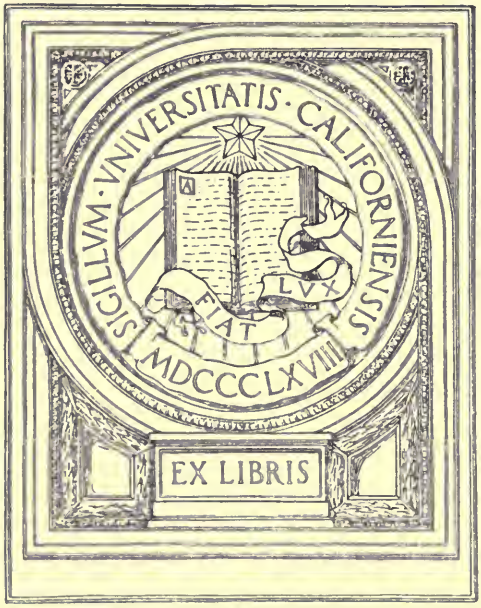

MEMORIALS
of
WILLARD FISKE

I
THE EDITOR

II
THE TRAVELLER

III
THE LECTURER

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

COLLECTED BY
HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR
HORATIO S. WHITE

I
THE EDITOR

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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 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 traveled 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 later. 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 present volume is designed to be one of a short series illustrating the various forms of Willard Fiske's literary activities. Those activities were displayed in echoes of foreign travel, at the librarian's desk, in the editorial chair, and from the professorial cathedra. The previous brief summary of

Mr. Fiske's life sufficiently indicates the times and seasons of these activities. The longest continuous period of his editorial service was comprised during the years 1863-65, while he was connected with the Syracuse *Journal.* Among the courses which he conducted at Cornell University was one on journalism, which contained material of much practical value. Much of his work was naturally of an ephemeral nature, but its quality was always compact and finished. The selections which follow are intended to reveal his editorial ideals,—his desire to disseminate 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. In his criticisms of municipal matters and in his championship of local improvements and embellishments one detects the trained observer, and marks the faithful wounds of a friend. And among the comments on current events in the course of two most fateful years at home and abroad, there are utterances of unusual political discernment, and of an ardent patriotism. Specially timely today are his varied suggestions for a suitable monument to the noble dead of the Civil War; and his editorial on the death of Lincoln, struck off at white heat while the trag-

edy was but a few hours old, has remained to the present time a classic prose threnody for the great leader.

Apart from the regular editorials and more extended articles, Mr. Fiske compiled from time to time many brief paragraphs of miscellaneous interest under such general headings as "Personal and Literary," "Foreign Gossip," "Literary Notes," "Scientific," "Personal Brevities," "Notes for the Curious," "Geographical,"—the latter evidently the outcome of his secretaryship of the Geographical Society;—and probably "Art and Artists" and "Musical." The *Journal* was in receipt of unusually full files of European dailies and weeklies, and Mr. Fiske's articles, and the notes which he collected, were characterized by great intelligence and acumen, were of the widest range, and of 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. How happy the tribute to him on page 264, under date of August 26, 1865, with the title "Acknowledgments"!

Besides random specimens of the various "Notes," many of Mr. Fiske's longer articles have been included, with the hope that incidentally a partial glimpse may be afforded of a standard American newspaper half a century ago.

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

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December 5, 1863

"PERSONAL AND LITERARY"

THE European world of letters has lately suffered some noteworthy losses. Jacob Grimm, one of the most eminent philologists of the country, died lately at Berlin, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. His knowledge of the various Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects, and of their relations to the other languages of Europe and Asia, was wonderfully exact and thorough. One who met him last autumn at Munich describes him as a venerable looking man, with the fresh color of youth still lingering on his cheeks, and long locks of a snowy whiteness flowing about his shoulders. His broad-brimmed hat, his friendly, half-patriarchal manner, and his neat precision of costume gave him the look of a Quaker gentleman. His huge linguistic collections were so admirably arranged that the great German dictionary, begun by himself and his equally celebrated brother, Wilhelm Grimm, is to be

completed as fast as the printers and proof-readers can perform their tasks. Few men ever did such a vast amount of literary labor, and few ever gave to the world such a mass of original matter as Jacob Grimm.

In Paris, Alfred Victor Count De Vigny has just ended his days at the age of sixty-four. He was one of the forty of the French Academy, and held a distinguished rank among the modern poets of France. His first work was published as early as 1815, and his most famous book,—the "Cinq Mars," —which gave him at once a high place in French letters, was issued in 1826.

A new literary weekly is to appear in New York with the commencement of 1864. It is to combine the leading features of the *Athenæum* and *Saturday Review* of London, that is, a part of each issue is to be devoted to book-criticisms, and literary news, and the other portion is to be filled with brilliant essays by prominent prose writers. It is to be managed by the brothers Sweetser, one of whom has been for some time connected with the *World*, and among the writers are mentioned Ik Marvel, Richard Henry Stoddard and Edmund Clarence Stedman. The enterprise is said to be supported by a large amount of capital.

We have in general very little idea of the vitality and extent of Anglo-Australian civilization. Australia now has its *Medical and Surgical Review*,

Law Journal, and many other scientific periodicals. The daily papers of Sidney and Melbourne are hardly to be distinguished, either in size, advertising patronage or editorial ability, from the average of London and New York journals. Literary journals abound in all the Australasian provinces, and the book-publishing trade is already very extensive and is rapidly increasing. At Auckland, in New Zealand, the first number of an able literary monthly has just appeared under the title of *The Southern Monthly Magazine*. This remote part of the world is also blessed with a number of learned societies whose transactions are as bulky and as hard to digest as those of any of their European and American compeers.

Frederick VII, King of Denmark, the news of whose death was brought by the last steamer, was the last of the Oldenburg dynasty, which has been seated upon the Danish throne for two centuries. His early education and associations were bad, but he possessed many generous qualities. He fully confirmed the free constitution bestowed upon Denmark by his father, the accomplished Christian VIII, and has favored every progressive movement since his advent to the throne. He was utterly unambitious, simple in his manners and tastes, and was popular among all classes of his subjects except those belonging to the aristocracy. After two unhappy royal alliances he finally married mor-

ganatically a dressmaker of Copenhagen by the name of Rasmussen, whom he ennobled under the title of the Countess Danner. He was tenderly attached to this last spouse, whom he effectually shielded from the insults of the Danish nobility enraged at the mesalliance of their monarch. She survives him and is left in possession of a million of dollars or more which Frederick at the time of the marriage invested in her name in the English funds.

Bayard Taylor, whose novel "Hannah Thurston," is meeting with a very large sale, has just returned from a lecturing tour in Canada, and is passing some days with his friends in New York. A series of short stories from his pen will appear in the coming volume of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Gumpach, a German scientific writer, is out with a new treatise on the system of the universe which has startled the savans of the continent, some of whom do not hesitate to style the author insane. He maintains that comets are the crude material out of which new planets are made, or in the words of his critics, "baby worlds." He calls the theory of the attraction of the heavenly bodies an exploded hypothesis, and maintains that the planets are kept in their orbits not by attraction, but by repulsion.

December 9, 1863

"BAYORD TAYLOR ON RUSSIA"

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR will deliver his new lecture on Russia to-morrow (Thursday) evening, before the Franklin Institute. The subject is one of vast interest to Americans in the present state of the world's politics, and there is probably no person outside of the Czar's dominions so well able to treat it fully and thoroughly as Mr. Taylor. After having previously travelled from one end of European Russia to the other, he accompanied Mr. Cameron to St. Petersburg, in the summer of 1863, as Secretary of Legation, and upon the resignation of that Minister soon afterwards, he was left for several months in charge of the mission. It is not too much to say that we have never been so ably represented at the Court of the great Northern Power as during the period of Mr. Taylor's acting ministry. His knowledge of European manners and mode of life enabled him to maintain a more respectable household than any minister before him, although his salary was only one-half of that paid to an actual minister. His wonderful facility in the acquisition of languages enabled him

to complete his knowledge of the Russian in a very brief space of time, so that in two months after his arrival at St. Petersburg he could converse easily with all classes of the people. With Gorchakoff, the Russian premier, he was upon terms of social intercourse, such as were accorded to no other diplomat resident in the Capital, and to Mr. Taylor's personal influence upon this statesman the country is largely indebted for the consistent and friendly course pursued by the Russian government towards our own during the past two years. To Alexander the Second he at once commended himself by his great familiarity with Russian history, and his well known distinction as a traveller and author. He was always warmly welcomed at the Imperial Palace, and upon the thousandth anniversary of the establishment of the Russian Empire he wrote a poem which was speedily translated, and which not only increased the friendliness of the Emperor, but made him also popular throughout the nation. When the history of our diplomacy, often too wretchedly managed, comes to be written, Mr. Taylor will receive a share of credit which in the excitement of home events we have forgotten to give him.

The success of Mr. Taylor's novel, "Hannah Thurston," which is another among a hundred proofs of the many-sidedness of his talent, will lead many to attend his lecture to welcome home such a wonderful portrayer of our social manners.

December 22, 1863

"FOREIGN GOSSIP"

ALTHOUGH England, with her usual cold cautiousness, and Austria, with her customary haughty reserve, have turned a cold shoulder to Napoleon's proposed European Congress, yet the project meets with favor in other quarters. Victor Emanuel, the honest King of Italy, and Charles the Fifteenth of Sweden, the grandson of the first Napoleon's recusant Marshal Bernadotte, have both signified their intention of being present in person. It is rumored, too, that the Sultan of Turkey has intimated his intention of becoming the guest of his imperial brother of France—the first visit of the head of the Mohammedan church to a Giaour capital since Mohammed IV in 1563 thundered at the gates of Vienna. The Kings of Denmark and Portugal have signified their adherence to the Congressional project. Should Russia and Prussia accept the invitation of Napoleon the Congress may still be held, leaving Great Britain out in the cold. Such a result would be a severe blow to English prestige on the Continent.

Garibaldi, in answer to the expressed wish of the municipality of Potenza—a city of Southern Italy —to erect a memorial in honor of the benefits which he has conferred upon the nation, has written one of his striking and stirring letters, which, in spite of the difference in language, forcibly reminds us of the pithy notes of our President. He says, "As to the proposed monument to me, I beg you will dismiss all thoughts of it. As long as the soldiers of two foreign nations riot on our soil, as long as there remain in Italy misery, chains and darkness, speak not of monuments, least of all to me."

Buckle, the lamented author of the fragmentary "History of Civilization," was one of the best chess-players in England. The *Illustrated News*, of London, in the weekly column which it devotes to chess, is now publishing the games played by Mr. Buckle, accompanied by elaborate comments from the pen of Mr. Staunton.

Some months ago an Australian paper, under the heading "A Baronet Wanted," advertised for the whereabouts of a Mr. Frederick Hughes, who, by the death of a distant relative, had become a baronet. A late *Ballarat Journal* states that, through the instrumentality of a neighbor who read the notice, Sir Frederick has been discovered. He had become a wood-cutter in a wild part of Australia, and by the accidental falling of a tree, lost, a year or two since, the use of his lower limbs. From

the time of his misfortune, the present Lady Hughes had been supported by the Poor Commissioners. The late wood-cutter receives a considerable property in addition to the title.

The London papers state that a lady of Torquay had just died and left a legacy of forty thousand pounds to Mr. Disraeli. The testator was a total stranger to the great conservative leader, whom she had never seen, but of whose political course she expressed the warmest feelings of admiration.

Countess Danner, the spouse by a morganatic marriage of the late King of Denmark, has retired to Minden in Germany, where she has relatives, and where she will be able to pass the remainder of her days in luxury, owing to the munificence of her husband. The feeling against her among the Danish nobility, although much assuaged since her marriage by her unostentatious and simple habits, would hardly permit her to live a quiet life in Denmark.

The Queen of England has strictly prohibited smoking in the precincts of Windsor Castle, and some arrests have taken place for the violation of this order.

The young King of Greece is just now in high favor with his subjects. He is extremely democratic in his tastes and manners, and takes daily walks through the streets of Athens, talking with the market-women and shopmen. Such a thing would never have happened in the days of the ban-

ished Otho, and the Greeks highly relish the novelty of such royalty.

Hales, the Norfolk Giant, died the other day at Great Yarmouth in England of consumption. He was born in 1820, and measured just seven feet and six inches in height. He was presented to several continental sovereigns, was exhibited by Barnum in this country, and received a present of a gold watch and chain from Queen Victoria.

The English census of 1861 contains some curious statistics of literary classes. The number of "authors, editors, and writers" was 1528 males and 145 females. Of these, four, two males and two females, were between the ages of 80 and 85. The largest number of authors ranged from 30 to 35 years of age, and the greater number of authoresses from 45 to 50. One person is described as by profession, "an orator." A solitary authoress resides in the Channel Islands, and her age is dubiously stated as "between 35 and 45."

December 28, 1863

"GEOGRAPHICAL"

AFRICA still clutches her old mystery, which has evaded all the science of the past, and yields it up with reluctance to the persistent explorers of this untiring century. The last decade has witnessed a wonderful progress in knowledge of the central regions of Africa. We know that south of the equator, through the blank Terra Incognita of our atlasses, stretches a series of magnificent lakes, comparable in size to the great chain of inland seas along the northern border of our own country. Of these the principal are Nyanza, Tanganyika, Nyassa, Shirwa and N'gami. The Nyanza—a sheet of water 150 miles in length and collecting the drainage of a large watershed—is the chief source of the White Nile. The late discovery of this fact by Captain Speke has solved the most baffling problem in the science of physical geography, and entitles the gallant East India Captain to a rank among the foremost benefactors of science. The more southern lakes, one of which is more than three hundred miles in length, are sup-

posed to be connected with each other by water-courses, and to pour their waters into the ocean through the Shire and Zambesi Rivers. These lakes are doubtless destined to be the seat of a huge commerce in that coming age when the continent of Africa shall be subjected to the rule of a higher civilization. May not the emancipation of four millions of African bondsmen on this continent prove to be the dawn of that brighter day to the heathen races which people the valleys of the Nile, the Niger and the Zambesi?

What Speke has done for Central Africa, and Livingston for South Africa, Duveyrier, a Frenchman, has been doing for the Northern portion of the Continent. From 1858 to the end of 1861 he was engaged in exploring the Sahara, and under his labors the desert has been made to bloom with unexpected beauties. He has traversed new routes, discovered a multitude of unknown monuments of a former civilization, and has made himself familiar with the manners and peculiarities of the people whose nomadic homes lie in the desert. Duveyrier, who in his youth, his perseverance and his enthusiasm for science resembles Speke, is now in France preparing the results of his extended travels for publication. Speke is also at home, and the first volume of his "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" was to appear in London on the fifteenth of December. Livingston was at the last accounts

combating the difficulties of fever, native jealousy and want of proper transportation, in his endeavors to reach for the second time and to explore Lake Shirwa, a watery expanse of 250 miles in length and 50 miles broad.

In the progress of a late expedition into Saharan Africa, led by Mr. Feraud, a Frenchman employed as an interpreter by the Algerian military authorities, and Mr. Henry Christy, an adventurous Englishman, a curious discovery was made. Near the source of the Bon-Mazoury the travelers came upon a great plain, three leagues in extent, which proved to be the cemetery of a past race. It was thickly covered with tumuli or burial-mounds, interspersed here and there with huge but rude monuments of stone. Several were opened and found to contain skeletons of men, horses and birds, iron and copper rings, buckles, vases and fragments of pottery, and flint instruments of various kinds. In one was discovered a medal of the Roman Faustina, who lived in the second century. The method of the interment appeared to be the same as that pursued by the builders of the Etruscan tombs.

The Austrian government has decided to send a well-furnished party into Central Africa under the leadership of Miani, a Venetian, who has, in a previous attempt, added somewhat to our information of the Upper Nile domain, but who is called a charlatan by some of the English geographers.

January 5, 1864

"LITERARY NOTES"

BAYARD TAYLOR lays the scene of his "Hannah Thurston" in Central New York, and the careful reader will notice the accurate description of our landscapes. The valleys open to the Northward, the beautiful summer tints of the Onondaga group of hills, the autumn haze which seems to enlarge their outlines and make them look like mountains, and the various changes of our climate, are all described with the truthfulness which leads to immediate recognition. Mr. Taylor's familiarity with the American flora is wonderful, and might well be envied by a professional botanist. It is said that in riding through a region he recognizes at a glance the most distant trees merely by their outlines. And there is no wild flower of our forests so small that it has escaped his observation, or whose name and history he does not know by heart. It will interest his admirers to know that his novel has, in general, been warmly received by the English press, and that its sale promises to be even larger in the old country than at home. It is about to be translated into German.

A curious thing has turned up in archæology, or rather in that special department of archæological science known as "Egyptology." This is nothing less than a hieroglyphic manuscript of papyrus, containing the autobiography of an ancient Egyptian adventurer, a portion of a poem, and an entire novel. It would be hazardous to state the date of the remote period to which the chronologists refer the authorship of some of these pieces. A French and an English scholar have both prepared versions, and their interpretations exactly coincide.

Who that has ever read them will forget the superb charades of Praed? What writer of poetry has not meditated for hours on the possible meaning of the one commencing:

"Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt," which has never been satisfactorily solved? In these poetical puzzles Praed excelled all native and foreign writers of verse. A complete collection of his poems, edited by his widow, is shortly to make its appearance in London.

Captain Burton, the oriental traveller, has lately been spending some months in Equatorial Africa, hunting gorillas, dodging the cannibals, and exploring unvisited ranges of mountains and unknown tracts of forest. The account of his wanderings, which partly confirm and partly eschew the previous exploration of Du Chaillu, is bearing the queer title of "Abeokuta," and will not be the least in-

teresting of the many volumes of travels shortly to appear in the old world.

The offer, already mentioned in the *Journal*, made by the Parisian publisher to Alexander Dumas for a book of cookery, was 30,000 francs in cash, and 10,000 francs annually for a term of years. The celebrated novelist rejected the proffer on the ground that any book written by him would be above the comprehension of the kitchen, and would therefore be useless.

Tennyson has a new poem for publication under the title "Enoch, the Fisherman."

January 9, 1864

"THACKERAY"

THE last steamer from England brought to the country the intelligence of an irreparable loss to the world of letters. William Makepeace Thackeray, undoubtedly one of the greatest writers of fiction yet produced by any literature, was found dead in his bed on the morning of December 24th. He was born of English parentage in Calcutta, India, in the year 1811. He was sent to England in his seventh year, where he received his education at the Charterhouse school in London and at Cambridge University. He inherited, on coming of age, a fortune of 20,000 pounds, chose art for his profession, and travelled and studied for several years in France, Italy and Germany. Reminiscences of his early art studies are interwoven into his fictions, many of which are illustrated by his own pencil. His fortune became greatly reduced by unfortunate speculations, and before his 30th year he returned to England permanently and gave himself to literature. He wrote for various magazines, and published some small works separately, but without

acquiring special renown for several years. In 1841, upon the establishment of *Punch*, his anonymous articles under such titles as "The Fat Contributor," "The Snob Papers," and "Jeames's Diary," were immediately popular, and aided largely in establishing the new humorous journal. In 1846-8 *Vanity Fair*, illustrated by himself, was published in numbers. When it began, his name was generally unknown; when it closed, he held an acknowledged position as one of the first novelists of the age. "Pendennis," his second great work, was finished in 1850, "Henry Esmond" in 1852, "The Newcomes" in 1855, "The Virginians" in 1859 and "The Adventures of Philip" in 1863. Besides these he wrote a host of shorter tales, Christmas stories and ballads. It was in a preface to one of these minor effusions—"The Kickleburys on the Rhine" —that Thackeray, under the title of an "Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," made his famous attack on the *Times* newspaper, then all-powerful in England. Two of his most remarkable books are his volumes of lectures upon "The English Humorists of the 18th Century," and "The Four Georges." Both of these series of lectures were delivered in the United States, where he was kindly received, and whose government, people and national characteristics he warmly admired. In 1857 he ran as a Liberal candidate for Parliament in the City of Oxford, declaring himself an advocate of the ballot and

of the diminution of the political influence of the hereditary aristocracy of England. He was defeated by 67 votes. In January, 1860, appeared, under the editorial charge of Thackeray, the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which produced an immediate revolution in English periodical literature and which has been followed by a score of imitations.

Thackeray was in the true sense of the word a reformer. He did not, like Dickens, organize a series of systematic attacks upon the great wrongs in the political system of England. But there were few social evils which escaped his satire. He was the first to proclaim the hollowness and pretension, the vulgarity veneered with dress and wealth, of the upper stratum of London society. The term "snob," which he applied to the representatives of this class, acquired its celebrity from his use of it. Snobbishness was his peculiar aversion. It was the one hate of his life. He did not cease to attack it by day or by night. In the pages of *Punch*, in his fictions, in his lectures, in his private life, at the Club, or at the social gathering, he never lost an opportunity of "taking down"—as the phrase runs —the snobbish Englishman. The aristocracy, where snobbishness finds a congenial soil and climate, saw that the coat fitted and applied these assaults of Thackeray to itself. The great novelist was carefully excluded from the invitations to din-

ner, to country excursions, to grouse-shooting, extended by His Grace, the Duke of This, or the Most Noble, the Marquis of That, to all lesser snobs. He was the frequent subject of attack at the clubs by the young sprigs of nobility, and nobody knew so well how to repel these thrusts as Thackeray. Very lately his rejection as one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Shakespeare Committee showed how keenly his ringing blows were felt by the aristocracy and its hangers on. A thoroughly loyal Englishman, he disliked the shams of its titled nobility and hated the pretentious, unearned glory of royalty, which he delighted to turn inside out—as in his Lecture on "The Georges,"—and show the world that it was only the merest tinsel after all.

Our literary societies and clubs will doubtless meet to pass long resolutions of condolence. The magazines and newspapers will be filled with obituaries. Committees will be appointed in England to perpetuate his form in bronze. But his greatest monument will be in the minds and memories, the emotions and sympathies, of all coming generations of novel-readers. Like the dead Scott and the living Dickens, he has long stood in the department of English fiction above and beyond all criticism. The soft eyes of maidens that have overflowed with tears at the sorrows of Amelia and Laura, the manly young hearts that have been grieved by the youthful troubles of Pendennis, the glowing sympathies with

which we follow the life of the gentle, the noble, the true-hearted Colonel Newcome, to its serene but half-melancholy close, the unalloyed delights which cluster around the perusal of the humorous and satirical "Yellowplush Papers"—these are the materials of which his monument shall be made. O mind of rare wit, O brain of rare genius, O heart of rare humanity, O soul of tenderness, the New World, which knew thee better and loved thee more than Old England, recalling with sadness the delights of the last Christmas festival when thou wert lying dead on thy bed, bids thee sadly good-bye and cherishes thy memory forever.

January 14, 1864

"THE DANISH QUESTION"

A GREAT meeting of Germans, whereat many foggy speeches were delivered, has been held in London to sympathize with the oppressed people of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. This has been followed, of course, by a greater meeting of the same kind and for the same purpose at New York, whereat still more foggy speeches were delivered. This question of "Schleswig-Holstein" is simply a German mystification, which a few lines of common sense will enable our readers to understand.

The Duchy of Holstein, lying between the North Sea and the Baltic, is and always has been a German province, having a German population speaking the German language. A long time ago it chose for its duke or ruler a Danish King, whose successors have all continued to fill that position. As a German province Holstein belongs to the Germanic Confederation and the Kings of Denmark, as rulers of Holstein, have been represented, like other German Princes, in that shadowy diet which sits at Frankfort and shivers around the ghost of German nationality.

The northern boundary of Holstein is formed by the river Eider, across which lies the other duchy, Schleswig, upon which the quarrel especially turns. Schleswig, unlike Holstein, was, down to within a period not very remote, almost a purely Danish or Scandinavian province. The language, the customs, the lineage of the people were Danish, except in one marshy corner of the country, where a dialect neither German nor Danish was spoken. But latterly, owing to the greater force of the German race and tongue, the southernmost half of this Duchy has become to a great extent Germanized. This fact, however, has never changed the political character of the land. From time immemorial Schleswig, down to the Eider and throughout its whole extent, has been a Danish province. It never belonged for an hour to the Germanic Confederation. Even now one-half of the people speak and understand only Danish. In the revolutionary period of 1848-9 some turbulent Germanized demagogues of Southern Schleswig endeavored to bring about a political union with Holstein. The struggle was fought out, and partly by the bravery of the Danes, and partly by the interference of the great powers, gallant little Denmark succeeded in maintaining its rights.

Let our readers remember that this is no question of bad government or tyrannical oppression. Schleswig, attached to Denmark, enjoys a constitu-

tion as thoroughly liberal as any constitution in a limited monarchy can be, and far more liberal than those under which the great majority of Germans live. Schleswig, attached to Germany, would but add one more to those insignificant states known as German principalities, and might perhaps become subject to some such benign sovereignty as the petty despot who lords it over the unfortunate people of Hesse Cassel. Adhering to Denmark, to which by all of its historical traditions it belongs, it would be a member of a small but respected power, whose citizens are blest with civil and religious freedom. Forced to form a connection with Germany, it would give up its past, exchange a certainty of good government for the chance of a bad one and find itself involved in the hazy and dubious maze of Teutonic politics.

We have said these things because Germany, from the fact that its language is more widely understood and its press more frequently quoted than those of Denmark, has almost made the world believe that Schleswig and Holstein are both German provinces, which the hated Danes are treating as England formerly treated Ireland, or as Austria is now treating Venetia. "Schleswig-Holstein" is a concatenation of words never heard at all until within a few years, and it has deceived a large portion of the liberal press. We are hearty advocates of the unity and nationality of Germany. But until Germany

has become itself united, until it has acquired for itself a place among nations, until it has completely demonstrated its ability to regulate its own confused internal affairs, let it refrain from infringing upon the rights of its weaker but better governed neighbors. The German people have plenty of hard work to do at home. Until they have accomplished it they only serve the despotic ends of the score of tyrants with which they are cursed, in engaging in these petty side quarrels.

We shall have a word to say before long in reference to the present state of Holstein, and the claims of the Prince of Augustenburg to be considered its Duke. Meanwhile let us hope that American readers will constantly bear in mind that the relations of Holstein, both to Germany and Denmark, are totally distinct from those borne by Schleswig to the same countries.

January 19, 1864

"THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE"

FOR some years political prophets have, from time to time, predicted an immediate and general outbreak in Europe. At last it really seems as if the stale and oft-repeated prophecy is about to be fulfilled. The continent, from one end to the other, is aflame with agitation. Almost every country of the Old World has its political volcano and the indications plainly are that the pent-up fires are about to burst forth. If we may trust what appear to be the unmistakable signs of the times, the same year which will probably witness the quenching of the great American Rebellion will also witness the commencement of a struggle on the other side of the Atlantic, destined to shatter the bonds of society and to uproot the established forms of government as completely as did the memorable French Revolution of the last century.

Problems apparently capable of no other solution than that of the sword now harass European diplomatists and statesmen. In Italy, the questions of Venetia and Rome; in Germany, the growing and

irrepressible desire for national unity; in Austria, the unyielding attitude of the Hungarians, Croatians and Venetians; in Prussia, the quarrel, characterized by dogged obstinacy upon both sides, between the King and the people; in Russia, the situation of Poland and Circassia; in Turkey, the feeble hold of the Mohammedans upon the European portion of their domain, and the extended disaffection of the Sultan's Christian subjects; in Scandinavia, the old conflict with Germany concerning the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, now rapidly assuming the shape of a fierce war; in France, the state of the finances and the increasing dissatisfaction with the government—these are only a portion of the difficulties with which Europe is now beset. Through this sea of complications the continent is swiftly and surely drifting into a war, and the clash of the terrible armaments of modern times will soon resound from the Neva to the Seine. Even the most conservative journals of England have given up the hope of a continued peace, and intently wait the application of the torch to some spot in the combustible fabric of European society.

The results of the approaching conflagration lie hidden in the recesses of an impenetrable future, and he is a venturesome man who attempts to predict what the clearing up of the smoke of battle will disclose. We can only hope that the consequences of the combat will be favorable to the progress of

humanity. We can only pray that the blood which must be shed may not flow in vain, and that the crushed nationalities, after the storm and the whirlwind of war, will arise re-constituted, and, endowed with liberal and popular governments, enter upon a new period of peaceful and enlightened prosperity.

January 19, 1864

"SIGHING"

I WENT to the North, and the sleety wind
Through the groaning fir-trees passed,
As if great Thor, in his thunderous might,
Bestrode and berode the strident blast;
But I came ever back to thee.

I went to the South, and the wooing sun
Paid ardent suit to the orange bowers,
Kissing and kissing with kisses of love
The bursting buds and the blooming flowers;
But I came ever back to thee.

I went to the East, and the domed palms
Gazed out where the stretching desert ran,
Waving their heads with a welcome proud
To beckon the nearing caravan;
But I came ever back to thee.

I went to the West and the world-old pines
Like groves of topless cathedral spires,
Looked up to their brothers, the snow-crowned peaks
And down on the raging prairie fires;
But I came ever back to thee.

I sigh to the North, I sigh to the South,
And I sigh to the East and West,
But the North is cold, and the South is hot,
And the East and West send me no rest,
If thou comest not back to me.

January 20, 1864

"SCIENTIFIC"

A NEW planet (the 79th of the series) has just been discovered by Tempel, a continental astronomer. A new comet (the 6th for the year) was discovered by Julius Schmidt, director of the observatory at Athens, Greece, on the 13th of November.

A Frenchman has lately patented a composition, made of the refuse of slate and other materials, which promises to form a cheap and durable artificial stone for building purposes.

In a striking paper on the "Physical Constitution of the Sun," Mr. E. W. Brayley, an English astronomical writer, presents the following curious statistics: "A railway-train at the average speed of 30 miles an hour, continuously maintained, would arrive at the moon in 11 months, but would not reach the sun in less than 352 years; so that if such a train had been started in the year 1512, the third year of the reign of King Henry VIII., it would reach the sun in 1864. When arrived it would be rather more than a year and a half in reaching the sun's

center, three years and one-quarter in passing through the sun, supposing it was tunnelled through, and ten years and one-eighth in going round it. How great these dimensions are, may be conceived from the statement that the same train would attain the center of the earth in five days and a half, pass through in eleven days, and go round it in thirty-seven days."

An American has just patented a novel and cheap method of making coal gas by the use of superheated steam. A company is now forming in New York under this patent for supplying gas at from one to two dollars per 1000 feet less than the price now charged. The gas is to be manufactured from a mineral bitumen found in Ritchie County, West Virginia, and is to be carried to the consumers compressed in sheet-iron cans.

In France a new feature has been added to photography. A man may now enter a photographic studio, constructed according to a new method, be therein photographed in a few seconds, and on calling in a day or two, receive instead of the usual photographic print of one's face and figure, an exact fac-simile of himself in the shape of a statuette in modelling clay. The process appears to be simple, mechanical application supplementing the chemical results in the first instance. The sitter is placed in a circular chamber lighted from above; around the walls of this chamber are placed, at

equal distances, 24 lenses by means of which he is photographed in every possible view. By a mechanical contrivance of extreme ingenuity, three images of the sitter are traced and moulded upon the clay. Under the hands of an experienced modeller, a most faithful likeness is then worked out, the statuette being about a foot in height. The process has been patented throughout Europe.

A match machine is now in operation at Kenosha, Wisconsin, which turns out 1000 matches per minute.

The report of Captain Gilliss, Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory, is this year of unusual interest. He states that formerly nearly three-fourths of the annual appropriations by Congress went abroad for the purchase of sextants, chronometers and other instruments. It has been found, however, that our own mechanics are behind those of no other country in the manufacture of these articles, and the whole amount is now expended at home. Maury, the predecessor of Captain Gilliss, and now a Confederate agent in Europe, left the observations of ten years unreduced. These are now all reduced and ready for the printer.

The United States Coast Survey, the most perfect organization of its kind in the world, issued 15,780 charts to vessels during the past year.

February 4, 1864

"GERMANY AND DENMARK"

THE Commissioners appointed by the Federal Diet at Frankfort, accompanied by the troops of several German powers, have entered Holstein, have taken possession of the entire Duchy, and have carried into effect what, in the misty parlance of German diplomacy, is styled "a Federal execution." The Danish forces, in obedience to the advice of England, have retired as the German soldiery advances, and crossing the Eider, have withdrawn into the Duchy of Schleswig. To this latter province, as we formerly took occasion to state, the Germans have no shadow of claim, either historically or politically. The Danes, therefore, have determined to hold it to the last. Along the low northern banks of the Eider bristle to-day thirty thousand bayonets, in hands eager to wield them for the honor of the Dannebrog—the national flag of Denmark—against the host of invading Germans. Pointing to the little stream, which has formed for centuries the boundary between the Scandinavian and Teutonic races, Denmark says to the great wave of German

oppression, in the language of one of its ancient Kings, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

While the contingents of the Diet were marching into Altona and Rendsburg and Kiel, the last named city was the scene of a popular excitement such as the ovation-loving Germans delight in. The Prince of Augustenburg, the possessor of abilities ordinary even for a Prince, landed in that university town, the seat of the radical sentiment of the region, and was loudly proclaimed by the populace Duke of Holstein. By blood he is in fact the legitimate heir to this title, being only the twentieth remove or so in cousinship from the late King of Denmark, while the present monarch of the Danish realm is some five or more degrees farther off. But as he took part in the Holstein rebellion of 1848-9, his claims, both to the ducal and royal crowns, were set aside by the London protocol of 1852, regulating the Danish and Holstein succession, and signed not only by Russia, England and Denmark, but also by Austria, Prussia and Hanover. In spite of his reception by the radicals of Kiel in the character of Duke, neither the Diet nor the leading monarchies of Germany have given their sanction to his pretensions. They may ultimately do so, but it will be done in violation of the sanctity of treaties, and will lead to a further and more serious complication. For if the Prince of Augustenburg be Duke of Holstein, then he is also King of Denmark. His claim to both titles rests

upon precisely the same basis, that of legitimacy.

The German Diet, that emblem of power without substance, in connection with these events, has shown an activity and a zeal which, for the first time since the unfortunate days of 1848, have given it notoriety. The smaller states find themselves in the novel position of opposition both to Austria and Prussia. Hitherto the minor Catholic powers have uniformly clung to the policy of Austria, while the minor Protestant powers have as uniformly been influenced by the wishes of Prussia. But the lesser states the other day, in their ardor for "Schleswig-Holstein," voted down a proposition introduced by the two powerful sovereignties. The latter thereupon declared that they would alone assume the management of the Danish difficulty, and the last steamer brings the intelligence that Austrian white-coats and Prussian helmets are now on their way to the duchies by tens of thousands.

The capacity of a demigod would hardly suffice to comprehend the mazy intricacies of German politics. It is full of involutions within involutions. But if we may judge its later turns and crooks in reference to this Danish matter, by a medium so foreign to its nature as common sense, we should be compelled to decide that a powerful combination of States is menacing unfairly a small and unoffending nation. It is hard to say how war can be avoided. Nor will Denmark, backed by the active assistance

of Sweden and Norway, and assisted by the moral support at least of England and Russia, be unable to make a good fight, as the saying is, against united Germany. The Scandinavian monarchies possess navies of great size in proportion to their place in the scale of States. One of the first consequences of the outbreak of hostilities will doubtless be that all the cities of Germany on the Baltic and North Seas, from Danzig to Bremen, will feel the horror of war. The blood of the fierce Vikings still flows in the veins and nerves the arm of the hardy northern seamen. Their country may possibly be overrun by overwhelming swarms of Germans, but on the water the naval renown of the ancient Northmen will fully sustain its traditional splendor.

February 9, 1864

"DECEMBER AND DEATH"

WAS it the sheen of the sweet spring light?
Or were my joy-filled eyes more bright,
As I passed out of the gate
With thee, my fair mate,
In the emerald May?

Was it the sun-warmth? Was it the heat?
Or did my heart more quickly beat,
As I walked the leafy grove
With thee, my dear love
On the soft Summer day?

Was it the quiet of the hazy air?
Or was my soul more free from care,
As, with thy hand on my arm,
We passed by the farm
In the warm Autumn glow?

Is it the ice-air? Is it the cold?
Or am I really grown so old
That I tremble thus and shake,
Alone by the lake,
In the white wintry snow?

February 13, 1864

"RELIGIOUS"

THE number of Congregational ministers in Great Britain and its dependencies is 2,612; in the United States 2,643. The number of Baptist clergymen in Great Britain is 2,006; in this country 7,952.

The Cardinal Vicar at Rome has refused permission to the British Consul to have protestant worship at his residence in order to relieve the now overflowing British congregation. The American Minister has just applied to the Papal Court for its consent to Protestant preaching for the large number of Americans now in the Eternal City. This will afford some relief to the British Chapel, which is situated, as our readers will remember, outside the city, just beyond the gate known as the Porta del Popolo. Protestant services are not allowed to be held within the walls of the city.

Arnoldi, the Catholic Bishop of Treves, whose name was made so familiar to the religious world at the time of the excitement occasioned many years since by the exhibition of the Holy Coat of Christ

preserved at that city, has just died of apoplexy.

Two great sees in the Catholic hierarchy of this country are now vacant, the Metropolitan See of Baltimore, and the Archbishopric of New York. It is, of course, not certain how they will be filled until action has been taken at Rome. But it seems to be the opinion of the Catholic community that Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, will be transferred to Baltimore, and Bishop McClosky, of Albany, to New York. In this case it is to be hoped that the proper authorities will take measures to create in this State a new Bishopric for Central New York, of which the see should be at Syracuse. The number of parishes under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Albany and Buffalo is inordinately large, and a new prelate seems to be demanded. The new Bishopric would probably embrace four cities, Syracuse, Utica, Oswego and Auburn.

The year 1863 will long be remembered as the date of the appearance of two controversial works which have created great excitement in the religious world. These are the exegetical work, or rather works, of Bishop Colenso, and the "Life of Jesus" by Renan. Colenso maintains, with an ability unequalled by any of his opponents, that certain portions of the Old Testament are not inspired, or, if inspired, not authoritative. He demonstrates this by exposing the errors in fact, in mathematics, in natural history, scattered through the Hebrew

books. Much of the controversy on the other side of the question has consisted of personal abuse. Renan is a man of far less talent than Colenso. He is, however, a fine Semitic scholar, but he lacks critical judgment. His book, unlike those of the Anglican bishop, is not destined to exercise a permanent influence upon religion.

Under the head of "Theological Errors of the Day," the latest *Dublin Review*—a Catholic publication of high authority—contains a long and severe article on Brownson's "Review." The writer calls Dr. Brownson "no theologian," and complains of his "tendencies to go backwards and forwards," say and unsay, to advance propositions inconsistent with each other, even in the same article.

The death of the pastor Frederick Monod, the widely known leader of the seceders from the National Reformed Church of France, is announced to have taken place lately at Paris. Monod and his followers withdrew from the regular Protestant Church of France on account of its connection with the State.

Much attention has lately been awakened in Rome by the discovery of a portrait of our Saviour which is described as fully authentic. It is cut in a cameo, which bears the following inscription: "Executed by the order of the Emperor Tiberius, and given by the Sultan of Turkey to Pope Innocent VIII, in ransom of his brother Zizim, then a captive in the hands

of the Christians." The portrait has been enlarged and copied by Van Clef, a sculptor of Paris, and from its presumed character as a likeness and the circumstances establishing the authenticity of the cameo, it has been received with equal interest in religious and artistic circles.

April 23, 1864

"SHAKESPEARE"

THREE centuries ago this day—on the Twenty-third of April, 1564,—William Shakespeare was born; fifty-two years later—on another Twenty-third of April in 1616—he died. These two days are the boundary marks of the most wonderful of human lives. For Shakespeare by the slow, but final consent of the civilized world, sits enthroned the highest man in history. He is the foremost in the foremost of arts—the art of poetry. In the breadth and depth of his intellectual nature, in those characteristics of thought, observation, and reason which make the inspiration of the poet the nearest approach to divinity, he has no rival in the whole empire of letters. Even the lustrous renown of Homer, Dante, and Milton pale before the immortal splendor of Shakespeare.

The external features of his existence, of which time has preserved only the most salient, are remarkable for nothing but their singular lack of interest. He was born, an English commoner, in the little town of Stratford-upon-Avon, lying in the

heart of England. He was married and had three children. Leaving his birthplace at an early age, he went to London, became an actor, and subsequently joint proprietor of one or two theatres. In this quality he wrote and produced most of his plays. An unusual economy and prudence secured him a competency and enabled him, in the prime of life, to retire from the stage. He returned to Stratford, where he died and was buried in the church which witnessed his baptism. Under the stone pavement of its chancel, with the slow and reedy Avon flowing upon one side, and the dark-leaved yews of the churchyard standing upon the other, his bones have now, for several generations, undisturbedly reposed.

This is a scanty personal record. But the details of his inner life are written with a grand vitality and fullness upon the pages of his marvelous works. His field of study was the heart of man. He explored all its labyrinths and photographed all its phases. Every passion that nerves or enfeebles it, every motive that moves it to good, every influence that leads it to evil, every emotion of attraction or repulsion, all its longings and loathings, were as familiar to him as day and night, sunshine and shade, heat and cold, are to other men. Through the hopes and fears, the loves and hates, the excitements and depressions, the impulses and afterthoughts, which sway the human mind, his searching eye of thought ranged, as one walks through the

well-known and well-trod mazes of his household garden. No physician ever dissected the nerves and fibers of the body as he dissected the sensations and sympathies of the soul. His subtlety exceeded that of the metaphysician; his views of life transcended those of the philosopher. The men and women he created are more alive than multitudes that are born and die, and they represent every conceivable type. There is no human being, however different from his fellows, but has his counterpart in one or other of the dramatist's characters. For they embrace every attribute of the race, from vices so low as to be loathsome to the ordinarily vicious up to virtues so exalted as to be unattainable to the ordinarily virtuous.

In the outward forms of his art he is equally unapproachable. Every literature offers innumerable examples of writers whose grand thoughts struggle through an unworthy medium of interpretation, as well as of that other class who clothe inane ideas in a dress fit for inspiration. Shakespeare never falls so low as to be included in either category. He had at his command all the intellectual forms of expression which adapt themselves to the long range of subjects lying between wit and wisdom, between folly and reason, between the shallowest jests and the profoundest philosophy. His knowledge of the niceties of language seems to have been a matter of unerring instinct, which overleaped the bounds

of philology. He was thoroughly cognizant of the inexplicable power of words—of those deeper meanings which lie hidden beneath the surface significations—and he joined them together with such astonishing fitness as to make him the greatest of linguistic architects.

It is impossible to estimate his influence, not because of its obscurity, but because of its immensity. It radiates from him through the last two centuries of our literature and language in a myriad of beams, which expand and increase as time progresses. His spirit has moulded, to a greater or less degree, the minds of all succeeding writers, so that the thoughts he originated, and the terms he employed, have been reproduced by numberless pens. His ideas have been preached in sermons, have gilded the golden words of the orator, have been moulded into music, have inspired the pencil of the painter, and have been transmuted into the marble of the sculptor. Passages from almost every scene of his dramas have grown to be proverbial and many of these are so familiar to the mouths and ears of the masses that their source is unknown or unthought of, and they are regarded as truths sanctified by time. Nor is his power felt in English letters alone. Germany and Scandinavia are almost as much indebted to him as is his native land and all modern literatures of Europe owe many sterling characteristics to his all-embracing genius.

It is well, therefore, that each succeeding centennial anniversary of his birth should be solemnly celebrated—that once in a hundred years, the human kind should formally acknowledge its appreciation of an intellect so sublime, and of a power so universal. And if the judgment of man be ever correct, this is certain to be done with increasing ceremony as the centuries pass away. For he, of all mortals, is surest of immortal fame. While the human heart beats, while the grass grows on the graves of the dead, and the stars shine on the heads of the living, Shakespeare is sure to be honored as the Supremest Man.

May 18, 1864

"AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS"

NOW and then we see in an American periodical, or hear at an American lecture, allusions to the early discovery of the Western World by the hardy and courageous navigators of Northern Europe. But the terms in which this event is generally mentioned prove the prevalent lack of knowledge in regard to it. Many persons who have had occasion to write or speak about it have exhibited considerable skill in jumbling into a medley of incomprehensible confusion the names of its chief actors and the dates of their deeds. By others it has been shrouded in a haze of romance and mystery utterly unworthy a subject of such peculiar interest and historical simplicity. This public ignorance is to be largely ascribed to the unscholarly method pursued by our historians, who, without any investigation, have taken it for granted that the incidents narrated in the Icelandic Sagas were so wrapped in doubt as to be worthy of no notice whatever. The state of the case is wholly otherwise. The story of the Pre-Columbian voyages to the Western Hemisphere is

told by the chroniclers of the North with a distinctness and carefulness of detail, which afford undeniable evidence of its credibility. We shall endeavor to produce the leading facts as clearly and succinctly as possible.

The progress of the Northmen in Western discovery is marked by three successive steps. First came the discovery of Iceland, then the discovery of Greenland, and then the discovery of the American mainland.

Iceland was first seen by a Danish navigator, named Gardar, in the year 863. In 874, the Norwegian Ingolf began the colonization of the country, to which, in consequence of political and religious revolutions in Norway, emigration continued to flow during the next sixty years. The colonists established in Iceland a flourishing republic. Under this government an equitable code of laws was adopted, a large commerce with the mother-country and other northern nations developed, and Christianity ultimately introduced.

Such circumstances necessarily encouraged learning, and the writers of Iceland became the historians of all surrounding lands. The sagas contained minute accounts of the events which transpired, not only in the island itself, but throughout the whole North during several centuries. The reliability of those Sagas which pretend to be purely historical, has long since been established beyond a doubt.

Gunnbjörn, an emigrant making his way from Norway to Iceland in 877, was driven out of his direct course and caught a glimpse of the coast of Greenland. That country was first visited, however, by Eric Thorvaldsson, styled in the Sagas Eric the Red, in 983; three years afterwards he founded, with other emigrants from Iceland, a settlement on its southwestern coast. This place was afterwards called Gardar, and was the See of the Catholic Bishops of Greenland for more than three hundred years. Several smaller settlements were also established in Greenland.

In 986 Bjarni Herjúlfsson, the son of one of the early Icelandic settlers in Greenland, while making his way to that country, was carried by unfavorable winds far out to sea towards the southwest, and was the first to set eyes upon the shores of the American continent. The intelligence of this new discovery was received with natural interest by the race of sailors which peopled the two newly colonized lands. Animated by a love of adventure, Leif Eiríksson, the son of Eric the Red, undertook, in the year 1000, a voyage of discovery to the regions seen by Bjarni Herjúlfsson. He landed at various points, to which he gave names derived from the general features of the country. Newfoundland he called Helluland, or the land of the flat stones; Nova Scotia he styled Markland, or the land of the forests; New England was named Vinland, or the land

of vines, from the number of wild grape vines found by the explorers. These names subsequently came into common use among the Icelanders and the Greenlanders. Leif Eiríksson and his companions remained some time in Vinland, building themselves large cabins which they styled Leif's Booths, and which are supposed to have been situated at the head of Narragansett Bay.* In 1003 Thorwald Eiríksson, a brother of Leif Eiríksson, visited the same shores, but was killed in the summer of 1004 in a skirmish with Indians. But the most distinguished of all the early American discoverers was Thorfinn Karlsefni, an influential native of Iceland, who went to Greenland in 1006, and there organized an expedition, consisting of three vessels, with crews amounting in all to 130 men, with which he proceeded to Vinland, where he remained for three years, exploring the country and trading with the Aborigines. In the three centuries which followed, voyages to Vinland from Iceland and Greenland were frequent occurrences. Among others Eric, Bishop of Greenland, went there in 1121, doubtless for the purpose of ministering to the religious needs of such Northmen as remained upon those distant shores.

In the narrative of these voyages the number of days' sail—the usual method of measuring distance at sea—between the various localities, is carefully given, and enables us to determine their relative po-

* Mr. Fiske later repudiated these assumed explorations.

sitions. The voyagers sometimes mentioned the length of the day between sunrise and sunset at different seasons of the year and at different places, thus affording an easy clue to their latitude. The descriptions of the continental coast-line are very accurate. The Aboriginal inhabitants, the wild grapes, the maize, and the natural productions of New England, generally, are unmistakably portrayed. The length of the voyage presented no difficulties to the bold mariners of Iceland, who were accustomed from childhood to the stormy seas of the north, and who frequently made their way through the wild waters of the Eastern Atlantic to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Such are the simple facts connected with these ancient events. They prove that the discovery of America by the Northmen in the tenth century is as much a matter of history as its re-discovery by Columbus five hundred years later.

June 8, 1864

"THE LONDON CONFERENCE"

EVERYTHING indicates that England, which, after implied promises of support, abandoned Denmark to an uneven contest against two of the great powers of Europe, is now about to commit a still blacker act of dishonesty. It was mainly through her instrumentality that the Treaty of 1852, settling the Danish succession and assuring in the strongest terms the integrity of the Danish monarchy, was concluded. This treaty has been strictly adhered to by the Danish government. If it was necessary for the balance of power twelve years ago it is still more necessary to-day, when the Scandinavian nations are threatened by the increasing might of Russia and the growing ambitions of Germany. Under the circumstances it would naturally be thought that Great Britain would cling to the work of her own hands, and be faithful to international obligations which she had voluntarily contracted. But the policy of the English government just now seems to be a policy of self-degradation, and the continental powers evidently take a

stern pleasure in making the proud insular people drink the cups which they so often placed to the lips of other nations.

We are told upon what seems to be good authority that the Conference now assembled in London will shortly decide upon the dismemberment of Denmark. All of Holstein and a portion of Schleswig is to be united to that heterogeneous mass of nationalities known as Germany. Sweden will doubtless never consent to such a solution of the difficulty, but her opposition to it will be of little effect. Denmark will be forced either to submit to this disgrace or to suffer the chance of total destruction at the hands of combined Austria and Prussia. The motives which influence Russia and France are easily discerned. Russia consents to an infraction of the Treaty of 1852 and receives as her reward the passive, even the active assistance of Austria and Prussia in quelling her Polish rebellion; France violates her public faith in the same way and is paid therefor by an insignificant strip of additional land on her Rhenish frontier. In the case of England alone it is simply an act of humiliation—and a bitter one. In her own capital and under the eyes of her Parliament she is compelled to participate in the abrogation of a solemn act which she has a special interest in maintaining, and to see the dominions of the King of Denmark, the father of her future Queen, unjustly sundered. Still it is difficult to say

how she could safely have acted otherwise. On the whole continent she has scarcely an ally, except it be Italy. And from Italy, busied with its own development, she could expect no help. Russia still treasures up with bitterness the memories of the Crimean War. Austria and Prussia have been altogether alienated by her course at the outset of the Danish struggle. Spain covets Gibraltar, and hates the nation which resolutely holds a portion of her domain. France, with its Mexican and Italian complications, would gladly see her neighbor involved in a similar web. The moral isolation of England is as marked as her geographical isolation. She is a nation without a friend. The whole political world is her enemy, and the whole political world rejoices in the present abject state of her foreign relations, resulting, as it does, from a foreign policy which has been based neither upon right nor expediency.

We are naturally inclined to pity Denmark, but she half deserves her fate. A nation so unwise as to trust to the faith or promises of England sacrifices a good part of her claim to the sympathy of mankind. Her courage and pluck, in endeavoring to maintain her national unity against fearful odds, only partially redeem her character, after such an act of foolish and misplaced confidence.

June 13, 1864

"EUROPEAN IGNORANCE"

EUROPE still looks upon America as outside the pale of civilization. The assumption that all of the higher developments of humanity do not belong to that smallest division of the globe, and to that division alone, seems to the model European a piece of unbounded impertinence. The long train of striking achievements, which have distinguished the annals of Europe, has induced the belief that nothing worthy of the cognizance of the historian or the study of the philosopher can possibly transpire in any other quarter of the world. The greatest nations of ancient times were the nations of Europe; the greatest nations of modern times are the nations of Europe; therefore it is reasoned with a logic admirable in its boldness, the greatest nations of future times must be the nations of Europe. It is not denied that, beyond the seas which wash the shores of this divinely favored portion of the earth, there are individuals who, in their own countries, may be styled scholars, warriors, statesmen, philosophers, artists, men of genius; but to compare their

learning to the learning of Greece, their military skill to the military skill of Rome, their statesmanship to the statesmanship of England, their philosophy to the philosophy of Germany, their art to the art of Italy, their genius to the genius of France is a claim so absurd as to merit only the scorn of contempt. Like the proud old Hellenes, who divided the world's population into two classes, Greeks and barbarians, the people of Europe to-day separate the human race into Europeans and Savages. Their feeling after all is but a natural one. They cling to their historical pre-eminence as a dying monarch clutches his scepter, refusing to believe that it is passing away from his hands forever. They will not understand that civilization is widening its boundaries, and that the sun of enlightenment is ripening the products of other climes, which rejoice in a fresher soil and are marked by a higher method of cultivation than those of older lands.

They regard America especially somewhat as the Americans regard China. They watch the events which take place among us with as little interest and as much ignorance as we watch those which take place among the Chinese. If the Tartar Emperor, ruling at Pekin, were all at once to adopt energetic measures against the rebellious Taepings, if he should equip enormous armies, if he should blockade numerous ports of the empire, thereby preventing alike the entrance of arms for the use of his revolted

subjects and the exit of tea for the gratification of all lovers of the herb, we should be pretty well aware of two things—that a great war was waging in the Celestial Empire, and that tea was rapidly becoming very scarce and very dear. We should be unable to tell and little anxious to learn the cause of the conflict. We should probably throw up our hands in disgust, and exclaim against the stupidity of the semi-civilized race which had dared, by reason of its internal squabbles, to deprive us of our comforting cup of Bohea. This seems to us a fair counterpart of the relations existing between Europe and America, at the outbreak of this struggle. The Europeans comprehended that a civil war had begun in the United States, and that as a consequence cotton had ceased to cross the ocean. In what circumstances this war originated, whether the North had oppressed the South, or the South had been led by ambition into a wicked revolt; whether the North was right and the South wrong, or the South right and the North wrong, they neither knew nor cared. They only saw that the raw material so essential to their industrial life was failing to reach their manufactories as it had done and they frowned across the Atlantic at the American savages who had ventured to deprive them of their cotton supply.

A like ignorance prevails in reference to the external characteristics of the strife which is shaking

the western continent. The mass of Europeans have no better idea of the extent of our military lines, or of the size of our armies, than we have of the distance between the Amoor and the Himalayas, or of the armed multitudes which are swaying and surging between those outer boundaries. Our war is considered of less importance than would be a conflict between two of the minor powers of Europe, like Holland and Belgium, and scarcely wider in the field of its operations. The suspicion that it is a continental struggle—almost as vast in its extent as the domain of Europe—has never been conceived. The long list of losses in battle, the numerical estimates of our armies, and the broad distance between the points of contact, which are given in the press, are set down as American exaggerations, or as the natural boast of a young nation seeking, with youthful vanity, to puff itself up to the size and the importance of older and more respectable communities. Such a lack of knowledge concerning the cause and character of the war could produce nothing but indifference as to its results. Where there was no interest there could be no sympathy. And to this fact is owing, in a great measure, the few manifestations of friendly feeling toward our government on the part of the foreign powers with whom we had long maintained amicable relations.

It has been hoped, and not without some reason, that the events now passing on this side of the great

ocean, would lead to a change in this matter, and would make us better known to our trans-atlantic contemporaries. The progress of these events will doubtless remove a few of the clouds which float thick and heavy between us and them. But it will require generations to entirely dispel them, and to give the average European as true an idea of the power, the institutions and the political features of America as that which the average American entertains of European life and manners. Every traveller from this country has witnessed, time after time, examples of the total ignorance which exists abroad in regard to our geography, our literature, our physical traits, and our social system. We have been congratulated in England upon the facility with which we have learned to speak English. We have been objects of wonder upon the continent because we were neither copper-colored nor black. We have been told remarkable stories about the state of Boston and the city of Pennsylvania. We have seen in the shop windows caricatures of our countrymen wearing a dozen formidable bowie-knives, stretching their feet upon the tops of church pews, whittling to pieces mahogany sideboards, flooding railroad cars with an ocean of saliva, and shooting hapless waiters without remorse for placing upon the table an overdone beefsteak. Such a condition of affairs cannot be altered in a day. The American visitor in Europe will be likely for years to come

to pass through the same old experience. We shall have to trust to the Nemesis of the ages. Time, which is said to set all things right, may humble even the exalted conceit of the old world, and teach her that all civilization is not confined to Europe, nor all the barbarism to the outer regions of the earth.

July 23, 1864

"OLD AND RICH"

THE motley peacocks stately stalk
Along the marble terrace-walk.

The Summer sunlight's sparkling sheen,
Lights up their trains of gold and green;

Lights up my tall ancestral towers,
My groves of oak, my orange bowers.

Lights up the lengthening lines of hedge;
Lights up the lakelet's waving sedge.

And basking in its genial beams
I sink into the fairest dreams;

Dreams of new youth and housely rest
Making my latest years my best.

For yester-eve she whispered: "Stay!
"Till all of the fools have sped away."

And when the younger guests were gone,
She and I in the hall alone,

She said, while laying in my hand
White roses in a pearly band,

"I know the many years that part
"Your wisdom from my foolish heart;

"But love is love, in child or sage,
"And youth should lean on loving age.

"I know your wealth, your mines of gold
"Might buy a princess, proud and cold;

"But love is love, in rich or poor,
"And love shuns not a palace door.

"Teach, then, my youth your path to tread,
"O Princely hand! O wisest Head!"

August 3, 1864

"FATHER WALDO"

THERE is an eloquence in years. An aged tree, an ancient house, tongueless and wordless as they are, are still fluent with lessons of impressive wisdom. An old book, an old journal suggest ideas of which their original writers and readers never dreamed, but which have gathered around them in the lapse of time, as moss gathers around the trunk of a venerable oak. But the teachings of all inanimate things are surpassed in sublimity by the eloquence of a long life. A century of history crowded into a single existence, is a conception which an ordinary imagination almost refuses to grasp. A centenarian is an incomprehensible embodiment of time. He becomes familiar with epochs, and witnesses the rise and fall of nations, watches the growth and decay of creeds, and sees generation after generation glide away into the oblivion of dust. His years stretch back beyond the memories of our fathers, and link us to a past with which we have no sympathy other than that callous interest which we derive from the cold pages of the

annalist. We attempt, but attempt in vain, to conceive the mutations of human opinion, and the changes of human action through which he has passed as a living thinker and actor.

Daniel Waldo was born in Wyndham, at that time the shiretown of Wyndham County, Conn., on the Tenth of September, 1762. His birthplace was famous as the seat of that meeting-house of which the quaint and observant Dwight pleasantly said that "the spot where it is posited bears not a little resemblance to a pound, and it appears as if those who pitched upon it intended to shut the church out of the town, or the inhabitants out of the church." But it is still more famous for the celebrated "Battle of the Frogs," which took place in 1758. The denizens of Wyndham, it will be remembered, were one summer morning alarmed by a supposed invasion of the Indians, flew to arms, placed the village under martial law, and sent urgent messengers to summon the neighborhood settlements to their aid. But their foes were discovered, after many fearful hours, to be nothing more savage than the croaking frogs of a neighboring pond, and the incident soon became a favorite theme among the humorous ballad-writers of the pre-revolutionary times.

In 1778, when in his seventeenth year, young Waldo was drafted into the army of the struggling colonists. In March of the following year he was

captured, with thirty-seven others, by the Tories under Tryon, at the battle of Horseneck, fought near the border-line which separated the Yankees of Connecticut from the Dutchmen of New York. In this easily won contest Putnam commanded the raw levies of the Patriots and escaped by a venturesome leap on horseback down a flight of stone steps—an equestrian feat which made his name renowned, and which is still treasured in the memories of school boys. Waldo was carried by his captors to the City of New York, where he was confined in that dreary Sugar-house, which witnessed the sufferings and deaths of a thousand martyrs to freedom in our War of Independence. More fortunate than many of his compatriots, he was exchanged after two months of imprisonment, and returned to his native place. At the close of the war, he commenced, in his twenty-first year, the preparatory studies necessary to gain admission into Yale College, at which institution he graduated in the class of 1788.

Animated by the principles which drew so many sons of New England in those days to the pulpit, Waldo, soon after leaving college, chose the ministry for his profession, and entered upon the study of theology under the well known Doctor of Divinity, Levi Hart, a venerated clergyman of Preston, Connecticut. On the 24th of May, 1792, Hart saw his pupil ordained pastor of a Congregational Church in the same place. In the first years of the

present century Waldo made some missionary tours into the States of Pennsylvania and New York, into which an increasing emigration from the East was carrying the doctrines of New England Congregationalism. He resigned his charge at Preston in 1809, and preached during the two following years at Cambridgeport, in Massachusetts. He then acted as a missionary in Rhode Island, until the year 1820, when he went for a brief period to the village of Harvard, in Worcester County, Massachusetts. Subsequently he was settled over the Church at Exeter, Rhode Island, where he remained for twelve years. In the year 1836, after a devotion to the church of nearly half a century, he had fairly earned a claim of exemption from the cares and anxieties of the pulpit. He withdrew, therefore, from his pastorate and removed to this city, whither a son had preceded him; thenceforth, although he frequently preached, he never accepted a stated charge. At the instance of Mr. Granger, the representative of this District in the thirty-fourth Congress, who introduced his name with some characteristic remarks, he was chosen on the 22nd of December, 1856, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, at the venerable age of ninety-three. He was re-elected to the same honorable position the next year. At some of the later commencements of Yale College, he sat among the alumni, crowned with that honor and veneration, which belonged to the oldest living gradu-

ate of the institution. Just before he filled his century of life he made a stirring and patriotic speech upon a public occasion and preached for the last time nearly two years afterwards. An accidental fall down some steps, four weeks ago, shattered his body, without, however, impairing his mental vigor, and at half-past one in the afternoon of Saturday, the 30th of July, he terminated an existence, which had been prolonged far beyond the average measure of human life. For many years his fellow citizens had been accustomed to couple a kindly epithet with his name, and had habitually spoken of him as "Father Waldo," while his position as one of the twelve remaining pensioners of the Revolution added to the respect and veneration with which he was everywhere regarded.

His career as a minister of the gospel was characterized by the utmost liberality of sentiment. His career as a citizen was marked by an earnest and devoted patriotism. His existence served to bridge over that great chasm of time which lies between our first national struggle for independence and our present national struggle for liberty, and in both these contests his heartiest sympathies were with his country. Throughout the vicissitudes of a hundred years he had kept his heart so green that it became as responsive to the rights of humanity in his old age as in the days of his ardent boyhood. His life was monumental, and its foundations were firmly

laid in the deep love of freedom and a deep hatred of oppression.

We have said that it is difficult to comprehend that the life of one man can embrace the multitude of events which belong to so vast a period as a centennium. When Father Waldo was a boy, the Republic of Venice and the Kingdom of Poland were still sovereign powers of the earth. In England the third George had just commenced his lengthy and eventful reign; in France a scion of the Grand Monarque sat upon the throne of the Bourbons; in Prussia the great Frederick was in the midst of his devastating wars and in America Washington was fighting the battles of a British King. As he grew to manhood he witnessed the dawn of a new era in the Western World, but he had almost reached the meridian of life before the French Revolution opened a new period in the history of the Eastern Continent and shattered the traditions of a feudal and aristocratic society. The leading actors in the great revolutions of both continents have long since passed away. Other monarchs, other statesmen and other warriors have succeeded them, and have, in their turn, terminated their ambitious careers. The wars of three generations have been fought since the terrible conflicts of the eighteenth century began. France has seen the Bourbons give way to the first Republic, the first Republic to the first Empire, the first Empire to the restoration of the Bourbons,

the restoration of the Bourbons to the dynasty of Orleans, the dynasty of Orleans to the second Republic, and the second Republic to the second Empire.

England has seen her scepter swayed by four successive sovereigns. The United States have passed through the long series of Presidencies, which are bounded at one end by the administration of Washington and at the other by the administration of Lincoln. But of all these shifting scenes the venerable old man, who died in Syracuse last Saturday, was a living spectator.

August 5, 1864

"POSTAL REFORMS"

WE confess ourselves to be among those who believe that the present method of transmitting letters and newspapers, through the medium of governmental officers and governmental officials, is radically and wholly wrong. We believe it to be part and parcel of that ancient European and monarchical system, which assumes that governments should do as much as possible for the people, and the people as little as possible for themselves. We believe that in the hands of private individuals and private companies, who would be, what the government is not, responsible agents, the work might be performed with far greater cheapness, with far greater dispatch and with far greater security. While we cherish the opinion that our present postal arrangements are based upon principles which are totally erroneous, we are nevertheless glad to hear of any changes likely to render the existing unwieldy system less complicated. Some such changes, more sweeping in their character than is usual with government reforms, were made by the late Con-

gress, and are now about to be put into operation by the proper authorities.

Hitherto it has been customary to send with each letter or package of letters, addressed to a single place, a bill stating the place and date of departure, the destination, the number of letters and the amount of postage paid or still due upon such letters. This bill was obliged to be copied into a register in the office from which it was sent, and copied again into another register in the office at which it arrived. The amount of labor—and of really useless labor—which this process involved was enormous. It was frequently so great as to delay letters beyond the proper mails from sheer lack of clerical force to fulfill this imperative red-tape requirement. Not the least important among the alterations contemplated by the new Act is one which does away, in a great measure, with this tedious and circuitous process. Hereafter only letters which are not prepaid are to be billed and registered, and as the proportion of unpaid letters to prepaid letters is very small, the old method of procedure is virtually abolished. Already the change has been introduced into the distributing offices, and will soon be extended to all offices. The corresponding public will not be long in feeling its effect in the more rapid and certain dispatch of postal matter.

Another admirable modification of the old Post Office traditions is the determination to put an end to

the box system in large offices. By the instructions from the department which accompany the Act of Congress, Postmasters are commanded to discourage the use of boxes and to extend the carrier system. They are charged to deliver to the letter-carriers all letters not specifically ordered to be retained at the office. The convenience to every one of having all his correspondence regularly and frequently brought to him instead of sending or going to seek it himself at the Post Office, is so manifest as to need no illustrations or arguments. The delivery in all cases is to be free, and the amount hitherto paid for box-rent may in future be set down by each individual to the credit side of his yearly balance sheet.

A minor change, but one which will greatly facilitate the arrangement of accounts, is the new mode of paying the subordinate officials. Until now Postmasters, with the exceptions of those in the more populous towns, have received a percentage upon the amount of postage collected. The sums to which they were entitled in payment of their services were regulated by an elaborate and complex scale. But hereafter all Postmasters, without regard to the importance of their offices, are to be salaried—the offices being arranged for that purpose in classes. A Postmaster in charge of an office of the first class, receives a yearly salary of five thousand dollars, and this sum diminishes

through several classes. There are some other improvements of equal interest introduced by the act, to which we shall revert at a more convenient time.

There are few branches of the government service which stood in greater need of a healthy reform than the Post Office Department. It is a notorious fact that up to this date an insecurity and uncertainty, unknown to the postal arrangements of Europe, had attended the transmission of letters in this country. Even in monarchical lands, where the people are schooled to submit to unbounded outrages upon the part of their governments, such an irregularity in the mails as is of frequent occurrence among us, would be violently resented. We repeat that until the good sense of the American public compels the government to abandon the letter carrying business altogether, we shall hail such reforms as are likely to improve the present system, in as far as that is possible to approve a system so bad, with the most profound satisfaction.

August 8, 1864

"A WARNING FROM THE OLD WORLD"

JUST after the commencement of our war an American, travelling on a German railway, fell into conversation with a Saxon, who asked innumerable questions concerning the origin of the Rebellion, and professed himself unable to understand why the government of the United States should continue a struggle so arduous. "If the inhabitants of the South desire to be free," he said, "it becomes you republicans, who advocate the right of every people to freedom, to assent to their wishes and sanction a separation." The conversation, however, soon changed to other topics, and finally the Saxon drew from his pocket a highly-finished map of Germany. It was carefully colored,—every kingdom, grand-duchy, duchy, electorate and principality and free city of that checkered land being represented by a different color. All the territorial divisions which have so long weakened and distracted the great Teutonic empire could be discerned at a glance. The Saxon spread it out admiringly before his fellow traveller. "Yes," said the American, "it

is an elegant map, but it is a pity it is of so many colors. You can readily learn from it the real significance of the trans-atlantic conflict. We in America are fighting in order that our map shall not display such a variety of colors as yours."

This, after all, is the true secret of the persistence with which we are waging the present contest. There is nothing more certain than that the separation of the South is the beginning of the disintegration of America. The success of the Rebellion ensures the ultimate division of the United States into a number of small powers, and condemns us to the terrible doom under which Germany has so long suffered. We, too, shall have our numerous petty and powerless States, too feeble to resist either domestic despotism or foreign encroachment. We, too, shall have our different systems of currency, impeding industry, and our long lines of interior custom-houses, paralyzing trade. We, too, shall have a score or two of distinct governments, drawing their support from a people groaning under an intolerable taxation. We, too, shall have our dozen standing armies, costly in times of peace, and, in the true spirit of mercenary soldiers, hesitating at no outrage in time of war. A thousand fortresses, built with the wasted labor of freedmen condemned to political slavery, and cemented by their blood, will spring up along the new and arbitrary frontiers which will then separate us from

each other. We shall no longer be Americans, but merely New Englanders, New Yorkers or Virginians. A New Englander will be a foreign in New York, and a New Yorker an unrecognized alien in Virginia. To the loss of our nationality will succeed the loss of our freedom. The despotism, not of one powerful master, who, if absolute at home is at least respected abroad, but of a hundred insignificant tyrants, will curse our land from the Northern Lakes to the Southern Gulf, from our Eastern to our Western borders.

Is this a picture which it pleases Americans to contemplate? Is this a fate to which they are willing to doom their posterity? If it be, then we have only to adopt the Davis Vallandigham basis of peace through separation, and the rest will follow of itself. But if, warned by the woeful example of the people who dwell between the Rhine and the Vistula, and their centuries of suffering, we are determined to maintain our nationality unimpaired, then our only path lies through an unfaltering continuation of the war until the last rebel is disarmed. Surely no American, with eyes fixed on the history and chart of Germany, can hesitate about the course to be pursued. Surely even death is preferable to such a future of long agony as the destruction of our national existence foreshadows. Surely it is far—

> "Better to sink beneath the shock,
> Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

War, however bloody, and debt, however burdensome, will be a heritage more welcome to future generations than a peace which means a dismemberment of the Union, and a wealth which means submission to despotism.

August 13, 1864

"THE LANDS OF TELL * AND WASHINGTON"

TWO Republics, and only two, have, in modern times, attained a just and permanent renown. One of these lies in the Eastern and the other in the Western hemisphere, giving to the student of history the involuntary idea that it requires all the wisdom and humanity of a continent to produce a single free, happy and well-governed people. The one owes its fame to its great age, extending back to the very verge of our present civilization, to the determined bravery of its inhabitants, who have lived for centuries unshackled in the midst of ambitious and powerful despotisms, and to the singular physical character of its domain. The other derives its distinction from the rapid development of its national life, from its commanding position in the political world, and from the inventive genius and commercial activity which its institutions have fostered among its citizens. Both have stood alone

*Although Tell is only a lengendary hero, as Mr. Fiske later recognized, he nevertheless embodies the spirit of Swiss liberty.

among the nations of the earth—alone in their belief that the doctrine of hereditary right is a sham and the traditions of royalty a delusion; alone in their firm adhesion to the principles of civil and religious liberty. Both have been places of refuge, sometimes for the exiled citizen driven from the dominions of crowned tyranny, sometimes for the monarch driven from the exasperated fury of an outraged citizenry. Both have become noted for their devotion to the cause of human enlightenment, and for the high rank of their people in the scale of education and intelligence. These lands have produced two splendid examples of pure manhood and lofty patriotism—so pure and lofty, that neither would have found a rival in the annals of the race had not the other existed. One of these republics gave birth to William Tell, and the other to George Washington.

Separated from each other by great seas, peopled by men of dissimilar origin and diverse languages, it is still not strange that these two nations should be drawn together through a common love of freedom and the common isolation of their forms of government. It is not strange that the memory of one country's great hero should be held in high reverence by the inhabitants of the other. It is not strange that an unseen but sensible cord of affection should unite the two lands. We are well pleased, therefore, but not surprised, at the words of sympa-

thy which have lately come to us from Switzerland. The cordial sentiments, the kindly expressions, the cheering encouragement of the great meeting at Geneva, form such a greeting as the only republic in Europe might naturally send to the only republic in North America. Nor were the accessories of that meeting at all extraordinary. The vast audience, the eminent orators, embracing the leaders of all parties in the commonwealth, the intense enthusiasm, the brilliant torch-light procession to the residence of our nation's representative, the cheers for our honored President—these were all matters of course. Nor could the site of the demonstration have been better chosen. The largest city of the republic, long celebrated for its love and patronage of letters, and its cultivation of industrial arts, and still more renowned as a geographical synonym of free opinions, as Rome is the geographical synonym of fettered thought, was the proper place for such an assemblage. But there is one characteristic of the meeting which will doubtless be a matter of some astonishment, even to a certain class of our citizens. In all the eloquent speeches, there was not a kindly allusion to the power which calls itself the Confederate States; among all the cheers there was not a single shout for the man who sits at Richmond and styles himself President. For this persistent rebellion, claiming the title of republic, the venerable Helvetian federation, the oldest of republics, has no

word of encouragement or hope. The reason for this reticence is a simple one. The instinct of republics is quick and keen. Switzerland knew that the would-be Southern republic is a mockery and that Southern republicanism is aristocracy in a masquerade. She felt that sympathy for the South would be sympathy for slavery, and that sympathy for slavery, in the ancient home of freedom, would be a desecration and an outrage. She was conscious that the illustrious founder of her liberty, and the illustrious founder of our liberty, would have alike condemned the utterance of a sentiment so opposed to the great principles which they maintained, and to the great cause for which they so fearlessly exposed their lives.

August 18, 1864

"THE EUROPEAN PEACE"

THE advices brought by the last steamer confirm the rumors brought by the preceding one. The preliminaries of a peace between Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and Denmark on the other, have been signed at Vienna. The place was happily selected. It is no new thing to witness, in the Austrian capital, the conclusion of a treaty whereby a weaker nation is despoiled of half its domain. It is no new thing to witness, in the great city of the Hapsburgs, the signing of a compact, which transfers without consultation, and at a single stroke of the pen, entire populations from one prince to another. Nor is the transaction a novelty to the high contracting German powers. Governments which did not hesitate to participate in the partition of Poland were not likely to feel their consciences pricked in undertaking the division of Denmark. Their honesty will certainly not stand in their way.

"Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them,—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

And Denmark has shared the fate which so often befalls nations as well as individuals; she is the weakest and goes to the wall.

It is noted that all the arrangements are not yet perfected, but the chief features of the peace are well understood. Denmark loses Lauenburg, the little Duchy which was secured to her by the good faith of Europe, as a partial compensation for the loss of Norway; Holstein, which has been for some time an appanage of the Danish royal house; and, worst of all, she is compelled to part with Schleswig, from time immemorial an integral portion of her dominions. Lauenburg and Holstein are purely German by manners, by language and by sympathies. But more than half the population of Schleswig spoke the tongue of Denmark, willingly obeyed her laws and warmly loved her traditions. Schleswig, too, was connected with some of the greatest deeds of Danish history. In Schleswig was the famous Dannevirke, the strong defensive line built ages ago by the early princes of the monarchy. In Schleswig, or near its borders, occurred most of the battles during the long series of wars raged against the proud league of the Hanseatic cities. In Schleswig took place in the sixteenth century the remarkable struggle against the stubborn people of Ditmarsh, in which a powerful kingdom was so long held at bay by the intrepid bravery of a single freedom-loving province. In Schleswig were fought the battles of

1849 which secured for a while the integrity of the nation. Thus the court of Copenhagen is forced to sacrifice one-half the area of the royal domains. She comes out of this disastrous contest a land less than one-sixth the size of the State of New York, and containing scarcely more than a fourth of New York's population.

It is idle to sigh over these unjust deeds of European despotism. History is too full of similar examples. While despotism lasts there will be repetition after repetition of the same sad scenes. Strong tyrants will contrive to outrage the rights of freer but feebler nationalities. Might will always be right in the eyes of absolutism. The condemnation of public opinion can have no terrors for men who believe that they are anointed by heaven, and that they are privileged by the grace of God to rob, to oppress and to slaughter. But we may at least hope that somewhere in the illimitable future lies a day of terrible reckoning for these scourges of the people. We may hope that as history repeats her unjust acts, she will also repeat her just ones. In that case we may be sure that the scaffold of Charles the First is reserved for the merited chastisement of a Hohenzollern King, and the guillotine of Louis XVI for a condign punishment of a Hapsburg Emperor.

August 22, 1864

"THE *JOURNAL* ITSELF AGAIN"

THE *Journal* appears to-day, for the first time since its recent misfortune, in its usual shape and size. The difficulties attendant upon the organization of a new printing establishment, as extensive as that required for the publication of this paper, have compelled the Proprietors, much against their will, to issue a half-sheet for the past four weeks. Even now the necessary arrangements are not entirely completed and the *Journal* will hardly assume its proper and permanent appearance until the arrival of its large double-cylinder steam press about the First of September. After that date, if the flames spare us, the full and regular issue of the different daily and weekly editions will suffer no further interruptions.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the political course of the *Journal* will remain unchanged. It will continue to yield a hearty support to the present Administration in its efforts to crush a rebellion infinitely more wanton and wicked than any other recorded in the annals of revolutions. It will

advocate, firmly but independently, the principles of the only party which is honestly and earnestly favorable to the restoration of the national unity, and the national greatness, upon the broad basis of human liberty.

In the amount and variety of its domestic intelligence, and in its comments upon American affairs, the *Journal* will be behind no newspaper of its class. It will endeavor to present a summary—as fresh and full as a free use of the telegraph and the mails can make it—of all the important military, political, local and general news of the day. A considerable space will be devoted, as heretofore, to home matters; the leading events transpiring in the Central Counties of New York will be accurately reported.

The *Journal's* facilities for obtaining recent foreign intelligence, scarcely excelled even by the principal New York Journals, are far superior to those enjoyed by any other country paper. It is in receipt of files of European dailies and weeklies from which it is enabled to glean such old-world notes, of a personal, literary, scientific, artistic and political character, as are likely to interest American readers.

August 24, 1864

"STARTLING POLITICAL DISCLOSURES FROM GERMANY"

PRIVATE letters from persons in Vienna and Berlin, possessing access to the very highest sources of information, have been placed in our hands. They profess to reveal the existence of one of the most extraordinary political schemes of modern times. It is nothing less than the immediate realization of the great dream of Teutonic statesmen—the practical unity of Germany. The scheme originates with Bismarck, the Prime Minister of Prussia, of whom Motley, our Envoy in Austria, who has known him for many years, declares that he is characterized by splendid abilities, unlimited ambition, a hearty love of absolutism and a determined obstinacy in executing his projects. This new scheme involves consequences of the utmost importance to Europe. It necessitates the blotting out from the map of Central Europe of four kingdoms and a number of minor powers. The chief features of this astounding arrangement, as they have been represented to us, are as follows:

1. The King of Prussia is to assume the title of Emperor of North Germany, and the Emperor of Austria is to proclaim himself the Emperor of South Germany.

2. North Germany is to comprise all of Protestant Germany, including, in addition to the present territory of Prussia, the kingdoms of Saxony and Hanover, the Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Nassau, Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Weimar, and the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. South Germany is to embrace all of Catholic Germany, including, besides Austria proper and Bohemia, the kingdoms of Bavaria and Württemberg, and the Duchies of Baden and Hesse Darmstadt.

3. The two Emperors will reside for a portion of the year at Frankfort, and have a united Cabinet; while a single Parliament, representing all Germany, will assemble in the same city. The Emperors will retain their special Capitals, or Residenzen, as they are styled, which will be, as now, Vienna and Berlin.

4. Whenever the direct male issue of one of the Emperors shall become extinct, the head of the other imperial house shall be sole Emperor of Germany.

5. The consent of France to this plan has been obtained by the promise of a cession of territory on the Gallic side of the Rhine; that of Italy by the promised cession of Venetia; and that of Russia by the transfer to her of large portions of the Polish provinces of Austria and Prussia.

The existence of such a scheme explains many recent mysteries of German politics. It explains the bitter feud existing between the lesser powers of Germany and the two monarchies of Austria and Prussia, and the treatment experienced at the hands of Bismarck and Rechberg, the Austrian premier, by the Prince of Augustenburg, the legitimate heir to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. It explains the indifference manifested of late by the liberals of Prussia, who are also ardent advocates of German unity, to the unconstitutional measures of Bismarck. It explains the attitude assumed at the London Conference by France and Russia. It explains, finally, the meeting of the three eastern sovereigns at a German bathing-place, the frequent interviews between Napoleon the Third and the representatives of Austria and Prussia at Paris, and the journey of the Italian Minister of War, Menabrea, to the French Court. It is needless to expatiate on the results likely to accrue from the execution of such a project. The new power created by it would form such an Empire as Europe has not seen since the days of Charles the Fifth.

Since writing the above we find in the European press a remarkable confirmation of the assertions made in the private correspondence to which we have alluded. The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*, a journal politically well-informed, gives an account of an article on German politics pub-

lished in *La France*, a French semi-official newspaper. He says:—

"*La France* prints an elaborate statement to the effect that Bismarck and the National Verein are secretly in league for one common purpose—the demolition of the petty crowns, and Germanic Unity under Prussian hegemony. What Richelieu did for France in centralizing authority by curbing a refractory noblesse, the living statesman is bent on reproducing beyond the Rhine by extinguishing the minor courts. The Germans are represented as envying even the despotism now rampant in France, as preferable to the imbecile weakness entailed on the Fatherland through its incoherent and fragmentary condition. The radical unitarians consider Bismarck's efforts a fit preliminary to their ultimate triumph; and the quiescence of the party just now is construed into a tacit understanding that their object is in fair course of ultimate realization through Bismarck's instrumentality."

The National Verein, mentioned in this paragraph, is a powerful organization extending throughout Germany, and devoted to the unity of the nation. It numbers among its members all the leading liberals of the country, and its course hitherto has been marked by the utmost wisdom and shrewdness.

November 10, 1864

"THE NEW ERA"

EVERYTHING indicates that this country is entering upon a new era in her history. The suppression of the Rebellion is now a question of months, not years. The last hope of a peaceable separation entertained by the Southern insurgents has died out with the defeat of their Northern sympathizers. The manifest determination of the people to continue the struggle until the great revolt is completely quelled, the repletion of our armies by the late draft, the efficiency of our navy, now nearly as large as that of England, the ample means which a wise system of internal revenue has placed in the hands of the Government, and the attitude which the result of the late election enables the Administration to assume toward foreign powers—all these military or political events will prove bitter pills of disappointment to the Richmond authorities and their supporters. The war is even now passing into its last stage, the stage of despair. One or two more efforts, characterized by the dying energy of leaders who have staked their fame and their lives

upon the success of a bad cause, and the contest will belong to history and to history alone. What is to be the ulterior consequences of the victory thus gained by the Union is a subject deserving the consideration, not of statesmen alone, but of every citizen.

Nor will the termination of the civil war, and the assertion of the national unity, be the only distinguishing marks of the new epoch. One other feature of the times will extend its influence through all our future. Long after the traces of the present struggle shall have disappeared, the American people will remember that this generation witnessed the extinguishment of slavery.

We may possibly be engaged in other civil disputes, other sectional wars may possibly shake the Republic to its center, but the effects of this great and beneficent act can never be effaced. It is indeed a deed worthy of enduring rejoicings. When we call to mind how this terrible institution of the South had penetrated into our political system, how it determined the course of Government upon every political question, how it agitated society, how it degraded the land, how it finally culminated in a gigantic rebellion, we can hardly be too thankful that it exists no longer. The process by which this burden of evil has been removed from our shoulders has been so rapid, that we cannot yet feel that we are free from its oppressive weight. So great a re-

form was never achieved in a period so short. Four years ago even that little band of enthusiasts which for a quarter of a century have been lifting up their voices against the national crime, would have scarcely imagined its abolition possible within the lives of living men. To-day it is uttering its last howl of despondency. No sane man can believe that half of the next Presidential term will have elapsed before every inhabitant of the country shall be in perfect enjoyment of his personal freedom.

These obstacles in the path of our progress overcome, the rebellion crushed and its cause eradicated, what can hinder the onward advance of the Republic? We shall sit down at the council-table of the nations in a character altogether different from that which we have hitherto maintained. Our military resources and our naval strength will stamp us the first power on the globe. And even this lofty station will be followed by a still higher one. We shall grow while other lands will with difficulty hold their own. The wealth of France and England increases only by the accretions of an ordinary prosperity; ours will be enhanced at a ratio almost inconceivable to a European financier. The population of England and France increases only by the usual percentage of growth in well-governed lands, ours will be doubled every third decade by the tides of a vast emigration.* To what a height can we not hope to

* Population of the United States in 1850 about 23 millions; in 1880, about 50 millions; in 1916 about 101 millions.

attain? We may hope, without boastfulness, to be able to give laws to the world, to become the arbiter of nations, the sovereign power of the world. In fact, the imagination grows wild in contemplating the possibilities of this dawning era. The most fanciful and fertile brain fails in attempting to picture the phases of our coming grandeur. Time himself, accustomed as he has been to the sight of splendid and powerful nationalities, will be astonished at the magnificent maturity of the last-born of the ages.

November 16, 1864

"CHARLES CHRISTIAN RAFN"

A DEATH of notable interest to all Americans has just occurred in the Capital of Denmark. On the 20th of October, Charles Christian Rafn, a venerable scholar, historian and antiquary, died in the Northern city of Copenhagen. He was born on the 16th of January, 1795, in the Baltic Island of Fyen, and while at the Cathedral School of Odense, near his birthplace, began to display a warm interest in the ancient literature and language of Scandinavian Europe. His education was completed at the University of Copenhagen, to the library of which he became officially attached in 1821. In this position he revised the vast collection of Icelandic manuscripts known as the "Arne-Magnean Legacy," and thus fitted himself for the pursuits which were afterwards to make his name famous. In 1825 he founded the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of which he became the Secretary, and which his indomitable zeal and energy have since elevated to one of the wealthiest and most celebrated learned bodies in the world. Most of the eminent

men and crowned heads of the earth were enrolled in its list of members, and a large fund, to be devoted to the publication of Icelandic manuscripts, was accumulated. A long series of volumes—the Memoirs and Transactions of the Society—filled with essays in Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, German, English and French, has appeared under the able editorship of the indefatigable Secretary.

But the work of Professor Rafn which excited the largest interest, and which gave him his world-wide reputation, was his "Antiquitates Americanae," which appeared in 1837, as a goodly-sized quarto. In its pages were given in extenso those portions of ancient Old-Northern manuscripts which relate to the ante-Columbian discovery of America by the roving and adventurous people of Northern Europe. Abridgements of this work were immediately published in all languages. In English at least half-a-dozen works upon the subject were issued within three or four years. The matter awakened general interest. It was made a theme for poetry. Such writers as Longfellow embodied the incidents in verse. The name of Vineland, the appellation which discoverers of the tenth century gave to a portion of the American Continent, grew to be a very familiar word. The views of Professor Rafn, though perhaps a little too zealously urged, were accompanied by such proofs of their truth, that even the soundest historians have generally adopted

the hypothesis that bands of Europeans sailed along the coasts, and landed on the shores of the American continent, five hundred years before the days of Columbus.

Besides this great work Rafn gave to the world three stout volumes entitled "The Historical Monuments of Greenland," in which the accounts of the Icelandic-Norwegian settlement and occupancy of that country in early times were clearly set forth, and the "Antiquités Russes et Orientales," a magnificent work, containing a narrative of the deeds of the old Northmen in Eastern Europe between the ninth and thirteenth centuries. But we have not space to describe the many publications issued under his direction.

Almost exactly fourteen years ago, the writer, then a boy, found himself in Copenhagen, with the intention of pursuing the study of the Icelandic. He had been provided by kind friends with letters of introduction to Professor Rafn, and on one November day set out to find him. Going to the narrow street in which he resided, he ascended numberless little flights of stairs, scanning the door-plates as he ascended, but finding upon none the name he sought. One door high up was without an address. Fearing to ring at this lest he should be obliged to encounter, with his small stock of Danish, some incomprehensible servant, he made his way down the staircase again in despair. Arrived nearly at

the bottom, he met an elderly gentleman with very white hair and very ruddy cheeks, whose appearance was so friendly that summoning his courage and his few phrases of Danish, he touched his hat and asked where Professor Rafn lived. His embarrassment was by no means diminished when he was told that the genial old man before him was the person of whom he was in search. Presenting his letters he inquired if "Herr Professor" spoke English. The reply was "I read it, but not speak it." This was the culmination of awkwardness. But nevertheless the writer accompanied his host to his rooms, and by dint of murdered Danish and an occasional English or German word, managed to enjoy two hours of interesting conversation on those subjects which at that time engaged all his thoughts. Of Professor Rafn's subsequent kindness, of the numberless pleasant visits at his house, of his assistance during many months of study, of his uniform friendship ever after, the writer retains the most lively and grateful recollections. Rafn devoted himself to his particular branch of investigation with an enthusiasm and assiduity which richly deserved the high rewards in fame and honor with which they were repaid. In him Northern Europe has lost its most famous scholar, and learning one of its most devoted and successful cultivators.

November 19, 1864

"A SYRACUSE RUIN"

[Old Syracusans, and many an early traveller on the New York Central Railroad which still threads its unbarred course through the heart of Syracuse, will recall the antiquated and smoke-stained "depot" which stood between Warren and Salina Streets, and will enjoy this delightful satire. The destruction of this gloomy and wind-swept edifice and the removal of the station half a mile westward occurred in 1869.—*Ed.*]

THERE is in this city a venerable and time-worn edifice. Its blackened sides, its crumbling summit, its tottering roof, its dilapidated timbers, its gloomy exterior, all prove it to be a monument of an early and a remote age. It is the first object which attracts the attention of the arriving traveller, and it is the last upon which the eye of the departing stranger lingers. And it well deserves the notice of the tourist. In all his wanderings he will light on no similar thing of interest. Neither the Old nor the New World, neither civilization nor barbarism, can produce its equal. It is as utterly unique of its kind as the Colosseum of Rome, the Alhambra of Granada or the Pyramids of Egypt. The ruins of ancient cities—over which the solitude

of centuries has brooded—present to the vision of the explorer no structure of an aspect so lugubrious. It would inspire even the accustomed denizens of dismal localities with an inexpressible awe. The moping owl that to the moon complains, would cease his complaints, struck with a sense of dreariness which no churchyard could develop. The howling jackals which make the long-deserted corridors of Thebes resonant, would be overcome by the more complete melancholy of this decaying structure. The watch dogs that bay beyond the Tiber, among the ruins of Cæsar's palaces, would be as silent as death in the presence of a gloom more oppressive than that which sits on the mouldy ruins of imperial grandeur.

The acutest investigator would find himself unable to determine, from its existing appearance, the original purpose of this singular building. It sets at nought all the known rules of architecture and defies the experiences drawn from every field of archæology. It might have been erected as a council-house of the Aborigines, and of old, perhaps, the stormy pow-wows of the great Iroquois chieftains were held within its now begrimed and swarthy walls. It may have been intended as a temple to some pagan deity—the bloody Manitou or the gentle Hiawatha—and the gore of human sacrifice may have stained its now dilapidated pavement. It may have been built for some mysterious use by that col-

ony of exiled Frenchmen which settled, two centuries ago, in the valley of the Onondagas. But these surmises are idle. The spectator will readily discover that all evidences of its early condition have passed away. It is true that pow-wows still take place beneath its roof, but they are held by people of another race than the dusky but simple-minded Indians. It is true that human victims are still seen, torn, bloody and mangled, within its area, but they are sacrifices to a deity more insatiable and more savage than any other heathen god—the god of gain. But though the mind of man cannot conceive, nor his imagination body forth, any possible reason which could have led to the building of an edifice so anomalous in its architecture, though even superhuman wisdom would fail to solve the problem of its origin, yet its present uses are familiar to every citizen.

Antiquaries will perhaps be glad to learn that there is no prospect of the removal of this curious remnant of the past. It will remain to be gazed at by coming generations with the same feelings of wonder with which it is now regarded. The plashing rains of summer will continue to beat in at its open sides; the searching winds of winter will continue to rush unopposed through its whole length from its entrance to its exit. The powerful and wealthy corporation, which at this period, is its fortunate possessor, is little likely to replace it by any

modern erection. The members of that corporation are so rich that they can well afford to keep it. In the next century, therefore, the visitor to Syracuse will still alight beneath its creaking timbers, and our grandchildren will still see it standing, rendered more venerable by the lapse of a hundred years, in the very heart and center of the city of Salt.

November 22, 1864

"THE GIFT OF CHARLEMAGNE"

THE progress of events in Italy promises to develop a somewhat singular historical coincidence. At the hands of the first Emperor of the French the temporal power of the Pope received its earliest formal recognition and confirmation. That power, after having been wielded for a thousand years, is now about to cease by the action of the great Emperor's latest successor. The gift of Charlemagne has been revoked by Napoleon the Third. That which one Gallic monarch took without warrant from the Italian people, another Gallic monarch has, by a happy and retributive justice, been forced to restore. Most of the populous cities, the fertile fields and the historical sites of Central Italy which were firmly held by a long line of sovereign pontiffs, have enjoyed, for five years, the enlightened sway of Victor Emmanuel. Within a few months the remainder of this territory, including the most famous city of the globe, will be annexed to the dominions of the same liberal sovereign. The papal monarchy will pass out of history, and the

spiritual ruler of so many millions of men will no longer be an earthly potentate.

We are glad to see indications that this striking revolution is to be a peaceful one. The absence of Austrian or Spanish protest against the recent Franco-Italian Treaty proves that Catholic Christendom is preparing to acquiesce in the changes which it foreshadows. The disbanding of the little pontifical army is an equally significant sign. Even Pius the Ninth, who has clung to the patrimony of the church with a tenacity worthy a Gregory or an Innocent, seems at least ready to yield to the inevitable logic of modern events. He watches, without a murmur of resistance, the gradual withdrawal of the French bayonets from Rome, while knowing that no longer period can elapse before Italian muskets will gleam on the Quirinal and beneath the walls of the Vatican. If this apparent assent shall turn out to be real and enduring, then the present pontiff has returned to the better inspirations which marked the outset of his reign. We are not sure that the loss of the temporal domain will not prove to be a spiritual gain. We are not sure that the position of the church will be weakened by this alteration in her circumstances. Many thinking Catholics have seen with regret that the Papacy has been latterly too often controlled by local influences; its power has been wasted in managing the petty politics of an insignificant kingdom; for many genera-

tions three-fourths of its cardinals have been natives of Italy, and their knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs has been, in a large measure, bounded by the limits of that country. Hereafter the entire attention of the Papacy will be given to the interests of the whole church. It will find room for a larger development of its energy in a cosmopolitan field. The more remote Catholic communities will be fully represented in the sacred college. Out of what appears to the thoughtless observer to be a great disaster, may possibly be evolved an ultimate benefit. If this be the case, if results like those we have indicated follow the surrender of Rome, then the Catholic Church may indeed congratulate itself that it has lost, finally and forever, the ancient gift of Charlemagne.

November 26, 1864

"THE DISCOVERER OF THE SALT SPRINGS"

IN the year 1638 there arrived at Quebec, from Europe, a French Jesuit by the name of Simon Lemoine, or, as it was then more frequently written, Le Moyne. Not long after reaching Canada he was sent to the missionary establishments at that time maintained by the Society of Jesus among the Hurons, where he doubtless remained until the principal settlements were destroyed by the bloody and savage Iroquois, in 1649. Returning to Quebec, he was ultimately selected for the delicate task of conducting a mission to the Onondagas. The affair promised to be one of extreme peril. The tribe to which he was sent was the chief member of that dreaded Iroquois Confederacy which a few years before had barbarously put to death the zealous Daniel, Brebeuf and Garnier, the venturesome Jogues, and the gentle Lalemant. It was now determined to attempt to reach the Onondagas, in the very heart of the Iroquois territory, whither, there is the best of reasons to believe, no white man had yet penetrated.

On the Second of July, therefore, in the year 1654, Father Lemoine set out from Quebec and proceeded to Montreal. At this point he completed his arrangements and was joined by a young man of courageous heart and by an old settler of the country, who was probably familiar with a portion of the route which the little party was about to traverse. Resuming their journey on the Seventeenth of July, the travelers ascended in a canoe the river St. Lawrence and emerged into Lake Ontario on the Twenty-ninth of the month. Coasting along the shores of this great body of water, they landed at a village of fishermen on the First of August, and continued their journey overland through the woods. Two days afterwards at noon, they found themselves on the banks of the Oneida River, whence a distance of five leagues brought them to the principal village of the Onondagas. Here they remained several days, being treated with great kindness by their dusky hosts and attending a council of the Confederacy, at which Father Lemoine exhorted the assembled chiefs in their own language, and which was followed by feasts and rejoicings. Finally bidding them adieu, the pious father and his companions started on their return, by a new route, to their Canadian homes.

Just after their departure, on the Sixteenth of August, they discovered the Salt Springs of Onondaga, Father Lemoine thus briefly narrating the

important fact in his journal:—"We arrive at the entrance of a small lake in a large half-drained basin; we taste the water of a spring which the Indians dare not drink, saying that an evil spirit dwells in it which renders it offensive. Having tasted it I saw that it was a fountain of salt water; and in fact, we made some salt from it which was as natural as that made from the sea. We carried a sample of it with us to Quebec." This is the simple announcement of the earliest visit by a European to the Onondaga salines, which have proved such a source of wealth to the region about them.

Father Lemoine descended the Oswego River, followed the shore of Lake Ontario, entered the St. Lawrence, and finally arrived at Quebec, on the Eleventh day of September, after an absence of a little over three months. It is reasonable to believe that he did not delay to make his great discovery known, and to exhibit, as incontrovertible evidence of its reality, the "sample" of salt which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Onondaga. It is equally reasonable to suppose that his discovery had something to do with the design, which was immediately developed, of planting a mission and colony in the midst of the Iroquois wilderness. Twelve months later Fathers Dablon and Chaumonot started to lay out the ground for a new establishment on the spot where so valuable a necessity of life was to be found in such abundance. They

were followed in the next year by the remaining missionaries and colonists, and thus was built up the old French village known as St. Mary's of Genentaha.

Little rest was offered to the bold Father Lemoine, for in 1655, he was dispatched on a mission to the Mohawks. On his way he visited the Dutch settlement of Beverwyck or Fort Orange, now Albany, and was entertained with great hospitality by Johannes De Decker, the Dutch Vice-Director, and by the Dutch colonists generally. He reached the castles of the Mohawks the Sixteenth of September, and remained among that warlike tribe until the Ninth of November, being as warmly welcomed as at Onondaga. He repeated the visit the following year, returning to Quebec on the Fifth of November. He went to the Mohawks a third time in 1657, setting out on the Twenty-sixth of August. He was there at the time that conspiracy was planned which resulted in the abandonment of the Genentaha Colony, and the wary Mohawk chiefs endeavored to induce him to return to Quebec and obtain the freedom of some of their countrymen, then captives in the hands of the French, preparatory to the full execution of their plot. He left the land of the Mohawks, but instead of taking his way to Canada, seized the opportunity to make a journey to New Amsterdam, where he passed the winter. He found here several persons of Catholic faith, who received

with enthusiasm a missionary of whom they had heard so much, and whose frequent travels in the trackless interior had shown his devotion to the cross. Nor did his sojourn in the Dutch capital produce a feeling of interest among those of his own religion alone. He became intimate with the Reverend Johannes Megapolensis, who had been the first clergyman at Fort Orange, and who was a man of mark among the early colonists from Holland. Although a Protestant, he listened with pleasure to Lemoine's account of his labors among the Iroquois, and the two, if we may believe Megapolensis, had some warm religious controversies. While here Lemoine took occasion to communicate to the Dutch minister a narrative of the discovery which he had made in 1654 of the "salt fountains" at Onondaga. The good dominie listened to the marvelous story with incredulity, but hastened to communicate this tale of springs flowing with salt water, three hundred miles from the sea, to his superior in Holland. In his letter he adds, with blunt discourtesy, "I will not discuss the question whether this be true, or whether it be a Jesuit lie." Lemoine also obtained from the Governor of Canada permission for the traders of New Amsterdam—the predecessors of the great merchant princes whose ships now sail on every sea—to extend their commerce to the river St. Lawrence. Leaving his new-found friends in the embryo city at the mouth of the Hudson, the Jesuit

now made his way back to Quebec, where he reported himself to the Superior of the Mission on the Twenty-first day of May, 1658.

After three years the labors of this missionary were confined to the Indian villages in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence, but he was fated to visit once more the land of the Iroquois, and to see again those remarkable natural curiosities which he had been the first to make known to the civilized inhabitants of America. On the Second of July, 1661, he set out from Quebec and retraced his route of seven years before. Arrived at Onondaga, he found that the consecrated bell, which, mounted on the little chapel of St. Mary, had once called the devout dwellers of Genentaha to mass and vesper, was now used to summon the Iroquois to their rude council-chamber. He remained at Onondaga during the autumn and winter, and until far into the next summer,—a period of sufficient length to enable him to examine with greater care the salt fountains,—arriving at Quebec on the Fifteenth of September, 1662. On the Thirtieth of July in the following year, he again started for the Iroquois country, but got no farther than Montreal. The reason of this was most likely the increasing infirmities of age. For twenty-five years he had now led the laborious life of a missionary. It was time that the weary body had rest. But the still undaunted priest, unwilling to refrain altogether from work, retired to

the mission village of Cap de la Madelaine, on the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Montreal, where, on the Twenty-fourth of November, 1665, he breathed his last.

His character may be readily gathered from the old Jesuit Relations. He was ardent in the prosecution of a faith in which he firmly believed, and in the path of duty he recognized no such thing as obstacles. Untrodden forests, fierce streams, savage barbarity had no power either to stay his steps or arouse his fears. Few among that singular band, composed of the disciples of Loyola, which lighted up the fires of civilization on our Northern frontier in the middle of the seventeenth century, understood better than he the character and speech of the aboriginal American. He moulded that wild race to his will wherever he came in contact with it. The Indians soon learned to appreciate the gentleness, the sagacity and the wise council of "Ondessonk," as they called him. They heard of his death with great grief, and in their simplicity gave gifts to the French to induce them to resuscitate him. Through a deputation of their chiefs they besought the Canadian authorities to send them a "black-gown" who would have "the same disposition as the deceased Father." His written narrative of his first visit to Onondaga abounds in proofs of his literary ability, as well as of his religious fervor. "The St. Lawrence," he tells us, "is here so very rapid that

we are obliged to throw ourselves into the stream and to drag our boat after us, amid the rocks, as a horseman, dismounting, leads his steed by the bridle." In the woods his party built a hut of bark and leaves to shelter them from a night's storm. "Such was our abode," he exclaims, "a palace into which ambition would never enter; and yet it served our purpose as if its roof had been tiled with gold." Lying on the naked rock, with the rain beating on his unsheltered body, he consoles himself with the reflection that "Whoever hath God with him reposes softly anywhere." With a piety equally profound he remarks elsewhere, "God builds himself a temple there where he is adored in spirit and truth."

Let us hope that posterity will not forget this earnest missionary. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the wealthy salt manufacturers of Syracuse will honor the city, honor the memories of the past, honor the beauty of art, and honor themselves, by setting up a durable monument to Simon Lemoine, the Discoverer of the Onondaga Salt Springs.

November 30, 1864

"THE COLLEGES OF NEW YORK" *

BY the action of Congress large grants of land have been recently placed at the disposal of the separate States to be used for educational purposes. The sum which, by judicious management, may be realized by any single State from these grants, is sufficient to liberally endow one university, but will utterly fail of securing its object if parcelled out among a dozen institutions of learning. It behooves those, therefore, who have the interests of learning at heart that this munificent gift of the national government is not wasted by division, but that the entire sum is expended in building up a great school worthy of the State and the age.

We took occasion, in an article published some months ago, to call your attention to the wretched state of our chartered collegiate institutions. We endeavored to show how, by the application of sectarian ideas to the system of education, a number of schools, disgracing the honorable title of university, had grown up in various parts of the State.

*Cp. the article on Cornell University, Feb. 7, 1865.

We asserted, and no man will venture to contradict us, that each of these pseudo-colleges had a small library, a small observatory, a small cabinet of natural history, a small collection of illustrative apparatus, a few feebly endowed professorships, when, if their means had been united, all these various departments of the university might have been amply furnished and fully developed. We attempted to explain why and how it was that the great State of New York, in its facilities for higher instruction, was not only far behind the countries of the old world, but greatly excelled by such inferior states as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Michigan. An opportunity, and probably the last one for some generations, is now afforded to remedy this evil. The method is simple. The various colleges outside of New York City should agree to unite, and form one grand institution. The theological faculties, wherever there may be such, might be kept separate, and might be endowed as heavily as the different sects choose. The other faculties, in their united capacity, should receive the land grant. The professorships ought to be so divided that all the present incumbents might retain their chairs. Thus the professorship of mathematics might be divided into pure and applied mathematics, mechanics, engineering, astronomy, dynamics, mathematical history, and so on; the professorship of belles-lettres would naturally give place to a group of professor-

ships embracing the old English literature, modern English literature, French literature, German literature and the literature of divers countries and periods; the classical professorships might be separated into Latin and Greek, into Latin literature and Greek literature, into Latin history and Greek history; and the same manner of subdivision would be carried out through all the faculties. In this way the personnel of the colleges would be retained and the present professors would become members of the new institution. An ample number of scholarships, resident and travelling fellowships, and other stipendia, should be established. The combined funds of the colleges, together with the land grant, would suffice to erect a laboratory and an observatory, to purchase a library, a gallery of art and collections of natural history, and to lay out a botanical garden—all upon a scale hitherto unknown in the United States. After the arrangement has been fully matured, let the directors of the institution say to our central cities,—Rochester, Elmira, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica and Schenectady, —that the great University of the State of New York should be located in the vicinity of that town which made the most liberal contribution to its funds.

Such a course as that which we have hastily sketched, would give us a school which would be a true Universitas in the broadest meaning of the

term, and which would wield a healthy and powerful influence similar to that exercised in Old England by Oxford and Cambridge, or in New England by Harvard and Yale. It would become a center of unfading light and learning. It could afford to place the means of the highest instruction within the reach of the poorest youth. It would enable the student to pursue branches—such, for instance, as the living oriental languages—which are now taught nowhere in the land. It would be a proper complement to our wise and liberal system of common schools.

We appeal, therefore, to those interested, and especially to Union College, Hamilton College, Madison University, Hobart College, Rochester University and the People's College, to take the proper action in the premises. We appeal to them in the name of the Commonwealth of New York, which ought to possess a university unexcelled by any school in the world. We appeal to them in the name of that maxim of common sense which teaches that in union there is strength. We appeal to them in the name of future generations of youth, who will else be compelled to seek a proper education beyond the limits of the State. We appeal to them in the name of their own interests, which will thereby be advanced, and in the name of their own reputations, which will thereby be enhanced. We appeal to them, finally, in the name of learning itself, which

deserves a home worthy of its sacred and universal character, and demands a nurture and a cultivation as wide, as liberal and as lasting as its all-embracing and all-evolving nature.

November 30, 1864

"THE ONONDAGA SALT SPRINGS"

NOTICES OF THE SALINES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—ACCOUNTS OF THE JESUITS—FRONTENAC'S EXPEDITION—ORDERS BY THE EARL OF BELLOMONT.

IN 1655, the year after Simon Lemoine discovered the Salt Springs of Onondaga, and made their existence known to the French in Canada, two Jesuits, Claude Dablon and Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot, set out from Quebec for the purpose of undertaking a mission to the vicinity of the important spot. They arrived at Onondaga on the fifth of November, and on the ninth proceeded to examine the salt springs. They thus record the fact:—"This day, for the first time, we visited the salt spring, which is only two leagues from here, near the lake Genentaha, and the place chosen for the French settlement. . . . The fountain, from which excellent salt is made, rises in the centre of a fine meadow, surrounded by a wood of superior growth. From eighty to one hundred paces from this salt spring is found another of fresh water, and both

flow from the same hill." This mention of the choice made for the proposed French colony indicates, it seems to us, that Lemoine's valuable discovery had had considerable weight in determining not only the site of the new settlement, but the inception of the colonizing plan. The other reasons, which the narrator subsequently gives, including the central location and accessibility of the Onondaga region, may have also had their due influence. But the "samples" of salt, "as natural as that made from the sea," which Lemoine had been able to show to the authorities at Quebec the preceding year, were doubtless the most powerful incentives. The land where such a precious commodity—which was at that time so scarce and so high-priced in the French provinces on the St. Lawrence—was so easily obtained would be indeed a prize to those who could secure its control.

Dablon and Chaumonot having paved the way, the colonists began to arrive in 1656, and the little village of Genentaha soon arose "on the fine meadow" out of which the salt spring flowed. In this connection occurs the next mention of the salines. "The size of the lake," say the Jesuit missionaries, speaking of Lake Onondaga, "is two leagues in length by half a league in width. We have remarked three notable things. The first of these is that several salt springs are found upon the eastern side, although this lake is far distant from

the sea. There are similar ones, however, in Lorraine but do not think the salt could be produced as easily there. Here we find salt ready made upon the ground about these springs, and it is easily deposited when the water is boiled. The second matter of observation is that in the spring time such a great quantity of pigeons gather around these salt fountains that thousands are caught in a morning. The third subject of remark is that certain serpents, elsewhere unseen, are found here; we call them rattle-snakes, because in creeping they make a noise." Afterwards these grave Jesuit historians proceed to describe at some length the venomous nature of the rattle-snake, and then endeavored to connect these reptiles with the saline waters in this wise:—"We know not whether they are attracted by the salt, but this we do know, that at our residence, surrounded by springs of fresh water, we are not troubled with them."

Forty years after the foundation of Genentaha, when the actors in the settlement of that ill-fated hamlet had all disappeared from the stage of events, Count Frontenac, the celebrated Governor-General of French America, undertook an expedition against the Onondagas. He arrived with his army on the bank of the lake the second of August, 1696, and on the third his historiographer says: "We camped at a place called The Salt Springs, which in truth they are. They produce enough salt to make us

wish they were near Quebec; the cod fishery would then be very easy in Canada." This remark affords a still further explanation of the efforts, immense for that day, which had been made, more than a quarter of a century before, to plant a French colony in the remote heart of the domain ruled by the confederated Iroquois.

When Richard, Earl of Bellomont, was the royal Governor of New York, he sent Colonel Romer, who is styled "His Majesty's Chief Engineer in America," to explore the country of the Onondagas and to decide upon the best site for a fort. The fourth paragraph of his instructions reads as follows:— "You are to inquire out and view a salt spring, which is said to be in the Onondagas' country, and to taste the water and give me your opinion thereof; and you are to inform yourself about the salmon fishing so much spoken of, and also about other fish in the lakes and rivers in that country, what sort of fish and what plenty, and the ways the inhabitants have to take fish." These orders were dated on the 3rd of September, 1700, at which very time the Earl was engaged in those negotiations which have connected him forever with the eventful story of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd. Romer went as ordered to Onondaga, was treated coldly and rudely by the Indians, who were just then on very friendly terms with the French. In due time he made his report, but neither in its pages nor in the journal of

the worthy Major Peter Van Brugh and Alderman Hendrick Hansen, who accompanied him, do we discover any mention of the salt springs which they were enjoined to examine.

The above notes, if we mistake not, include every instance of the appearance of the Onondaga Salt Springs in history between their discovery by the untiring Lemoine in 1654 and the close of the seventeenth century. These are at least all upon which we are at present able to lay our hands. It is possible that a careful examination of the Relations des Jésuites might throw some further light upon the history of this great gift of nature during the first half century after it became known to Europeans. But the disgraceful lack of a decent public library in Syracuse renders such investigations impossible without a journey to Albany, or to some other city which keeps better pace with an advancing civilization than our own.

December 3, 1864

"CLUBS"

THE enhanced expenses of living in America, already approaching the high standard of England, must soon compel the organization of clubs in all our large towns. These useful institutions are even now familiar features in the social life of our Atlantic cities, in which European customs are more readily adopted than elsewhere. But the common sense of the people will lead, as soon as their utility is fairly comprehended, to their introduction in all the inland centers of population. The annual saving, more especially to young men without families and with moderate means, amounts to a large percentage upon an ordinary income. We propose to illustrate by practical examples, this striking fact, which may be called the communal side of club life. In a club everything furnished to the members—food, drink, and the means of amusement—is provided at cost. Whatever is consumed being purchased at wholesale prices, the consumer saves the profits of the retail dealer. Take the common article of ale. A mug of ale is ordinarily sold at ten

cents; in a club its price is rarely higher than five. The usual price of a dish of stewed oysters is twenty-five cents; a club member obtains it, better cooked, for fifteen at the highest. A game of billiards costs at most billiard rooms twenty cents; the charge at a leading New York club is five, which suffices to pay the cost of keeping the tables and cues in order. Upon all articles of consumption, such as meats, cigars and wines, the saving effected is in general from thirty to fifty per cent.

The annual dues of clubs vary, of course, with their general expenses. In New York the semi-annual payment of each member is in some instances fifteen dollars, in others twenty dollars. Out of the funds thus accumulated the rent of the clubhouse, the hire of servants and the subscriptions to the magazines and newspapers of the reading-room are defrayed. In smaller places, where rents and servants' wages are lower, the proportion payable by each member would, of course, be less. In a town the size of Syracuse a membership of one hundred and fifty persons, each contributing ten dollars half-yearly, would produce three thousand dollars annually, a sum which ought with ease to support a well-organized and well-managed club.

To follow out the practical vein in which our observations have thus far run, let us imagine a club already established in a city like our own. Contrasted with a New York Club, we shall find of course

less of luxury but an equal amount of comfort. Between one and two hundred gentlemen have hired a moderately sized house in a central situation which has been conveniently fitted up and furnished by the proceeds of an initiation fee of fifteen dollars or thereabouts. It contains a reading-room stocked with the leading English and American reviews, magazines, illustrated journals and daily papers, at an annual expense of about two hundred and fifty dollars. This room alone furnishes a source of culture now utterly inaccessible in an interior town. Besides this the clubhouse comprises a reception room for social gatherings, which are held monthly, and to which the fair sex—as in the Athenæum and Century of New York—are often invited; a refectory, where a moderate but well-served meal may be cheaply obtained; a billiard room, provided with one or two tables, and in which no betting is permitted; and several conversation and smoking cabinets. Two or at most three servants—colored ones are now generally employed—are sufficient to supply the wants of so small a membership as we have supposed. The club-house is open at all reasonable hours, say from eight in the morning to twelve at night.

It is evident that such an institution would promote the social interests of the city. Nor would its moral influence be slight. There is just enough of restraint, and just enough of freedom, about life

in a club to promote ease and to prevent excess, while in a place of public resort the restraint is wholly wanting. The small number of votes—usually one in ten—which suffices to reject a candidate for election, renders it easy to exclude all but those whose refinement is of the average club standard. But if any who are not, in the best meaning of the term, gentlemen, accidentally find their way in, the sense of propriety, on the part of the large body of members, soon opens a way out. It is a common remark that clubs in this respect regulate themselves almost spontaneously.

December 23, 1864

"THE SNOW STORM"

WE are just now reaping the full benefit of our high latitude. The earth is white with snow; the air is thick with snow; the frozen water is heaped with snow; the very smoke that ascends from the chimneys rises higher and higher and finally fades away into a region of snow. Snow is everywhere. It is on the sidewalk, driven by the wind into unpleasant drifts, into which, blinded by the whirling flakes, you plunge unexpectedly, and, as you flounder out, feel your mind involuntarily turned in the direction of an oath. It lies on the street, disagreeably premonitory of the season of mud which will come with the sun and a more elevated thermometer. It gathers on your overcoat as you walk, causing you to look like a miller and feel like an iceberg. It lumps on the heels of your boots, to which it clings with the tenacity of love and the persistence of hate; it projects in great masses from the roofs of houses, recalling to your memory, in passing, the stories of Swiss avalanches which fall from Alpine heights on

the unwary traveller, and bury him out of sight and out of life. It is spread out in yards and on gardens, and it clusters about the limbs and twigs of trees, as if nature had undergone a vast bleaching process or had forgotten the days of her greenness or had turned pale under the influence of some universal horror. In stray corners and on open squares, overhead and under foot, on bridge and path, on highway and by-way, there is nothing but snow—deep, damp and detestable.

What a prolific theme for thought is this niveous compound, as old "Religio Medici" Browne * used to call it, in the times when there were no dictionaries, and a writer had the blessed privilege of coining words at pleasure. What a fund of fancies it calls forth! What a mass of memories it summons up! It brings to your remembrance countless stories of pilgrims lost in mountain streams and rescued only by the philanthropic dogs of St. Bernard; of glaciers, those frozen rivers, whose flow, terribly slow, but terribly sure, is like the tardy but certain justice of history; of the endless snow plains of the Arctic world, silent and changeless, which gleam and glisten in the bright sunlight of a brief summer, or stretch away, pale and dreary, in the dull moonlight of a long winter; of cold-fingered fairies

*Sir Thomas Browne (1605-82, physician and author. His famous treatise "Religio Medici" (A Physician's Religion) was published surreptitiously in 1642.

dwelling in the upper ether, busily engaged in forming the flaky crystals and in pouring them in a wide flood upon the earth; of trains of cars rushing into banks of snow and depositing their passengers, to be redeemed only at a heavy percentage of suffering; of the veracious Munchausen fastening his horse in snowy tracts to the spires of churches; and of Jack Frost, that artist in ice and god of youthful skaters. These are delightful tales, and they flit through our memory, as you sit by the fire with slippered feet, listening to the wind which, laden with snow, goes howling around the corner. A charming subject for contemplation is snow—when you are separated from it by eighteen inches of house-wall.

But the snow storm is more practically suggestive. It suggests to telegraph operators the propriety of informing the astonished press, and the still more astonished readers, that snow has been falling all day at Buffalo or Boston or Baraboo or Bethlehem. It suggests to editors of provincial papers interruptions in the regularity of the mail, and a delay of twenty-four hours in the arrival of the metropolitan journals. It suggests hints on the part of cunning urchins to their elders that sleighs make the most charming and appropriate Christmas presents in the world. It suggests horses and cutters and bells and rides to the fairer portion of humanity. And more sadly it suggests shipwrecks to the sailor's mother and cold nights under thin can-

vas to the soldier's wife. To the poor it suggests suffering and sickness and to the houseless and homeless it suggests death.

But what does the snow care for all this? It never ceases its silent fall, riding in glee on the gusts of wind or settling in crystalline whiteness on the icy landscape.

January 4, 1865

"THE GEOGRAPHY OF SYRACUSE"

WE alluded, in a recent article, to the hills which encircle like a diadem the valley-plain upon which the greater part of Syracuse is built. Another feature in our natural scenery is scarcely less noteworthy—our lake. Except the Capital of Wisconsin, no other large interior town in the country of which we have any knowledge possesses such a beautiful bit of watery landscape—if that term may be used. Its sparkling surface in summer and its white, icy glitter in winter make it a prominent object, when viewed from any elevation in the neighborhood. But its most splendid aspect is during one of the lovely autumn sunsets which characterize our locality. Who that has ever seen this sight can forget it? The sun goes down behind the low hills which lie not far from its western border, making the heavens brilliant with red and orange-tinted clouds piled up in fantastic shapes and grotesque masses, and bathing the lake in a flood of golden light. As the spectator stands on some hill in the rear of the city, and sees the busy city below him,

and the gilded waters beyond, separated by a thin line of green from the vast pile of splendor in the sky, the perspective looks like one of those superb but unreal vistas down which the loosened soul of the oriental hashish-eater glides. In this deluge of luminous beauty even the tall naked chimneys of the salt-blocks look poetical, and seem like the minarets of some Moslem town. We dare say that this description will appear to be a little too much tinged with a romantic and exaggerated enthusiasm. We dare say that not many Syracusans will recognize the picture, for very few of our citizens have either the time or the inclination to climb a steep hill in the hazy days of autumn, for the purpose of gazing at sunsets. But the sketch is nevertheless true, except that the pen of the writer fails to do it that justice of which only the pencil of the artist is capable.

Lake Onondaga stretches, as our readers know, from the south-east to the north-west. It is about five miles in length and possesses a tolerably uniform breadth of one and a half miles. It was styled by the Aborigines, who once fished in its depths and sailed on its surface, Lake Genentaha, a term which, according to some, is only another orthography for Onondaga, and, according to others, signifies the Lake of the Hamlet, because one of the lesser villages of the Onondagas lay on its margin. At the time when the salt springs along its banks were just beginning to excite attention, in the closing

years of the last century and the early years of this, it was generally known as the "Salt Lake," a description which will very frequently be found on the maps of that period. Its principal inlets are Mud Creek, Onondaga Creek, Harbor Brook and Nine Mile Creek; through the last-named it receives the waters of Otisco Lake. The outlet, through which it empties into Seneca River, is a narrow channel, less than a quarter of a mile in length, which received from its early French explorers the name of La Rigole, by reason of its resemblance to a trench or furrow. The highest banks of Onondaga Lake are to be found on its eastern shore, the greatest elevation occurring at Green Point, just beyond the limits of the city. This side of the lake is noteworthy as being free from forest. The opposite shore is low and marshy, and for a long distance is still lined with woods. The land around the lower end is almost a morass, which the enterprise of the future will doubtless drain, enabling the rich soil to pour its surplus moisture into the broad river flowing in its immediate vicinity. Many of the marshy tracts near the lake are the results of lowering its waters, a treatment which it underwent many years ago. To this cause also, and to the sediment poured, year after year, into its basin by its inlets, is to be ascribed its shallowness. No attempt has ever been made to check this latter process, which is gradually wasting away the hills of the interior

and bearing their disintegrated particles into the lake. The salt springs which surround it do not appear to have ever affected its freshness and purity, although some of its earlier visitors imagined that the pale green marl, seen at its bottom, received its whitish hue from the salines. There are no islands in any part of it.

It may be said with perfect truth that few of God's gifts were ever so illy used, or rather so little used, as this pleasant sheet of water. In the near vicinity of the city it is utterly inaccessible. Not a road or a foot-path leads to its margin; not a sail ever throws its shadow on its surface; no regatta with flashing oars ever makes its waters gay; no bathing houses exist along its banks. Civilization, with an eccentricity which it rarely displays, has, in its case, made the solitude of aboriginal times more dreary. In days of the Iroquois Confederacy, when the capitol of that singular republic of savages looked down upon it, the canoe of the Indian skimmed its surface, laden with the spoils of the hunt or with the finny treasures of its depths. His barbarous shout awoke its echoes, and his swift paddle tossed its rippling waves into spray. But now an utter desolation rests upon its bosom. Now and then some adventurous boys venture out upon it in leaky and unwieldy shallops, and patiently angle for the small fish which swim in generally undisturbed quiet from one extremity to the other. But other-

wise the lake might be wiped out of existence, and its absence not be felt by any denizen of the Central City. It will probably be many years before an alteration of this lamentable condition of things will take place. The vandalism which has turned our limpid, mountain-born stream, in its course through the town, into a muddy ditch, will probably prevent for the present any effort to make the waters of the lake available for the purposes of pleasure or health. But we trust that another generation will better appreciate this great boon of nature, and that a more enlightened public spirit will make it both ornamental and useful to the populous city whose towers are reflected in its still and sunny waters.

January 7, 1865

"FRONTENAC'S EXPEDITION"

IN the year 1696, nearly forty years after the abandonment of the French colony of Genentaha on Lake Onondaga, the great Governor-General Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, undertook his famous expedition against the chief nation of the Iroquois Confederacy. Preparations for this movement had been made at Montreal and Quebec the previous autumn, but it was not until the 4th of July that the army was ready to commence its ascent of the St. Lawrence. With five hundred Indian auxiliaries, four battalions of French troops and four battalions of Canadian militia, with brass pieces and mortars, and with many boat-loads of ammunition and provisions, Frontenac started for Central New York. On the 28th the long train reached the mouth of the Oswego River, and on the 30th it arrived at the Falls of that stream. Here the batteaux, the canoes and the baggage were obliged to be carried around the rapids. Frontenac was preparing to land, in order to make the detour on foot, when fifty of his Indian warriors seized his canoe,

placed it on their shoulders, and bore him, with songs and shouts, to the water above the falls. Near Three Rivers Point the scouts learned that the Onondagas expected them. A description of the army was discovered drawn on bark, after the Indian style, and attached to it were two bundles of reeds, the number of which were fourteen hundred and thirty-four—exactly the number of the persons composing the expedition. On the 2nd of August the fleet of boats left the Seneca River, and passing through the narrow channel of La Rigole—the outlet—entered the waters of the little lake upon whose shores another Frenchman, as renowned as Frontenac, had, three-quarters of a century before, suffered a disgraceful defeat. By a clever artifice the leaders succeeded in drawing the attention of the Onondagas toward one point, while the troops were debarked at another. The erection of a fort was immediately commenced. Its site appears to have been on the western shore not far distant from the outlet, but it could hardly have been a very formidable work, since it was completed by the following morning.

Leaving one hundred and forty men in this hastily constructed fortification, to guard the boats, provisions and baggage, the remainder of the party set out on its way to the chief village of the Onondagas. It passed through morasses and across two considerable streams—perhaps Nine-Mile Creek and the

Onondaga—and camped on the night of the 3rd at the Salt Springs. The Canadians examined with wondering eyes the bubbling Salines, which Lemoine had first made known to them, and sighed to think that they could not remove them to their own country, when they might obtain salt enough to avail themselves with less difficulty of the rich cod fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the morning of the 4th, arrayed in battle order, the forces continued their march. Between two lines, and just in the rear of the artillery, was borne on a sort of palanquin the distinguished commander. He was then seventy-five years of age. He had learned in his youth the art of war under the teachings of generals who had fought by the side of the renowned Maurice of Nassau, the founder of the modern system of tactics. Later in life he had served under the great Turenne, whose friendship and patronage he had gained by his military abilities. On the plains of Italy and along the banks of the Rhine he had assisted in the victories of the invincible marshal, and had participated in that long and brilliant contest for the possession of the fertile island of Candia, in which Venetian skill proved no match for Mohammedan enthusiasm. After winning fame on some of the most celebrated battle-fields of Europe, this old soldier, weighed down with years, was now fighting savages in the Onondaga wilderness. He had lost none of the vigor which had distin-

guished him through all the quarter of a century during which he had ruled over the French possessions in North America, and now hoped to signalize his closing years by the total destruction of the powerful tribe which inhabited the hills of Onondaga.

Late in the afternoon of the 4th the French reached the principal hamlet of the Indians, the rude capital of the Confederacy. It was surrounded by palisades and flanked by bastions. The invaders were saved the trouble of storming these defensive works by the flight of the inhabitants, who had destroyed their cabins and retreated to a distance of many miles. Their baffled foes vented their chagrin upon the fields of waving corn, which stretched for two leagues around the deserted village. The swords and sabers, which were ready to be stained with human blood, were employed as sickles, and for three days were busy in cutting down the almost ripened corn. One young Frenchman, for seven years a captive among the Iroquois, entered the lines of his countrymen and told them how the Indians had abandoned their homes on the approach of the whites. A few prisoners were taken, and among them a very old warrior, who exhibited in the highest degree the bravery which characterized his race. The chronicler of the expedition, who accompanied it, narrates in a quaint way the story of his death. He says: "Count Frontenac's intention, after he had interrogated him, was to spare

his life on account of his great age, but the savages who had taken him, and to whom he was given, were so excited that it was not deemed prudent to dissuade them from the desire they felt to burn him. He had, no doubt, prepared himself during his long life to die with firmness, however cruel the tortures he might have to endure. Not the slightest complaint escaped his lips. On the contrary, he exhorted those who tormented him to remember his death, so as to display the same courage when those of his own nation should take vengeance on them; and when a savage—weary of his harangue—gave him some cuts of a knife, 'I thank thee,' he cried, 'but thou oughtest to complete my death by fire. Learn, French dogs! and ye, savages! their allies—that ye are the dogs of dogs. Remember what ye ought to do when you shall be in the same position that I am.' Similar sentiments will be found perhaps to flow rather from ferociousness than true valor, but there are heroes among barbarians as well as among the most accomplished nations, and what would be brutality in us might pass for valor with an Iroquois."

A detachment was sent against the Oneidas on the 6th, which returned on the 9th, having burned one of their villages and capturing thirty-five prisoners. Frontenac now started on his return. The fort on the shore of Lake Onondaga was destroyed on the 10th, and the next day the little fleet passed once

more through the outlet into the Seneca River, descended the Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and on the 20th was moored under the walls of Montreal.

This was the last of the three great military expeditions into the Onondaga country. The first, under the explorer Champlain, had met with a severe reception at the hands of the bold natives, who had compelled the haughty Lilies of France to retreat before a mass of untamed savages. The second, under Dupuys, and accompanied by able Jesuit priests, skilled in the language and familiar with the natures of the Indians, had been forced to withdraw after maintaining a precarious foothold on the margin of the lake for over two years. At last the third, far outnumbering the other two, provided with all the resources of military science and led by the most famous warrior then living on the continent, now retired, foiled of its object, from a land so prolific of disgrace to the arms of France.

January 14, 1865

"CHAMPLAIN AT ONONDAGA"

ON the 10th of October in the year 1615—just two centuries and a half ago—the locality in which we live presented a singular scene. The physical outlines of the picture were not very different from their present aspect. The same rounded hills rose into misty Autumn air, clad in a forest garb of which they have since been only partially despoiled; the same beautiful valleys opened into the same broad plain; and the same clear streams flowed from their mountain sources into the same lovely lake. But in other respects the change has been great. The site of the city and its suburbs was occupied by the scattered hamlets, the illy-cultivated cornfields and the narrow paths of a savage race, the Indian war-whoop awoke the echoes now deafened by the busy murmur of an active civilization. Not far from the margin of the lake stood one of the villages of the Onondagas. It lay in the midst of what, to that simple people, was holy ground. For in its immediate vicinity, according to the local tradition, the divinely born Hiawatha, after

a mortal existence during which he had blessed humanity by a multitude of good deeds, and of precious gifts, had ascended to immortality. The little village was surrounded by rows of palisades, constructed by the unskilled engineers of the nation and intended only as a defense against the arrows and tomahawks of the surrounding tribes. But before these simple fortifications was now gathered a small army of Europeans, accompanied by a large force of savage allies. White men for the first time now set foot on the soil of Onondaga, bearing the first firearms which had ever disturbed the solitude of Central New York.

The leader of these troops was Samuel Champlain, a man who stamped his name indelibly upon the history of the Western Continent. A hardy and skillful French navigator, zealous for the honor of his country and devoted to Western exploration, his chief characteristic was his religious enthusiasm, which was best typified in his oft-repeated assertion that the salvation of one soul is of more importance than the founding of an empire. He was the first of that long series of viceroys who labored through the vicissitudes of one hundred and fifty years to build up a new France on the shores of the St. Lawrence. He was the earliest European to enter the limits of the State of New York—an event commemorated by the appellation given to the third largest lake upon our Northern borders. He had

come to America in 1603, but had since crossed and re-crossed the ocean many times, and now on the occasion of his fifth visit, had undertaken his most extended expeditions into the interior. On one of these he now found himself, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and after a life of stirring adventure, besieging an aboriginal fortress in the heart of the Iroquois wilderness.

His premature assault was made upon the evening of the arrival. The Hurons and Algonquins in Champlain's train were anxious to witness the effect of the new European weapons upon their hereditary foes. The Onondagas drew back in terror at the sound of the muskets and carbines, and dragged their wounded, who had fallen by so mysterious a power, into the inner circle of their works. But they soon regained their courage, and successfully repelled their assailants. On the next day the attack was renewed more systematically. Many curious offensive methods were resorted to. An attempt was made to fire the palisades, and a hastily built tower, filled with marksmen, like those structures used by beleaguering forces in the middle ages, was pushed up to the thick rows of pickets. But the effect was not what the commander expected. The fires were extinguished and showers of arrows fell on the assaulting forces like a stream of hail. The battle raged for three hours and resulted in a repulse. Many of the number of Onondagas were

killed. Nor did the other side escape unharmed. Champlain himself was twice wounded during the fray so severely that he was unable to walk. Nevertheless the siege was continued until the sixteenth, when the Indian auxiliaries, in spite of the entreaties of the French, refused to remain longer, and the whole party set out on its return to Lake Ontario, where it had left its boats. The distinguished leader was borne, suffering from his wounds, upon a litter of wicker-work. The Onondagas pursued their retreating enemies for some distance, but unable to do them much damage, they soon hastened back to the scene of the conflict which had resulted so gloriously for them.

Such is the account, whether true or fabulous, given by Champlain of this remarkable encounter. It took place at a time when the Pilgrims had not yet landed on the coast of New England, when the thunders of Hudson's guns had hardly died away among the Catskills, when the English settlers on the James had hardly yet become familiar with the novel scenes into which fate had plunged them. It connects the name of Onondaga with one of the very earliest episodes in the history of the United States.

February 4, 1865

"THE GEOGRAPHY OF SYRACUSE"

A GREAT number of natural curiosities exist in the immediate vicinity of our city. Many of these, even if generally known, are rarely visited by the busy multitude of our citizens, while some are still too inaccessible to be places of general resort. No interior town in the State lies in a region more interesting in a physical point of view than that which surrounds Syracuse. The peculiar formation of the Onondaga Salt Group has produced a variety of remarkable elevations and depressions, caves and fissures, lakes and fountains, streams and cascades, which may all be classed under the head of natural phenomena, and which in almost any other country than ours would be thronged with marvel-hunters and pleasure-seekers. A summer fortnight may be easily and agreeably whiled away in excursions to these points, and so numerous are they that the traveler cannot follow any road leading out of the city without meeting, within an hour's drive, something worthy of his attention and investigation.

These springs are a feature especially worthy of

note. Besides the Salines, which are familiar to every Syracusan, the sulphureted waters of Messina are less than three miles from the city limits on the east. Their history and character are well known. Discovered by an early settler in the last years of the last century, they have been more or less visited for their medicinal qualities since 1833. More modern are the Excelsior Chlorine fountains, which may be said to bubble up almost in the heart of the town. Springs strongly impregnated with mineral substances, more especially sulphur, abound in nearly every direction. There is one of considerable strength, the character of which has never been analyzed, four miles south of the city. Another one, as many of our readers will remember, flows to the surface in the midst of the salt tanks and mud, on the margin of the road leading from the First Ward to Liverpool. The valley of the Onondaga is characterized by two singular chains of sweet water springs. For several miles on each side of this valley, at intervals of about half-a-mile, fountains of the purest and coldest water gush out of the sides of the limestone hills. These are no ordinary springs, where a tiny rill trickles from a little basin half-concealed in the grass, but sources of streams of no inconsiderable size which empty into the neighboring Onondaga. As the traveler descends the valley, the last of these curiously located springs which he encounters before entering the city,

bursts from the ground at the foot of some old and stately trees, near the smaller and more northerly entrance of Oakwood.

But the most notable one of this series of fountains in Onondaga Valley is that known as the Dorwin Springs, lying on the west side of the creek, six miles from Syracuse. Its vicinity is a spot beautiful enough to satisfy even an idolator of fine scenery. The acres of ground which surround it rise into hillocks and sink into valleys, shape themselves into graceful curves, or form bolder lines of beauty, as if they had been moulded by the hand of a skillful landscape gardener. This ground is covered by a grove of beech, maple and hickory, in which lies the spring, or springs, to which the site owes so much of its charm. After issuing from the rock these icy-cold and crystal-clear waters rush down a declivity of a few feet into a little jewel of a pond. This small reservoir was constructed years ago for some milling purpose, but has long been abandoned by manufacturing man, and primitive nature has made it her own. It is several feet in depth, and its sides and bottom are lined with a sort of mossy aquatic plant, which, under the rays of the summer sun, presents a marvelous silvery appearance. The sight of that mingled picture of sunshine, water and verdure is worth a journey of a dozen leagues, even on our dusty roads. Out of this pond the waters of the spring, tumbling down in a foamy cascade

of several feet, pursue their crystalline way to the creek. Let us say here that the fountains and pond and tiny cataract are only a part of the manifold attractions of this lovely spot. Near it runs a very picturesque stretch of road, hollowed out between two lofty banks. Just beyond it is a chain of curious depressions, shaped like inverted cones, and caused by the dissolution of the underlying gypsum consequent upon heavy rains. These tunnel-shaped cavities look as if they might have been used as succotash cauldrons by the ancient Indian gods, who visited these regions in those early days, when even the prehistoric man was uncreated. They are often formed suddenly and without warning, to the great astonishment of the worthy farmer upon whose lands they occur, but the new ones always lie in a right line with the old ones. If the visitor have patience to climb the hill on the slope of which the Dorwin Springs are situated, he sees a magnificent panorama spread out before him. The valley, its little side vales, the winding Onondaga, clusters of romantic hills, green woodlands, waving fields of corn and grass, make up a sublime picture. On the way to the summit of this hill, which is a wearisome half mile from the springs, you pass a striking ledge of rocks cropping out of the ground like the ruined battlements of some half-buried castle.

But we have dwelt so long on this delightful locality, which is already a favorite resort of picnic par-

ties, that we have no space left for a description of any of the other marvels to which we have alluded. But anybody who has spent an afternoon at Dorwin Springs will bear witness that our description is by no means overwrought. As for our part, we have long since made up our mind that when we have "struck ile," we shall build our marble palace in the midst of its lovely grove, and pass our time in watching our gold fish as they flash in the sunny waters, or play at hide and seek in the shining moss of its fairy pond.

February 7, 1865

"THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY"

AMONG the measures which have been brought forward at the current session of the Legislature, none is more interesting, or likely in its results to be more beneficial, than the act establishing a University at Ithaca. It is well known that the United States Congress has recently granted to the several States large tracts of public land for the purpose of establishing higher courses of instruction in scientific agriculture and in the sciences connected with cultivation of the soil. Some of the States have transferred these grants to a single institution; others have divided the grants among all their colleges. In New York the Honorable Ezra Cornell, a respected member of the State Senate, and a gentleman of the broadest liberality, both of sentiment and purse, proposes to endow an educational institution with the munificent sum of half a million of dollars. The only conditions annexed to this gift are that the University shall be located at Ithaca, and that the Congressional grant of land shall be applied to the increase of its endowment. It is difficult to predict the precise sum which a sale

of these lands will ultimately produce, but it is certain that, taken in connection with the money bestowed by Mr. Cornell, the funds at the command of the projected University will yield an income largely in excess of that now controlled by the wealthiest collegiate institution in the land. It will enable the directors to secure the ablest lecturers and professors in the world, to create a considerable number of free scholarships and to build up all the various departments naturally embraced in the idea of a perfect school of the arts and sciences.

The bill now before the Senate contains, if we mistake not, a provision for incorporating with the new institution the "People's College" at Havana, and the "State Agricultural College" at Ovid. These two establishments, although founded some years ago, are still in the chrysalis state, and likely to remain so, unless some action of this kind is taken. The object of the State authorities in erecting them will be entirely attained by the incorporation of the Cornell University, in the management of which their trustees will have a share. Agriculture, the interests of which both these colleges were intended to promote, will be fully represented in the Ithaca school. Able teachers of agricultural chemistry, botany, zoology, geology—sciences which particularly concern the farming classes—will be provided. Beyond this, all other branches of human

knowledge will receive proper attention, and thus New York will at last possess a University comparable to those which have made New England so famous.

February 25, 1865

"A STATE PARK"

WE cursorily alluded, some months back, to a proposed plan for setting aside a portion of the wild lands of Northern New York as a place of recreation and relaxation for the people of the Empire State. It is well known that the upper portions of Herkimer and Hamilton, and the western sections of Essex and Warren counties, form a vast uninhabited and uninhabitable wilderness. Although in no way adapted to the purposes of residence or cultivation this tract is one of the most beautiful in America. It is a region of lofty mountains and deep valleys, of picturesque lakes and leaping cascades, of rock and forest, dell and gorge. The grand granitic peaks of the Adirondacs, with their conical summits and abrupt slopes, are very different in their general appearance from the neighboring ranges, which are composed of mountains of sedimentary formation. The valleys which they form are narrower and more winding than those which are shut in by stratified rocks; their precipitous sides are bolder and higher, and the lakes which

they enclose are richer in romantic and striking scenery. The woods of this Adirondac district are full of wild animals, and the ponds and streams abound in fish. The broad belt of civilization which surrounds this solitude has not yet served to drive the deer, the moose and the bear from their haunts, to exclude the beaver and the otter from their reedy homes, nor to exhaust the finny treasures of these inland waters. On the mountain sides, groves of beech, birch, maple and ash succeed to forests of evergreens, where the tall white pines overtop the dark hemlock, the tapering spruce, the odorous cedar and the pyramidal fir. Along the borders of the streams are almost impenetrable swamps and jungles, in which the delicate foliage of those larches of America, the tamarac and the hacmatac, is a prominent feature. The groups of lakes scattered all over this table-land afford landscapes unexcelled by those of Scotland, around which Walter Scott has thrown the glamour of romance, or those of Ireland, which have furnished themes for so many poets of the mother country.

It seems to us that the Legislature might devise some means of rendering this Northern wilderness useful to our citizens. What if it should be made into a great park, which should be to the State what Central Park is to the City, the Highlands of Scotland to Great Britain, the Saxon Switzerland to

North Germany, or the real Switzerland to all Europe? What if it should be turned into a vast place of recreation, whither the people of the surrounding country could flock in the hot weeks of summer, or the gorgeous days of autumn, to free themselves from the accumulated cares of business, to hunt and fish, to breathe the mountain air, to ramble in the forests, to row on the lakes, and to drink in health and new life from the unfailing springs of nature? A space of fifty miles square might be set apart for this purpose. It would cost little for the land, as the ownership of most of the region is still vested in the State. It would cost little to lay it out, for the less its natural condition is disturbed the better. The only expense which it would be necessary to incur, would be to keep its forests and waters well stocked with game, and to maintain an efficient corps of keepers. This would be easily made up to the State Treasury by the sale of licenses to hunt and fish, and of privileges to erect hotels and chalets in the most beautiful spots. The roads leading to this State Park would require improvement—access to the Adirondac country being now by no means easy —but private enterprise would soon provide excellent routes of travel to its very edge. Hundreds of sportsmen now resort to the Adirondacs and to John Brown's Tract, but should this project be adopted, their number would be speedily increased to thousands. Multitudes of citizens with their families

would annually seek the same locality. Nor need those in search of health, or lovely scenery, or the exhilaration which a virgin nature always excites, interfere with those who go simply to enjoy the sports of the rod and gun. A code of rules might be adopted which should confine each class to its own limits and keep the preserves of game unharmed. There would be room enough for all.

Will the Legislature give us this boon, which is becoming more and more necessary as our population becomes denser? Shall we have a bill appointing a Board of Commissioners of the New York State Park?

March 11, 1865

"THE ROMANCE OF THE SALINES"

SALT is certainly a subject around which very little that is romantic can be expected to crystallize. But salt springs bubble from the earth with all the clearness of fresh water fountains. They sparkle in the sunshine, reflect the passing clouds, or ripple under the breeze, as if the liquid they contain was sweet and refreshing instead of being briny and unpalatable. Such, at least, was their appearance in our vicinity before the deep borings prevented the water from ascending to the surface, and the unpoetical wells were devised. A spring of this kind formerly existed just under the bluff upon which the Salina pump-house now stands. It was scooped out in the marshy soil by the hands of the Indians, and into the cavity thus formed the saline fluid steadily flowed. This was the original Salt Spring, which gave the sobriquet of "Salt Point" to the rude hamlet which ultimately grew up on the heights above it. It was this spring, in all probability, at which Simon Lemoine, in 1654, made the first salt ever produced in the Onondaga region by

the hands of a white man. It was this spring around which Frontenac and his army encamped in the memorable expedition of 1696. It was this spring which formed the nucleus of the great salt manufacturing establishments of Syracuse, for its waters were used by those pioneer salt boilers, who late in the last century erected their rude apparatus in its immediate neighborhood.

More romantic than true, we fear, is the tradition that upwards of two hundred years ago a party of Spaniards came to Onondaga from the distant Gulf of Mexico, through the vast wilderness of the Mississippi Valley, guided by an Iroquois who had told them that in his country there were springs, the borders of which were covered with a white and shining substance. Lured by what they supposed to be silver, and fancying they were to discover waters which deposited this precious metal, the deluded adventurers set out on their journey to the far-off North. To them these unknown fountains of silver were as fascinating as was the fountain of youth, so vainly sought in the tangled everglades of Florida, a few years before, to their countryman, Ponce de Leon. We can well imagine the sensations of the eager travelers when they arrived at the Salines, and found the white and shining substance which gathered on their margins to be nothing but vulgar salt. Who can wonder that in their wrath they quarrelled with the French colonists who were

settled in the vicinity, until the Onondagas, determined to restore peace and quietness, took the shortest method of putting an end to the dispute by murdering both the contending parties. Asking for bread and receiving a stone was certainly less provoking than journeying two thousand miles to get silver and finding only salt.

The Salt Springs have not been an unmixed blessing to the people residing in their vicinity! They have in a measure balanced their useful qualities by being a constant subject of inquietude to the inhabitants of the region in which they are situated. The aborigines imagined that an evil spirit dwelt in the little basin whence the brackish fluid issued, but no legend has transmitted to us the exact form in which their fancies pictured forth this demon of salt. The sons of France who migrated to this portion of the world in 1656 believed that the salt water possessed the unpleasant peculiarity of attracting rattlesnakes. The tract around the Springs abounded in these fearful serpents, and they were supposed to possess a natural fondness for the briny element which oozed up on the banks of the lake. We may be sure, therefore, that the timid colonists did not visit the Salines without proper precautions, nor without an instinctive fear of hearing at every step the sound of the dreaded rattle. In a later epoch the alarm excited by the Salt Springs was of a different character. We all remember the theories which have

from time to time been broached to the effect that the salt water must soon be exhausted by the pumping process, and that then the roof of the rocky cavity which contains it would give way and our flourishing city be swallowed up by the yawning earth. This belief, which has not been without its influence upon the weaker class of minds, originated in the idea, formerly so prevalent, that the qualities of the water were derived from vast beds of rock salt through which it percolated. It was argued that these beds of mineral salt must finally be entirely washed away, and then the dire catastrophe in question would take place. Many a prophecy has been made that if the consequences of pumping did not assume a shape quite so horrible as this, they would at least lead to a failure in the supply of water, and the loss of this great source of our wealth and trade. As yet, however, the Salines hold out, and Syracuse is still above ground.

In the early part of this century, this rock salt fancy seems to have taken firm hold of men's minds. One individual was so confident of the existence of a salt mine beneath the earth that he obtained a special act of the Legislature in 1820, permitting him to sink shafts for the purpose of discovering it, stipulating that the State was to pay him a premium on every bushel of salt which he should mine, and that the Government should only purchase his works by paying him three times their original cost.

This law passed, the confident explorer set to work on the hilly range which runs along the northeastern portion of the city, and bored and bored until his patience was exhausted. At the depth of six hundred feet his efforts gave out, and his hallucination was dispelled. His want of success did not deter others from embracing the same idea. Only a short time afterwards no less a personage than the State Engineer of the Salt Works suffered his imagination to dwell on huge subterranean mines of salt. Laughable enough is the reason which he gives for believing in the existence of these mines. After stating that "there can be no doubt that there are large beds of fossil salt in the neighborhood of Salina," and recommending that shafts be sunk to a considerable depth in order to reach them, his report goes on to say:—"The probability is, that the fresh water which enters into the salt pits enters the ground on the oak hills back from the lake, and passing over the rock becomes more or less saturated, according to the quantity admitted and the time taken up in passing over the rocks. The reason why the water is supposed to come from the oak hills is, that whenever the present well is cleaned, acorns, hickory nuts, leaves, sticks, and pieces of oak wood will be found rising through the orifices in which the salt water appears from the bottom of the well. A large mandrake rose through one of the crevices at the bottom, and was taken out in a complete

state of saturation." But, in spite of the forcible demonstration offered by the mandrake, these rocky beds still lie hidden from the eye of man. Is it possible that they are guarded by the Indians' salt demon, who keeps faithful watch and ward over the immense saline riches confided to his charge, lest the usurping race of pale-faces should appropriate them? Is it possible that far below the earth's surface, he sits enthroned in his lofty hall of glittering salt, whose sparkling roof is supported by pillars rivalling in whiteness the famous column into which Lot's wife was transformed, and lets us have only the washings of his floors, while he conceals from mortal vision the richer treasures of his domain?

March 21, 1865

"THE FOREIGN NEWS"

THE great fact of the recent intelligence from the Old World, and one of the great social facts of the century is the union of England and India by a trans-European telegraphic line. Many months have elapsed since Constantinople was brought into telegraphic communication with the rest of Europe. A line from Constantinople to India would thus put the English Government in direct communication with the vast Asiatic dominions, over which its power is supreme. The Sultan agreed to build such a line across his Asiatic territory to the Persian Gulf, provided England would complete the task by laying a submarine cable from the Gulf to India. This great task has now been accomplished. From Kurrachee on the Indus to London on the Thames messages are sent in the space of a few hours. It seems startling to think of this wonderful outgrowth of modern thought and modern science as running through those old lands of the East. Along the path where Xenophon retreated with his Greeks, along the track of Alexander as he

marched on India, along the valleys where Richard of the Lion Heart and the magnanimous Saladin fought their battles, runs the wire which brings nations nearer together, not only in time but in feeling. Thus does human skill extend its conquests. Before five years have passed we shall be able to give in each day's *Journal* the principal events of the day before in Europe, Asia, Australia, and South America. What cosmopolitans we shall then become!

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA

The quarrel between these two countries, which were so lately allies in robbing Denmark, is becoming intensified. It all arose from the difficulty of dividing the spoils. Whether the duchies which the arms of the two nations have conquered shall be allowed to set themselves up as an independent power, whether they shall be annexed to some other German kingdom or duchy, or whether Austria and Prussia shall divide them, are questions which trouble all Germany. Prussia, whose troops are now in possession of Schleswig and Holstein, means to hold on to those fertile lands, which give her access to the North Sea, and make her, what she never has been, a naval power. Bismarck, her ambitious and despotic, but shrewd and able prime minister, has determined to tire Austria out by negotiation,

until the Empire is willing to permit this scheme of annexation. In his last note he demands firstly, the right to levy sailors in the Duchies for the Prussian navy; secondly, the cession to Prussia of the requisite territory for a canal to connect the German Ocean and the Baltic, and land at each end of the canal for the construction of fortified docks to be used by the Prussian Navy; thirdly, the control by Prussia of the postal and telegraphic departments in the Duchies; fourthly, as close a connection as is possible between the forces of the Duchies and the army of Prussia, so far especially as the appointment of officers is concerned. If the acceptance of these terms does not virtually Prussianize the Duchies, then nothing would accomplish it. Austria is, of course, aghast at such demands. She finds that she has been fighting not the battles of Germany, as has been so loudly and frequently proclaimed, but the battles of Prussia, her ancient rival. There is, consequently, much feeling in Vienna, which may possibly lead to a rupture between the two powers.

April 15, 1865

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

The late Mr. Van Buren Chase, foreman in the composing room of the Syracuse *Journal* (having been connected with the paper over 50 years), informed the editor of this volume in 1907 that when the news arrived of the assassination of the President, Mr. Fiske locked himself into his little office, and in less than an hour emerged with a beautiful clean copy of the above editorial.

It had a wide vogue in the American newspaper press, and was reprinted at intervals by periodicals and by associations such as the "Grand Army of the Republic."

SLAVERY and treason have demanded of the American Republic a great and final sacrifice. For four mournful years, on the battle-field and in the hospital, she has poured out the noble blood of her brave children and offered up the precious lives of her patriot-citizens. But a sacrifice of blood still more noble, of a life still more precious, was needed to make the oblation complete. This last, this fearful offering, has now been laid upon the nation's reeking altar. ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS DEAD!

The shaper of the Republic's destiny, he was murdered on the day when that destiny was finally moulded in the matrix of Truth and Justice. The

saviour of the Republic's life, he yielded up his own just as the Republic's existence was forever secured. The Commander-in-Chief of our long-battling armies, he sank in death at the very moment when those armies had achieved a lasting triumph. In him was typified, more than ever before in any single individual, the cause of Human Liberty, and he perished in the hour which saw that cause victorious. He so guided the course of events, that out of the bitterness of Slavery a whole race entered into the blessedness of Freedom, and he passed out of the world while the clanking echoes of the chains which he had broken had not yet died away. Through a night of storm and terror he steered the trembling ship of state, and when the morning dawned upon the vessel sailing with its costly freight through a placid sea, the hand that had saved it became powerless. Who shall say that his life was not complete? Who shall say that, since that other Good Friday, eighteen hundred years ago, when murderous men struck at the existence of Divinity itself, a riper life has been ended by a fouler blow?

The universal signs of sorrow attest the depth and breadth of the people's grief. The saddened nation clothes itself in black. The church bells toll a requiem which makes the sorrow-laden air still heavier. Sable festoons adorn with gloomy decoration our streets and squares. The minds of men are filled with a woe which the death of a father or

a brother could not have evoked. But there is a mourning still more appropriate to the occasion than these outer signs or inner feelings. Let us mourn the dead President by being worthy of his greatness. Let us resolve that the Liberty which he saved shall never again be lost, that the fetters which he sundered shall never again be joined, that the Union which he restored shall never again be broken! Let us live for Human Rights as he lived; let us die for them, if need be, as he died!

The Great Republic's head is gone, the Great Republic's heart is broken. GOD HELP THE GREAT REPUBLIC!

April 17, 1865

GRIEF-PIERCED unto her great heart's core,
Bowed to the dust and stricken sore,
The Nation leaves her task undone
To weep in anguish o'er a son
Whom she shall see no more, no more.

Proudly, a few short hours before,
Exulting in her joy, she bore
Aloft her starry flag—her brow
Aglow with victory; and now
She sits and mourns, "No more! no more!"

No vengeance on the wretch who tore
Her loved one from her, can restore
The life she prized—though wrathful, grim,
She seize and rend him limb from limb—
The lost returns no more, no more!

Too just to wrong, too meek to soar,
His heart was of the sterling ore;
Not proudly strong, but grandly pure,
He saw his crowning work mature
In triumph, then—no more, no more!

Honored in life, in death he wore
The crown of martyrdom, and o'er
The whiteness of his life there glows
The lurid grandeur of its close,
To light the ages evermore.

May 6, 1865

"THE ONONDAGA MONUMENT"

A COMMITTEE has been formed by the action of the citizens of Syracuse to take measures for the erection of a monument, which shall prove to posterity that the present generation was not ungrateful for the immense services conferred upon the nation by the Union soldiers who helped to crush the Great Rebellion of 1861-65. That committee has held its first meeting, and has invited suggestions as to the character and site of the proposed memorial from any individuals or associations interested in the project. In accordance with this liberal invitation we venture to indicate some of the considerations which, we think, ought to influence the action of the committee.

1. The monument, if the material selected be stone, should be constructed of our Onondaga limestone. This stone is certainly one of the best for building purposes in the State, admits of a high polish, and is found in abundance within a short distance of the city. Experience, also, has demonstrated the fact that—all other things being equal

—a building constructed of stone, taken from a quarry on the spot, endures the changes of the climate far better than one built of stone brought from a distance.

2. The monument should perpetuate the memory of all Onondaga soldiers, first, because Syracuse, as the chief town of the county, is the only spot which could properly be selected by all the towns as the site of a common memorial; secondly, because the extent of territory from which subscriptions could be received would be thereby increased.

3. Somewhere about the monument, in a place as little subject to the action of time and the weather as possible, the names of all soldiers from Onondaga who have fallen in service, with the date of their death, should be recorded on tablets.

4. If it be decided to make the monument a county monument, then it should stand in the most conspicuous place in the vicinity of the city. If there be a spot, in the neighborhood, where the whole county can see it, then so much the better. Let that spot be selected.

5. It should not be placed in Oakwood. That beautiful cemetery will, in the course of time, be filled up with fine memorials, and with noble examples of architectural art, by the action of private munificence. If the money of the public is to be spent, it is better that it be spent in creating one more object of interest in or near the city, than in adorning

a locality which is sure to be sufficiently adorned by the wealth of private individuals. The more notable spots which are formed in and around the city the better.

6. The design for the monument should be novel. Don't let it be a miniature Bunker Hill Monument, or Washington Monument, or tame imitation of any other structure. A dozen years hence the standard of art in this country will be infinitely higher than it is now. Let us put up such a work that we shall not be ashamed of it then.

7. In selecting a plan, let anything like a shaft be avoided. Shafts, not to speak of their condemnation by the higher teachings of modern art, are utterly commonplace. All our burying grounds are filled with them, and they have been "run into the ground," to use a vulgar phrase, in consequence of the crude artistic taste of the country, by the erectors of all our earlier monuments.

8. Any idea of a shaft being rejected, as we hope it will be by the Committee, the following projects, among others, offer themselves for consideration:—First, a noble tower—say one hundred and fifty feet in height—on one of the elevations near the city, forming a bellevue or lookout, as well as a monument; secondly, a piece of sculpture, in bronze or in stone, in one of our open places, representing, it may be, a Union soldier, or an Onondaga Indian—the latter as typical of the county—with inscriptive

tablets on the pedestal; thirdly, a memorial fountain in one of our public squares; fourthly, a massive arch thrown across the end of one of our prominent streets—say James Street, or Genesee Street, or Onondaga Street. These are mere hints. We shall recur to this subject of a design in a future article.

9. One danger to be especially avoided is a want of unity of action. There will be local jealousies. Those living on the north side of the canal will desire the erection of the memorial on that side of the "big ditch"; those living south of it will assert their claims. The inhabitants of the eastern portion of the city will insist upon furnishing the site; those living in the western part will demand that theirs be the favored locality. All such absurd jealousies must be rigorously banished from the deliberations of the Committee.

10. Committees of co-operation should be immediately formed in every town and ward. A certain sum should be at once fixed upon as absolutely necessary before a single stone is laid, and the subcommittees should set about the task of raising that sum. We have no desire, in this matter of money, to force our advice on the committee, but it seems to us that the preservation of the Union and the blood of her slaughtered sons have been worth at least fifteen thousand dollars to the county of Onondaga. The expenditure of a smaller amount for

the object in question would be beneath the dignity of Syracuse.

The two ideas which should be ever present to the minds of those engaged in this grateful duty are art and patriotism. We want a structure which shall combine these two sentiments—which shall be at once a work of art and a work of patriotism. In proffering the hasty suggestion in this article, we have been actuated therefore only by an ardent love of art and an equally ardent feeling of patriotism. We trust our readers, as well as the committee, will accept them for what they are worth.

May 13, 1865

"SHALL IT BE A TOWER?"

ALL people at all familiar with the progress of modern art will, we think, agree that, in seeking a design for the monument by which Onondaga proposes to perpetuate the memory of her fallen sons, the idea of a shaft, column or obelisk should, under no circumstances, be entertained. The country already possesses a number of these erections, more or less ugly; every churchyard is full of them; and in public places we have the Bunker Hill monument, the Worth monument at New York, the Battle monument at Baltimore, and that still uncomplete mass, the Washington monument at the national capitol. It is earnestly to be hoped that Syracuse will not add another to this melancholy list. Two of the essentials in the projected structure are the following:—

1. The plan of the monument should possess the merit of novelty. It should be something which would at least be new to this country. It ought to be of such a character that it would give reputation to the city, so that when Syracuse is mentioned in

any part of the country, the mind would naturally recur to this monument as we think of the Coliseum or St. Peter's, when Rome is mentioned,—as we think of the Alhambra when the name of Grenada occurs. It is no more difficult, and costs no more money, to put up a structure which shall give the city a high and unique reputation for art, than to erect a commonplace monument, of which our children shall be utterly ashamed.

2. In the present transition state of art in America we should seek rather for massiveness than ornament. An object which is huge is impressive from its very size. If we attempt anything as delicately beautiful, for instance, as the beautiful fountain at Nuremberg in Germany, we shall very likely fail; if we build something so large as to be imposing from its grandeur, we shall at least have succeeded in producing one solid effect upon the eye of the beholder.

We mentioned the other day, among the various designs open for consideration, a tower to be placed on one of the elevations near the city. Let us imagine a massive, round or octagonal tower, built of the Onondaga limestone, on the height in the rear of Mr. Longstreet's residence * or on Prospect Hill. With an elevation of two hundred feet, of the same size at the summit as at the base, it would rise above the city so as to form the most prominent object in

* Now the Teachers' College of Syracuse University.

the landscape. From its top the vision would embrace the whole Oneida Lake region, and might follow the windings of the Oswego River in all the territory which intervenes between here and Lake Ontario. A hundred square miles of Central New York would be spread out before us. Entering the tower at the base we should ascend by a winding staircase of stone, which, growing narrower as it approaches the summit, would finally emerge between four columns into a room the full size of the tower, around the walls of which would be sufficient space for marble tablets inscribed with the names of our heroes. From this room a smaller staircase of iron would lead us immediately to the top, where we should find seats of stone from which we might survey the magnificent landscape beneath. The tower in its general appearance would not be unlike some of the bellevues recently erected on the mountains of Germany—like that on the Kaiserstuhl, back of Heidelberg. Or it might resemble the ancient belfries of the great cities of the Low Country, such as that of which Longfellow says:—

"In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town."

or the great tower which overlooks the busy city of Ghent, and in which the huge bell Roland still hangs and tolls.

Instead of putting the tower on a hill, we might

follow still more closely the model of the Flemish beffrois, and place it in one of our squares. In that case it could take the form of a clock tower, and be furnished with a chime of bells, such as that which rings out its melody every quarter of an hour from the belfry of Bruges. But, if a location like this were chosen, a much more elaborate work would be required. For the tower would be in the heart of the town, to be gazed at wholly from an immediate point of view, and not from a distance. But placed anywhere, either in the town or in its suburbs, a tower two hundred feet in height would serve a double purpose, and be both a monument and a belvidere. It would commemorate the dead and afford a source of unending enjoyment to the living. The glorious view from the summit, embracing our own city, a hundred villages, beautiful lakes, and long miles of winding rivers, would entice every stranger to climb its staircase of stone, and to study the innumerable features of interest which adorn our glorious landscape.

We shall endeavor, in another article, to discuss a totally different design, which will commend itself to many minds as even better adapted to the purpose than that to which we have in the above suggestions confined ourself.

May 15, 1865

"A RAMBLE TO ROUND TOP" *

PLEASANT weather was not principally the characteristic of last week, yet one or two of its days were among the finest of the season. Lured by the attractive aspect of things out of doors, one pleasant afternoon, we threw aside pencil, paper, exchanges, and other itemizing paraphernalia, and started off for a stroll. The new Catholic cemetery, known as "Round Top," being as yet a terra incognita to us, we determined to take advantage of the opportunity and pay it a visit, trusting to our own instinct and such information as we could pick up on the way to guide us in the right direction. Over the canal, once more awake and busy with its summer's work, and into palatial James Street. Gardens on either side, newly trimmed and bright with their earliest floral offerings, fill the air with agreeable perfumes and the mind with pleasant thoughts. Graceful, curving clusters of the crimson "bleeding heart," the familiar and ever welcome lilac, just opening its stores of perfume, the gaudy

* Now a part of Schiller Park.

tulip, and many a gay and brilliant flower unknown to us, yet none the less beautiful, are mingled with the fresh green of the foliage, revealing at every step a picture of floral loveliness only to be seen and appreciated in early spring-time. Summer, with her roses, gives us a grander display, but she lacks that charm of freshness and novelty which is the peculiar attribute of Spring. But such reflections as these are as old as the hills and as common as humanity.

At the summit of the hill, where the designation "road" may be said to supersede that of "street," we turn at hazard into a lane leading northward, and jog along over a quarter of a mile of exceedingly rough cartway until we come to a fence. Here two roads present themselves for choice, neither apparently leading to the cemetery, while away over the fields in our front rises a hill which looks as if it might be the object of our search. In this dilemma we apply for assistance to a person we discover near-by, engaged in the laudable occupation of pulling up weeds. The only response our inquiry elicits from him is a stolid "Ich kann nicht verstehen." Fortunately one of the party is able to put the question into his own vernacular, and with a smiling beam of intelligence spreading itself over his face, he confirms us in our impression that the eminence before us is the one we seek. Climbing over the fence, we find a foot-path leading to the cemetery. In a neighboring field are the abutments

of what seems at one time to have been a bridge, but both roadway and streamlet, if they ever existed, have entirely disappeared. The foot-path, after widening into a wagon road, passes by the side of an extensive hop-field,—a rather unpicturesque object at this season. Climbing another fence, and skirting a patch of raspberry vines, we find ourselves at last on Round Top. The cemetery, we discover, is still comparatively in a state of nature, although the iconoclastic axe of the wood-chopper has been making sad havoc among the trees. Whether the high price of fire-wood be the inducement, or whether the design is to eradicate the original growth and replace it with a more ornamental species, we know not, but the trees are being cleared off at a rate which bids fair soon to leave the place as bare as Prospect Hill. Few indications of the purpose for which the ground has been set apart are yet visible. Stakes here and there in the grass, marking out the lots, a tombstone shrouded for protection in a covering of rough boards, an occasional grave, are all that mark the spot as a place of burial.

Round Top, or Forest Hill Cemetery, as it is now called, was originally purchased for a Protestant or general burial ground. The work of improvement had begun, lots were being laid out, and avenues constructed, when a location to the south of the city was thought to possess superior advantages, and

Round Top was abandoned for Oakwood. It has now passed into the possession of the Catholic Church, and the work of clearing and laying it out in lots has been resumed. It is neither so large, so diversified, or so easy of access as Oakwood, but is capable of being made an attractive spot for the living and a beautiful resting-place for the dead.

Though the embryo cemetery possesses little to interest the visitor, the magnificent view it presents will amply repay the trouble of a visit. On every side the landscape stretches away for miles, embracing hill, valley, plain and lake. To the southwest the city—a mingled mass of roofs, steeples and chimneys—lies spread out in the foreground, the lake at its feet, and the blue hills which shut in the valley of the Onondaga filling up the background of the picture.

Here we make the discovery that there is another and shorter public road leading directly to the cemetery; but as the way we had come had been pleasant enough, although rough and not to be recommended, we have no reason to regret our mistake, but choose the other and better road for our homeward walk. As this takes us over a portion of the ground we have traversed on a former occasion, we will close our ramble at this point.

May 19, 1865

"BATHS"

THERE is one element of civilization in which our country is far behind the rest of the world, and that is in facilities for bathing. In none of our cities are there public baths at all commensurate with the needs of the inhabitants. There is danger that, unless this want be speedily supplied, we shall obtain the unenviable reputation of being the dirtiest nation in Christendom. We are not only lamentably below our contemporaries in this respect, but even the ancients excelled us. In Greece, bathing houses were attached to the schools, and immense public baths were to be found in all the chief cities. The immense thermæ of Rome, the ruins of which still astonish the traveler, are well-known. Pompeii was a small provincial town, of not half the importance to the Roman Empire that Syracuse is to the United States, but yet the remains of her public bathing establishments cover an area of ten thousand square feet. But this was nothing to the magnificent edifices used for the purposes of bathing in the imperial capital itself. The baths of Caracalla were fifteen

hundred feet in length by twelve hundred and fifty in width. In the baths of Diocletian the swimming basin was two hundred feet long and one hundred feet broad. In all the cities and towns of England and the continent bathing establishments exist, where baths can be obtained at prices which bring them within the reach of the poorer classes. Even the semi-civilized populations of Asia rejoice in their public baths, the splendor of which puts to shame the more enlightened communities of the earth.

It is not necessary in this place to dwell upon the hygienic advantages of bathing. In our hot summers it is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of health, and at any season of the year it is calculated to strengthen the physical functions. If every town had its public baths, frequented by the mass of the people, we should soon become a hardier race than we are. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the pleasures of the bath. The delightful sensations, the exquisite softness of the skin, the renewed vitality of the frame, the keen feelings of animal vivacity which follow immersion in water, are known to every one. Our streams, which unlike those of the Old World are easily accessible, fulfill to some extent the wants of the public during the warm season of the year. But in winter there is absolutely no place where all the people can, at a cheap rate, indulge in what ought to be considered one of the absolute necessities of existence. The consequence

is that in our latitude the great mass of the community—embracing all those who do not have private baths in their houses—content themselves by remaining dirty. For the hand-basin, however freely its contents may be used, can never answer the purposes of immersion. In our crowded assemblies, such as a political mass-meeting, for instance, foreigners easily detect that noisome effluvia which arises from "the great unwashed," who constitute the bulk of our populace. We are perhaps too accustomed to it to distinguish it so readily.

The cessation of the war will leave a considerable amount of ardent philanthropy without any object upon which it can expend its energies. Let a portion of it be devoted to the task of providing for the men, women and children of America the means of exercising one of the first rights of a human being—the right to keep himself clean. Here is a splendid opening for reformers. Here is a magnificent opportunity for the display of zeal. Here is a chance for agitation, which may result in driving the unclean spirit out of a whole nation. And if there be any rich man in Syracuse who desires to use his means for the benefit of his fellow citizens and to perpetuate his own memory, let him build us a public bathing house, where the poor can bathe all the year round, paying for a good "swim" not more than half a dime, and where those who are able may obtain superior accommodations at a correspondingly in-

creased price. For this large city, containing thirty-five thousand souls, possesses bathing facilities which are totally inadequate to the necessities of its people, which, in their character, would disgrace the smallest town in semi-barbarous Turkey, and which, poor as they are, are totally inaccessible to the majority of the inhabitants by reason of their cost.

May 20, 1865

"A TRIUMPHAL ARCH"

OF the various shapes which the proposed monumental structure in memory of the dead sons of Onondaga may take, there is one which especially deserves the most careful, the most intelligent and the most critical consideration. This shape is that of a triumphal arch. We will sum up the chief reasons why the memorial should assume this form, as follows:—

1. A triumphal arch possesses the all-important merit of novelty, as far as America is concerned. On all this part of the Continent, from the cities of Canada to those of Chili, there is not, we believe, a single structure of this kind. Syracuse would, therefore, be the first city in the New World to reproduce one of the grandest and most beautiful developments of Old World art.

2. The arch, in monumental art, is especially the symbol of triumph, and we wish to commemorate not only the deaths of our gallant soldiers, but the glorious triumph which, through their deaths, was achieved for the nation and for posterity. All of

the famous arches of Europe were erected to perpetuate the fame of military victories, and the fame of the armies by which those victories were gained.

3. There is no creation of human skill more noble and dignified than a triumphal arch. Those who have seen the arches of Constantine and Severus at Rome or their modern imitations—that of the former at Munich, and that of the latter at Paris—will testify how admirably they combine exquisite beauty with lofty grandeur. Those especially who, looking up the grand avenue of the Champs Élysées in the French capital, have seen the vast Arc de l'Étoile, crowning the hill at the upper end, will agree that no metropolis of the world exhibits a finer spectacle.

4. A structure of this character affords a better chance for the display of massiveness than almost any other. A tower, from its very loftiness, must be, to a certain extent, light and slender; a statue demands the very highest graces of art; but an arch rests its broad and colossal base upon the earth, and rises in massy simplicity into the air. The earliest thought which strikes the mind upon seeing, for the first time, that magnificent arch, which is the grandest artistic gift of Napoleon to France, is its vast size. In this respect it is no less striking than one of the Egyptian Pyramids.

5. There is in our city a location wonderfully well adapted to an edifice of this nature. The slope

of James Street is precisely that of the Champs Élysées in Paris. An arch, placed at its highest point, would produce exactly the same effect, when seen from the crossing at Lock Street, or from the James Street canal bridge, as does the Arc de l'Étoile when gazed at from the Place de la Concorde or the gardens of the Tuilleries—a view which is by far the most impressive architectural scene in Europe. We are very sure that a triumphal arch, built at the point we have indicated, and of the proper character, would very soon become famous throughout the whole country, and would give Syracuse at least one feature which would distinguish her above all her sister cities of the Republic.

6. Under the arches would be an abundance of room to inscribe the names of our fallen soldiers. Within the great Paris arch are inscribed, in gigantic letters, the names of nearly four hundred generals and nearly one hundred victories.

The elevation of the triumphal arches of Europe ranges from forty to sixty feet. There is, however, one exception, that of the great arch in Paris, to which we have already alluded more than once, which arises to the height of one hundred and sixty-two feet, from a base of one hundred and forty-seven by eighty-three feet. The central archway is forty-five feet broad and ninety feet high. In erecting an Onondaga arch the design of the arches of Titus, Severus and Constantine in Rome, of the Siegesthor

at Munich, and the Arc de l'Étoile, Arc du Carrousel, Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis at Paris ought to be critically studied. For our part we should like to see arise on James Street hill a triumphal arch, consisting, like the arches of Constantine and of Septimus Severus, of a central arch with two smaller side arches, but constructed in the more solid and less ornamental style of the Arc de l'Étoile. A height of seventy-five feet would make it, in point of size, the second work of the kind in the world. Formed of large blocks of our beautiful and enduring limestone, it would outlast any tower, statue or fountain or shaft which could be erected, and would hand down to the latest ages the memory of the Onondagans who perished in the great struggle of the nineteenth century. It would transmit, too, to those remote times the incontestable evidence of the discrimination and good taste of Syracuse, which led her to adopt, as the expression of her gratitude to her heroic soldier sons, the most signally beautiful and impressive of all the forms in which art has chosen to record the deeds of noble men and the memories of great events.

Believing as we do that the triumphal arch is the most appropriate design which, just at this stage of American art, can be adopted for the projected monument, we shall nevertheless examine in a future article the merits of a memorial fountain.

May 24, 1865

"SYRACUSE AS A WATERING PLACE"

WE hope to give our readers, in a few days, an elaborate account of the mineral springs in the vicinity of Syracuse. They are much more numerous, and of greater variety, than is generally supposed, and a full description of them will contain many details of interest. Meanwhile, we desire to call the attention of our citizens to the capabilities of the Central City for the establishment of a fashionable watering-place, which would, during the summer months, attract thousands of strangers, and largely increase the wealth and importance of our town. It only needs an investment of one or two hundred thousand dollars to make Syracuse a formidable rival to Saratoga, and this investment would, in our opinion, pay a profit of fifty per cent within three or four years.

Let us first consider the advantages which we have to offer the invalid. We have an almost unlimited quantity of salt water, stronger than the brine of the sea, and therefore much better adapted to salt water bathing. Saline baths could be had all the

year around, while in the winter season the seashore is, of course, no place for the sick. We have the Chlorine Springs, the waters of which have so suddenly grown into public favor, and the effects of which, in a large class of prevalent diseases, are known to be unequalled. We have the Sulphur Springs of Messina, of very great strength and of special influence on the animal economy. We have two White Sulphur Springs, to which very little attention has as yet been given, one on the road from the First Ward to Liverpool, in the immediate outskirts of the city, the other, still more strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, in that deep gorge lying in the north-western corner of the town of Onondaga, near the hamlet known as Split Rock. Up the valley, south of the city, are two or three sulphurous springs, the character of which is still unknown. The waters of Chittenango Springs, if they are found to differ materially from our own white sulphur waters, might be readily brought hither in glass tubes along the railroad track, as it was proposed some years ago to convey those of Saratoga to New York City. The ordinary waters, which burst forth so plentifully from the hillsides along the valley, like the Dorwin Springs, for instance, are of extraordinary purity and coldness, and might be found available in the treatment of certain diseases. Our climate is healthy, the atmosphere of our hills pure and exhilarating, and all the

surroundings of the place such as would be likely to prove agreeable to the invalid.

It is well known that watering-places are sought not for the cure of disease alone, but also for the gratification of pleasure. In this respect Syracuse offers inducements hardly second to any other locality. Our scenery is picturesque and romantic in the extreme, and the whole region is full of natural curiosities. The drives in the neighborhood are beautiful and of a varied character, while there are places where riding-courses still more attractive might be laid out. The summits of our Onondaga hills afford magnificent views. The lake, by a small expenditure of money, could be made available for boating, yachting and bathing. The smaller ponds and the numerous streams in the vicinity invite the angler. The Oneida Lake, with its lovely islands at South Bay, would bear the same relation to Syracuse that Lake George does to Saratoga. The site of the city is central and accessible; the various conventions which assemble here every summer would prove of interest to strangers; and the society is good.

Let there be a thousand acres bought on the banks of the lake. Let this tract be laid out in a beautiful park, with walks and drives, groves and fountains. Let the waters of all our mineral springs—sulphurous, saline and chlorine—be conducted thither. Let one or two large hotels, and clusters

of pretty cottages, be erected within its limits, and provision made for the usual bathing houses, bowling alleys, a small theatre, shooting grounds, carrousels, boat-houses, and other places of amusement. If this be done, our word for it, Syracuse will rank within five years as one of the foremost spots of fashionable resort in the Union. Who will organize a company to carry out this magnificent and profitable design?

May 30, 1865

"A PUBLIC WANT"

UNDER the grand and beautiful staircase of that grand and beautiful building which has just been erected in New York City for the National Academy of Design, there is an elegant drinking fountain, where the passer-by may quench his thirst and cleanse his throat of the city dust. It is the first thing of the kind in this country, and deserves, better than any modern improvement we know of, many imitations. *The New Path*, an able and acute artistic journal, in describing the new Academy, says of this adjunct to the building:—"We cannot leave the drinking fountain without commending it to the favor of all. That it is beautiful is much; that it is, at all, part of a public building and architectural in treatment, is more—is the essential thing. These fountains have, of late years, become somewhat numerous in English cities, bearing generally the names of the public-spirited individuals who have given them to their fellow citizens. This is an English architectural fountain, even to the useful dog-troughs on both sides, but is more beau-

tiful than any English one which we have seen, in reality or in representation. We see with pleasure, every day, the passers-by using the free gift of water. We hear, with pleasure, kind things said about it in the crowd. Let the reader observe, as he may pass, that the cups are always set carefully on the broad rim of the basin. The drinkers might drop the cups to the limit of their chains, and no harm would come beyond possible bruises to their rims from striking against the wall behind; but the free fountain itself, and the beauty and richness of all around seem to be a little awe-inspiring, and the cups are always nicely set upon the shelf." The last few lines prove that the American public knows how to appreciate such a noble gift as this, and that an object which is really beautiful will be respected even by such a rude and untutored democracy as the European journalists imagine us to be. The periodical to which we have alluded makes this appeal to those who are about to erect public monuments—"The fountain is a good thing, and should be imitated; who will be found to honor himself and his name forever by the gift of such another,—not an iron hydrant, but a beautiful basin of marble into which the water shall continually trickle? Who will honor the memory of his father, or his brother or a friend killed in battle for his country, by a monument at the corner of the street, such as all men will see? Let the monuments to our lost President,

which will arise in this city, draw the people about them by this means. There is no such time to read an inscription, look lovingly at a piece of sculpture, or study reverently a bas-relief, as when one has found fresh water on a dusty day, and stops a moment, having drunken. So if any sculptor set up a bas-relief in public, let him have a basin with cups, and running water below it. And if any architect love his monument, and desire to see the people notice it and love it, too, let him set a drinking fountain running on each of its four sides."

We commend these ideas to our readers. Three or four such fountains in different parts of Syracuse would prove great public blessings. They might be set up as memorials to some of the most prominent Onondaga soldiers who have died during the war. One to the lamented Sumner, consisting of his bust in a niche, an apposite inscription, and cold water trickling into a broad basin below, would appropriately adorn one of our most central street-corners, and would cost but a few hundred dollars. We do not doubt that the Syracuse Water Company would furnish the water as its contribution to such a memento. There are others who might be thus honored, such as Dwight and Kirby Smith. Nor need these simple but beautiful monuments be confined to warriors alone. There are plenty of civilians who, by their services to the city and their long identification with its interests, have won a fair

claim to the gratitude of its inhabitants. Such are Joshua Forman, the founder of Syracuse, and the well known citizens, Horace White and John Wilkinson.

Whoever has read the "Marmion" of Sir Walter Scott will recall the wayside fountain near the battle field, whose waters cooled the parched lips and burning brow of the dying hero of the poem. It was, we are told, a "little fountain cell," where, into a stone basin, flowed the diamond clear liquid. Are there none among us who desire to hand down their names to a grateful posterity, as the builder of that well handed down hers? If there be, and they choose to perpetuate their memory, then shall there be carved on the structures which they may erect some such inscription as that which, in bold Gothic letters, greeted the eye of Lady Clare as she filled the helmet of Lord Marmion:—

> "Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
> Who built this cross and well."

May 31, 1865

"THE TYPOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN BOOKS"

WHO does not remember the American books of a quarter of a century ago? How utterly tasteless was their printing, how poor and thin their paper, how flimsy their binding! The printers of those days merely felt it their duty to set up so many thousand ems; the paper maker deemed himself bound to do nothing less than to turn out so many reams of paper; the binders only sought to put together so many square inches of boards; but as to the quality of this work they did not exercise the slightest consideration. Its quantity was the main thing. It seems only yesterday that we were poring over the novels of Bulwer and James in those stiff, uncouth and dull-looking volumes, printed on dirty paper and bound in brittle boards, which were issued between 1830 and 1840 by Harpers and other firms. Then came a period of ten years or so marked by a slight improvement—a period of paper generally a little whiter, and of print a little clearer. But it was not until the century had fully reached

its noon that the era of good typography began to dawn upon us. Long after the eyes of our English cousins had become accustomed to the pages of volumes in which the thoughts and words of the authors seemed more brilliant because of the superb dress which they wore, did our publishers vouchsafe a similar literary luxury. Within the last decade the art of book-making has, however, been making vast progress among us. It is now hardly too much to say that the publications of our leading houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia really excel in neatness and good taste those of the principal establishments of London. All the modern features of the craft have been introduced among us. The exquisite rococo imitations of the books of the seventeenth century,—such as the quaint type, the copperplate head and tailpieces, the elaborate initials, —and all the essential details which go to make up what the French style a livre de luxe—such as heavy Dutch or tinted paper, broad margins and delicate tooling—are almost as well known on this side of the ocean as on the other. How people wondered half a dozen years ago at the earliest productions of the Riverside Press near Boston! Yet, to-day, books fully equal to them in beauty are being issued by several publishers.

We do not mean to assert that there is not still a vast deal of inelegant and tasteless typography daily making its appearance from our presses. We

could name one or two prominent publishers who have not, as yet, shown any appreciation of the fact that books to be thoroughly readable must be neatly printed. Our newspapers, too, as we have frequently said, are nearly without exception such wretched failures from a typographical point of view that they might well make the ghost of Franklin blush, when they are contrasted with those of the English cities and towns. But let us be thankful for the progress we have already made, and patiently pray that the canons of good and simple taste in these matters may now more widely prevail. The prices of the materials used by the founder, the printer and the binder have recently fallen considerably. Now, if ever, publishers can afford to give us books and periodicals which it will be a rest for the eye to read. Now, if ever, illegibility may be banished from the domain of the art typographical, and bad taste be exiled from the pages of books and the columns of newspapers.

June 3, 1865

"A MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN"

IN calling attention to the various designs proper for a monumental structure, commemorative of the bravery, patriotism and martyrdom of the sons of Onondaga, we have frequently alluded to a memorial fountain. Such a form of expressing our gratitude to the noble dead certainly deserves the careful examination of the Committee. It would be almost as novel as any other which could be devised, for we have actually in this country no combination of sculpture and water meriting the name of fountain. Whoever has seen the superb masses of bronze in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, the huge marble groups in the gardens of Versailles, the three charming specimens of mediæval art standing in a single street of the old imperial city of Augsburg, or the costly erections at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, will acknowledge the truth of this assertion. Indeed, the American idea of a fountain has little or no connection with sculpture, or other artificial adornment. It involves merely a spouting column of water—the simplest form of a fountain. And

yet few things are more beautiful than those statues or groups, with water flowing from their bases, which fill the public squares of the Old World cities.

Considering the adoption of the fountain as an appropriate style for our Onondaga monument, two specimens of this class of art are especially worthy of notice. The first of these is that exquisite structure known as the Beautiful Fountain in the city of Nuremberg, Germany. So lovely and so marvelous is this work that it seems to the spectator to be, not a work of reality but a vision of the imagination. It is this fountain to which Longfellow alludes when he says, in his poem on Nuremberg,

"Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous
world of art;
Fountains, wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart."

Its scores of beautiful statues, its delicate carvings, its graceful form, make it one of the most artistic creations of Europe. But the resources of American art would hardly be sufficient to do more than reproduce it. Of anything original in the same style we have no hope whatever. The other noteworthy fountain is the Fontaine St. Michel in Paris. Here in a huge niche stands an enormous representation of St. Michael destroying the dragon, while below it flows from rocky cavities great streams of water falling into a vast basin. This majestic

work is one of the most striking objects in the French Capital. If we could imagine St. Michael to represent the genius of Freedom, and the dragon to symbolize the demon of Slavery, we would have a design ready made to our hands.

As an original conception, we might suggest a colossal Union soldier in bronze twenty or thirty feet in height, surrounded at the base with massive eagles from whose beaks might issue streams of water. Or we might conceive of a great bronze Indian, symbolical of Onondaga, and around the pedestal heads of deer, moose, beaver, bear, and the other animals which were the distinctive clan emblems of the Onondagas, as the apparent sources of the flowing water. We confess that we are ourselves not very much in favor of such a monument, simply because we believe that we cannot at present command the creative genius necessary to design it, nor the manual skill necessary to execute it. Besides, as we have already said in a previous article, grandeur rather than beauty is the thing to be sought in selecting a design. But there can be no harm in scrutinizing every possible project, and considering all the possible shapes which are open to our choice. And in this connection we cannot omit saying that the committee on a design should be composed of the men in our midst who, by their education and by their familiarity with the subject, are best qualified to see that, in a structure which is to

last for ages, the canons of good taste shall not be violated. This caution is the more needed because the standard of monumental art in this country is really very low. Our history has been so short that we have hitherto had very little occasion for erections of this kind. The models by which the public taste has been formed have therefore been few and poor, and the prevalent ideas of what such a memorial should be are very far below the mark. We urge the Committee to have this fact constantly before their mind, and to firmly resolve that whatever may be the cost or material of the soldiers' monument, its shape shall be such that even the most rigid critic can find no fault with it.

June 7, 1865

"A DAY IN PARADISE"

SOUTH BAY AND FRENCHMAN'S ISLAND—THE BEAUTY OF THEIR SCENERY—THEIR HOTELS—UNDER THE TREES—HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS

A BROAD expanse of water, glistening and glimmering in the summer sun, a lovely bay shut in by green capes, two beautiful islands resting upon the lake's surface like huge emeralds set in burnished silver, cool breezes which bring no dust, a pure, sweet and exhilarating atmosphere, a hundred quiet retreats under the shady groves, with no disturbing noises except the splash of waves upon the pebbly beach, and the song of birds in the branches of venerable trees, a luscious sense of nature in repose, broken only by the flashing of oars, the sheen of a sail or the gliding of a distant steamboat, a brilliant landscape of coast and village, of forest and meadow, of glowing light and gloaming shade, of sunny foreground and hazy distances—who would think that all this lay within a dozen miles of Syracuse? Only yesterday this fact en-

tered into our experience. Only yesterday we spent the long hours of a June day at this favored spot. Only yesterday we saw its fair and cloudless scenery, we breathed its untainted air, we felt its welcome winds, we sailed on its sparkling waters, we lay down in the coolness of its groves—and yet we cannot ourselves believe that it is so near. Did we not sit in the early morning on the magic carpet of the Arabian prince, and suffer ourselves to be borne away to the far-off Isles of Bliss? Did we not quaff at night some subtle decoctions of an oriental herb, which brought us, as we slept, the vision of a happy Atlantis, fairer than that inhabited by the sons and daughters of Neptune?

South Bay lies on the southern shore and near the western end of Oneida Lake. The little inland sea, of which it forms a part, nestles in the adjoining corners of four counties of Central New York, and serves as a sort of ligature to unite Onondaga, Oswego, Oneida and Madison into a single group. The eastern side of the Bay is formed by a straight and elevated line of shore, more than a quarter of a mile in length, which afterwards sweeps off into a broad bend; its southern boundary is a grassy coast, rising at one point into a low bluff, and nearly a mile long; a curved strand, terminating in a long wooded point, shuts in the Bay's eastern end. In the mouth of the Bay, or precisely in the line where its waters mingle with those of the lake proper, lie two islands,

each containing between twenty-five and thirty acres of land, and each cleared in the center, but having a broad belt of primeval forest skirting the shore. The islands are at a distance of a quarter of a mile from each other; standing upon the southern shore of the Bay and looking between them, or on either side of them, the spectator sees in the distance the northern coast line of the lake, mostly green with woods, but showing here and there a hamlet or a farmhouse. The shores of the Bay are in Onondaga County, but the islands, although lying just off our coast, belong, absurdly enough, to Oswego County. The westernmost one rejoices in the somewhat singular name of Frenchman's Island, because its first inhabitant was an exiled Frenchman, whose residence here, in the closing years of the last century, has given rise to a number of romantic traditions. The sister island has, as far as we know, no name whatever, and sits, in unchristened loveliness, on its watery throne, patiently waiting for its coming godfather.

On the mainland, just where the coast is boldest, is the South Bay House, where you may eat a more delicious dinner of fish than that banquet of delicate White Bait which is annually served up to the British Parliament at Greenwich; where you may sit on the stoop and gaze off upon the lake, the islands and the sweeping shores; or where you may watch at night, along the margin of the water, the ruddy glow

of the blazing pine, which points out to the fisherman the whereabouts of his luckless prey. On Frenchman's Island is the Sylvan Hotel, an elegant house of entertainment, standing on a noble woodland, on the very verge of the cliff-like shore at the Western end, and reached by flights of stone steps built in the bank. These two places of resort are separated by a watery space a mile and a half wide.

We have alluded to the belt of forest which lines the shores of Frenchman's Island. Through it runs a pleasant drive, embracing in its circuit the circumference of the entire island, and bordered on either side by numerous charming walks. The cleared land which this girdle encloses is mostly occupied by a garden. The high plateau, upon which the hotel and garden lie, slopes gently downwards towards the southeastern shore, and at the very easternmost part are two or three acres of low land, thickly wooded and abounding in snipe, woodcock and other game. Nearly the whole extent of the southern shore takes the shape of a beach, covered with small, smooth pebbles, and furnishing admirable facilities for bathing. Following the shore road—three-quarters of a mile long in its circuit from the south front to the north front of the Sylvan Hotel —we find it skirted by natural parterres of many-colored wild flowers, and notice along our route almost every variety of tree and shrub indigenous to our latitude. On the eastern lowlands there are

large beds of our American mints. A well of pure, cold water is situated between the hotel and the bowling alley in its rear. This insular paradise belongs to a citizen of Syracuse, who also holds a lease of the other one of these twin islands, which gives him the right to purchase it at the expiration of a certain period. He will pay, we presume, so much an acre. Just think of buying beauty by the acre, and purchasing a lovely landscape by the rood!

As we lie on the green lawn in front of the island hotel the fresh wind from the water blows the smoke of our cigar high into the air. The hot sun in vain attempts to pierece the dense foliage of the lordly maples and giant oaks. At a point below us, where the shelving bottom of the lake suddenly descends, and the deeper soundings begin, a half-dozen eager anglers are rapidly filling their boat with mottled perch and silvery pike. To the west, we can spy the spires of Brewerton, marking the place where the lake ends, and its outlet, the Oneida River, takes its rise. On the north, the brown church-tower of Constantia is even more plainly visible. To the south, we catch a glimpse of the white porch of the South Bay House, the row of young maples which intervene between it and the shore, and the little hamlet which has grown up around it. The low cape, a little to our left, is called Long Point, while the short headland which adjoins it is known as Walnut Point. Just as we have fixed these localities in

our mind a steamboat goes rushing by with several canal boats in tow, looking like a marine locomotive drawing a train of floating cars. Our cigar goes out. The wind dies away to a light breeze. The steamboat disappears. The anglers come on shore to dine. The quiet of a summer noon rests on land and water, and we fall into that listless mood, half revery and half dream, which an appearance of unusual repose in our surroundings always induces. We seem to see the Indian canoe skimming the lake —"The Lake of the Blue and White Stripes," as the Onondagas called it—seeking the haunts of the heron and the crane, or making its way to some favorite fishing ground. We see the canoe give place to the bateau, or flat boat, in which goods were brought from Albany, by the way of the Mohawk and Wood Creek, to the new settlements on the Oswego and its tributary streams and lakes, and which returned to the east, by the same route, filled with furs, or with salt from the Onondaga salines. We see the bateau succeeded by the canal-boat; and last of all comes the steamboat, waking the echoes which had once resounded to the shrill whoop of the Indian and the sturdy shouts of the flatboatman. We see the parti-colored uniforms of the French, and the red coats of the English, lighting up the sombre forests on the shore. We see the pioneer, swinging his gleaming axe—far more bravely than ever warrior swung his battleaxe—fighting against the rude and obstinate

forces of nature and the savage dispositions of the aboriginal race. We see that mysterious Frenchman, with his beautiful bride, land on the wild island to which he has given its name. We see him build his cottage, in the very heart of the island, and lay out around it his little garden. We see him leave his sylvan home, sighing for the happy seasons which he had spent in this solitary region with his wife, his books and his guitar—the happy seasons which can never more return, for the boat in which he embarks bears him toward the land of his fathers. We see the weather-worn chimney of his house and the venerable grape-vine which he had planted—perhaps it was of that choice sort which Charlemagne transplanted from the Burgundian slopes to the banks of the Rhine—both of which memorials were destroyed many years ago by some ruthless hand. We see that little-known Frenchman's well-known countryman, Alexis de Tocqueville, standing, more than a quarter of a century ago, under these same oaks, forgetting for a while his study of American democracy in his contemplation of the delightful landscape which had smiled as it then smiled long before the existence of any democracy. We see the gay parties which, during many past summers, have visited this spot, and we hear their regrets as the days of their enjoyment come to an end. We, too, as we raise ourselves from our idle dream, mourn that our day of enjoyment has closed, and that another pe-

riod of imprisonment within the brick and mortar walls of a sultry and dusty city lies before us.

No one will doubt the urgent need, both to this town and to the country through which it will pass, of a railroad directly north from this city. Such a road must soon be built. Then, with a horse railroad from Cicero, or a steam-boat from Brewerton, we shall doubtless see this watering-place overflowing in summer with crowds of our citizens. Meanwhile we urge our readers not to wait for that day. There is danger in delay, death comes upon us at unexpected hours, and who would die before he had seen the charming Eden known to us as South Bay and Frenchman's Island?

June 14, 1865

"SOCIAL CLUBS"

WE are informed that three at least of our sister cities in this State possess organized clubs, and that these social institutions have proved eminently successful. Our readers will bear us witness that we have persistently urged the establishment of a similar organization in Syracuse, and have repeatedly pointed out its advantages, on social as well as economical grounds, especially to the young men of a large city. We are fully borne out in our ideas by the following extracts from a private letter, which we are permitted to publish. The writer has had some experience in club life, and he says:—

"I have now lived five years in New York on a fair salary. My habits, as you know, are not so expensive as those of many young men, and yet I am fond of the social enjoyments of life. Two years ago I joined the —— Club. I paid the initiation fee of fifty dollars, and have regularly handed to the treasurer my semi-annual dues, which are fifteen dollars. Notwithstanding this outlay of money I am confident that I have saved over two hundred dol-

lars each year. I have been served, whenever I have visited the club refectory, better than I ever was at a first-class restaurant, and at prices fully forty per cent. lower. I have indulged in an occasional game of billiards or bowls in a neat and quiet room, and surrounded only by gentlemen. In the club reading-room, I have had access to the leading magazines and new books, English and American, and have been able to read them sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, under a good light. Whenever I have wished to invite a friend to dinner or luncheon, I have been sure to find a well-cooked and well-served meal, at an expense which was within my means. In the course of these two years I have learned to know many scholars and artists and have had an opportunity to become acquainted with several distinguished persons from different parts of the country, who have visited our club house. It would now be impossible for me to live as pleasantly as I could wish in a place without a club. I wonder that such agreeable institutions are not more general, especially in our smaller cities. In such a place as Syracuse, for instance, one might readily be supported. Here in New York the chief item of expense is the enormous rent which we are obliged to pay for a club house. In your city a suitable building could be obtained at a price which to us would seem the merest trifle."

The statements here made will be fully endorsed by every one who has had the good fortune to be con-

nected with a similar institution. There is no question that a club in Syracuse would prove to be as successful as it would be beneficial. It would soon be the center to which the elements of our social life would converge and around which our society would revolve. It would afford to the young man a place where he could usefully and pleasantly pass his leisure time, and to the older classes of our citizens an agreeable resort for an hour's friendly conversation, or an hour's quiet enjoyment. Above all—for that in these days, when the idea of money enters into every scheme, is the chief consideration,—it would result in a great saving of money to all who possess any social inclinations whatever.

June 14, 1865

"TRAVELLING FELLOWSHIPS"

TWO wealthy men of New York City have just given to Madison University,* which is situated in the pleasant village of Hamilton, and in a county adjoining our own, the sum of sixty thousand dollars. This money, or a portion of it, is to be devoted to the endowment of a certain number of scholarships which are to be filled at present by young men who have been engaged in the defence of their country. Although we have more than once expressed the opinion that the interests of education in this State would be better subserved by one or two great universities than by a dozen petty colleges, and although any additional endowments of the existing institutions serve to continue the present system, yet we cannot refrain from applauding the motive which influenced the two liberal citizens of the metropolis. We only wish that such munificence were more common, in which case the universities of New York would not long suffer under the

* Now Colgate University.

stigma of being altogether unworthy of the richest and most powerful State in the Union.

The foundation of scholarships is the true way to attract students. After an efficient body of teachers has been secured, and sufficient apparatus collected to meet the simplest requirements, money can be employed in no better way than in facilitating the residence at the University of indigent young men. This is one of the best features of the great schools of Europe. In some of these higher institutions in the Old World no less than one-half of the students on the rolls receive, directly or indirectly, pecuniary aid from the collegiate funds. Fellowships, which are endowments enabling the student to continue his studies beyond the mere curriculum of the college, are excellent features of the English universities which are nearly unknown to those of the United States. There is one class of fellowships, styled travelling fellowships, which always seemed to us to be of special utility. These are known in the universities of Northern Europe as travelling stipendia. They are sums of money voted to meritorious students to enable them, after receiving their bachelor's degree, to travel abroad for a certain period. Let us suppose that at the outset of its college career the members of the freshman class were told that after graduation two or more of their number, who had exhibited the highest scholarship during the four years of academic life,

would receive a sufficient sum to enable them to spend two years abroad. How great an incentive would this not be for hard study and unceasing diligence! It was under such a system as this that the great Linné, the Swedish naturalist, sent his favorite pupils, in the latter half of the last century, into every land to examine their botanical and zoölogical treasures. They went to the remotest countries, and brought back stores of information which tended largely to the development of modern science. We hope that our wealthy citizens in their gifts to our educational institutions will not fail to see that some portion of their money is applied to the foundation of travelling fellowships.

June 21, 1865

"ITEM ABOUT GOLDWIN SMITH"

IT will be remembered that a large number of American authors and publishers united some time ago in presenting to Professor Goldwin Smith, of Oxford University, England, quite a little collection of standard works issued on this side of the ocean, as a testimonial of the services rendered to this country by the distinguished English scholar. The following pleasant letter from Professor Smith acknowledges the receipt of the collection, and the disposition made of it:—

OXFORD, May 6, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have the pleasure of announcing the safe arrival of the books, and at the same time, of renewing the expression of my gratitude to the kind donors.

I trust the disposition I have made of the collection will meet with approbation. It seemed to me that my own little study would scarcely be a fitting receptacle, and that if placed there, the books would hardly answer the purpose which the donors had

partly in view—of diffusing a knowledge of American literature and character. A new library has recently been built at University College, of which I am a Fellow. I have obtained the permission of the College to place the books in this library, where they will occupy a range of shelves by themselves. They will remain my property while I live, and will be as easily accessible to me as if they stayed in my own house; and at my death they will pass to the College.

These specimens of the latest fruits of the Anglo-Saxon intellect will, I trust, be thought not inappropriately placed in a college which is dedicated to the memory of Alfred, its reputed founder, and the founder of the intellectual greatness of our race.

The Masters and Fellows of University College desire me to express to the donors of the books the great pleasure which they feel in receiving the collection into their keeping.

Men of all parties in this University profoundly share the grief and horror which filled the whole English nation at the tidings of the President's murder. The necessarily formal language of the address which we have unanimously voted is but a cold expression of the general emotion.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

June 22, 1865

"NEWSPAPER ERRORS"

A NEWSPAPER, published at the Capital of this State, feels sorely aggrieved because a few of its blunders were corrected in the news columns of the *Journal.* It may console itself with the reflection that it does not stand alone in the commission of errors. The inaccuracies of our publishers have become proverbial. Misstatements, arising sometimes from ignorance, but more commonly from an eagerness to oblige the community with sensational news, have grown to be so frequent that readers everywhere now look upon every item of news, every telegraphic dispatch and very expression of opinion with suspicion and incredulity. That a piece of information appears in print is beginning to be regarded as pretty good evidence of its incorrectness. So wide-spread has this evil become that one leading journal, which, singularly enough, appears to have a few grains of honesty left, actually felt obliged recently to caution its patrons against the communications of one of its own paid writers.

It is very evident that the freedom of the press, which our fathers considered to be one of the safeguards of liberty, is fast degenerating into an unbearable license; and that this constitutional freedom is interpreted by many editors as an unlimited freedom to tell lies. Those perversions of the truth, of which sensational writers are guilty, constitute an evil which the general intelligence of the public will ultimately correct. But the misstatements which arise from the carelessness or ignorance of newspaper employés is a nuisance within the immediate control of all newspaper managers and more easily abated. The columns of many of our contemporaries are crowded with errors of such a character that they might easily be avoided by a moment's examination of a map, a gazetteer, a biographical lexicon or a cyclopedia. These errors occur especially in the treatment of foreign matters. Nothing seems more ridiculous to Americans than the bulls made by the English journals in regard to our geography, our history, the names of our public men, and the character of our public institutions; yet scarcely a day goes by that we do not notice in our own press the most absurd blunders concerning the European men, European places, European manners and European politics. We are very fond of throwing stones at British editors, unconscious that we dwell in a house built of the thin-

nest kind of glass. It was by attempting to do its share towards inducing a reform of this evil that the *Journal* incurred the ire of the sheet to which we have alluded.

June 28, 1865

"PAVEMENTS"

THE great width of the streets in American cities, so advantageous in all other respects, is unfortunate in one particular. It makes the cost of properly laying them too heavy a burden to be easily borne by our younger municipal communities. These communities, it must be remembered, are not, like European cities, formed by the slow accretions of centuries, but have sprung up almost in a day. They have found themselves obliged to construct cities at once from the very foundations. They have had to cut down hills, fill up valleys, grade miles of streets, bridge streams, build sewers, provide gas-works and water-works, and all this within the limits of a single generation. What wonder that hardly anything is done well! We ought perhaps to be thankful that so much progress has been made. Yet the matter of pavement is so important to the public health and the public comfort, that our city governments owe it to their constituents to proceed with all the energy and dispatch possible in giving the avenues of our towns a firm, clean and durable sur-

face. Without good pavements mud will abound for two-thirds of the year, and dust will prevail during the other third. Cleanliness is a municipal virtue which we cannot expect to be generally practiced in the present detestable condition of our streets. When our pavements are so smooth as to be easily swept, the neatness and tidiness which characterize all the private houses of America will be extended to our public-places, and not till then.

Even in ancient times the importance of good pavements was well understood. Many of the roads built throughout Europe by the Roman authorities still remain to attest the ability of the Roman engineers. A learned writer thus describes the way in which the streets of the imperial city itself were constructed:—"The street was excavated until the solid rock was reached, or, if this could not be found, piles were driven upon which the materials might rest. The lowest course was of broken stones, none smaller than the fist; over these was a course nine inches thick of rubble work, or broken stones cemented with lime, well rammed; on this was a stratum, six inches thick, of finer materials, chiefly broken bricks and pieces of pottery, also cemented with lime; and upon this was laid the pavimentum, which consisted of large rectangular or polygonal blocks of the hardest silicious stone, nicely fitted together, so as to produce a perfectly even surface. Stones corresponding to our curb stones were generally

set up to sustain a narrow gravel or lava walk on each side of the street, and, at regular intervals, these stones were raised so as to serve for mounting-blocks to travelers on horseback."

The semi-civilized people of ancient Peru were hardly behind the more enlightened races of Italy in the construction of roads and streets. Their highways were built of heavy flags of freestone, and in many places these were covered with a cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. The ruined cities of Central America exhibit pavements of stone constructed with the greatest skill and nicety.

It was not until a late period of the middle ages that the cities of Europe began to pay great attention to this matter of municipal economy. Various materials have been employed in modern paving. In Holland and Venice bricks are used, but they have been found to lack the strength and durability required for the passage over them of heavy loads. The most common materials, however, are round pebbles, a few inches in diameter, usually called cobblestones, which are supplied by the gravelly beaches of lakes and rivers, and which occur, to a greater or less extent, in all alluvial deposits. These, if sufficiently hard, closely set in a bed of gravel or sand, and well rammed down, make a tolerably firm pavement, and one which is easily repaired. But it has many disadvantages. It is objectionable on account

of the rumbling noise made by the vehicles which pass over it, and because it cannot, with the utmost care, be kept clean. In all the large cities of the Old World, and especially in crowded thoroughfares, it has been found necessary to substitute for it square blocks of granite, trap, or other hard rock. Wood has also been used as a paving material, and is largely and successfully employed in some of our Western cities. Cast iron has also been tried, and only condemned on account of its expense. But probably the best pavement which is now available for our cities is that known as the Belgian. After numerous costly experiments in New York City, this style of pavement has been finally selected for the streets of the metropolis as combining economy with durability, and affording a sure footing for horses. It is nothing more nor less than the pavement long in general use in Europe, where in hundreds of cases it has lasted for some centuries with but little repair. It is formed of blocks of trap rock, cut into a shape slightly pyramidal, with the base of the pyramid upwards—the surface of each stone being from four to six inches square. These are laid upon a foundation of broken stones, well rammed, in a bed of concrete or a layer of sand. To this pavement all our cities will be obliged to come at last. The experience of Europe and of our Atlantic cities teaches us this fact. The rough and noisy cobble

stones will give way to the smoother and quieter blocks of trap, and the comfort and convenience of those who live in cities will thereby be greatly enhanced.

July 5, 1865

"THE GERMAN FESTIVAL"

IN the summer of 1862 an immense Schützenfest, or shooting festival, took place at Frankfort, the ancient capital of the Germanic Confederation. This gathering was not merely festal in its character—not merely a coming together of so many marksmen for the purpose of enjoying so much target-shooting. It possessed a large political significance, and was designed to promote a feeling of unity among the citizens of those numerous petty provinces which in more glorious days constituted the powerful German empire. Clad in their uniforms of gray and green, the marksmen from every point of the compass met in the venerable city. The men from the Southern mountains learned to know their neighbors from the Northern plains; the people of the Rhine shook hands with the people of the Danube and the Elbe. The Catholic Austrian recognized his countryman in the Protestant Prussian; the peasant of the country and the trader of the city were made aware of their common Teutonism. The thirty thousand stalwart men who, armed with rifles,

stood uncovered in the great square at Frankfort, while that liberal Prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, declared that the banner of the black, red and yellow should yet wave over a single nationality extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic—these men formed the vanguard of that army which shall yet make Germany united, strong and free.

This year the second Schützenfest takes place in Bremen. It will undoubtedly be more numerously attended than its predecessor. The wealthy northern seaport, which is to be the seat of the gathering, has made the amplest and most liberal preparations to entertain a hundred thousand guests. Rich prizes for competition have been sent from every German community throughout the world. The German-speaking Swiss, the Teutonic colonists in South America and Australia, the German residents in London and Paris, in Constantinople and Hong-Kong have forwarded banners and plate to be shot for at the great festival. Nor have the German-born citizens of the American Republic been unmindful of the coming festivities. The last steamer which sailed from New York bore a band of marksmen selected from the leading German target-clubs of the metropolis, who will test their skill against that of the Fatherland. They carried with them a multitude of gifts from the German organizations of this country, which are to be added to the long list of prizes. They carried with them what will

be even more acceptable to their countrymen—a letter from the President of the United States wishing success to the national Schützenfest. These good wishes of the Chief Magistrate of the United States were well deserved. At Frankfort, in 1862, the American banner, wherever it was displayed in the procession or on the target field, was welcomed with long and loud applause. At the various banquets which took place during the week of the assembly, good wishes for the success of our government, in its struggle with slavery and aristocracy, were never wanting. It was appropriate, therefore, that our President should send a word of greeting to the second Schützenfest. We predict that of all the events which may transpire during the days of rejoicing at Bremen, none will be more interesting than the reading of President Johnson's letter. It, as well as the letter which the delegation carries from the Governor of New York, will be received as a message from a people already great and free to a people still struggling for national grandeur and civil freedom.

July 6, 1865

"BASE BALL"

THE game of ball rejoices in a venerable antiquity. The cyclopedists tell us that it was a favorite amusement in the very earliest period of history. Homer records how the Phæacian damsels played it to the accompaniment of music, and how the young men at the court of the hospitable Alcinous exalted it into an art. The austere Spartans and the polished Athenians alike delighted in its practice; among the former it was regarded as the principal exercise of youth and among the latter Aristonicus gained so high a renown as the skillful and accomplished player that his admiring countrymen erected a statue in his honor. The Romans were devoted to everything which tended to develop their physical strength and agility, and persons of all ages in the imperial city engaged in this athletic sport. Pliny relates that even the old postponed the period of decrepitude by its frequent practice. Large halls especially designed for playing ball, were attached to the great Roman baths. In the middle ages the students of the European universi-

ties played it. Club-ball, which is probably the oldest form of the game, and which contains all the essential features of the later varieties, is represented in the illuminated manuscripts of the fourteenth century. It is still the popular spring pastime all over the old continent. Gray alludes to those "who chased the flying ball" on the playgrounds of Eton, while a ballad-writer nearly a century before his day sang of somebody,

> "Who was the prettiest fellow
> At foot-ball and at cricket."

The various forms of ball-playing are almost endless. The game is not confined to the Eastern hemisphere nor to the Caucasian race. It has long been held in high favor by our North American Indians, some tribes of whom are greatly skilled in the feats of the ball ground. The two varieties which first assumed a scientific shape, and were played by fixed rules, were tennis and cricket. The former is mentioned by Spenser and Shakespeare; the latter is younger, but was certainly known as early as 1685.

For a long time—it is difficult to say how long—there has been played by the rustic youth of England a species of ball known as "rounders." The name was derived from the fact that the batsman, after striking the ball, was obliged to run "round" a circle and return to the place whence he started.

This game has always been a humble one. It has never found its way into literature or history. Nobody has ever sung its praises; no essayist has ever discussed its merits, its very name is unknown to the dictionary-makers. The adults of England disdain to practice it, and before they are fairly out of their teens desert its simple combinations for the more complex evolutions of cricket. This game some of our forefathers, who came from the rural districts of England, brought with them to this country, where it rapidly spread, and at length became the most popular of out-door sports. As often happens with the migration of popular games, it received on this side of the Atlantic a new name, and was called "base ball" from the bases or stations at which the "rounder" was allowed to rest in making his circuit. The natural ingenuity of Young America added several new features to the game, and between the years 1840 and 1850 it had been so far modified and systematized that it began to come into favor among grown persons. Clubs, in imitation of cricket clubs, were gradually formed for its practice in our large cities, and so rapidly did these increase that in 1857 a convention of base ball players, delegated by the different organizations, met in New York City, to establish an authoritative code for the government of the devotees of the game. The rules and regulations adopted by this deliberative body have since been generally accepted by all

the associations of players throughout the Northern States.

Base ball may now be considered as the national sport of the United States. Cricket is too violent for the hot summer days of our climate, and its culture is confined mostly to the Englishmen resident among us. It has never fairly taken root in our soil. Tennis * requires the erection of a suitable court, and is therefore too expensive to be widely practiced. But base ball is open to none of the objections which apply to cricket and tennis. It is not so fatiguing as to make what is intended for a recreation really a labor, nor so costly as to be beyond the reach of even the poorest classes. Of all games played with the bat and the ball, it seems best adapted to our climate, our national tastes and our social habits.

* The writer evidently refers to "court" tennis, as lawn tennis was at that time unfamiliar to Americans.

July 8, 1865

"A TEMPERANCE REFORM"

WE endeavored some time since to set forth the merits of drinking fountains. We pointed out how, if erected in all our cities, they would be oases of relief in deserts of thirst. We called the attention of the wealthy citizens of Syracuse, in this connection, to a simple and easy method of earning the public gratitude. We hinted that several men, eminent for their intimate connection with the birth, growth and prosperity of our city, had died within a few years, that they had left behind them wealthy relatives and affluent friends, and that these survivors could find no more fitting way of honoring their memory than by setting up, on some of our most frequented corners, drinking fountains which should bear the busts and names of the deceased. We stated that in England such a fountain was deemed a proper tribute from a grateful son to a departed father, or from a bereaved widow to her deceased husband. We tried, too, to show how beneficial to the public health were these opportunities for all classes to quench their thirst, and

how much they conduced to improve the sanitary condition of a crowded town. We predicted that if the experiment of such fountains could be tried, they would become spots of frequent resort and thus confirm our idea of their necessity. This prediction has already been verified. A simple pump, generously erected in one of our principal buildings by the public-spirited proprietor of the edifice, is kept in almost perpetual motion by the thirsty public. The drinking-cup which is attached to it is a daily instrument of relief to hundreds of parched lips and dust-filled throats. At any hour of a very hot afternoon, a throng of old and young persons may be seen surrounding the pump, quietly waiting their turns for an enjoyment of the benefit which it dispenses. This well, plain and inexpensive as its exterior is, takes rank as one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon our city. A man or child stepping from the burning pavement and the scorching sunshine into the cool passage-way, and quaffing a draught of the ice-cold beverage, can hardly avoid uttering a benison upon the citizen to whose liberality it owes its existence.

The erection of drinking-fountains in the English cities has been followed by a diminution of intemperance. Statistics prove this very clearly. This fact is a strong hint to our temperance reformers. We have among us some men whose zeal for total-abstinence amounts to fanaticism, who are spend-

ing their lives in the fruitless efforts to make men sober by law, who are continually thrusting the most violent schemes in the face of the public to that public's intense disgust, and whose appeals for money to promote their impracticable projects are characterized by all the avidity of the horse-leech. Let them reverse their tactics, and instead of endeavoring to suppress the influence of rum, let them make an effort to advance the interests of water. As long as grog shops are more plenty than drinking-fountains, the former will possess a great advantage over the latter. If water was to be had on every corner, as rum is, masses of our people would prefer the coolness and purity of nature's beverage. Man must drink; this is a fact generally recognized by everybody but our temperance zealots, for they, while doing their utmost to put artificial liquids out of the reach of mankind, do nothing at all to place water within his reach. If they would devote a moiety of their excessive energy to this really useful object, they would accomplish a public good whose effects would be speedily apparent. The question of drinking fountains is a practical reform. There is nothing theoretical or visionary about it. Perhaps, therefore, it is too much to expect that our loud-mouthed temperance orators should embrace it. But if we deemed there was any hope of infusing such an amount of common sense into their actions, we should say to them:—"Undertake this work which

lies ready to your hands; persuade our men of wealth to give their means to this good object; cease not from your labors until cool, clear streams flow into basins in every part of the city, until a healthy and costless drink is within the reach of every citizen, wherever he may be. Give us water, oh ye advocates of water!"

July 10, 1865

"THE RIGHTS OF OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS ABROAD"

MANY of the governments of Germany entertain views of citizenship entirely different from those generally held in this country. They maintain that the relation between the subject and his government is of the nature of a compact which cannot be broken at will by either party. The government has duties toward the subject of which it has no right arbitrarily to rid itself. The subject, also, owes certain duties to his government which he cannot refuse to pay without that government's consent. For instance, the government is obliged to protect the subject in his social and civil relations, to enable him to pursue in safety his ordinary avocations, and to defend him when attacked by the citizens of other powers. The subject, on the other hand, is bound to be loyal to the government, to fulfill all the obligations which naturally arise out of his allegiance, to pay all necessary taxes, and to serve for a certain period in the national army. These relations, according to the monarchical idea,

date from the birth of the subject, and the debt which he owes to the government constantly accumulates until he arrives at the full development of his physical faculties, when it is his bounden duty to commence its liquidation.

Proceeding on this theory, Austria and several other German powers require all persons desirous of emigrating to this country to obtain the formal permission of their government. To obtain these emigration papers they are required to prove that they are in arrears for no taxes, and that the accounts between them and the government are properly balanced. If beyond the arms-bearing age, they are obliged to show that they have served the legal number of years in the army; if not yet arrived at the arms-bearing age, it is necessary to prove that they have paid to the public treasury the commutation sum which will enable the government to hire a substitute to perform the military service which would otherwise have been a part of their duty. It happens that large numbers of the emigrants are unable to pay this sum for the various male members of their families. They, therefore, emigrate without obtaining the necessary authorization. The consequence is that if, led by business or affection, they return to the land of their birth, they are liable to arrest and punishment. Thus, if a boy five or six years of age is carried off to America by his father without the payment of his substitute money,

he often finds himself, when travelling in Germany years afterwards as an American citizen, arrested for the non-fulfillment of obligations to a government which really has no rightful power over him. Not many months ago an adopted citizen of the United States, who had served bravely for a term of two years in our armies, and had assisted in many of the severest battles of the rebellion, went to pay a visit to his birthplace in the Austrian province of Galicia, from which he had been absent since his twelfth year. He was at once arrested and told that, as an Austrian subject, he must serve a period of five years in the imperial army. He applied to our minister at Vienna, stating that certainly both governments could not be entitled to claim military service from him, and asking that the Stars and Stripes for which he fought should now afford him protection. The minister responded that he or his parents, at the time of his emigration, had violated a plain provision of Austrian law, and that although our government could not allow the correctness of the principles upon which the law was based, yet it did not find itself bound to interfere in a matter which Austria regarded as belonging to her own internal arrangements. The minister, however, pressed the peculiarities of the case upon the attention of the Viennese authorities, and at last, as an act of courtesy toward our representative, the ar-

rested person was released on condition that he should leave the country at once.

We are glad to notice by to-day's telegraphic dispatches that our government has resolved to take up this question and push it to a satisfactory solution. There are thousands of our German citizens who would gladly visit their friends and relatives in the old world, but who dare not do so for fear of being seized by the authorities of the districts from which they emigrated and forced to perform military duty. Now that our great domestic difficulty is settled, and we have leisure to attend once more to foreign matters, we should insist that American citizenship be everywhere respected.

July 11, 1865

"OUR NAVY ABROAD"

THERE are certain journals in this country whose editors, whenever they are at a loss for the subject matter of a leader, are sure to fall back upon the theme of "economy." It is always safe to attack the government for the expensive character of the machinery which it is obliged to employ; it is always easy, by a little skill in the manipulation of figures, to show that there has been a frightful waste somewhere; and the word "retrenchment" is always sweet to the ears of a tax-paying community. Some of the newspapers of this class recently took occasion to protest against the supposed action of the Navy Department in largely increasing our European Squadron. We fear that their clamors have had some influence upon the authorities, and that the number of our ships in the waters of the old world is to be reduced far below what is demanded by the position of the nation.

Vessels bearing the flags of England and France are to be met with in every quarter of the globe. So numerous are they that every French or English

consul has a man-of-war within a few hours' call, and every minister can collect at a short notice a respectable fleet. The effect of this in securing the safety of their citizens abroad may well be imagined. But even this result is of little importance when compared with the general effect produced upon foreign nations by frequent displays of naval strength. If we had been accustomed, for some years previous to the recent rebellion, to maintain large squadrons in the English Channel and the Mediterranean, we should have had fewer *Alabamas* to encounter during the progress of the struggle, and should have witnessed less disposition on the part of European nations to interfere in our internal affairs. To show the utter inefficiency of our naval representation abroad we need cite but one example. The Baltic is a sea filled with the ports of five nations, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark and the Germanic Confederation. In these ports at least a dozen United States Consular agents reside, while four United States Ministers are sent to the Capitals of the Northern powers. The American trade which passes through the Straits of Elsinore amounted, before the war, to many millions of dollars, a considerable portion of which was carried in vessels flying our flag. It would be naturally expected under such circumstances that we should have possessed in the waters of this sea at least one naval station, and that at least one frigate should have

permanently cruised between St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. And yet during the last twenty years a solitary American man-of-war—the sailing vessel *St. Lawrence*—has visited the Baltic, remaining there some six weeks.

It is impossible to calculate how greatly the respect for this country and its strength would be increased, in foreign cities, by the frequent sight of one of our frigates or iron-clads. We ought to have two good-sized squadrons in Europe, a Southern Squadron and a Northern Squadron, the one to remain in the Mediterranean, and the other to have its headquarters in the Channel, but to pay occasional visits to the Baltic Sea. Our Pacific Squadron is, perhaps, in view of the present condition of Mexico, and the almost monthly revolutions in South America, next in importance. At any day a revolt may occur either in Lima or Santiago, of such a character as to make the presence of an American frigate necessary to save the lives of American diplomatic representatives and of American merchants. Our vast commercial interests in China and Japan necessitate the presence of powerful fleets in the waters of Eastern Asia, where insults to the embassies and trading establishments of the West are of frequent occurrence, and where piracy is still a feature of the high seas. The wars now raging on the Rio de la Plata, and the continuance of the Cuban Slave Trade, are good reasons why our South American and African

Squadrons should be kept in a state of highest efficiency.

In short, the interests of our wide-spread and increasing commerce, and our dignity as one of the foremost, if not the foremost power of the globe, demand the presence, in every sea, of the requisite force to protect our citizens and maintain unimpaired our national rights. We trust that, however loud may be the shrieks of the press, our government will refuse to practice a niggardly economy in this respect. A costly war in the future may be the cost of a false frugality at the present time.

July 12, 1865

"ABOUT AUTHORS AND BOOKS"

THERE are published at Reykjavík, the capital of Iceland, two newspapers, one the government organ and the other a liberal opposition paper, styled the *Islendingur*, which means the Icelander. Both of the journals are weeklies, and are edited with great ability. As there are, we believe, only four newspapers on the whole island, those of the capital enjoy a comparatively large circulation. The *Islendingur* devotes a considerable space to literary matters. In its file of last year occurred several tales translated from Dickens's "All the Year Round"; translations of some shorter poems by English and American writers, and a number of book reviews. One of the latter is of the "Registur yfir Bókasafn hins laerda skóla í Reykjavík," or "Catalogue of the Library of the Grammar School of Reykjavik" by Jón Árnason, the librarian, the learned collector of Icelandic tales and traditions—of which, by the way, there appears unfortunately to be a superabundant supply of the usual light class and character. The reviewer is very severe on the

great deficiency of Icelandic books in the principal Icelandic library, and complains especially that it does not contain a single Icelandic newspaper, the utility of preserving which he points out with much sagacity. Another new book is a "Guide to the English Language," "Leidarvísir i Enskri Tungu," by Odd Gíslason. "It is the first attempt," the reviewer tells us, "to bring out an English Grammar for the use of Icelanders." And he thinks that well-to-do peasants who have clever sons cannot make a better investment than to lay out their money on this grammar, the cost of which will be returned to them a thousand fold if they manage properly. He observes that Englishmen are in the habit not only of coming to Iceland, but of spending a good deal of money there, and thus it will be of advantage to become as well acquainted with them as possible, "the best way to which is to learn the language that they speak." Surely a philological subject was never considered so entirely with an eye to business. The *Islendingur* contains some original correspondence from England by Eiríkur Magnússon, an Icelander, who had never been in Denmark, but came direct from the Icelandic to the English Capital, where he preached at the Danish chapel in Danish, and published a volume of Árnason's popular tales in English. The entrance of Princess Alexandra into London, which he witnessed, was described by him in the *Islendingur* in the language of the Sagas. The

editor also kept his readers posted on the progress of our war, his sympathies, like those of all Icelanders, being heartily with the side opposed to slavery.

August 7, 1865

"A WORD TO THE WEALTHY"

WE make no doubt that the wealthier citizens of Syracuse are constantly revolving in their own minds the various methods whereby they may benefit the city of their residence. We make no doubt that every rich Syracusan, as he rises from his bed in the morning, begins to consider whether he shall expend a portion of the affluence with which Providence has blessed him in endowing a museum, an art-gallery, a library, a collegiate institution, a hospital, a park, a theatre, a gymnasium, a club-house, a free bathing establishment, or in erecting statues and building fountains. But the trouble seems to be that he keeps on considering until night, and the days are not long enough to enable him to arrive at a final conclusion. Consequently Syracuse drags on, in its dull way, museum-less, gallery-less, library-less, college-less, hospital-less, park-less, theatre-less, gymnasium-less, club-less, bath-less, statue-less, and fountain-less. Other cities sweep along with the advancing tide of civilization, and endeavor to ride on the topmost crest of its foremost wave;

Syracuse alone lies stranded on the reefs of barbarism, and sees her sister towns, under full canvas, sail by her. Nautical as this comparison is, it smacks more of the truth than of the sea. We need cite but one instance. The city of Worcester is situated in the heart of Massachusetts, as Syracuse is situated in the heart of New York. According to the census which has just been taken, it contains thirty thousand and sixty-five inhabitants, having increased some five thousand in as many years, but still numbering more than two thousand less than the population of the city of Syracuse. Its people enjoy the privileges of seventy-two public schools, including two finely-endowed academies; and these are supplemented by a free evening school, a female college, and a Catholic college. The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester owns a fine edifice, within the walls of which are a library of forty thousand volumes, an immense collection of pamphlets, a gallery of art, and a museum of antiquities; its permanent fund amounts to forty-three thousand dollars. Besides this institution there is a Free Public Library, consisting of seventeen thousand volumes, and a Free Reading Room, admirably supplied with American and foreign journals—this reading room alone having an endowment of ten thousand dollars. Other public libraries are the Medical Library, the Agricultural Library, and the Mechanics' Library. The principal learned socie-

ties of the city, in addition to the American Antiquarian Society, are the Lyceum, the Rhetorical Society, the Society of Natural History, three musical societies, the Horticultural Society, the Agricultural Society, and the Medical Society. A school of arts is about to be established, for which a fund of over one hundred thousand dollars has already been raised. All the institutions just named are of an educational character. But Worcester provides for the amusement of its citizens by an organ, second only to the famous instrument at Boston, purchased at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and set up in one of the noblest halls in the Nation; by supporting two boat-clubs, which hold their annual regatta, in connection with those of the New England colleges, on Lake Quinsigamond, not far from the city; by the Common, a spacious enclosure in the center of the town, adorned with a fine monument of a revolutionary hero; and by Webster Park, a large and beautiful wooded play-ground, in which a zoölogical garden has been commenced.

We trust that every Syracusan who reads this article, will compare this state of things with that which surrounds him. Especially, do we hope that the contrast between the Central City of Massachusetts and the Central City of New York will sink deeply into the minds of our men of wealth. We venture to say to our moneyed classes, moreover, that in this matter they have no right to shelter

themselves behind the screen of their own sordidness. They have no right to say, "We made our money by our own industry and energy; it is the slow accumulation of years of toil; it is fairly ours, and we intend to spend it without any regard to the public interest." We don't propose to argue such a question on its moral grounds; there are other reasons why the wealthy should be publicly generous. They owe a just debt to the community in which their fortunes were made, and to the city in which their families reside. It is for their interest, as property owners, that the people around them should be intelligent, and should have the most complete means of obtaining instruction. Most of them possess more or less real estate, and every municipal improvement adds to the value of this real estate. As they demand and receive the largest share of political honors, and are conceded the highest rank in the social scale; like all aristocracies, they should be willing to pay liberally for these privileges. We call upon them, therefore, to adorn our city with the public institutions which it so much needs. We urge them to earn the thanks of the present generation, and to acquire an honorable fame with posterity, by providing Syracuse with those places of instruction and amusement, with those works of art and products of science, which so many other towns of equal size possess. It is manifestly their duty, as it ought to be their pleasure, to turn their wealth into such

channels. This may be plain language, but it is no plainer than the situation of affairs and the exigencies of the times demand. Everybody is ready to proffer advice to the poor; it is well that the rich also should receive the benefit of a little good counsel occasionally.

August 17, 1865

"NOTICE OF MR. FISKE'S RETIREMENT"

MR. DANIEL W. FISKE, who has for a year past been connected with the editorial management of the *Journal*, has relinquished the position with the intention of proceeding to Europe, to accept a station tendered him, under circumstances of the most flattering character, by the Hon. John L. Motley, the Minister of the United States to Austria. He will go abroad the first of the coming month,* and this will be, we believe, his fourth visit to Europe.

During Mr. Fiske's connection with the *Journal* he has done very much to increase its value as a newspaper, and to improve its literary standing. He is an accomplished gentleman, and a scholar of high attainments. Whatever position he may accept, either in a literary or diplomatic estate, we are certain he will fill it with fidelity and credit. We regret to lose his services on the columns of this journal, and that he proposes to relinquish the pursuit of journalism for which he is so well qualified by taste and education. He has our best wishes for prosperity and success in all his undertakings.

* This plan was not carried out.

August 22, 1865

"PERSONAL MENTION"

THE Albany *Journal* has this personal notice:—"Mr. Daniel W. Fiske, for a year past one of the editors of the Syracuse *Journal*, has relinquished his position, and is going to Austria to become a member of the family of Minister Motley. Mr. Fiske is an accomplished scholar and one of the most successful editors in the country." This well-deserved compliment, we doubt not, will set to rights a small difference that recently occurred over "foreign affairs,"—at least, we are certain Mr. Fiske will forgive all the offences of his Albany friend, as it is evident they were not intended to be "personal."

August 26, 1865

"ACKNOWLEDGMENTS"

INSCRIBED TO MR. D. W. FISKE, LATE OF THE SYRACUSE "JOURNAL"

ALL goodly seasons have, at last, an end."
So said we sighing, yestereve, when came
The unwelcome news that he whose pen so long
Had furnished entertainment without stint
To many grateful readers, would resign
His daily task to sail for foreign shores.
Long shall we miss his tasteful hand that culled,
From widespread fields, the honey-drops of thought,
To make our eyes, like famished Jonathan's,
Shine with refreshment. Dearly did we prize
The spicy gossip, the delightful notes
On art and science and the chronicles
Of books and authors, such as none could write
But one whose heart delighted in the task.
From graceful paragraph to finished theme
He freely ranged. The world's great dramas passed
In vivid scenes before our eyes and then,
Perchance, a page of history, enriched

With hoary legends, charmed the evening hour.
Ofttimes, from Nature's "myriad shows" he drew
Enticing pictures. The fair circling hills
That gird our valleys; glens and streams and woods;
Cool springs that leap in cascades down the rocks;
Our lone, blue lake, that shimmers in the morn
And burns at sunset, like some golden floor
Of Paradise:—All these, in glowing words
He loved to picture, that our kindled hearts
Might see and love the beauty of our land.
And now regrets assail us, that the hand,
So long our guide through pleasant paths of thought,
Resigns its task to seek another field.
Our thanks we offer. Gratitude shall keep
In sweet remembrance all the good bestowed,
And warmest wishes for his life's success
Attend him on his journeyings, evermore.

H.

Syracuse, August 26, 1865.