among the papers discovered in the house-cleaning process at No. 816 Madison Avenue, New York City, after his return from the White House, the following correspondence was found as well as some others unsuspected. All of them were turned over to me, at the time, and put away with other Cleveland archives for future use or reference. Among others, we came across a letter of which the following is that portion pertinent to the subject under treatment:

Elmira, October 2, 1882.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND.

My dear Sir:

I enclose you a letter which I have received from my friend Professor Fiske of Cornell University. It contains some suggestions which I think should be well considered. He is friendly to both you and me;

and I think it would be well as far as possible to follow his suggestions. I am permitted to send you the letter as I shall be unable to see you personally. Professor Fiske can do each of us great good, and I have no doubt will do so in case your letter of acceptance is satisfactory.

I remain,
Hastily but faithfully yours,
DAVID B. HILL.

This covered a letter from the late Professor Willard Fiske of Cornell University, which is followed by the suggested draft of a paragraph for the letter of acceptance:

Astor House, New York City
September 23 (1882).

My dear Mr. Hill:

I congratulate you upon your nomination, and hope to be able, ten weeks from now, to congratulate you upon your election. This last can be rendered certain in one very simple way.

There are—to put the figures low—twenty thousand voters in the State who are especially interested in the matter of a reform of the national civil service. This is, in fact, just now, their only interest in political matters. If Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance (which, for obvious reasons, I trust will not be made public until after his competi-

tor has committed himself) contains a paragraph like the one I inclose¹ (simply as a sample specimen), you and he will secure not only these twenty thousand votes, but the help of three of the most influential Republican journals in the State.

But there must be no mistake in the character of the utterances. They must show unmistakable sincerity, and they must show that Mr. Cleveland knows what he is talking about. All the politicians can use the phrase "civil service reform" with admirable glibness, but the twenty thousand reading and thinking men who have given study to this subject can tell by a single sentence whether the speaker or writer had any honest opinion on the matter or not. There must be no vagueness and no exhibition of ignorance.

¹Suggested Draft of Paragraph for Letter:

I am heartily in favor of a most thorough reform in the Nation's administrative service—such a reform as shall give us officials in the civil branches of the government as devoted, as honest, and as well fitted for their duties as are the officers of the military branch. I believe that the lower grades of the civil service should be filled by the most intelligent youth of the land, selected by means of honestly conducted and thorough competitive examinations, which shall be freely open to the sons of all classes of citizens; that these, as they acquire the necessary training, shall be promoted by merit to the higher grade; and that the tenure of all such offices as are filled by appointment shall be, as in every other business, during good behavior; so that, in this manner, the service may be speedily purified and rendered efficient. I am unalterably opposed to the system of appointment by favoritism, or through partisan influences, as I also am to the levying of assessments for partisan purposes upon the employees of the government—a body of men whose plain duty is the service of the whole people and not that of any political body.

This suggestion, if carried out, will not lose you a single vote in the Democratic party. It will gain you, I believe and know, nearer thirty than twenty thousand Republican votes.

Very truly yours,

W. FISKE.

THE HON. D. B. HILL,

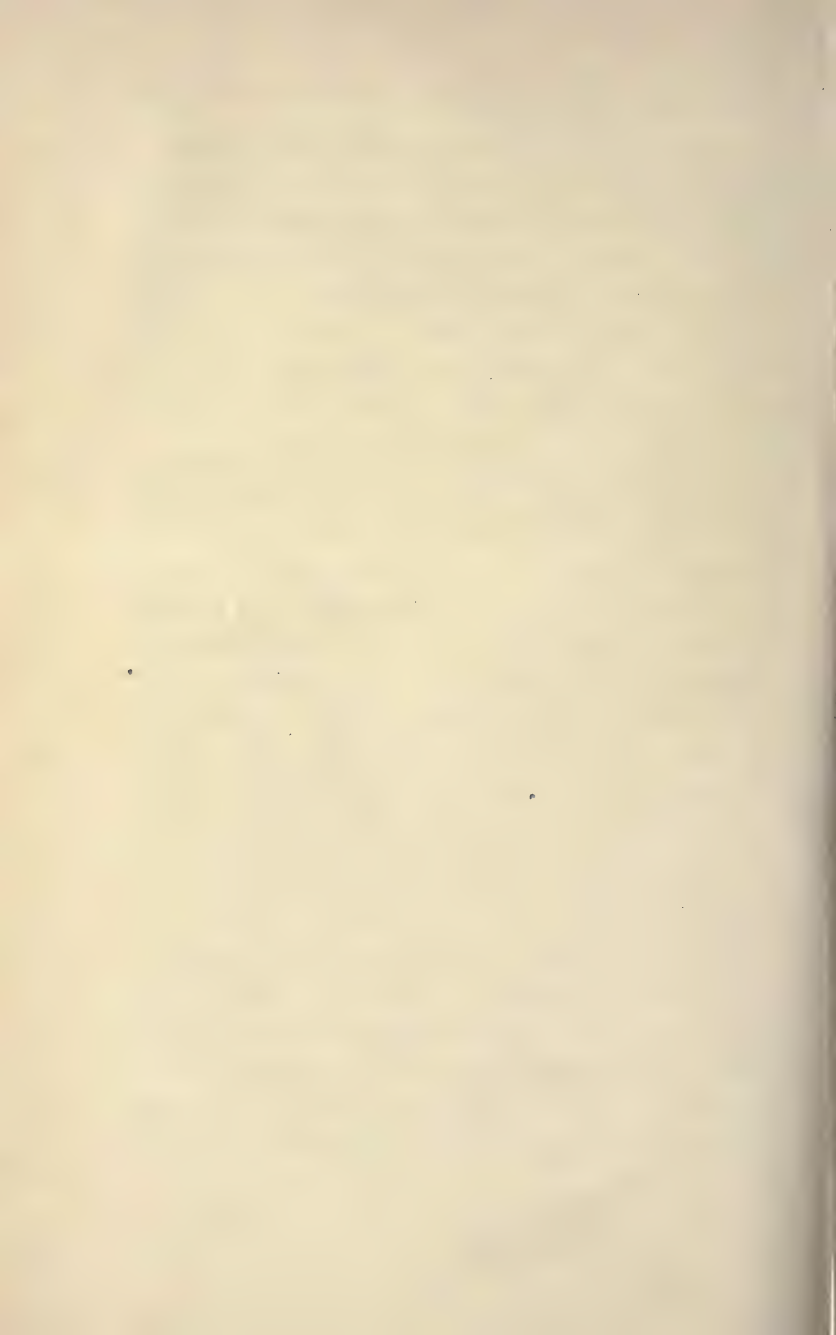
etc. etc., etc.

Of course, neither Mr. Hill, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, nor Professor Fiske, then knew that Mr. Cleveland would insist upon framing his own language, which, in his acceptance-letter of October 8, was as follows:

“Subordinates in public place should be selected and retained for their efficiency, and not because they can be used to accomplish partizan ends. The people have a right to demand, here, as in cases of private employment, that their money should be paid to those who will render the best service in return and that the appointment and tenure of such places should depend upon ability and merit.

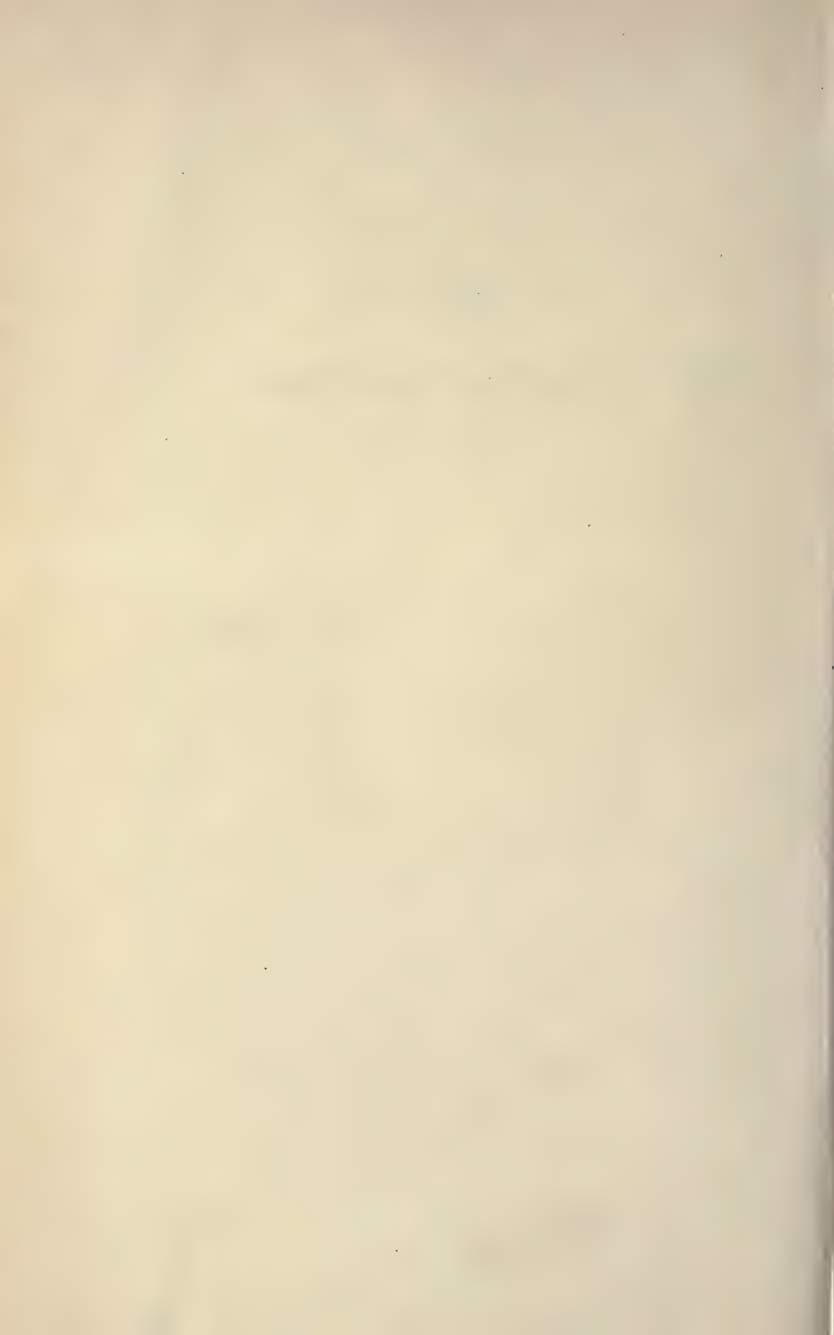
“The system of levying assessments, for partizan purposes, on those holding office or place, cannot be too strongly condemned. Through the thin disguise of voluntary contributions, this is seen to be naked extortion, reducing the compensation which should be honestly earned and swelling a fund used to debauch the people and defeat the popular will.”

After more than a quarter of a century's delay, it is interesting to record the fact that Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill were in perfect accord upon the suggestion made by Professor Fiske. It carries with it a sense of doing justice to both. That they should have united in recognizing both the right and policy of Civil Service Reform, and have been among the earliest of the influential members of their party to see its importance, is certainly creditable to them, and has had far-reaching results in promoting the idea and the policy behind it.



VIII

THE EGYPTIAN ALPHABET



AN EGYPTIAN ALPHABET FOR THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE

THE short technical treatise on the Egyptian alphabet which follows, somewhat meticulous but surely not wearisome, is another illustration of the breadth and variety of Mr. Fiske's humanitarian interests. The details of his romantic activity on behalf of the Egyptian people will be afforded in his biography. For the present volume, it may suffice to reproduce the statement concerning his Egyptian publications which was compiled in 1916 by the Librarian of Cornell University, the late George W. Harris, who himself, while an undergraduate at Cornell, had pursued a course in Persian under Prof. Fiske.

“During a winter spent in Egypt Mr. Fiske made the acquaintance of Spitta Bey, Director of the Viceregal Library in Cairo, and became greatly interested in his work upon a Romanized alphabet of the vulgar Arabic spoken in Egypt, undertaken in the hope of raising the spoken dialect to the dignity of a written language and so removing what seemed to be the greatest obstruction to Egyptian progress. After Spitta's death Mr. Fiske undertook a vigor-

ous effort to realize Spitta's cherished hope of the general adoption of the new alphabet. To this end he began by issuing, in 1893, a vocabulary of some seven thousand words in modern Arabic in the new transcription, with many grammatical examples. This he freely distributed and followed it up with other pamphlets, notably one in 1897, entitled 'An Egyptian Alphabet for the Egyptian People,' explaining the alphabet and giving illustrative readings, etc. Shortly before his death, he issued, in 1904, a second and enlarged edition of 'An Egyptian Alphabet for the Egyptian People,' it being his intention to distribute this (together with numerous cards, sheets and leaflets, containing the alphabet, spelling exercises, and short stories suitable for use in the schools) as widely as possible in Egypt, in order to familiarize the people with the Roman transliteration of their own speech. It was the opinion of competent scholars that the adoption of this alphabet would do much to hasten the extension of knowledge and universal education in Egypt. But the difficulties in the way were great and with Mr. Fiske's death the enterprise came to a standstill.

"Cornell University, as the residuary legatee, came into possession of these undistributed publications, and, though it has been found impracticable to continue the propaganda begun by Mr. Fiske, it is thought that some libraries may be glad to obtain

sets of these publications, not only as a record of an altruistic and generous attempt to educate and benefit the common people of Egypt, but also as illustrating an interesting and instructive experiment in the transcription of a spoken language. A set of these publications will be sent to any library willing to preserve them and to pay the express or parcel post charges on the package, which weighs about eight pounds.”

[Ed.]

THE STORY OF THE ALPHABET

THE alphabet here represented and explained is that of the living language of Egypt. It consists of thirty-four letters, of which the first ten express pure vowel sounds—five short in their nature, and five long. No existing tongue possesses an alphabet embracing so wide a vocal range, and at the same time of so simple a character; and few nationalities can boast of one which can be so rapidly acquired, or so readily applied both in writing and printing. It may be generally described as a modification of the Latin letters, devised with no little ingenuity, and adapted with no little skill to the vocabulary in use, at the present day, by the inhabitants of the Nile valley. Properly speaking, it is not to be regarded as a system of transcribing, or transliterating, the elements of any other alphabet, but rather as an independent ABC, specially elaborated to express, in the clearest and most convenient manner, the vocal and consonantal articulations of this newest Egyptian tongue. It is to be treated as belonging to the Egyptians, just as the German alphabet belongs to the Germans, or the

Greek alphabet to the Greeks, or the Persian alphabet to the Persians. It is not intended to be used in writing any other form of speech, and, in particular, it cannot be employed, without material alteration and extension, in writing the classical or Koranic Arabic—often styled the Old-Arabic—which is the parent of the modern Egyptian. Its component letters are here arranged, to some extent, morphologically—a method which, as a noted English writer tells us, “is very convenient for the learner; letters of similar form being brought into juxtaposition, it becomes easy to compare them, and to remember minute distinctions in their outlines.”¹ But the classification of the letters is not a matter of grave importance. The Old-Arabic alphabet, as it has been, in the course of time, adopted and adapted by various Asiatic nations, differs more or less, in each country, in order and extent, from its primitive. We have grown accustomed, too, in these days of investigation, to see all alphabets arranged, by the grammarians, for their special purposes, in differing groups in accordance with varying schemes of collocation or of classification. This new alphabet—so simple yet so complete—owes its origin to that most ardent friend of the Egyptian people—that most zealous and most successful of all students of the Egyptian dialect,

¹ *The Alphabet* by Isaac Taylor (London, 1883), I, p. 189.

WILHELM SPITTA

who was born June 14, 1853, in the little Hanoverian town of Wittengen, and died at the baths of Lipp-springe, in the principality of Lippe, September 6, 1883. Within the narrow limits of an existence of three decades it has rarely happened that a single brain has wrought so much and wrought so well. But that brain was fortunate enough to discover its proper field of study and energy at an extraordinarily early age. While still young, Wilhelm lost his father, the lyric poet, Philipp Spitta, from whom he inherited the quick intelligence and early mental maturity which enabled him to begin his Oriental studies even during his gymnasial years. These were passed at Hildesheim, the picturesque cradle of North-German art, whence, after a brilliant exit-examination, he entered the university of Göttingen at the Easter term of 1871; but ultimately, having meanwhile undergone his year of military service, he transferred his studies, for the sake of the Arabic instruction of Heinrich Fleischer, to the university of Leipsic, at which great school he took his doctorate early in 1875. So evident and so eminent were his qualifications for the post that, through the efforts and recommendations of his teacher, Fleischer, and of the Egyptologist, Georg Ebers, he was appointed, while still an undergraduate in the university, the successor of Ludwig Stern

as director of the Viceregal Library which had been founded at Cairo in 1870 by the khedive Isma^cyl. He assumed the duties of this office April 5, 1875—not yet twenty-two years of age. The following year he published at Leipsic his valuable tractate, “Zur Geschichte Abu'l-hasan al Ascharîs”—a paper first drawn up in order to serve as his doctor’s dissertation. This was succeeded later on by various contributions to the Oriental journals of Europe; it was followed, as well, by numberless hours of ready and ungrudging help to students and others, who sought his scholarly aid, and by generous counsel and assistance in all undertakings promising to be of advantage to Egypt, its people or its letters. But to all outward appearance his heart was, most of all, in his official work. When, on April 19, 1882, he was deprived by the minister of education of the position he had so ably filled—a consequence of the oligarchic fanaticism which had raised the ignorant ‘Araby and his fellow conspirators to power—he could write to a learned compatriot thus:—“In truth, the existing organization of the Library, in all its departments, is my work. I have re-arranged and catalogued, with my own hand, its European section; of the Oriental division I have compiled a card-catalogue by authors, with shelf-lists, and have very nearly ready for the press two big volumes of a scientifically-classified catalogue. I have brought the collection from 13,000 volumes to 30,000—of

which 20,000 are Arabic, Persian and Turkish manuscripts. The present personnel is my creation, and I have even taught the art of cataloguing to my successor. All this has been the labour of seven hard years." These "seven hard years" were more fruitful for Egypt, as we shall hereafter see, than were the Pharaonic "seven years of great plenty."

Those who had the good fortune, as did the writer of these pages, to see Spitta bê engaged at his work in the important Cairene collection of books, were amazed at both the quantity and the quality of the labour he was accomplishing. He seemed to them the model librarian—a combination of the highest intelligence with the highest faculties of administration and industry. Little did many of his interested visitors dream that those long hours of diligence represented the less valuable portion of the task he had assigned himself. Few, certainly, of his European associates, understood that outside of that not very wholesome edifice in which were housed the precious volumes under his charge, he was building himself (during hours which should have been hours of restful leisure) a monument which can never decay. He made his home, from the beginning, in an Arabic household, and during much of his unofficial time came into contact only with natives, taking down from their mouths, with untiring assiduity, glossaries, idiomatic sayings, proverbs and popular tales. Amid these surroundings, or arranging, during

his summer vacations, the abundant material thus accumulated, he at length brought to a conclusion, before the earliest five of his "seven hard years" had completely elapsed, his systematic investigations into the living speech of Egypt. The result was, as has been more than once remarked, "the first scientific treatment of a modern Arabic dialect;" and not often has a first treatment been so exhaustive. His "Grammatik des arabischen Vulgärdialectes von Aegypten" was published in the latter half of 1880, and was followed by its supplementary volume, the "Contes Arabes Modernes" in 1883—almost in his dying hours. These two works form, perhaps, the most remarkable contribution to Oriental linguistics during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and are, in every respect, models of philological research and statement. No one who has read the deeply-interesting preface to the "Grammatik" can doubt the warmth of the hope which he entertained that the work—as his biographer expresses it—"might contribute to the elevation of the spoken dialect into a written language, thereby bridging over that deep chasm between the idiom of the people and the idiom of literature, which is the greatest obstruction in the path of Egyptian progress."

The striking and forcible paragraph which closes the preface has been frequently cited, but a translation of it here can hardly be out of place:—"Fi-

nally, I will venture to give utterance to a hope which, during the compilation of this work, I have constantly cherished; it is a hope which concerns Egypt itself, and touches a matter which, for it and its people, is almost a question of life or death. Every one who has lived, for a considerable period, in an Arabic-speaking land knows how seriously all its activities are affected by the wide divergence of the written language from the spoken. Under such circumstances there can be no thought of popular culture; for how is it possible, in the brief period of primary instruction, to acquire even a half-way knowledge of so difficult a tongue as the literary Arabic, when, in the secondary schools, youths undergo the torture of its study during several years without arriving at other than the most unsatisfying results? Of course the unfortunate graphic medium—the complex alphabet—is in great part to blame for all this; yet how much easier would the matter become if the student had merely to write the tongue which he speaks, instead of being forced to write a language which is as strange to the present generation of Egyptians as the Latin is to the people of Italy, or the Old-Greek to the inhabitants of Greece—a language which, without being the popular speech, is no longer even the classical Arabic! A real literature cannot be thus developed; for only the limited cultivated class knows how to use a book; to the mass of the people a book is really

a thing unknown. If he have need to write a letter, or execute a document, the ordinary man of the people must put himself blindly into the hands of a professional scribe; he must trustingly sign the most important papers with a seal which he cannot read, and which may be and is easily imitated. Why can this lamentable condition of things not be changed for the better? Simply because there is a fear, if the language of the Koran be wholly given up, of incurring the charge of trespassing upon the domain of religion. But the Koranic language is now nowhere written; for wherever you find a written Arabic it is the Middle-Arabic of the offices. Even the dubious unity of the Islamitic peoples would not be disturbed by the adoption of the spoken vernacular, since the language of prayer and of the ritual would still remain everywhere the same. It is also asserted that the New-Arabic is wholly unfit to become the language of the pen because it obeys no fixed laws, and flows on without any syntactic restrictions. I venture to believe that the present publication proves that the speech of the people is not so completely incapable of discipline; that, on the contrary, it possesses an abundance of grammatical niceties; and that it is precisely the simplicity of its syntax, the plasticity of its verbal construction, which will make it a most serviceable instrument. Did the Italian seem any more promising when Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*? And would a commission of

the most learned and most expert men of Egypt not be able to do infinitely better that which it has not appeared to me, a foreigner, too difficult to undertake?"

The distinguished Eduard Meyer—himself a sad loss to the ranks of Germany's orientalists before he had reached his real maturity—was Spitta's most intimate associate in his university years and afterwards. He thus describes Spitta during his Leipsic days:—"He had an aspect full of vigor and comeliness; the weakness which had affected him in his boyish years had completely vanished; and no one who looked at him could have divined that he was doomed to be a victim of pulmonary disease. The strong moral seriousness and lofty nobility of his nature were evident in everything he did or said." The same friend affectingly adds:—"Personally I know not how to do him other honor than to declare thus publicly that the greater part of whatever I may either intend, or accomplish, will be based upon principles which we unitedly developed." As early as the last months of 1877 his physical appearance already showed slight changes, but in the winter of 1880-81 he was still a striking and attractive personage—perhaps handsomer because of the hectic flush which tinged his cheeks, and presaged the sure fate awaiting him. In society he was often modestly reticent, but when he did talk the listener soon recognized the depth and breadth

of his knowledge. He was familiar with most of the languages of Europe, and with all of those of the East which have adopted the Old-Arabic alphabet, although his Oriental studies began with the Sanscrit. In the literature of bibliography, and of bibliothecal management he was well versed. Like all his family he was fond of music, which was almost his only diversion; and his finely-trained ear stood him in good stead in testing and fixing the fluctuating and uncertain vowel-sounds of Egyptian speech. One may occasionally doubt the correctness of his transcription, but after hearing the word in question pronounced by a dozen different native voices the decision is generally in favor of the Spitta orthography.

Looking back upon the hours of intercourse with him, and recalling a thousand instructive incidents indicating his extraordinary intellectual capacity, it is impossible not to wonder what a score of years, added to his scanty score and a half, might not have enabled him to accomplish. But whatever his additional achievements might have been it is certain that they would have largely benefited the Egypt he so loved—how deeply and truly may be judged from the concluding words (the very last he wrote) of the introduction to his "*Contes Arabes Modernes*:"—"Au moment où j'écris ces lignes, je vais quitter l'Égypte probablement pour toujours, assurément pour longtemps. Je serais content si, par

les pages suivantes, je gagnais quelques nouveaux amis à la vieille Égypte populaire, humble et cachée, mais forte par la chaleur intérieure de sa vie, par l'intimité et la naïveté de ses sentiments—à cette Égypte inconnue des financiers et des diplomates, qui, depuis les Pharaons jusqu'à nos jours, a survécu à toutes les civilisations."

PRECEDING STEPS AND STUDIES

What the Germans style the "Transcriptionsfrage"—which may be loosely defined as the question of writing extra-European languages by means of a European or modified European alphabet—has produced a considerable literature. The history of this branch of philological work cannot, of course, be portrayed here at any length. The efforts of English scholarship, so far as this kind of research is concerned, have been chiefly limited to the languages of India. They began with an essay by Sir William Jones—a man memorable in many ways—"On the Orthography of Asiatic Words in Roman Letters" (1788). His observations show great insight, technical and otherwise, for he objects to the use of "double letters" to express a single vowel sound, and to the inter-mixture of "Roman and Italic letters" in the same word, which he remarks, "both in writing and printing would be very inconvenient." He did not however adopt throughout the

principle of "one sound, one letter;" and the little he attempted in the transcription of Arabic, evinced a marked deficiency of knowledge in regard to the phonology of that tongue. He insisted on giving to the European vowels their Italian values, but in the crude condition of philological studies, at that time, he failed to see that the English consonantal system is, in many respects, as barbarous as its vowel scheme. On the whole, however, he exhibited qualities which were hardly again united in the same mind until the appearance, more than two generations later, of Lepsius and Spitta. But his good endeavours were thwarted by an inferior scholar, John Gilchrist, who, in his grammatical and lexicographical works on the Hindustani (1787-1796), adopted, in his transcriptions, the English alphabet pure and simple, heedless of its defects and anomalies. It is Gilchrist who is responsible for the uncouth orthography of Indian local and personal names so long prevalent in English publications, and not yet wholly abandoned. Sometime after 1830 Sir Charles Trevelyan, a man of varied ability and familiar with many of the Indian idioms, made a serious attempt to recur to the methods of Sir William Jones, which partially succeeded; later on Max Müller, as we shall hear, proposed a complete revision of the previous method of transliteration, but his combination of Roman and Italic letters, long before justly condemned by Sir William Jones, gave evi-

dence of that want of proper aptitude for this kind of labour, which has been common to many minds otherwise of high philological astuteness. Dr. Caldwell, Sir Monier Monier-Williams and the Rev. George Uglow Pope, as well as a special committee of the Madras Literary Society, followed in the track of Trevelyan, the second-named displaying great good sense, but some of the others clinging to the clumsy double consonants (especially *ch* and *sh*).

In France the acute, but not always profound Volney was the first to take up with seriousness the subject of expressing Asiatic and African vocables by means of European letters; he did this in connection with the publication of the results of the Napoleonic scientific survey of Egypt (1795), and, at a subsequent period (1818), presented a more carefully elaborated scheme. In his earlier method he employed two characters to represent a single sound in only a single case, but his mixture of Greek and Latin letters, and some of his peculiar graphic modifications of the Latin alphabetical signs made a writing at once unseemly and complicated; his final alphabet was an improvement, but his mingled Italic and Roman letters, his superlinear letters, his retention of several Greek letters, as well as some other features of his alphabet, kept his text still far from sightly. The Germans were late in the field, but, as in so many other portions of the linguistic domain, their labours were more fruitful. In his Latin

transliteration of Sanscrit words Bopp (1833) led the van in forsaking the unsystematic modes of transcription, but was soon followed by Brockhaus, Benfey and the whole Sanscrit school—one of Germany's greatest glories—while, in treating in the same way the Old-Arabic alphabet, the late Karl Paul Caspari and Fleischer were not slow to make important innovations in the right direction.

In the meantime physiology had come to the aid of philology, and the new science of phonology was growing up. This led to a treatment of the subject on a wider scale as well as by juster methods. Moreover a new stimulus from a novel source was given to these alphabetical studies. It was in 1848 that the Rev. Henry Venn, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society in London, issued his "Rules for reducing unwritten Languages to alphabetical Writing," for the benefit more particularly of missionaries in various parts of Africa. In many other quarters the subject was now taken up with energy. The accomplished Christian Bunsen—then Prussian ambassador in England—enlisted several noted philologists and other scholars in the movement, summoning them to a conference in London. Among those participating were Trevelyan, who still supported the alphabetical ideas of Sir William Jones, and Max Müller,¹ who devised and advocated an en-

¹ *Proposals for a Missionary Alphabet* by Max Müller (London, 1855, with a folio volume of alphabets). As late as 1867,

tirely new scheme, to which allusion has already been made, but which was soon overshadowed by that emanating from Berlin. In that city Richard Lepsius, incited by the missionary organizations, interested himself in the matter, for the treatment of which his previous studies had specially fitted him, soon producing his "Standard Alphabet" (1855), and ultimately a second edition (1863) with modifications.¹ Between these two issues came his treatise "Ueber die Aussprache und die Umschrift der arabischen Laute" (Berlin, 1861). The "Standard Alphabet" is a vast contrivance of nearly eighty sonant expressions, notable beyond all preceding efforts for its technical excellence, and for the evidence of common sense, as well as of scholarly research, which characterizes it. Five diphthongs are expressed by double vowels; nine letters are either derived from the Greek alphabet or are arbitrary signs; and the remainder are all Latin letters modified by diacritical marks. It includes a distinct representative of every possible variety of human articulation. But its chief utility is in furnishing a written medium for the wholly uncultivated tribal when his "Outline Dictionary" was published, Professor Max Müller, in his transliteration of foreign alphabets, still made use of both Italic and Roman letters.

¹ *Standard Alphabet for reducing unwritten Languages and foreign graphic Systems to a uniform Orthography in European Letters*, by C. R. Lepsius (London, 1863, but printed in Berlin). The slight historical sketch of the subject here given is greatly indebted, for its facts and dates, to this second edition of the treatise of Lepsius.

tongues—unconnected, even remotely, with any form of written speech—and in which it seems unlikely that any great printed literature will ever exist; in that aspect it has undoubtedly been a boon to the missionary world. For other purposes it has proved less useful; and it has never been generally applied to any considerable linguistic group.

SPITTA'S WORK

With all that had thus been discussed and done by the preceding scholars—English, French and German—whose names have here been cited, and by many others to whom no reference has been made, Spitta was minutely familiar. He approached the alphabetical part of his task, however, with the sole idea of evolving the simplest and clearest medium of expression for a language which was, as yet, unendowed with any, and which was the daughter of a tongue possessing one too cumbersome for national use, too complex in its character for the purposes of modern life. Although still an unwritten speech the vulgar dialect was destined, unless all our study of the history of linguistic development be misleading, to blossom out, at no remote date, into the flowery freshness of a new literature. Spitta was, perhaps, the only available person of his day, who could look at his undertaking, as it grew into realization, from every point of view. He possessed all the imaginable qualifications for his task—not a few of which, as

has already been stated, had been notably lacking in those who had heretofore occupied themselves with the invention or designing of alphabets, or with the evolution of schemes of transliteration. He was not only an able philologist and phonologist, but he perfectly understood every phase and feature—even those technical subtleties generally known only to the expert—of the arts of writing and printing. This is a most important consideration, for an alphabet must serve three very dissimilar ends—it has to be read, it has to be written and it has to be printed. A scholar may know whether the alphabet be such that, through its proper expression of the proper sounds, the language can be satisfactorily read, but only the calligraphist can decide whether it be fit for the purposes of chirography, only the printer can judge whether it be available for the aims of typography. Want of this technical availability has recently resulted in the speedy condemnation of a method of transcribing Arabic, adopted, after much learned travail, by a congress of Orientalists—a method which, at a glance, shows the absence of any practical, artistic or mechanical expertness in the committee which devised it; for it employs signs inconvenient in calligraphy and nearly impossible in typography.

[Here follows a long technical note. (Ed.)]

One marked instance of Spitta's scholarly, practical sagacity—unusual because both scholarly and

practical in an extreme degree—is his treatment of what may possibly be styled the *i*-group. His employment of the *j*—the true consonantal *i*—for the sound expressed by the final letter of the Old-Arabic alphabet is warranted on historical, philological and typographical grounds. It is sanctioned also by general usage, since a considerable majority of the peoples making use of the Latin alphabet in any form have adopted it as the representative of that phonetic element. In fact only the English, the French and Portuguese, and the Spanish give to the *j* another value, and those nationalities all differ from each other in the character of that value—the English sounding it like soft *g*, the French and Portuguese like *zh*, and the Spanish like the German guttural *ch*. Spitta's employment of it for its legitimate purpose enabled him to avail himself of the character *y*—another *i*-letter—for the rightful long sound of *i* (that is, of *ie* in *shield*). This selection proves how carefully he had studied the typographical side of alphabets. He comprehended the inevitable inconvenience, in printing, of an accented *i*—the accent, after slight usage, almost invariably breaking off from the thin and frail body, or becoming so worn or battered that it is no longer distinguishable from the ordinary dot of the letter. Even a tyro in the art of printing would comprehend the utter impracticability of adopting, in an alphabet for general use, an accented *i* (whatever may be the

form of the accent) to express any sound of very frequent recurrence. Furthermore to accent an *i*—so far as printing is concerned—is to deliberately disfigure it by removing one of its essential features, since the dot must generally be eliminated to make place for the accent. The adoption of the *j* for the consonantal Arabic *jê*, and of *y* for the long *i*-sound (as in *fiend*), are of themselves sufficient to demonstrate the study, the acumen and the broad discernment brought by Spitta to the execution of his arduous undertaking.¹

¹ One of the absurd phases of our wonted extreme Englishness—so often satirized even by ourselves—is our demand that foreigners, in our intercourse with them, adopt and use, for our especial comfort and convenience, English customs and forms. If we do not succeed in bringing this about we cannot too severely censure the outside world for thus failing to cut its cloth according to our measures—than which we can imagine none better. Such a national habitude is not merely national obstinacy. It is often, if we but knew it, an unwitting acknowledgment of our own ignorance or backwardness in certain fields of life or activity; or mayhap an equally unintentional confession of slowness of comprehension beyond certain intellectual limits. An example in point is the tardiness of the whole Anglo-saxon world in accepting the metrical system—long since naturalized even among our sister Germanic peoples. That this English trait is as striking in linguistic matters as elsewhere the pages of *Notes and Queries*—to cite one particular witness—abundantly and constantly testify; and everybody will recall the case of the American diplomatist who thought that all foreign governments should pass strenuous laws forbidding their subjects to speak any language but English. A student of almost any race but our own, with the fine early training given in so many continental schools, can readily comprehend that no Latin character so fittingly represents the consonantal *i*-sound as does the letter *j*, but anybody who peruses the English philological literature of the day will frequently have occasion to observe that even experienced English-speaking writers on linguistic science cannot wholly rid them-

Something must be said in this place of the four semi-vowels to which Spitta had recourse in reducing to writing the spoken Egyptian, in order to express the more obscure vocal articulations. These find no place in an alphabet for permanent practical and popular use. That it is hardly the province of such an alphabet to indicate the more deli-

selves, in this respect, of their intellectual insularity; while in the case of less learned people the prejudice against the historical and true orthographic use of *j* arises as much from a felt lack of mental quickness, training or adaptability, as from any other sentiment. Nothing seems simpler to the average foreigner, when he is authoritatively told that *j* is the best representative of the Arabic *jê* than to so use it; but the average Anglo-saxon will none of it. He says, or feels:—"Let the 'blamed furriner' do what he pleases with his *js*, I am going to stick to my *ys*." But the same obstinate Englishman, when he underakes to learn German must of necessity acquiesce in the fact that our *y*-sound is to be expressed by *j*. Why should he find it more difficult to utter the Egyptian *jâ* (oh!) than the German *ja* (yes)—the two being pronounced virtually alike? On the other hand, in acquiring French, he must perforce be content to know that *j*, in that language, is pronounced like our *z* in *azure*, for he would hardly insist that the French be obliged to write *z'ai* (instead of *j'ai*) to suit his English eye and ear. In view of the differences in the orthography of the various modern tongues which must be mastered in these days of international intercourse, it ought not to require either a great brain or an extraordinary patience, to fix in one's mind the fact that the learner must write, in the idiom of Egypt, *jigy* (not *yigy*), *jitkallim* (not *yitkallim*), *jôm* (not *yôm*), *arabyja* (not *arabyya* or *arabiya*). This letter *j* is, in truth, one of the many confusing elements in our hybrid English alphabet. We write *gem*, *gin* and *George*, but also *jam*, *jelly* and *James*. After the same fashion we articulate the initial consonants of *get* and *genial*, of *gipsy* and *girdle* quite differently, while the two varying orthographical forms, *gaol* and *jail*, are sounded exactly alike. The same is to be said likewise of the character *y*. We treat it as a consonant in *you*, *yellow*, *steelyard*, *yonder*, and as a vowel element in *quay*, *key*, *stray*, *try*, *rely*, while *die* and *dye*, like *lie* and *lye*, are as

cate shades of sound Spitta was himself aware. He expressly states that, in transcribing, he has largely confined himself to the simple vowels, *a*, *i*, and *u*, instead of always endeavouring to reproduce with exactness the obscurer vowel-tones, “da einestheils solche feine Nüancen doch wieder nur durch conventionelle Zeichen wiedergegeben werden

similar in pronunciation as they are diverse in orthography. It is an alphabet like this which the unlettered—and some who style themselves lettered—desire to offer to any still unwritten language in search of a literary medium! In reviewing the literature which concerns itself more or less intimately with the current Egyptian speech it will be found that it is the product of two conflicting classes of persons, all of whom, as friends of Egypt, are quite willing that the Egyptians shall learn to read and write. But each class attaches to its good will its own uncompromising condition. The first group consists of those who have passed safely through the wearisome hours necessary to be spent in order to make one's self master of the Old-Arabic alphabet; they kindly wish to make the rest of the world undergo the same ordeal; and they thus insist upon applying this antiquated and incommodious alphabet to everything that can possibly be styled, in any sense, Arabic. In other words they say to the mass of the people of Egypt:—“Spend all the schooltime—all the intellectual labour—which you can afford to spend, in the doubtful endeavour to familiarize yourself with this tedious alphabet—then go plough your fields, gather your crops, support your families, and thank God all the rest of your lives that you know the Arabic alphabet when you see it!” Then there is the second class of Egypt's benefactors, which cannot conceive of any alphabetical dress for the Egyptian speech other than that ungainly one so unfortunately and so inconveniently worn by the English language. These benevolent people declare that it is quite impossible to understand *jiktib* and *jimsik*, unless you write them *yiktib* and *yimsik*, or to read *jasmyñ* or *jemyñ* unless you write them *yasmeen* and *yemeen*. Between these two classes the unhappy Egyptians, who stand waiting, with the untiring patience bred of centuries, for the blessing of a broader culture, may indeed feel that salvation lies only in getting rid of all their friends.

können, die das Transcriptionsystem sehr complicirt machen würden, andererseits man bei richtiger Articulation der Consonanten von selbst seiner Stimme die Biegung giebt, welche der Aussprache am bequemsten ist." Another writer has perhaps expressed the same idea more forcibly by saying that "An alphabet intended for practical purposes can never aim at giving, as it were, a minute image of the varying sounds of language. Letters are meant to indicate the sounds of words, and not to photograph every shade of sound, that occurs in spoken languages."¹ Such characters as have been referred to are naturally of utility in a dissertation markedly phonological in its purpose. To retain them in journals and books designed merely for general reading, or elementary instruction, would be like attempting to employ, in writing our own language, the multitude of signs, symbols and figures made use of by Ellis in his invaluable scientific treatise on "English pronunciation;" or like trying to print one of the principal Romance or Germanic tongues of Europe by means of the "Standard Alphabet" of Lepsius. In the same way it appears allowable, if not advisable, to abandon, in practical usage, the employment of Spitta's semi-vowels in their character of "Zwischen-vocale," that is, with the object of filling the hiatus (or cessation of utterance) caused by too many se-

¹ *Outline Dictionary for the Use of Missionaries, Explorers and Students of Language*, by Max Müller (London, 1867), p. xxiv.

quent consonants. This hiatus, although certainly more marked in the pronunciation of the Semitic dialects, is also sufficiently noticeable in some of the Latin languages, in which no expedient of avoiding it has ever been generally adopted. In Italian, for instance, the rule which requires *Ispagna* (instead of *Spagna*), after a preceding consonant, is fast falling into disuse. In such forms as "go over" and "wasps sting" in English, a similar hiatus is observable. It must then be always remembered, in studying the two important productions of Spitta, that they are in a great degree pioneer works. He was endeavouring to put on record, for the first time in an intelligible way, and at the same time in a final shape, the principal phonetic peculiarities of the Cairene dialect. But he never, in doing this, lost sight of the fact that his main and greatest purpose was, as has been said, to provide a proper means of writing that dialect—that it might become an efficacious instrument for the education of the whole Egyptian community.

THE ALPHABET

It is to be noted first of all that the new Egyptian alphabet has one feature in common with the old alphabet of the written Arabic and with all other Oriental alphabets—it knows nothing of capital letters. In this respect, too, it fulfils the dream of the philologist—of men like the founders of modern

Germanic linguistic studies, the brothers Grimm, in whose noble lexicological work capitals have been discarded. They, as many other profound students of language have done, looked forward to the day when written and printed speech everywhere shall be simplified by the total abolition of the uncial alphabet. The continued use of capitals, after the exigencies of current writing had led to the adoption of the smaller or technically-styled "lower-case" letters, is a heritage from the mediæval scribes, who loved variety more than simplicity, ornament more than utility, elaborate decoration more than beauty unadorned. Without capitals—large or small—the cost and toil of typography would be sensibly diminished—not to speak of the economy of labour effected in teaching and learning. In this latter regard, it would be interesting to understand exactly the feelings of a child, when, after convincing himself, through a period of much distress, of the individuality and identity of A, B, C, D, E, he finds himself confronted by another long series of characters—a, b, c, d, e,—very different in appearance, which he is told are positively the same thing, having the same names and powers, although he speedily finds that he has to begin to exercise all over again his not yet very robust mental faculties before he can fully complete his alphabetical knowledge. The Egyptian alphabet possessing no capitals, initial words of sentences, as well as names of persons and

places, begin with the same kind of characters as all other words—as there is indeed no reason why they should not—and so there is one perplexing orthographical rule the less to learn and apply.

Compared with the Old-Arabic alphabet, the Egyptian A B C has 34 characters instead of the 130 or more necessary to represent, by the former, all the consonantal and vocal elements. The so-called “chancery” Arabic—that bar to Egyptian progress—in its journals and other published works, is obliged to employ this huge Old-Arabic conglomeration of alphabetical signs. Imagine a compositor in an English, French or German printing-office condemned to handle 130 distinct types (which do not even include any upper-case characters, nor any marks of punctuation, nor any numerals)! But the evil does not end with the printer. The reader likewise suffers; and, above all, education suffers. Nobody can fail to be struck by the irregularity and distortion of the Arabic printing-alphabet, so far removed, in that respect, from the graceful symmetry and uprightness of the Kufic and other early forms of writing; while the eye is wearied by the indistinctness of the finer lines, the minuteness of the vowel-marks, and the imperspicuity of the various diacritical points and strokes—all of which are so liable to be shattered or mangled by a little usage as often to make half a dozen words, in a page or column, nearly illegible. No educational torture can

be more cruel than to subject the tender eyes of children to such a typography. Many western scholars, although commencing their Arabic studies in adult years, can testify, by sad experience, to the injury inflicted by the Arabic calligraphy upon human eye-sight; and the typographical characters are even more hurtful, because much smaller and less clear. To be concise, it may be said that the Old-Arabic alphabet, especially as it is used in the press, seems designed to promote illegibility, and to limit the spread of knowledge. With its continued service, as the handmaid of speech, the highest stage of general, or popular, enlightenment can never be attained in the East. But sober sense, uninfluenced by the faddishness of the scholastic specialist on the one hand, and the sentimentalism of the religious bigot on the other, will sooner or later bring about the substitution everywhere of a better medium both for the pen and the press. . . .

[Here follows a long technical passage. (Ed.)]

It should, finally, be understood that the order of the alphabet, as given in these pages, is not the work of Dr. Spitta. He wrote and treated the vowels apart, as is usual in the case of the Old-Arabic vowel-signs, and he gave the remaining letters in the order of the corresponding consonants in the earlier alphabet. For his immediate purpose this was doubtless wise, but, if the alphabet be generally used, and particularly if it be used in the schools, a more

rational grouping appears advisable; and there need be no hesitation in adopting such an arrangement while the alphabet is still in the initiatory stage of its existence. The order, as here printed, lays no claim to perfection, but is merely an attempt to make the alphabet a little more easy of acquisition to young learners, and a little more convenient to all likely to familiarize themselves with it. It is not too much, perhaps, to hope that the opponents of a simplified or reformed alphabet will refrain, on this point, from objections. For even in applying the Old-Arabic alphabet to the dialects derived from the ancient tongue, certain changes would necessarily be made, since some of its letters have become totally obsolete, and would naturally drop out. It is, in any case, the letters of the new alphabet which are of importance—and not the arrangement of them.

CONCLUSION

Careful study of its details—especially if supplemented by a short period of use—can hardly fail to convince the investigator that it would be difficult, to say the least, to create an alphabet better adapted to its purpose than that of Spitta; in truth—as was stated in the first paragraph of these observations—there are few if any existing forms of speech, which are one at once so complete and so simple, so available for all the exigencies of writing and printing. Its general application to the national dialect

of Egypt would forthwith immensely facilitate the extension of knowledge, and inestimably lessen the task of the teacher throughout all the Nilotic lands; and this may well be brought about without, in any measure, affecting the position of the Old-Arabic alphabet as the medium of the venerated classical literature. Nor would such a step detract from the sanctified character of that alphabet, with which the sacred Koranic scriptures are written. The Bible of the Russians is printed by means of the Cyrillic alphabet, notably differing from that made use of in the modern Russian. Our own English Bible, in its existing version, has many verses and phrases which can hardly be pronounced to be strictly modern English. The Catholic church regards only the Latin vulgate scriptures as authoritative, but the Catholic nations all have secular literatures in their own vernacular. The Copts daily use the Old-Arabic alphabet, and the "chancery" Arabic, in their correspondence, while speaking the Egyptian idiom, although their holy books are in the ancient Coptic, having its own alphabet. There are other instances, even in the East, of similar alphabetical and literary evolutions and revolutions; and there seems no good reason why these examples should not be followed to advantage by nationalities of whatever race or creed. Religion in no wise suffers thereby, while the progress of the people is immeasurably accelerated.

With such a graphic medium as the Egyptian al-

phabet there is little need of waiting for the new Dante, whose advent Spitta, in the closing phrases of the preface to his "Grammatik," seems to hint at. Other efficient forces are already at hand. Hundreds of young men are now constantly receiving an excellent training in the higher schools of the Egyptian cities—schools which are yearly growing better. These sons of Egypt are both intelligent and patriotic. Let all these youth of the newer generation put their shoulders to the wheel. Let them give their influence—great, if properly applied—to the development of the popular tongue, and there will soon follow the unapproachable blessing of universal education, with its inevitable result of a broad literature "for the people, of the people and by the people." The present government of Egypt might well lend its aid—as it is at last in a position to do—to such an effort. An American writer has characterized the marvellous financial, commercial, agricultural and moral transformation of Egypt, effected in these later years, as "the most splendid Anglo-saxon achievement of the century." Why cannot the men who have been the potent factor in bringing about this beneficent material revolution, now open the gate, as well, to the spiritual development of the people they rule so ably and so honestly? There is but one path that passes through that gate, and that path can be traversed only by a nation educated in the language it understands. That language is

already the daily speech of social intercourse, of the family, the shop and the farm. Why should it not become the medium of an education, destined not only to elevate the nation which has its home under the palms of the Nile, but perhaps to revive, under a nobler form, the ancient glory of the whole Saracenic world?

LEAFLET PASSAGES

THE English speak the English language; the Turks speak the Turkish language; the Arabs speak the Arabic language; why should not the Egyptians speak the Egyptian language?

There is an English alphabet and a Greek alphabet and an Arabic alphabet; is it not possible also to have an Egyptian alphabet?

In a country in which the spoken language is the written language, it is easy to have everywhere good schools and good teachers. All the sons and daughters of such a country become intelligent.

It is the duty of every friend of Egypt to help hasten the day when all the people along the Nile shall read and write the language which they speak and which they understand.

An alphabet easy to learn and easy to write makes an intelligent people; and intelligence makes a people strong and happy.

The true friends of Egypt are those who desire that all Egyptians shall learn to read and write their own language.

One alphabet! one language! one country!

Our country is Egypt and our language is the Egyptian.

For 5000 years the fellahs of Egypt have been unable to learn to read and write, because the letters we gave them were too numerous and too difficult. Now let us give them a chance! Let us give them a plain and easy alphabet!

Oh young Egyptian, your first duty is to learn the Egyptian alphabet; your second and greatest duty is to teach it to others!

The fellah is the true Egyptian—the best of the country's sons. On his shoulders rests the nation. His hands make Egypt's riches. His labor tills her soil, cleans her cotton, boils her sugar, builds her railways and cleans her canals. Egypt can do without less perhaps, but she cannot exist without her fellaheen. Shall these men so useful to Egypt not be taught by Egypt to read and write? This is the part that grateful Egypt can do for her sons that do so much for her.

We love our Egypt, our Nile and our language.

We speak the Egyptian language, but we wish our children to read and write it also.

That alphabet is long, this one is short; that alphabet is difficult, this one is easy; that alphabet takes a year to learn well, this can be perfectly learned in a week: Which will you have?

Give the children of Egypt a fair chance! Let them have an alphabet as easy as the English or the French, and you will see what fine men they become.

Bad schools with a good alphabet are better than good schools with a bad alphabet.

An alphabet with 130 letters cannot be learned and used by all the people of a country. If they do learn such an alphabet they will have no time to learn anything else.

The people of Egypt want an alphabet which every one can learn with ease and which is adapted to the language he speaks.

Moslems and Christians are all alike the children of Egypt. And he does his religion most honor who seeks to do the most good to Egypt.

Our fathers spoke the old Egyptian language and then the Greek and then the Roman and then the Coptic and then the old Arabic. But we speak the new Egyptian, the language which belongs to today.

Time is money; and the Egyptian alphabet saves money.

No more seals! Let every man learn to write his name.

The people cannot be educated without a short, simple and easy alphabet.

Every mother should be able to teach the alphabet to her daughter.

Educate the whole people! but you must begin by teaching them a simple and easy alphabet.

Give us a good school in every village, teaching every boy and girl, by means of an alphabet easily learned, to read the language they speak.

Shall we learn a long and difficult alphabet in order to read a language we neither speak nor understand!

Every Egyptian boy, when he is six years old, ought to be able to write his name and the name of the place where he lives; and when he is seven he should be able to write a letter. The same may be said of every Egyptian girl. But this is impossible if the long and difficult Arabic alphabet must first be learned. Therefore let the Egyptian alphabet be taught in the schools!

A language is dead which is no longer spoken by all the people of a country.

If you want to speak and write the language of the dead, why do you not go and take up your home in a cemetery?

You are learning to read and write a dead language; do you expect letters from the dead? Are you going to write to paradise?

He who is living should read and write a living language. When he is dead he can learn the language of the dead.

Better the living Egyptian than the dead Arabic.

Teach the language of Egypt in the schools of Egypt.

If you want to learn the language which was spoken three hundred years ago, why did you not live three hundred years ago?

The men who spoke the dead languages of Egypt are lying under the earth. What have you to do with them? Do you expect to talk with the dead, to trade with the dead, to write letters to the dead, to receive letters from the dead? Are you going to live in the tombs of the Kings at Luxor or in the tombs of the caliphs at Cairo?

If you wish to study a dead language, why do you not study the language of ancient Egypt? Then you can read the hieroglyphs on the temples and talk with the mummies.

The mummies in the museum at Gizeh speak a dead language.

The living Egyptians speak a living language, and living Egyptians should write a living language likewise. Are you a living Egyptian?

Dead languages for the dead, and living languages for the living!

Are you dead or living? If you are dead you ought to read and write the language of the dead; if you are living you ought to read and write the language of the living?

The people of Egypt are not dead but alive, and they want a language which is alive.

The mummies are silent because they know and understand only a dead language. If they knew a living language they would remain silent no longer.

You who write in the newspapers of Egypt, are you writing for the dead Arabs or the living Egyptians? Are you writing for the few learned or for all the people of Egypt?

The language written with this alphabet is the true language of all the people of Egypt. It is the only language which all the people living in the land of the Nile understand.

The richest possession of the people of Egypt is the language they speak. Nobody has a right to take it away from them, or to compel them to write a language which they do not speak.

The Old-Arabic is the language of religion; the Egyptian language is the language of daily life. The Old-Arabic is the sacred language, the language of the holy book written by Mohammed the prophet; the Egyptian language is the language for poems, plays, school-books, newspapers, letters, business—for all that concerns the affairs of the world.

Write the language which you speak and speak the language which you write! That is the golden rule!

A living tongue is better than a dead one.

Oh learned man! Why do you use so many old Arabic words when you talk? Why do you not go and collect from the stones and the mummies a few Ancient Egyptian words which are far more venerable than the Old-Arabic words. Then you can adorn your collection with them.

Do you talk Old-Arabic to your lady-love?

Do you speak in a dead language to your wife and to your children? Do you talk to your friend in a dead language? Do you buy and sell in a dead language? Do you ask for food and drink in a dead language? Do you think in a dead language?

When you are talking to Arabs, talk Arabic! when you are speaking to Egyptians, talk Egyptian!

The Italian language comes from the ancient Latin which is a dead language, as the Egyptian language comes from the ancient Arabic, which is a dead language. But in Italy all the living Italians speak and read and write the Italian. They leave the dead language to the dead.

Is Egypt your country or Arabia? If you want to talk Arabic why do you not go to Arabia?

The Prophet spoke and wrote the language of his time and his people. Is it wrong to do what the Prophet did?

Do the French in France read and write English? Do the English in England read and write French? Why should the Egyptians in Egypt read and write Arabic?

Which is the more important to you, the language of the dead or the language of the living? The

language of the old times or the language of today? The language of an Egypt you can never see or know, or the language of the Egypt in which you live?

Today and tomorrow belong to the Egyptian language; only yesterday belongs to the Arabic language.

The living language is the holy language, for by means of it, you can think of God and serve your country and your neighbors.

The sacred books of the French and the English and the Italians and the Germans are written in Hebrew and Greek, but all the people of France and England and Italy and Germany neither speak nor read nor write the Hebrew or Greek but their own languages.

Let Egypt have schools in which the Egyptian language is taught to the Egyptian people.

All Egyptians have good tongues, good eyes and good hands; why should they not have a language which every child can learn to read and write with ease?

Each father who pays his taxes has the right to send his children to a good school, where they shall be taught with books printed in the language they understand.

England is a great and powerful empire. Why? Because all its people are taught to read and write in their own language.

Every other nation has many, many books written and printed for the people in the language they speak and understand. The Egyptians, too, must have books written and printed in the language of the people.

The boys of England are taught in English; the boys of France are taught in French; let the boys of Egypt be taught in Egyptian.

If the people are ignorant the country is weak; if the people are intelligent the nation is strong. The people can only become intelligent by having good schools for all the people; but there can be no good schools for the people unless the language of the people be taught in them. And the language of the people cannot be taught unless it have a simple and easy alphabet.

We want schools in which the Egyptian tongue shall be taught—the same tongue which we speak in our families—we want books printed in that language with letters easy to read and easy to write. We want journals which all the people can read and understand.

He who speaks his language well is a man; he who reads his language well is twice a man; he who writes his language well is thrice a man.

Do they teach English children only the Greek alphabet and the Greek language? No, indeed, they are taught the English alphabet and the English language. Why then not teach Egyptian children the Egyptian alphabet and the Egyptian language?

In Egyptian schools they teach the Arabic and English and French. Why should they not teach Egyptian?

We demand one and the same language for the city and the country, for the pasha and the fellah, for the shop and the farms, for all Egypt. That language shall be the Egyptian language, spoken, read and written by all the sons and daughters of Egypt.

EGYPT THE BELOVED

I am an Egyptian and I love my native country, and all that is good in it. I love the great Nile, the most wonderful river in the world, and my countrymen, the ancient, industrious, handsome race which lives and labors on its banks and along its canals. I love the lofty palms, with their wholesome fruit, and the many leaved lebbek trees with their

cool shade, and the massive plane trees, and the broad fields of wheat and maize and cotton, which feed and clothe us. I love the yellow boundless desert, which is so beautiful and so silent and the green oases which dot it. I love the gigantic pyramids, the strange sphinxes, the splendid temples, the rock-hewn tombs which our fathers built, and at which all the world still wonders. I love the mosques, with their slender, towering minarets, and the boats with their big, white sails, and the gardens with their multitude of flowers, and the swift-darting birds of the air. I love the Egyptian sun which shines by day, and the Egyptian moon and stars which shine by night from the cloudless Egyptian sky, and lastly, I love the Egyptian language which all the Egyptians speak in the town and in the country, in the shop of the trader and in the cabin of the fellah, in the boats on the great river, and beside the shore of the sea, in the household and on the road, in the market place and in the field.



IX

ICELAND



ICELAND

AT the time of the Millennial Celebration in 1874 of the colonization of Iceland, Mr. Fiske was specially energetic in arousing in this country general interest in the event by frequent articles in the press, and by making a collection of books to be donated to the national library at Reykjavík. His old friend Bayard Taylor went to Iceland on that occasion to report the Celebration for the *New York Tribune*. In his account appearing in the volume of his travels entitled *Egypt and Iceland*, the following passage occurs:

“Iceland is so remote from us, in an intellectual as well as a material sense, that any satisfactory knowledge of it requires a special appropriation of time and study. The only Americans competent to make the journey with the certainty of reaping a full reward for their time and labor, are George P. Marsh, and Prof. Willard Fiske of Cornell University.”

Mr. Fiske's later visit in 1879 to the distant island, where he was literally made the people's guest, was the signal for a reception almost overwhelming in its grateful friendliness. But his inter-

est in this isolated land had an older origin. His early collection of Icelandic books, after his first European tour, was then rated the most considerable in the United States; and his first love in languages, despite many wanderings far afield, remained his latest. Evidence of this early attachment is shown in a letter to the Icelandic scholar and politician Sigurdsson, dated Copenhagen, August 25, 1852. A copy of the original, which is preserved in the National Library at Reykjavík, was secured for the writer by Prof. Halldór Hermannsson.

“I am deeply and truly interested in Iceland,” writes the lad of twenty. “I see in the small but noble people which inhabit it the same flesh, blood, and spirit as my own nation is made of, and the same elements which compose the English and American character. I wish that the future of your wonderful island may be as truly glorious as its past, and it shall be one of the chief aims of my life and action to conduce to the advancement in every way of its literature and political importance.”

The memorial to Professor Fiske to which the annual session of the Bibliographical Society of America in 1918 was devoted, embraced a paper by Halldór Hermannsson on “Willard Fiske and Icelandic Bibliography,” one by William H. Carpenter on “Willard Fiske in Iceland,” and a list of Willard Fiske’s “Writings on Iceland,” compiled by Elisa

Jebsen. These accounts appeared in the "Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America," Vol. XII, Nos. 3-4, July-October, 1918. University of Chicago Press.

In Vol. II of these *Memorials* [note pp. 34, 39, 96, 100, 103-104, 110, 232-284, and 285-295 (Prof. Carpenter's article reprinted)] may be found frequent references to *Iceland*. The selections which follow here, in this final volume of the *Memorials*, conclude without exhausting the many illustrations drawn from his writings of his lifelong interest in that remarkable island. [Ed.]

ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL

874-1874

THIS is the age of national jubilees, and, not to be behind the rest of the world, the remote island of Iceland will this year celebrate the millennial anniversary of its colonization. At midsummer its scanty population of seventy-five thousand, scattered over an area little less than the State of New York, will flock to the old lava plains of Thingvellir, to hold an Althing, or national assembly, on the same site and with the same forms as in the days of the island's turbulent but independent mediæval Republic. The little college and cathedral at Reykjavík, the arctic capital, will witness a series of ecclesiastical and scholastic festivities; while those sons of Iceland who are passing their lives in other parts of Scandinavia or in Great Britain, for the sake of study or an easier livelihood, will doubtless seize the occasion to revisit the singular land of their birth. Happily for the island the festival occurs in a period of increasing material prosperity. The present century has been comparatively free from the scourges of volcanic eruptions and pestilential diseases which in the preceding ones more

than once threatened to depopulate the land. The re-establishment of representative government in 1845, the abolition in 1855 of the oppressive trade monopoly enjoyed by the Danes, the augmented value of the exports resulting from the opening of the island's rock-bound harbors to the commerce of the world, and the subsequent development by British capital of its fisheries and its mines, have infused new hope into every farmstead and hamlet.

The average geographical mind is apt to classify the island of Iceland with its chilly neighbor Greenland, and to think of it as a land of intense and everlasting cold, in which for many months of the year, every trace of man's activity is buried under huge drifts of snow; in which an uncouth tongue is spoken; and in which the inhabitants, clad in barbarous costumes and dwelling in underground huts, subsist on such arctic articles of diet as train oil, seal steaks and smoked walrus. But on this point, at least, the average geographical mind is sadly misinformed. The principal harbors of Iceland are rarely frozen, and the snows along its fjords in winter are of hardly more than Canadian depth. Its language is highly cultivated and closely allied to our own. Its farmhouses and cottages are by no means of the Eskimo style of architecture, while its sons and daughters dress in garments made from the produce of their own flocks, and are in no wise unfamiliar with the edible virtues of roast mutton

and roast beef. In the midst of its plains of lava and under the shadow of its glacial mountains lives a sturdy, thrifty and moral race, tall of stature and fair to look upon; and its statistics show absolutely no percentage of illiteracy—a freedom from ignorance such as not even intelligent Prussia can boast.

The interest attaching to Iceland is well known to students of natural history and ethnology. Physically it is a region in which nature has delighted to exhibit, in their supremest development, both her positive force of heat and her negative force of cold, making a land of contrasts and anomalies, of flame and frost, of geysers and glaciers. Ethnologically it is the only polar land inhabited by a member of the great Aryan race, and its language is the oldest spoken idiom of the Teutonic stock. Historically it furnishes one of the most splendid examples of the struggle of man against the destructive energies of nature, and of a people creating, in the midst of innumerable obstacles, a social system, a government and a literature. The story of its colonization is today by one of the oldest of its literary monuments, the *Landnámabók*—a record of early settlement such as no other nation possesses—which gives, with marvellous detail, the name and origin of more than three thousand of the primitive inhabitants. The island was discovered and visited between 860 and 870 by several of the roving vikings of the northern seas, but it was in 874 that

Ingolf Arnarson and his companion Leif, two Norwegians of good estate, made the first formal and fruitful efforts at colonization. These pioneers were speedily followed by the families of other Norwegian chiefs, driven to seek a new home by the loss of their independence and of their petty dominions, which had fallen a prey to that centralizing and feudalizing conqueror, Harold the Fairhaired. The spirit of emigration to the island soon became so strong that it was caught by many of those Norwegian exiles who had latterly won themselves residences on the Scottish islands and mainland and on the Irish coasts, where Harold's fleets could still reach them, so that fully one-half of the original population of Iceland was derived from this source. Thus the best blood of Norway, that of its nobility, long accustomed to rule, and that of its maritime adventurers, long accustomed to enterprises of boldness, was poured into the newly found isle. The period of colonization extended from 874 to 928. It was marked by the same features which have characterized all the notable migrations of the world. The wave of settlement began on the southwest coast, moving steadily northward and then eastward and southward, until it had encompassed the whole island and peopled all its pleasant valley bottoms near the sea. Every new occupier pre-empted his claim by a peculiar ceremony. As the population of an outlying district increased, places

of public worship, dedicated to Thor or Frey, were established and courts were organized, while half a century after the landing of Ingolf the island was divided into shires and hundreds, a general legislative and judicial assembly was created, and the old Republic, more aristocratic in its forms than in its essence, began its existence. The three and a half centuries of this Republic form the golden age of Iceland, during which its scaldic poems were composed or collected, its codes of law compiled, and its more important historical sagas committed to writing.

The settlement of Iceland, which geographically is itself a part of the Western World, led to the colonization of Greenland, and to the discovery of the mainland of North America, the coasts of which, probably as far south as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, were repeatedly visited by the hardy northern navigators in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Some years ago the zeal of a society of antiquaries at Copenhagen reconstructed the Vinland of the old sagas and placed it in the modern New England; but a more faithful interpretation of the chronicles of Iceland removes this land of vines to a region further north. The same spirit which impelled its early navigators to explore the unknown seas of the West, which made its scalds—those Teutonic troubadours—the laureates of every northern court, which incited its sagamen to become

the annalists of all the surrounding kingdoms, still exists, modified by the circumstances of the age, in the modern island. It is seen in that fondness for learning which is a trait of every class of these islanders, and of which so many striking tales are told by travellers. It is evinced in the long struggle with Denmark which preceded the abolition of the odious commercial restrictions, the exciting scenes of the Constitutional Convention of 1847 and the present political attitude of the inhabitants, who steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the rule of the Danish Diet. This sturdy and intensely national spirit will give an enhanced interest in the approaching anniversary, and will go far to make it the beginning of a new era in the island's history.

The Bishop of Iceland has issued a pastoral ordering a service in the three hundred churches of the island on the second day of August, in commemoration of the thousandth anniversary of the first settlement and of the grant of a new constitution by the King of Denmark, which goes into effect at the date mentioned.

The ringing of the bells is to commence at six o'clock the evening previous. The lesson selected for the day is Psalm xc., 1-4, and 12-17. One of the verses is: "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." But the ecclesiastical dignitary

seems to have indulged in a bit of malicious but patriotic revenge in selecting the other passage. The oppressive treatment of the Icelanders by the Danes, during the past two or three centuries, is well known, and seems to be referred to in this verse (15): "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil." Every native in the island, in which the feeling against the Danes is intense, will certainly receive this portion of the lesson with unction, especially as the new constitution, extorted from the Danish government, restores to Iceland its old right of self-government.

ICELAND

Reykjavík, Sept. 20, 1879.

THE Althing, or Icelandic Parliament, which sits every year, met this summer on July 1 and adjourned on August 27. This was the third Session since the grant of the new Constitution in 1874, and with it closes the first Parliament occurring in the course of 1880. Both Houses seized the occasion of a general dissolution to vote addresses to King Christian, congratulating him and the country upon the complete success of the experiment of self-government and thanking him anew for the gift of the Constitution. There can be no question that the substitution of a lawmaking body for the old advisory Assembly has been of vast benefit to the island. The Houses have been composed of able men; the discussions have been of a dignified character; the public business has been despatched with reasonable celerity; many old laws have been carefully remodelled, and the new ones have been such as to greatly promote the prosperity of all classes; the biennial Budget has been promptly voted, and taxes have been so liberally levied that each period of two years has shown a surplus of from 50,000 to 100,000

crowns. Internal communication has been greatly facilitated by the construction over the more difficult heaths, morasses, and lava tracts of the so-called "thiódvegir," or national highways, while the regular trips of the Danish-Icelandic mail steamers have been so extended as to include not only monthly voyages between Copenhagen, by the way of Leith, and Reykjavík, but also two complete circuits of the island during the summer, in the course of which stoppages are made at 15 ports. The Icelandic fisheries have also increased, and the methods in agriculture have been greatly improved by the education at the agricultural schools in Scotland and Norway of several Icelandic youths at the national expense. . . .

Several important educational schemes came before the Assembly. One of the last Bills passed makes it the duty of each priest to see that all the children of his parish are taught writing and arithmetic, and authorizes him, together with the civil overseer of the parish, to remove any children, whose parents are negligent in the matter, to another farmstead, where they are to be instructed at the expense of the parents. The laws passed during the previous Session establishing a school of law at Reykjavík and a technical school at Möðruvellir, in the north of the island, were greatly modified, both the number of teachers and the amount of the annual appropriation being increased. Some changes were

also made in the government of the National College at Reykjavík, rendered necessary by the larger number of students who yearly frequent it. Within a few years the "Stiptisbókasafn," or National Library, has outgrown its old quarters in the large loft of the cathedral at the capital, while a considerable collection of Icelandic antiquities—the "Forn-gripasafn"—has grown up, chiefly through the exertions of a single enthusiastic artist and scholar, the late Sigurdur Gudmundsson. To provide for these and for the accumulating collections in natural history, as well as to furnish increased accommodation for its own body and various public departments, the Althing voted 80,000 crowns for the erection of a Capitol, or Althing-house. Two plans were submitted to the Parliament, the committee reporting in favor of the more expensive one. The Acts most likely to interest Icelandic travellers are those voting in all the sum of 120,000 crowns for the construction of bridges over the Thjorsá and Ölfusá in the south, and the Skjálfandafljót in the north—three of the most impetuous and frequently impassable rivers in the country.

The casual traveller, unless he passes a longer time in the country than tourists are wont to do, can hardly estimate the progress now making by the people of Iceland. Many causes are contributing to this advancement besides the new constitutional government. The purchases of horses for the

English market have brought into the country considerable sums of money. The growing demand for Icelandic codfish in Spain and the establishment of several fish-oil manufactories on the northern and western coasts have enhanced the number of boats engaged in the coast fisheries, and have, of course, tended to increase the national wealth. The farm products—sheep, wool, and tallow—have increased in quantity and value in consequence of the introduction of better processes. There are likewise now many more eider-down establishments than formerly, the down finding an increased sale in Russia. Until the present year there has also been a steadily growing hay crop, but the northern districts have suffered this summer from droughts. Salmon, which formerly was rarely sent from the country, has lately been largely exported, although the season just closed was an unfavorable one for this product also. As a result of all this, the habitations of the farmers and fishermen are rapidly becoming better—greatly to the improvement of the physical condition of their occupants. The number of houses of stone and timber built within the last six years is very considerable. Small towns are rising at various points on the northern and western fjords. Akureyri, the principal port on the north, Isafjörð on the northwest peninsula, Stykkishólm on the great Breidafjörð, Skagi on Akranes, a bustling hamlet of fishermen, and Reykjavík, the capital, are

fast becoming important centers of industry and trade.

What Iceland most needs, perhaps, is the abolition of the credit and barter system, which has been fostered by the Danish merchants greatly to their own advantage and to the injury of their customers. This is the same system which formerly prevailed on the Scottish islands, and which a wise legislation only recently abrogated. Next to this reform the principal want of the island is an extension of its new system of national roadways and the introduction into all parts of the country of wheeled vehicles. It is one of the misfortunes of the land that the means of communication which should have been provided, as elsewhere in Europe, during the latter half of the last century and the earlier part of this, under a good government, must now be wholly created.

JÓN SIGURDSSON

DEATH OF THE ICELANDIC PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR—
THE STORY OF WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED FOR HIS
COUNTRY—LITERARY AND POLITICAL LABORS—HIS
FUNERAL AT COPENHAGEN.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*,¹

Sir: A little Nation has recently lost its greatest man, a man little known outside of Denmark and Iceland, but who deserves remembrance as a most successful political leader and a profound scholar. As a statesman his field was a restricted one, but his shrewdness and firmness, his ability in controlling his followers and in discomfiting his opponents, showed that he possessed many of the qualities of a Cavour or a Bismarck. Jón Sigurdsson, the Icelandic patriot and scholar, whose almost unassisted efforts restored to his country, after a struggle of many years, her lost political rights, died at Copenhagen on the 7th of December. It needs only a slight reading of Northern history to understand how difficult was the task he accomplished. Iceland, discovered shortly after the middle of the ninth

¹The date of the issue of the *Tribune* in which this letter appeared was Jan. 4, 1880. [Ed.]

century, was colonized between the years 874 and 930, partly by Norwegians, partly by the descendants of Norwegians who had emigrated, a generation or two before, to the Scottish isles. At the latter date it had already formed itself into a commonwealth, governed by an annual Althing, or free Parliament. In 1262-64 this ancient republic, in consequence largely of internal dissensions, came to an end, and the island acknowledged the supremacy of the Norwegian kings. Somewhat more than a century later, in 1384, occurred the union of Norway with Denmark, and Iceland began to be ruled, or rather misruled, from Copenhagen.

At the separation of these two powers, in 1814, the insular nationality remained under the domination of the Danes, instead of sharing the destinies of the mother country. The sufferings which it was obliged to undergo, during more than four centuries, form an unpleasant, but little known, episode in human history. The Althing indeed continued to have a nominal existence down to the close of the last century, but it was shorn of all actual power. The island was governed in the interest, sometimes of a Danish trading company, sometimes of a royal commercial monopoly, whose extortions and cruelties often threatened the complete extirpation of the inhabitants. All exported products had to be sold to these foreign traders, and all imported commodities bought of them at their own prices. To

prevent any trade with Great Britain or Norway, the nearest markets, laws were enacted forbidding the people to own boats large enough to put to sea—a statute which virtually deprived them of the control of their coast fisheries, upon which they principally relied for subsistence. The severest penalties were inflicted upon those who ventured to buy or sell except at a particular trading station in their own immediate district. In other respects the misgovernment was equally great. The national lands were sold, and the proceeds placed in the Danish treasury. Moneys contributed by Icelanders to promote education were recklessly wasted, or spent for purposes which in no wise benefited the country from which they came. In times of war the island was left utterly unprotected, and was repeatedly ravaged by Algerine pirates and English freebooters. The Danes neither built roads nor established schools, nor improved agriculture, nor introduced better methods into the fisheries; and, what was worse, they rendered it impossible for the Icelanders to do any of these things for themselves. So bad did the affairs of the country become that, at the beginning of this century, the population had fallen to forty thousand, on a total area one-fifth larger than Ireland and a tillable area exceeding in extent the whole of the present Kingdom of Denmark.

That Iceland is now beginning to recover from these accumulated evils is owing to the never-failing

wisdom, the resolute will and the fervid patriotism of the man whom she chose as her trusted leader. Jón Sigurdsson was born June 17, 1813, in a lowly parsonage in one of the most remote corners of his remote country—in that curious and rugged peninsula which projects from the Icelandic mainland in the extreme northwest, and is washed by the waters of the icy sea. His name, in accordance with the ancient custom still preserved among his countrymen of making the Christian name of the father the surname of the son, signified simply “John, the son of Sigurd.” During the brief summers of that high latitude, by fishing and sheep-driving he assisted his father in eking out the scant subsistence derived from his petty salary as clergyman, and, during the long winters which intervened, his father gave him in return the training necessary to enable him to enter the University of Copenhagen. This he did in 1833, after earning the requisite means by serving for a year as clerk in a store at Reykjavík, the Icelandic capital, and for three years as secretary to the Bishop of Iceland. The former position doubtless gave him a clearer insight into the detrimental character of the Danish-Icelandic trading system; the latter, which brought him into contact with clergymen of intelligence from every quarter of the island, was sure to widen his knowledge of the land’s condition and needs. So good was his preparatory education that he was able to take his degree in

arts, with the highest honors conferred by the University, in 1834. The extraordinary scholarship which he thus evinced led the Arna-Magnæan Commission, as it is styled, to elect him, in the following year, one of its two stipendiaries. The fund which endowed these scholastic positions had been established by the Icelandic archæologist, Arni Magnússon, at his death in Copenhagen in 1730, but, like all Icelandic matters left to the custodianship of the Danes, had been mismanaged.—It was, therefore, not until half a century later that it became operative; but since that time the places have been filled by a long line of scholars. The duties of these stipendiaries are to collate and edit the ancient Icelandic works, which the wealthy and erudite Arni, with life-long zeal, gathered from every part of his native country, and which have since formed such a storehouse for scholars with whom the literature of the old North is a special study. In 1841 he was sent by the Arna-Magnæan Commission, and the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, to the neighboring country of Sweden, to examine and catalogue the Icelandic manuscripts preserved in the libraries of Upsal and Stockholm; and in 1845 the Danish Government conferred on him the Secretaryship, and soon afterward the Directorship of its Icelandic archives. His productions bearing upon the ancient literature had already begun to appear. He edited the *Trójumanna*

Saga, the *Breta Sögur* (sagas relating to the history of Great Britain), the *Saga Játvardar Konungs* (saga of St. Edward), *Islenzk Fornkvaedi* (ancient Icelandic lays), partly edited the younger or Snorri Edda, compiled, with wonderful care, an Icelandic *Diplomatarium*, and contributed to the transactions of various learned societies a multitude of essays on the old lore. Besides all this he was constantly at the service of foreign or native scholars, and performed a vast amount of work, such as collating texts, revising manuscripts, copying codices, and writing notes, for savants outside of Scandinavia who were engaged in studies similar to his own.

A field somewhat different, but even more assiduously cultivated, was that of the modern literature and history of Iceland. The famous Danish philologist, Rasmus Rask, who had made himself a naturalized Icelfander by his familiarity with the country and its language, had united, in 1816, with some learned Icelandic friends to found the Icelandic Literary Society (*Bókmentafjelag*), with the object of publishing works of interest and value to the modern inhabitants of the island. The association had been, to a certain extent, successful, from the outset, but it was not until Jón Sigurdsson assumed its management that it became extraordinarily prosperous. In 1840 he was chosen its secretary, while eleven years later he was elected its president, a place which he held until his death. He

increased its subscribing members to over 800, managed its finances with great skill, and enabled it to publish a long series of valuable and, in some instance, expensive works. It is this association which, for over fifty years, has sent home to Iceland with every Spring a year-book entitled "Skirnir," containing a full and complete narrative of the events of the preceding year in every part of the world, and which has thus aided materially to make the Icelanders the best informed of nations in regard to contemporary history. Among the publications of the society are editions of sagas, various historical and archæological treatises, geographical, mathematical and physical works, biographies, statistics, philological dissertations, works on political economy and on almost all other useful subjects. The publication of all these the president superintended; many of them he himself wrote or compiled. In the meantime, partly for the library of the society, partly for his private library, he gathered from every nook and corner of Iceland, and from foreign countries, a vast number of books and written documents relating to the modern period of Iceland's history and literature. His own collection now at his death becomes the property of the Icelandic nation.

Indebted as Iceland is to Jón Sigurdsson for his learned labors, they are far from constituting his chief claim to her regard. As early as 1839 he threw

himself with all his customary energy into the movement, which, without a leader, had already commenced, with the view of obtaining from Denmark the acknowledgment of Iceland's autonomous rights. Denmark claimed that by virtue of old compacts, and by the events of her whole history, she had no political connection whatever with the people or Government of Denmark; that she was neither a colony nor a dependency of that power; that she had acknowledged the sovereignty of the Kings of Norway on the express condition that she should retain the privilege of self-government, and that her allegiance was due, therefore, only to the King of Denmark as the successor of the Kings of Norway; and that every other living Dane was to her simply a foreigner, occupying merely the relation politically of an Englishman or a Norwegian. To this view the popular party—that is, the whole people—persistently clung. They steadfastly refused to send representatives to the Danish Parliament; they steadfastly refused to be bound by any of the acts of that body. They made demands even higher. They asserted that they would accept no definite settlement of any kind unless the Danish Government at the same time accounted for the moneys received from the unsanctioned sale of the national and ecclesiastical lands. Jón Sigurdsson was at once accepted as the acknowledged champion of this cause. One of his

earliest steps was to publish a life of Franklin, holding up that character as a model designed to encourage among his countrymen mercantile thrift, earnest attention to their own private affairs, and the most watchful interest in all public matters. From this time, side by side with his scholastic researches, he continued his unwearied efforts to secure for his country independence of foreign control. As Speaker of the revived but powerless Althing, he went every other year to Iceland where he delivered addresses, held conferences and called together public meetings. He wrote article after article, both for the Icelandic and Danish journals; he made appeals, now to the people of the one country, now to the people of the other; he published pamphlets; he organized deputations to the King; in short he left no means untried to effect his object. At one period the agitation he promoted grew so violent that the Danish authorities sent a frigate or two to Iceland and landed a small squadron of soldiers. The good sense of Jón Sigurdsson, however, prevented a conflict, the Icelanders contenting themselves with writing biting epigrams and satirical verses on the petty army with which Denmark proposed to conquer the volcanoes and subdue the geysers of their rugged country. In 1851 he succeeded in realizing his project of a constituent assembly which deliberated, formed a constitution, and defined the position to be held by Iceland in

relation to the Danish crown—but the Government refused to ratify its acts. At last, in 1873, he summoned a free assembly of the people of Iceland, to be held on the field of Thingvellir, where, for nearly nine centuries, the National Althing had met. Here, in the midst of objects rich with the memories of their fathers, the people passed resolutions reiterating for the hundredth time their determination to cling forever to their rights, even if they should thereby perish. This was the final blow which shattered the obstinacy of their foes. The next year—memorable as the thousandth anniversary of Iceland's settlement—the King granted the sturdy and stubborn islanders a liberal constitution, conferring legislative functions on the Althing. Denmark likewise agreed to pay a certain interest on the proceeds of the sales of land, and to treat Iceland thenceforth only as a sister realm, united to her merely by a loyal attachment to a common sovereign. It is rare that a triumph so complete is vouchsafed to the endeavors of a single man.

Jón Sigurdsson was a type of the old Northman. Physically he had a large head, a firmly-knit body, a mouth full of decision and eyes full of intelligence. Mentally he was assiduous, energetic, without being impulsive, deliberate in his judgments and persistent in his determinations. He lived at Copenhagen the temperate and unostentatious life of a hard-working student, laboring all day in the public

collections and often far into the night in his own library, but thoroughly genial in his rare hours of relaxation among his own countrymen and those whom he knew to be his country's friends. His ways were the ways of the scholar rather than those of the politician, and only persons who knew him most intimately can conceive his impressive bearing in some of the stormy crises through which he passed. One of these is worth recording. Twenty years ago the Icelandic Althing, having no power to make its will law, was one day engaged in calmly debating some of its customary resolutions against the assumptions of the Danes, when the Governor-General of Iceland, Count Trampe, followed by his suite, suddenly stalked, a petty Cromwell, into the hall, ascended the tribune, and exclaimed: "In the name of the King of Denmark I declare this assembly dissolved." There was an instant of silence at this wholly unexpected interruption of the debate, but the next moment Jón Sigurdsson, with a dignity which no witness of it ever forgot, slowly rose to his feet and said, "And in the name of the King of Denmark and the people of Iceland I protest against this unwarranted intrusion!" Those who knew him best may be able to fancy the grim smile upon his lips when, on walking out of the Parliament House, he saw a score or two of Danish soldiers drawn up in front of the entrance. He dwelt during the whole of the struggle, which he encouraged and led, among

those whom he was obliged to attack and censure as the opponents of his country's freedom, yet he knew how to win and maintain their respect. He was an honorary member of many Danish societies; he received orders and decorations from the Danish King; he was the honored friend of Danish statesmen and Danish scholars. He was a foeman without malice. In Iceland itself he was idolized, his portrait hanging on the walls of every farmstead and every fisherman's cottage. His features will go down to posterity in the marble bust, by a Norwegian sculptor, which adorns the upper house of the Althing at Reykjavík, and in the life-size oil painting which hangs on the walls of the hall in which the lower branch meets. His library, incorporated in the National collection, will preserve the remembrance of his literary toils. His grave, which is to be in Icelandic soil under a monument erected by the people he liberated, will recall his long political career. But better than all these will be the place which he will forever fill in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of his merits as a scholar I do not venture to speak. I only know that his publications, both in Icelandic and Danish, were very numerous. He gave to the world many of those remarkable Sagas and lays for which the literature of his country is noted. He codified, in a series of volumes, the laws of Iceland, and he issued another set of publications

containing statistics of the island. He was the intimate friend of many of the Scandinavian savants. German professors like Konrad Maurer, the leading writer on Anglo-Saxon and old Teutonic law, and Theodor Möbius, of Kiel, the principal German interpreter of the Eddas and Sagas, were among his learned correspondents. In England Dr. Dasent, the learned translator and editor; Baring-Gould, the collector of mediæval legends; the late Sir Edmund Head, an ingenious *littérateur*; Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson, author of the great "Icelandic-English Dictionary," published by Oxford University, and William Morris, the poet, all cite his works with praise—especially his "Diplomatarium Islandicum," containing the oldest charters, deeds, letters and other curious documents relating to Iceland. Scholars like these may prize his labors as an antiquary and historian, but the people of the little nationality which he made free and which loved and honored him with an ardor which almost amounted to adoration, will remember him as their leader through a stormy period.

The funeral of Jón Sigurdsson occurred at Copenhagen on the 12th and 13th of December. On the first named day took place the private ceremony at the residence of the deceased statesman, attended only by the friends of the family, and conducted strictly according to Icelandic customs. The next day the public ceremony in the Garrison Church was

witnessed by many distinguished Danes and the entire colony of Icelanders in the Danish capital.

The services were performed jointly by Dr. Schepelevn, one of the most noted of the Copenhagen clergy, and the Rev. Eivikur Briem, dean of one of the Icelandic ecclesiastical districts. The Chevalier Trap, personal secretary to the King, was in attendance as his Majesty's representative, and was accompanied by a crowd of dignitaries—ministers, heads of departments, professors in the university, secretaries of the learned societies, the President and many members of the Danish Diet now in session, and even officers of the Army and Navy. Young Icelanders, of whom there are between twenty and thirty at the university, sang Icelandic songs in alternation with those of the Danish choir of the church, and a delegation of these students acted as pall-bearers. Addresses were delivered in both Danish and Icelandic. The coffin was covered with flowers contributed by a great variety of persons, from the Queen of Denmark down to some of the poor Icelandic artisans of Copenhagen; while at its head lay a massive wreath of silver, the gift of his countrymen residing in Denmark, bearing his name, the dates of his birth, marriage, and death, and these words in his native tongue: "Iceland's favorite son, her glory, her sword, her shield."

The body was placed in the chapel of the church. It is worthy of note that his wife—the faithful

sharer of his toils and triumphs—died three days after his burial. They left no children. The remains of both are to be removed in the spring to Iceland, at the expense of the Icelandic Government, for permanent interment in Reykjavík, the capital of the country he served so well.

ICELANDIC SETTLEMENTS IN GREENLAND

A NOTABLE addition to our knowledge of American archæology has just been made by Capt. Daniel Bruun, a Danish investigator, who, following in the footsteps of the learned Doctor Kaalund, had already spent much time in examining in Iceland the remains of the farmsteads and temples belonging to the heathen age. Since April of the present year he has been exploring the sites of the Icelandic settlements made in the tenth century on the shores of Greenland, which after flourishing for more than three centuries, were, as is generally surmised, destroyed about the middle of the fifteenth by the invading Eskimos. The colony was divided into two districts, the Vesturbyggd and the Austurbyggd, the latter much the larger. Owing to a misreading of the saga texts, it was long taken for granted that these names indicated the situation of the settlements on the western and eastern coasts of Greenland. Many explorers, at various times, have sought for remains of these old Northmen, but, misled by the geographical error, failed to find them, until finally, as late as 1830, the Danish cap-

tain Graah succeeded in hitting upon several farmsteads and the walls of a church, together with a runic stone, thus proving that the terms employed signified the relative westernmore and easternmore positions of the settlements on the south-west-facing coastline of Greenland. In 1894 Capt. Bruun undertook his first voyage to Greenland, and confined his observations mainly to the Austurbyggd in the modern district of Julianeshaab. This year he has been chiefly engaged in seeking for the almost unvisited Vesturbyggd, lying in the district of Godthaab, and has brought back most gratifying results. Owing to native traditions the Eskimos have, from the days of the missionary Hans Egede, shown great unwillingness to assist in any researches connected with the story of the Old-Northern colonists, but Capt. Bruun was accompanied for much of the time, not only by the official Danish inspector of South Greenland, but by the well-known and intelligent native printer, Lars Möller, who enjoys the respect of all his fellow natives.

Captain Bruun, after an absence of five months, has just returned to Copenhagen, but for full details of his success the public must await his official report. It is, however, known that he has discovered the foundations, generally overgrown with grass, but easily traceable, of many farmsteads, with stone portions, such as the supports of the fodder-

troughs in the stables, for instance, yet standing; the ruins of a church, its churchyard still preserving several Old-Northern skeletons; a stone baptismal font; a head, of European type, carved in walrus bone; and a multitude of relics of all kinds, mostly from the refuse mounds of the settlements, resembling those in Denmark known to geologists as kitchen-middens. These last embrace various sorts of bones, especially of domestic animals, proving that the colonists possessed horses, cows, sheep and goats. On the whole the sites of between 60 and 70 of the 90 farmsteads alluded to in the sagas as existing in the Vesturbyggd have now been fixed; while in Ameralikfjord, where lay the northern boundaries of Austurbyggd, no fewer than 16 farmsteads were traced by Captain Bruun, some of them indicating by their size the importance and wealth of the yeomen who inhabited them. Sites of the old hunting huts were also found, and of *soeters*, or dairy huts, belonging to the high-lying summer pasture lands. It is singular that the relics of such a pasture site should have been surveyed by Captain Bruun in the Austmannadal, which opens into the Ameralikfjord, and at the very point where Nansen and his companions in their perilous snowshoe crossing of the Greenland glaciers, encamped in order to construct the canvas boat with which they succeeded in rowing to Godthaab. Right here lay not a few distinguishable ruins. The last period of Bruun's

researches was occupied with the fjords to the north and south of the trading stations Arsuk and Ivigtut. His achievements will probably lead to some changes in the accepted Old-Northern geography of those regions. They at least furnish important additional proof of the genuineness of the saga accounts relating to the so-called "pre-Columbian" discovery of the Western world. But it is pretty certain that Greenland has not yielded all the information it has to give in regard to the sturdy Icelanders who built hamlets and churches, 900 years ago, on its bleak shores, and who had their priests and bishops, navigators and merchants, and even their warlike chieftains and inspired poets before the struggle between the Norman and Anglo-Saxon in England was fairly ended.

[*N. Y. Nation*, Sept. 3, 1903.]

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES IN ICELAND

[FROM "THE TIMES" (LONDON),
OCTOBER 13TH, 1903.¹]

(In Part)

Copenhagen, October 2.

THE existing constitution of Iceland was conferred upon the island by the present King of Denmark in 1874, on the occasion of the celebration of the millennial anniversary of its settlement. It gave full legislative powers to the ancient Althing (which had been revived, with only advisory functions, in 1845, after a dormancy of more than forty years), and divided it into two houses. At the head of the home government was a Governor-General who represented the King, and presented and explained to the Althing the government bills, previously prepared and sent to him from Copenhagen. To the King was given an absolute veto. The Minister of Justice in the Danish cabinet bore the supplementary title of "Minister for Iceland," and, as such, presided over a ministerial bureau,

¹ With slight modifications and some additions by the writer.

officered, in other respects, partly by Danes and partly by Icelanders. No "Minister for Iceland" since 1874, so far as is known, ever visited Iceland either before or after assuming the title. It is not denied, however, that he has always availed himself of the best counsel and has treated the affairs within his province with careful deliberation and, in general, with good judgment. But the constitution of 1874 is now a generation old, and the love of change is ever new—the sentiment having, in this instance however, no little justification. For many months past a political agitation has been carried on in the Icelandic parliament and press, with the view of bringing about alterations in the island's administration, the special object sought being to concentrate, as far as possible, the various government departments at the island's capital. To effect this an amendment to the fundamental law was necessary. The act required has now passed the Althing of 1903, having previously been adopted, as constitutionally demanded, by the preceding Althing. It does away with the Governor-Generalship, and creates a special "Minister"—the title does not seem to be too happily chosen—solely occupied with Icelandic affairs. He must sit with the Althing, to which he is responsible, being present, as necessity may require, in either house, and must therefore be familiar with the Icelandic language (a euphemistic way of saying that he shall always be an Icelander).

He is to consider Reykjavík his residence, though having, for the sake of convenience, a sub-office at Copenhagen. When in the Danish capital, for the purpose of obtaining the sanction and signature of the sovereign (who still retains the veto power) to the measures approved by the Althing, he has a seat in the Council of State, but has therein no vote, either on matters relating only to Denmark, or on those relating to both Denmark and Iceland, just as the Danish members of the Council have no voice in affairs purely Icelandic. It should be mentioned in this connection that, by the existing arrangement, Iceland contributes nothing towards the maintenance of the monarchy, nor is she called upon to furnish either men or means for the support of the army and navy. It is in consideration of these facts, and, perhaps, in part owing to her self-imposed lack of representation in the Danish parliament, that she has so little to say in reference to transactions concerning both divisions of the kingdom. She pays, however, the salaries of all her officials, the cost of all her public institutions and public works, and the larger share of her expenses of the postal service which connects her with Scotland, Denmark and the continent. The former Governor-General's house in Reykjavík is to be refitted for government offices, while a new official mansion is to be erected for the "Minister," who, in Iceland, becomes the visible head of the state, and who is to be aided by

an "Under-Secretary," and by three chiefs of departmental bureaus. By the new constitutional amendment the two houses of the Althing are slightly enlarged. The people will hereafter elect 34 (instead of 30) members to the lower house, of which eight are to be selected by the elected chamber to sit in the upper house, thus leaving 26 to form the popular body; to the selected eight the King adds, by appointment, six others, so that the upper chamber consists of 14 members (formerly 12, of whom six are designated by the crown). The Althing, as before, will meet every two years, unless called together in special session by the King. On the whole, the effect of the recent measures will be to accentuate Iceland's independence of Danish control rather than greatly to enhance it.

It seems not to be generally understood in England that Iceland has now entered upon a period of marked progress, the result—perhaps somewhat slow in coming—of a generation of self-dependence, which has forever put an end to the foreign misrule of which she was so long the victim. . . . Novel items in the budget are a small appropriation for the advancement of art, in the shape of scholarships for study abroad, and a very liberal one for the planting of forests, that is, for the continuance of the experiments now making, on a considerable scale and by foreign experts, both in the northern and southern provinces. Including all grades and all

classes of schools, the moneys applied, in one shape or another, to education, and in aid of various branches of science and letters (comprising libraries and other collections, popular enlightenment and different subjects of research), now form, as always before, nearly or quite one-fourth of the budget.

Iceland has no debt, and possesses, in valuable securities, a reserve fund of nearly 2,000,000 crowns, of which the interest is reckoned as a part of her yearly receipts, although the principal may be drawn upon in cases of emergency. . . . The population is still a little less than 80,000. This number is, however, a notable increase from the 47,000 souls living in the island at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and the number is constantly, although slowly, augmenting, notwithstanding the large emigration, especially since 1880, to north-western Canada, where there are now many Icelandic churches and other Icelandic institutions. The largest Icelandic journals anywhere printed are issued at Winnipeg, and not a few Icelandic books are among the annual productions of the Canadian press. The great improvements made and making throughout the island in the dwellings of the people, the healthier style of living which prosperity has developed, and the better and more easily obtainable medical service have largely reduced the former prevalent infant mortality, and have prolonged the average duration of life, between the two periods,

1841-1870 and 1871-1900, by nearly ten years. The rapid construction of carriage roads and bridges, at present everywhere in progress, is at once increasing the security and comfort of life, and promoting the extension of trade. There can, then, be no doubt that an enduring prosperity awaits the interesting island. This is secured by its honest and capable government; by its fertile coast and inland fisheries, hardly excelled in any part of the globe, the profit of which is falling more and more into native hands; by its large herds of sheep and ponies (fed by a vast extent of excellent summer mountain pasturage) amounting to 12 head of sheep to each inhabitant, and to one horse to every two inhabitants; and finally, by its many available minor resources. . . .

Both the internal and the coast post are very completely organized, the former making, even in winter, its regular trips over fixed routes. It is no easy duty for him who carries it, tireless and fearless rider as he usually is. On his hardy, sure-footed pony, often with incredible swiftness, the Icelandic postman speeds, in the year's frigid months, across unending lava tracts, far-extending sandy stretches and great plains of trackless snow. He takes his way over mountains, through gorges, under the chilly steeps of glaciers, now plunging into broad streams or fierce torrents, milky-white and dense with fragments of rolling and tumbling ice, now

struggling against furious arctic tempests of wind and rain and arrowy sleet—hardly comforted, at times, by the splendid gleaming of the auroras which mantle the wintry skies, or by hopeful visions of the fair sunshine and soft airs and bright verdure and darkless nights through which he will merrily ride, when the delightsome Icelandic summer comes to make every harsh and rigid feature beautiful. But he and his stalwart companions bring, with astonishing regularity, the passing glories of the far-off world, and the welcome greetings of distant friends, to the waiting doors of every isolated farmhouse.

But this opportunity for an enhanced trade with her nearest neighbor to the south does not complete the list of fortune's recent favours to Iceland. When, a few days ago, King Christian at the palace of Fredensborg—in which Queen Alexandra and the Empress Dagmar of Russia and the King of the Hellenes were then household guests—affixed his signature to the lately enacted constitutional provisions, he likewise signed a patent conferring upon the insular commonwealth a fresh and more picturesque coat of arms. Its old one had not been much in evidence of late, but those familiar with the legal and other literature of modern Iceland will have encountered it boldly engraved on copper or wood, in not a few old printed books. It took the form of that typical emblem of Iceland's trade, the clipped

stockfish, royally crowned and duly displayed on a proper shield. The one now sanctioned by the head of the state, after the fitting approval, let us hope, of authorized heralds, represents a white falcon on a blue ground. The *falco islandicus*, connected with the true gerfalcon and sometimes called by its name, is Iceland's most formidable bird of prey. In the days when falconry was one of the favourite sports of royalty, she supplied, through the intermediary of the Danish monarch, this skillful hunter of his fellow denizens of the air to the courts of Europe, especially to those of the German empire and of the kingdoms of the north. Like all symbolic creatures drawn from the real or fancied animal kingdom—eagles and lions, griffins and dragons—the falcon cannot well or easily be depicted or wrought upon a banner, which must be made up of simpler elements, such as regularly shaped and readily formed bands, stars, crosses and the like; but it is not intended to be so used, the commercial flag of Iceland being, of course, the white St. Valdemar's cross of Denmark. But the falcon will serve well enough for a seal of state, a patriotic emblem, or a decorative ornament. It may be an additional recommendation that the bird played a part, according to some interpreters of the mythological writings, in the old-Icelandic Valhalla. We are told that the goddess Freya "had a falcon guise"; and

every reader will recall the story of the loan of her robe of feathers to the malicious Loki.

In December 1918, Iceland secured practical autonomy by a Law of Confederation regulating the political relations with Denmark. By this law the two countries were declared to be sovereign states united by a common king, the citizens of each country enjoying equal rights and privileges. Matters of common interest are to be settled by joint agreements. Denmark announced that Iceland declares itself to be perpetually neutral, and has no naval flag of its own. [ED.]

ICELAND

[FROM PROF. FISKE'S "CHESS IN ICELAND,"
1905, p. 1.]

THE island of Iceland is an anomaly and a marvel—an anomaly in its natural history, for almost everywhere in its domain we find the living fierceness of volcanic heat coping with the death-like desolation of Arctic cold; and a marvel in its political history, which exhibits the spectacle of a pagan people, at an age preceding the morning of modern civilization on the mainland of Europe, building up, without any aid from the jurisprudence or polity of Rome, a complex but consistent code of laws, and a remarkable system of self-government, in which both the rights of the individual and the general good of the community were cautiously cared for. In the ingenious minds of its early lawmakers originated the existing form of trial by jury—that palladium of personal liberty; while the people themselves, sprung from the best blood of mountainous Norway, whose inborn love of freedom had sent them to the distant oceanic isle, created, as if by an impulse of instinct, a representa-

tive parliament, the yearly sessions of which took place, almost without a break, for nearly nine hundred years; so that its legitimate successor—the present Althing—may boast of being, by some centuries, the oldest legislative body in the world. The classic writers of the Commonwealth thus established, bequeathed to posterity many delightful pictures of the wonderful life of the unique insular nationality, and of that of their kin in the other Scandinavian lands—narratives scarcely excelled in literature for minute and characteristic detail.

The old Icelandic poetry, too, from that sublime mythological and legendary epic, the so-styled Elder Edda, down to the elaborately wrought longer Skaldic lays, and the briefer, metrical impromptus and epigrams—witty, dashing, biting—scattered throughout the sagas, markedly displays the fact that the imagination is not alone excited by the genial air, the spicy perfumes and the luxuriant nature of the South, but glows with fervor even in the rocky, treeless, icy North. Like the very earliest blossoms of the Northern temperate zone—such as the winter-born trailing-arbutus and the modest hepatica—the flowers of poesy bloom even amid the snows.

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